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CALIFORNIA

MAIL BAG.

JAN.-FEB., 1873.

Illustrating the Wealth, Progress and Development of the Material Interests of the Pacific Coast, together with a complete Resume of all Items of Interest gathered from the Weekly Issues of the

SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

AND CALIFORNIA ADVERTISER.

DISPATCHED ONCE A MONTH WITH

"To be poor is to be weary to be rich is to be strong"

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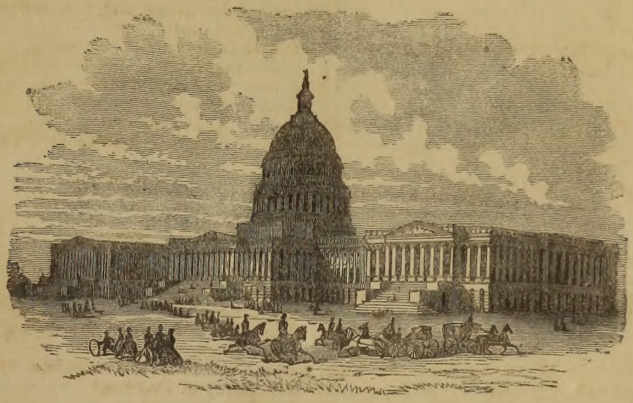

MAIL BAG.

JANUARY—FEBRUARY, 1873.

SAN FRANCISCO:

PUBLISHED BY F. MARRIOTT, 623 MONTGOMERY ST.

AGENTS:

A. L. BANCROFT & CO., ROMAN & CO., W. E. LOOMIS, WHITE & BAUER, SAN FRANCISCO; A. S. HOPKINS, SACRAMENTO; C. WIEDSCHOLT, PIOCHE CITY, NEV.; WESTERN NEWS CO., CHICAGO; AMERICAN NEWS CO., AUGUST BRENTANO, NEW YORK; JOHN LAW & SON, OMAHA, NEB.; F. ALGAR, 8 CLEMENT'S LANE, LONDON, ENG.

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CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

Kid Skins and Kid Glove-Making.

When dried, the skins feel hard and brittle, and have to undergo the process of staking (the next stage) to render them again elastic. This is done by means of a semi-circular smooth-edged iron plate fixed upright on the top of a stout piece of timber, across which the workman draws the skin, first in one direction and then in the opposite, manipulating it well with both hands until it is made soft and elastic. It is then passed on to the parer, who shaves down all inequalities, making it of a like substance all over: this he does by fixing one-half of the skin under a strong cord round a horizontal ash pole, grasping the loose end with his left hand, and carefully shaving it with his right by means of a circular knife of quoit-like shape and extraordinary keenness; removing the skin, reversing it on his pole, and shaving the other half in like manner, when, after a little polishing, or stoning off and padding down, it is finished. We may here remark that at every stage the work is inspected by a competent foreman before it is passed on to that which follows. The skins are now removed to another room, where they are examined and assorted for cutting into such kind of gloves as they are best fitted for in quality, size, substance, etc.; they are thence sent to the cutter (in lots, generally, of from four to five dozen) with full instructions for his guidance respecting every skin. The cutter, taking one skin at a time, stretches it to the full extent, and cuts it up by measure into plain oblong pieces of the required size, which he submits to be stamped while stretched out, as a proof of his correctness in measuring and marking, before finishing them off in the form he is required to give them. From the cutter these oblong pieces, called "tranks," are sent to the puncher, who, taking two or three pairs at a time, and placing them on the knife to which they correspond in size and shape (being so numbered by the cutter), puts them under a press, when the form of the glove is instantaneously produced, with all the necessary slits and openings, button-holes, gussets, etc. for enabling the sewer to put them together. The thumbs, and the forgettes or fourchettes—the pieces put between fingers—are punched separately. The "tranks" now go to the trimmer, who, a very fine cutting pair of scissors, remove any little roughness that may have been left in the punching, after which they are supposed to be finished, though they have yet to be again closely examined, so as to correct any faults and prevent any defective pieces being sent out to the sewer. Having passed this examination, they are handed to boys, who fold each pair with its complement of thumbs, forgettes and other pieces inside, and put them up into half-dozen or dozen packets, each packet with full instructions for making written on the band; the sewing materials are then added to each packet; and after being duly entered out they are taken by traveling clerks to the various sewing stations throughout the country of Worcester and into parts of Warwickshire, Oxford, Hereford, Gloucester, Devon and Somerset. Each clerk will take out daily the number of dozens required for his particular station, and bring home made goods to a like extent, the quantity varying with the population of the different localities. All these goods when brought in from the makers have yet to receive the last finish, that is, the "topping," button and button-holing, etc., and this is done by hands in the city of Worcester, within easy reach of the manufactory. The gloves are now completed; but they must still be "dressed," or put into straight and attractive form; they are then subjected to their final examination by an expert, and when passed by him have the firm's name stamped inside one glove of each pair; after which, being neatly made up, banded in half-dozens and put into small boxes or cases, they are labeled and sent off to the London warehouse, whence they are distributed to every part of the Kingdom, the Co onies, America, etc. Messrs. Dent & Co. now employ nearly seven hundred hands within the walls of their manufactory, and about five thousand sewing people, etc., outside.—*Leisure Hour.*

— The Daughters of Temperance have $18,000 in the hands of their treasurer. To the mind of a *Town Crier*, suffering for drink, this information comes like a glimpse of a cabbage field to a famished swine outside the palings. In anguish of spirit he sits upon his haunch and emits piercing squeals. Eighteen thousand dollars—144,000 separate drinks—7,000 overwhelming and blissful drunks—nineteen consecutive years of millenial inebriation—all locked up in the reticule of one gaunt and grim visaged female! Yeough-cough-ow!

The Christian's Fatherland.

Where is the Christian's Fatherland? —
Is it where Summer's sunshine lies
Where children's lips in laughter smile?
Or where the sound of a dance was heard?
The valley blossoms a second time?
Or where, beside the wedding table,
Sits [illegible] with the sparkling [illegible]
Or where in a wreath a crown rises
aloft?
The victorious hero of the North?

Or is there still a higher land —
Yet nearer, the better Fatherland?
Where sun and Friendship, and — are only
In distance a pitiful love dimly send?
Where prayer and peace of heart have
rung
In Shakespeare's accents, Milton's tongue,
Blessing with calmness sweet and clear
The favorite book, the sweet verse,
And o'er the broad Atlantic bear?

Wherever in the mother world
No [illegible] [illegible]
In Christmas beauty or Easter joy
Nor yet in deeper sadness brought sigh
Nor [illegible] a heart or prophet's eye —
Nor Hallowed yourself's lovely shades,
Nor Eastern Pyramid's daring heights —
Nor a [illegible] stood about Jerusalem's
gate
The Fatherland is wider far
The noble heart's sentiment is
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
It does [illegible] Faith's wish to seek
With Christ or Christian's Deity spoke —
Where [illegible] [illegible] is said
The words God never mentioned —
Where wicked and [illegible] the [illegible]
stand —
There, Christian, is thy Fatherland.
— Jean Mandy in Hausblatt.

Leaves from a Lady's Diary.

Dec. 2. — Good Mary N — sat up a little longer last night to try curtain Christmas entertainment, which I prefer to Christmas cake and all its rich accessories. Mrs. W. with that very pretty girl with her herself arranged, and everywhere the most delightful mirth was heard. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Britons at the Union Club.

The following slip from an English paper has arrived to us through the Post-office, and we give it entire: "There are several clubs in San Francisco, some of them founded by special nationalities, but the principal are the Pacific and Union Clubs. Of the latter I was made an honorary member during my stay. The system is entirely different from our English clubs, being naturally more democratic and free and easy than our exclusive institutions. No servants in livery moving noiselessly about, ready to fulfill every request. Certain pigeon-holes with doors contain the liquor that each member loves, and these are ranged round a room in the center of which is a marble-topped table covered with glasses; the members walk in, open their boxes and take their drink, frequently bringing in a friend from the street. The furniture of the different rooms is heavy and sad-colored, but the chairs are comfortable and loungey. It is of the members, however, that I would speak. Just as in London, there are the Boodles, the old stagers who have been planted there from the beginning and have taken deep root, who sit in the same seats, read the same papers, growl the dismal growl, and play the same games of cards every evening, whist if they can get it, but if not, its milder sister, euchre. Again, as with us, there are the members who look upon a club as a private chop house. The most amusing feeding time is lunch, which is a good substantial meal, lasting from noon to two o'clock, and is chiefly patronized by immigrants, or merchants, and others who live out of town; these, perforce, having risen early, have exceedingly good appetites. To this noonday repast men of careful habits or narrow means invite a friend or client, and bestow their gorgeous hospitality for the small price of fifty cents, never for one moment, however, sinking the shop in the host. Indeed, I noticed a too great disposition among the members to bring the rialto into the club-room, and instead of talking gossip or the news or politics of the day, the conversation turns upon the market for merchandise or mining stocks.* I believe there is a rule forbidding residents of San Francisco, non-members, entering the club; if such is the case it is little regarded, for I noticed such being brought into breakfast or lunch or dinner daily, and frequently these spunging habitués would come in alone, especially in the evening. There are fast members, who keep late hours and play at billiards and poker, and look seedy at their late breakfast, and pay their first devotions to the aforesaid pigeon holes; human nature is the same everywhere. But it is of the strangers that I would now speak, and with shame and sorrow of my own countrymen. If there is a man to be pitied, if there is a man sorely tried, if there is a man earning his salary since the opening of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, it is the British Consul. So many books have been written, and such glowing accounts printed of the climate, big trees, Yosemite Valley, etc., that the "globe trotters," as they are called there, all flock that way. The Consul groans over his breakfast-paper as he reads in the list of arrivals Mr. Muggins, or Buggins, or Wiggins, etc., etc., from England, for he knows that there they are in shooting-jackets and thick boots, like genteel navvies waiting at the consulate. But his duty is to be diplomatically courteous, and so he shelves them into the Union Club. There they enter, staring about in their shooting-coats, short trowsers and thick Oxford shoes; they are like 'Orlando' in *As You Like It*, and mentally exclaim, 'I thought all savage here;' but, unlike 'Orlando,' when convinced of their error, they don't blush and behave like gentlemen. Why is it that Englishmen, so precise and exacting at home, should throw off all decency and restraint abroad. These men used to come to dinner at the club in unwashed dark traveling-shirts, and the everlasting shooting-jackets, and the same highlows in which they had trotted all over the dusty or dirty streets all day. They would smoke short strong pipes about the premises and in no sense act as at home. One who, after a long walk, came into the reading-room, stretched himself at full length on a sofa, and deliberately took off his shoes. I don't say that all Englishmen do this, but refer to that numerous class who, having perhaps inherited their father's scrapings, think it the right thing to travel and see the world, you know. When the stranger has exhausted his fortnight at the club, he subsides into a public library, whose doors are opened till nine o'clock to the homeless stranger. An Englishman abroad carries England in his heart, but the clothes of a poacher on his back. It may be objected that I have betrayed the hospitality of the Union Club of San Francisco. On the contrary, I wish to give a hint to my own countrymen not to offend such hospitality by uneeemly behavior during the time they are the guests of the members."

* The new "Placard Exchange," extensively advertised elsewhere in the NEWS LETTER, will obviate any necessity for this unclubbable babblement.

— Old Mrs. Green of Alabama has died of starvation in an attitude of prayer. Whether Mrs. G. was petitioning for a supply of food by the beaks of ravens or for a rain of milk-toast from above, must remain a question of scientific conjecture. For want of other marrow-bones, it is only plain that she got unwarrantably "down on" her own. Let not this sad example of undeveloped reasoning powers in woman encourage those opponents of her higher education who hold the female mind incapable of rational thought. An elementary knowledge of ornithology would have taught this old lady that ravens have retired from the broken victuals business, while the law of cohesion prevents the passage of milk-toast through plaster ceilings. Had Mrs. G. possessed the advantages of a common school education, she would have executed a raid upon a neighbor's larder, and so have preserved a life whose end only illustrates the uselessness of faith without works.

A Love Song.

I have seen her, my love, my queen,
And the flowers were kissing her feet,
Daises and lilies in white and green
Looked up, her coming to greet; [sheen,
And a sunbeam stole through the leafy
Where the oak and the linden meet.

She is sweet as the breath of the spring,
That comes laden with scent of flowers,
When the lark soars aloft on the wing
In the blush of the blos-oming hours [sing
And the soft-voiced thrush and the linnet
In the shade of her leafy bow'rs.

My love with the violet eyes,
And the hair of golden brown,
Where the sunshine forever nestling lies,
Half hidden in the radiant crown,
Till the glowing light of even dies
Away on hill and down.

Winds, breathe soft on her head:
Kiss, O ye flowers, her feet;
O rosy sun in the western red,
Gently upon her beat;
Beat till the rose of love is spread
Where the oak and the linden meet.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

Experimental Science.

"The power of the human eye over the brute creation is tremendous. If beset by a savage dog, simply catch his eye and the brute will shrink and cower beneath your steady gaze." Briggs came across this valuable piece of information as he was perusing a newspaper. "Wonderful!" said he, "wonderful, and yet so simple. In the interests of science I will try it on Jowler's bull-dog." Now, a meaner thing than Jowler's bull-dog never worried cat. His name is William. His legs are marvels of crookedness, especially the hind ones. His eyes are yellow, and he looks out of the corners of them most sinisterly. His body is seamed with scars; not the honorable records of a hundred fights, but the impressions of lambently-heated pokers, applied for the purpose of inducing him to relax his grip. He has a quiet way about him that is most beguiling. He will saunter behind a fellow's leg, looking as demure as a sucking parson, select the most fleshy part, and, without saying a word, make a huge bite and hang there, steadfastly resisting every blandishment in the way of yells, kicks, clubs, etc., to induce him to desist. Jowler lets him run loose in his back yard. With a mind conscious of rectitude, our hero climbed over the fence as calmly as Daniel enters the lions' den in Barnum's Menagerie. William was at the other end of the lot, his usual equanimity roused to a pitch of excitement bordering on distraction by some playful boys, who were poking him with sharp sticks through the pickets; but on seeing the intruder, he made remarkable time towards him. The undaunted Briggs stooped down with his hands on his knees and hurled at the approaching animal a most searching look, enough to pierce his very soul. Now what follows may be deemed incredible by scientific men, but the truth must be told. That beast never stopped nor swerved, but with erect tail and exceedingly open countenance, made a straight shoot for Briggs' nose, and, grabbing that organ between his teeth, hung to it like grim death to a dead darkey. "How is this?" thought the poor man. "Can it be that the newspaper was wrong? Incredible hypothesis! I will try again." Their faces being in most intimate propinquity, the opportunity was a good one, and Briggs once more threw his whole soul into a look. He was triumphant! The cause of science was never more nobly vindicated. William was petrified, entranced, mesmerised. The Will-force conveyed in that withering glance rendered the dog so completely spell-bound that he even forgot to let go Briggs' nose! Although this proof of the infallibility of newspapers was most pleasing to him, yet his situation was becoming a little irksome; so as a last resort, he thrust his fore-fingers into William's eyes. This broke the spell, and Briggs, taking advantage of the animal opening his mouth to howl, extricated his nose therefrom, and struck out for the fence; but before he could reach it, the dog had fastened on to his rear with relentless pertinacity. The martyr to science cast a glance over his shoulder that again petrified William into unconsciousness, and things remained *in statu quo* until Jowler, alarmed by Briggs' cries, came out and called off his dog. Jowler kindly plastered up the wounded man's nose, etc., and lent him a pair of trowsers to go home in. Briggs thinks that though the experiment is a glorious success, it is gaining knowledge under difficulties. The symetry of his face is gone forever; also the cartilage of his nose. He may hope to be able to sit down in a few weeks the doctor says. And never does he read Tennyson's Bugle Song without the tear of sympathy trickling down his own poor misshapen bugle.

— "A soft, warm, pliable hand has great power."—*Social Philosopher*. It has. Such an one is the hand of Mrs. *Town Crier*. Applied to the ear, it is capable of inaugurating a hum which sweeps the diapason of resonance for many hours. A pair of boots, wielded by those pliable paws, will beat a tattoo upon an unprotected pate, which has been repeatedly mistaken by neighbors for a crash of crockery. Upon Master *Towne Cryer*, Jr., a brief application of that warm hand produces an elevation of temperature to which contact with a glowing stove-lid imparts an unpleasant chill. In fact, language exhibits ridiculous impotence when used to illustrate the "great power" lurking in a soft, warm, pliable hand, in the possession of a healthy female, at the extremity of a shapely and muscular arm.

Locan & Co.

It is a disadvantage to London and Paris, those huge bazaars of beautiful things, that it is not *comme il faut* to look in at the windows, but in San Francisco the lady promenader gazes at her own sweet will at whatever is laid in tempting array behind the huge plates of glass in the shop fronts. It is not in vain that the jeweler displays in his window the glitter of emeralds, rubies and diamonds, the pale blue of the turquoise or the dead gleam of Etruscan gold; that the draper, revelling in the beauties of color, decorates his window with shimmering silks and sheeny satins, the delicate Nile green, the flushing pink or the *ciel* blue; that the milliner hangs out her trophies of skill in ribbon, feather and flower. But the windows at which the passer-by gazes oftenest and lingers longest are those of Messrs. Locan & Co., where can be found all that an artist may admire or a housewife approve. Portmonnaies, carved boxes, brushes, and a host of trinkets of ivory, shell and pearl are scattered in boundless profusion among worsteds, braids, and all the accompaniments of a lady's work-basket. A pair of dancing girls in bronze greets the eye, the one waving the tamborine, the other clicking the castanets as she pauses in the "mazy." Behind them rises the form of Rebecca, this too, in bronze, carrying her ewer with Egyptian grace. As we enter, we find on the left groups of ladies, their brows perplexed with the mysteries of tapestry, dallying with wools of every hue. On the right a glass case contains vases, cologne bottles, brushes, mirrors and other articles of the toilet in every design. Another is filled with jewelry in jet, onyx and shell, fashioned according to the fortuous imagination of the day. Further along we come upon coquettish hoods of Berlin wool, tidies, mats, rugs and afghans. Here we meet with a pedestal surmounted by a figure of the chaste Susannah, shielding herself from the gaze of the impassioned elders, who appear to have been very much of a kind with those we have nowaday. Here a case of beautiful things contains among other paintings on ivory of Raphael's angels, a laughing curly-haired Cupid, and the stately sad face of the Madonna. Ascending a few steps to the right, we enter a room which is a very miracle of color. This room seems to be devoted principally to glassware, molded into every shape for use and beauty. There are candlesticks, flower-stands, cologne bottles, decanters, fruit-dishes and vases, all of cut-glass, through whose prisons the light flashes in unnumbered hues. In this room also is a beautiful statue, in bisque, of a mother and child. The mother, a half nude figure, reclines upon a silken-tasseled cushion, while a child plays at her feet beneath the folds of a blue-spangled veil of gauzy texture, through which his features are plainly revealed. Other articles of *ceuvu* are scattered around this room in abundance, but in their wilderness of beauty lose their individuality. Leaving this apartment, we ascend by a step into another, which seems to be the *sanctum sanctorum* of this beautiful bazaar. Two large cases, running almost the length of the room, are filled with flower urns and vases, whose faces are adorned with the finest porcelain paintings. Here and there are ladies' tall work-baskets, embroidered and silken lined; tall card receivers, with French gilt pedestals and painted porcelain plates. Statues of Parian marble gleam coldly in the surrounding magnificence. A work-box of enameled blue, with solid gilded legs, occupies one corner, an inlaid cabinet another, while a mosaic buffet stands against the center wall. Here are gilt-framed reception chairs, upholstered in bright-hued satin, and one or two *fauteuils*, invite one to their downy depths. A picture or two on an easel and several on the walls complete the artistic elegance of the array.

— The Art of Dress should receive especial attention at the present season of the year. Harmony of colors and their proper adaptation to the complexion are essential. A few examples of tasteful and appropriate costumes will be worth pounds of precept, as a guide to those who have not mastered the principles of color harmonics. For a brunette, a simple and effective costume is the following: Light purple bonnet and over-garment trimmed with pink; green robe cut bias, *en tablier*, with delicate canary or straw-colored overskirt, looped with *nouds* of blue or crimson tabinet; scarlet shades should be avoided, as that color does not harmonize well with the lighter shades of purple, and would, besides, detract from the delicacy and refinement of the *tout ensemble*. A very lovely costume for a blonde would be composed of gray bonnet and over-garment trimmed with orange, robe of pink or orange-tawncy, with scarlet or pale blue overskirt trimmed with green velvet *ruches à la pot-au-feu*; gloves, boots and parasol to match. For brides, costumes of black and red with pink illusion veil and wreath of blue forget-me-nots are in vogue in the very highest circles. Gentlemen's costumes this season are quiet and elegant. For business suits, blue, garnet, or snuff-colored velvet, with large mother-o'-pearl buttons, neck-ties to match, and steel watch-chains, passing around the neck, are regarded with favor. Evening costumes are varied by the introduction of white or striped Marseilles trowsers, bronze pumps, exposing pink or light gray silk stockings, and, if dancing be expected, black gloves. Much originality is displayed in the neck-tie, which may be of any pronounced color, and is worn with the ends drawn through an ivory or silver ring, with very chaste effect. Bridegrooms may wear the old-fashioned gilt button, and a gold stripe running down the leg of the trowsers. Boots are quite discarded for dress or ceremonial occasions. Gloves should be worn only on the hands.

Silence.

God's poet is Silence! His song is unspoken,
And yet so profound, and so loud, and so far
That it thrills you and fills you in measures unbroken,
And bright, and as light, and as far as a star.

The shallow seas moan. As a child they have muttered
And mourned, and have fretted and wept at their will,
But the poem of God is too grand to be uttered—
The dreadful deep seas they are loudest when still.—*Joaquin Miller.*

Peeps at the Parsons.

A "Breeches Bible" sold in London recently for $1,200. This extremely rare version was printed at Geneva in the year 1557, and only a few copies are extant. Its name is derived from the sentence in Genesis referring to our first parents in the Garden of Eden: "And they sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves aprons," which reads "and made themselves *breeches*." King James translators no doubt had a fight over this word, but the emendation, as it now stands, does them credit. What Adam had on when he used to "sashay" Eve along the gravel walks did not so much matter, but the notion of our first-mother in a pair of knee-breeches was too much for them. It was not putting Eve in a very eve-angelic light, so "aprons" it has been ever since. When the early missionaries reached those Eden-like isles of the South Pacific they were shocked to find the dusky beauties as innocent of a wardrobe as their fair progenitor Eve. When a belle wished to dress for an evening party she just painted a yellow streak across her face and tied a string around her big toe, and there she was. Horror-stricken the holy men hid their blushing faces and wrote home for a cargo of shirts immediately. They arrived and were distributed. Next day the unsophisticated creatures were seen strutting about with their le-lower limbs thrust through the arms of the shirts, and the dependent portion of the garment, vulgarly called the tail, tied about their waists. They had "made themselves breeches." Nothing could prove more plainly that the desire to don the bifurcated garment is inherent in woman: and many cases are recorded in history in which they have succeeded in doing so—witness Xantippe and Emily Pitts-Stevens. Still the wearing of breeches by the other sex is a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance.

"The Rev. Mr. Tyng, of Chicago, is a habitual theater-goer. He preeches in one every Sunday."—*Pacific Churchman.* The point of this witticism lies in its atrocious antithesis. As the world reads the first sentence it starts up with hair horrently bristling and heart catching at its throat in an orgasm of terror; but on reading the explanation it sinks back gasping a sigh of relief and laughing hysterically. While granting to this style of wit its undeniable meed of admiration, we must denounce it as wantonly tampering with our feelings. As Artemus Ward says: "It is too mutch." The monstrous, revolting idea of a theater-going parson, with the awful revulsion following it, is absolutely dangerous to a person of not over strong nerves. In the name of humanity we protest against these cruel practical jokes. Unless this funny man be paid off and discharged, we may expect such notices as these in our religious journals: "Bishop Kip has fallen from grace! He tumbled down the three front steps of Grace Church."—"The prophet Jeremiah went and bagged his head. This was on the melancholy occasion when he covered it with *sack*-cloth and ashes."—"Rev. Dr. Benson holds nocturnal confabulations with the devil. We refer to the youth with the Satanic name who sweeps out the printing-office and helps the Doctor write his editorials."—"Rev. Stone passed the rosy to a festive crowd at the new stand, corner of Post and Mason, the other day. He invited everybody up to take a drink, and he would make it all right at the Bar. Our facetious writer means that he was celebrating the Lord's Supper."—"Rev. Hemphill put several heads on the hoodlums, at the corner of Geary street. We allude to the heads of his discourse, which was on 'Hoodlumism.'"—Brother Cox was picked up drunk on the sidewalk last night. It turned out to be a Pacific-street whisky-bloat, who unfortunately resembles the reverend gentleman."

An itinerant divine groans to the *Evangel* that he finds many backsliders who "sooner than own their Lord and Master by attending church, take their gun and go hunting." Unless the moral stories we read in our youth were untrue, these Sabbath-breakers will find themselves accidentally shot one of these fine Sundays. Johnny Badchild, after making mouths at his teacher in Sunday School, ran off to the river to swim and got drowned. Dick Sintul dodged the Bible class to slide on the ice, which very properly broke and sent him to a "watery grave." If our friend would procure some of these awakening tracts and distribute them among these lost sheep it would scare them into the fold quicker than all his preaching.

Rev. Dr. Benson believes in the foolishness of preaching. Hear him. "Fine sermons, learned sermons, set sermons, popular sermons are the bane of the Church." Then coarse sermons, ignorant sermons, loose sermons, unpopular sermons must be the antidote of the Church, of which the Doctor's own sermons may be taken as a type. They belong to that class of antidotes called nauseating emetics.

Court Chat.

— The distinguished party who arrived at Elveden on Monday were in the field on Tuesday morning by ten o'clock, and the weather being favorable for shooting, inasmuch as there was a clear atmosphere and scarcely any sun, the gunners enjoyed splendid sport. The sportsmen consisted of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Duke of St. Albans, the Earl of Leicester, Lord Suffield, Lord Dacre, Lord de Grey, the Hon. F. Melville, and his Serene Highness the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh. About 1,500 head was killed, and of this number 848 had fallen before luncheon. The Maharajah accompanied his visitors, but without his Purdey or Charles Lancaster. The weather was exceedingly mild, although there was a strong breeze to assist the flight of the pheasants, which, by-the-bye, are exceedingly small when compared with those at Sandringham or Enville. The hares and rabbits, however, are about the largest ever seen. Only a few woodcocks were flushed, the majority of the bag consisting of pheasants. The representatives from Hurlingham—Lords de Grey and Suffield—shot remarkably well, making several long shots with breech-loaders manufactured by Purdey and Boss & Co. Speaking generally, the skill displayed was not first class. Lord Leicester, who used his muzzle-loaders with great judgment, never fired when his game was not fairly within reach, and the consequence was that nearly all his birds fell to the report. The coverts beaten were those near the Vicarage and one near home. Elveden Hall is built of red brick, mounted with white stone, and the interior is so magnificently and elegantly fitted up that it is more entitled to be called a palace than by any other name. From the smoking-room to the drawing-room the furniture and decorations are superb and luxurious. In the first-named room the walls are entirely covered with colored engravings representing the birds of Asia, with brilliant and variegated plumage. The ceiling, which is painted blue, is studded with gilded stars and half-moons. Only a faint idea can be given of the grandeur and beauty of the drawing-room. The ceiling is most remarkable, being silvered glass worked to Indian design by Messrs. Powell & Sons, of Whitefriars. The tables are covered with cloths worked in gold of a remarkably fine quality. The curtains are of rich Indian silk, specially manufactured from old Indian designs, and on the mantelpiece are rare vessels from Sevres and gold tankards of Indian make. The mirrors are simply magnificent, as, indeed, are all the fittings, which do great credit to Mr. Nosotti, of Oxford street. On the tables are ornaments studded with diamonds and precious stones, and on one table stands an engraving of the Prince Consort, presented to the Maharajah by Her Majesty—a gift most highly appreciated. The dining-room is remarkable for its large ebony and gilt sideboard, and for a large painting of the durbar held some years ago in the courtyard of Lahore. This painting contains about 200 portraits, including the father and elder brother of the present Maharajah. For each visitor who takes his place at the table there is a separate and complete service of solid gold, and the large centerpiece of silver is in itself quite a history. The various sports of the East are represented around its base, and on the top is an elephant, in the howdah of which sits a distinguished chief. The boudoir, which was apportioned for the use of the Princess of Wales, is exceedingly elegant, the decorations being all of amber satin. No one can have an idea of this Eastern palace but those who have been favored with permission to inspect it—indeed there can be no hesitation in asserting that there is nothing in England to equal it in its gorgeous beauty. In the lawn in front of the drawing-room may be seen gold and silver marked pheasants, and in the respective aviaries are ostriches, vultures, Australian crows, cockatoos, foreign pigeons, and about 150 peacocks of most brilliant plumage. Within the precincts of the inclosure adjoining the hall-grounds quantities of jungle grass may be seen flourishing for the use of some of the birds, and a wire fence something like seven feet high encircles the park to an extent of about 200 acres. When new stabling and a saddle-room are erected in harmony with other parts of the building, Elveden will be a sight worth traveling many miles to witness. About one o'clock her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, the Maharanee, the Ladies Coke and Colonel Oliphant left the hall for the Duke of Grafton's seat, having received an invitation to luncheon, and on their return to Elveden the sportsmen had the honor of dining with the Princess of Wales, the Maharanee, and Lady Ducie.

— The very ancient ceremony of rendering certain rent services to the Crown by the Corporation of the City of London was performed Thursday afternoon at the office of the Queen's Remembrancer. "Tenants and occupiers of a piece of waste ground called 'The Moor,' in the County of Salop, were called upon to come forth and do their service." The City Solicitor, on the part of the Corporation of London, performed this rent service by cutting through a faggot with a hatchet and another with a bill-hook. A second proclamation was then made, thus: "Tenants and occupiers of a certain tenement called 'The Forge,' in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, come forth and do your service." The City Solicitor then counted six horse-shoes and sixty-one hob-nails, and upon announcing the number of each was answered by the Queen's Remembrancer, "Good numbers." It seems in former times they had to be careful to check off small sums if they had to proclaim good reckoning when a man counted out six correctly. But the School Board may some day make this unnecessary to continue.

— Mr. Josiah Mason, of Birmingham, the founder of the Erdington Orphanage and the Birmingham Science College, now in process of formation, has received through Mr. Gladstone an offer of knighthood from Her Majesty, in recognition of his munificence in the causes of charity and education.

— The following pen-and-ink photograph of Moltke is curious: "While going to church I noticed near me a new uniform of a general officer, some one who at first impressed me as the youngest, boldest, and slenderest general officer I ever saw, and I tried to divine how promotion could have been so rapid in an army where everything is regular. I looked again, and the quick, elastic step, the slender, almost womanly waist, contrasted strangely with his rank, which I now noticed to be that of full general. On looking into his face, I was still more surprised to recognize General Von Moltke. We continued on the remaining hundred yards to the chapel-door together. He is a man of few words, of a singularly youthful expression of countenance and eye; and although one knows that he is seventy years of age, and heavy time-lines mark his face, it is hard to shake off the idea that he is a boy. He has a light and nearly transparent complexion, a clear blue eye, flaxen hair, white eyebrows, and no beard. He speaks good English, and on calling at his room I found him very affable and full of sagacity and accurate knowledge. In his room were a few chairs, a desk, on which was displayed a map of France, and not another scrap of anything to be seen."

— The Dresden *Journal* publishes the official programme of the fiftieth anniversary of the King of Saxony's marriage. It runs thus: "On the 7th and 8th, reception of persons of the Court, Ministers, Presidents of the Diet, Diplomatic Body and deputations charged to congratulate the Royal couple. On the 9th, no reception. On the 10th, in the morning, benediction of the King and Queen in the Hall of Ceremonies in the palace, after which the party will proceed to the Catholic Church, where a 'Te Deum' will be sung and a short mass performed to the sound of bells and discharges of artillery; at four, dinner in the Hall of Banquets, after a general meeting in the apartments of the Empress of Germany. In the evening a gala representation at the theater of the Court. The *fetes* will terminate on the 11th with a grand ball to be given at the palace."

— The Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. Henry Oswald, of British Honduras, to be a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Mr. Oswald acted with remarkable courage on the occasion of the recent attack by a band of Indians on the settlement of Orange Walk. At the greatest risk to his life he rescued the magistrate of the district, who was on the point of being murdered; and afterwards went alone for a considerable distance to seek for reinforcements through country occupied by the Indians.

— The Duke of Edinburgh (says the *Western Morning News*) has been strongly pressed to become an admiral, but he firmly declines to take a flag until he has had some experience as captain in an ironclad ship, and the *Sultan* is designated as the vessel he is desirous to command.

— It is officially announced at Madrid that the accouchement of the Queen of Spain may be expected in three months' time.

Special Brevities.

— A singular example of the effect of devotional habits over an ignorant mind was recorded in the newspapers some years ago. A domestic servant at Canterbury was charged with stealing five pounds from her master's till. This sum was missed immediately after she had left off from her master's house, and when taken into custody a piece of paper was found in her possession on which she had recently written a prayer suited to her circumstances. Here is a copy of the strange document: "Oh, Lord, I pray thee look down on me, one who is now bowed down with grief; in pity, Lord, send me all the things I may require. Heal, I pray you, the broken-hearted woman. Things that I require: 1 sack of flour, 1 score of salt pork, ½ ditto salt beef, 6 pounds of sugar, 1 ditto tea, 1 ditto butter, 6 ditto cheese, 4 ditto candles, ½ ditto coffee, 2 sacks of pattatas, 1 ton of coles, 1 hundred of wood, and 2 sovereigns to pay Mrs. Vinall for her kindness." Mrs Vinall was the woman to whose house she had gone when running away from her situation. I may add, that this pious young person, who apparently made sure of a favorable answer to her petition by helping herself to the means of purchasing what she needed, escaped scot-free, because it could not be shown that the money she was known to have expended on herself, after running away, was actually the same money her master had lost.—*Belgravia for October.*

— In a valuable article contributed to one of the French medical journals by Dr. L'Ambert, he presents the following conclusions concerning the use of cold ablutions in fever, as practiced in France: They are especially useful in typhoid and the eruptive fevers, and strongly indicated in malignant cases. They act upon the chief and most constant phenomena of these diseases; are especially antifebrile, and reduce the temperature materially. They favor the re-establishment of a full, profound, regular perspiration; render the secretions more active; make the skin supple, moist and fresh; favor the outcoming of the eruption; allay cerebral and other nervous excitement; suppressing headache, coma, delirium, restlessness, and inducing sleep; causes the pulse to fall eight to thirty beats. From two to eight hours is the duration of their action, the ablutions to be repeated two to four times in the twenty-four hours. They have no influence upon the length of the sickness, but render it milder, and are readily applied as cold baths or by rapping the patient in a cold wet sheet.

— On Nov. 5th, at Oxford, a feeble attempt was made to revive the "gown and town" rows. A few venturesome undergraduates appeared in the streets, were duly howled at by the mob, and were ultimately secured by the proctors and escorted to their lodgings. There was the customary amount of shouting on the part of the crowd when an unusually daring individual let off a cracker, but the activity of the police was sufficient to prevent any demonstration beyond this. Early in the evening the water was turned on in the center of Carfax, where those bent on mischief are wont to congregate, and this materially assisted in damping the ardor of the would-be disturbers, and in clearing the streets. Shortly after ten o'clock the streets assumed their wonted tranquility.

— The *Scientific American* describes a strange fertilizer. At Stratford, Connecticut, where mosquitoes are as thick as a fog, lives an ingenious Yankee, so they say—believe it who may—who puts these insects to profitable uses. He has invented a large revolving scoop-net covered with lace, which is put in motion by a windmill, water power or steam. The lower half of the scoop is placed in water. The upper half moves through the atmosphere, and at each rotation draws an immense number of the "squitoes" down into the water, where they drown and sink to the bottom. Every revolution draws in an ounce of mosquitoes, or a ton for 32,000 turns of the machine. The mosquitoes thus collected make a splendid manure for the land, worth $40 a ton.

— Wilhelmshaven, the new military port at the mouth of the Jade, is rapidly filling with sand. The ironclad *King Wilhelm*, which cost 3,000,000 thalers, and which, during the war, was buoyed into safety, is now so firmly imbedded that naval engineers declare it all but impracticable to get her off again. On the other hand the official papers state, in contradiction, that "whenever it will be worth while" it will be an easy matter to float her out again. From this singularly *nonchalant* expression we might almost suppose that these expensive ironclads are soon to become valuable objects for museums such as those for stranded whales and other monsters of the deep.

— "The Jews," says Mr. F. Buckland, in *Land and Water*, "are the boys to cook fish. I believe they get a frying-pan and fill it with oil. They then put the pan on the fire, and when the oil is boiling, actually boiling—mind the chimney!—they plunge in—don't they hiss!—the fish, which have been previously well covered with flour. I heard when quartered at windsor that old King George the Third used to slip down on the sly to the shop of a Jew fishmonger somewhere in the slums of Eton to eat fried gudgeon from the Thames. The royal cooks—great swells these cooks!—would not cook gudgeons for his Gracious Majesty."

— Moses, in his laws about fish to be eaten and not eaten, was quite right. Moses knew all about fish. I am sure of that from the internal evidence, and his fish laws so many thousand years ago are better than the Salmon Law which, I trust, will become law in 1873. My good friend, the late Professor Quekett, of the Royal College of Surgeons, the great microscopist, used to say that Moses forbade his people to eat eels because they had no scales. The Professor used to say, "Moses was wrong for once, because eels really have scales, but moses had no microscope." *Frank Buckland.*

— An amusing story comes from Trouville. During the late season, which was largely attended by the fair sex, a correspondent informed the newspaper in the capital for which he wrote that a lady, the wife of a Paris stockbroker, had run off with a young Englishman. The next special train brought no fewer than eighteen husbands to Trouville, and the following day all the Paris *haute finance* was represented at the watering place. Most of the gentlemen returned to Paris with rueful countenances.

— One of the novel street sights of London just now is a new double hansom running on two wheels, but furnished inside with double seats for four persons, just as in the regular old four-wheeler. The body of the car is balanced on the same principle as the ordinary hansom to relieve the horse from the weight and throw it almost wholly on the wheels, while John is perched up overhead as per regulation. The wheels are very small, and are fixed rather under than outside the body of the vehicle.

— Two specimens of so-called "catable earth"—one from Lapland and the other from South Persia—have recently been analyzed by Dr. Schmidt, of Dorssert, who finds that from Lapland wholly deficient in nutritive qualities, only serving to stay the pangs of hunger for the moment, while the Persian specimen contains carbonic acid, and performs the office of what is commonly called baking powder. Both these earths are eaten only in combination with flour made into bread.

— In one of the prophetic almanacs just issued for the new year, in whose columns, among the events provided for next July (1873), the great astrologer says: "I do not anticipate the complete settlement of the *Alabama* claims. The arbitrators will probably give their verdicts upon the question of the indirect claims, but it appears that at the last moment some legal flaw will be found in the constitution of the Court, and the whole question will be reopened."

— The Paris correspondent of the London *Telegraph* states that foreign influence has been exercised for the purpose of gagging the Parisian journals. A Parisian newspaper had intended to publish on a recent Sunday an article contrasting the entry of Napoleon First into Berlin with the entry of the Prussians into Paris. At the eleventh hour the publication was forbidden, out of deference to foreign scruples.

Berrying.

On one dewy autumn morning—
Call it fate or what you will—
Half a score of lads and maidens
Went a-berrying o'er the hill,
And it somehow chanced that Kitty—
Pretty little Kitty Lee,
Just the sweetest little fairy—
Picked from the same bush as me.

And the juicy berries crimsoned
Kitty's little finger-tips,
Till they matched in winy richness
The wild crimson of her lips.
And the rippling sunshine, mingling
With the soft autumnal air,
Netted with their fairy fingers
Golden meshes in her hair.

Filmy lace and soft blue ribbons
Like a halo round her float,
With the daintiest little ruffles
Running round her snowy throat.
And her smile—ah, how it thrilled me
With a tender, happy awe;
Oh, she is the sweetest fairy
That you ever, ever saw.

"Nonsense!" Ah, *you* never saw her,
Or you would have wished with me
That you were a ripened berry,
To be picked by Kitty Lee!
But what use to tell the story?
You have guessed it long ago;
Little witch!—is she, I wonder,
Glad as I that it is so?

"Thought I knew the sex!" Ah, yes; but
I had never then you see,
Rambled through the new-mown meadows,
Berrying with Kitty Lee.
Should this meet the eye of any
Just such self-conceited churls,
Take my warning—never venture
Out a-berrying with the girls!

Lands for Immigrants.

An editorial article appeared in a San Francisco daily paper recently to the general effect that the land grant to the Central Pacific Railroad Company left no other desirable purchasable land by the immigrant to California, and the grants and roads of this corporation effectively retarded settlement of the State. The area of California is upwards of 120,000,000 acres, and the aggregate land grant to the Central Pacific Company is less than 3,000,000 acres. At points where the Government lands were entirely open, as in Kern, Stanislaus, San Bernardino and Tulare Counties, they were taken up by speculators, and held at prices beyond the reach of many settlers. The entire railroad land grant is in open offer on the market at a small advance on the Government price. As it is contiguous to the rails, it constitutes the most desirable tracts for settlement. Had it not been for the grants, the roads could not have been built; and had it not been for the building of the roads, the lands would have remained valueless. If the unprecedented wheat surplus of the present year is not due to the construction of rail lines, which has brought new lands within reach of market, to what is it due? California is at present doing its best to induce immigration. A man having determined to come hither would naturally look up California papers for information relative to the prospects of purchasing and on his arrival. He reads that it will cost him a fortune to reach the State—the carefully suppressed fact being that the cost from any point in the Eastern States is $60 currency. Next, that upon arrival he will find all the lands granted to railroad companies and held by them at high prices—the truth being that they are offered at low prices—while the other suppressed fact is, that a patch of 117,000,000 acres lies outside of the railroad grants. Fat schools of this kind would be comparatively innocuous if their dissemination were confined to the sheet issuing them; but other States are as anxious to receive immigration as California, and the rest are equally anxious not to lose population. Hence the papers of the whole Union are at the pains to reproduce a paragraph of this character—one set in order to prevent emigration from their own section to California, and the other in order to divert such emigration toward their own borders. Do not our city papers cry "stinking fish" rather more than enough? A year of crying up California will not undo the harm of a single paragraph crying it down. The crying up is not copied outside the State—the crying down is. Thus far this year only about 15,000 immigrants have been added to our population. It is not easy to foretell a larger ratio of increase, while with our press—like a swimming pig—we cut our own throat. The editorial criticised in this paragraph escaped attention when it appeared, but returns to us in a foreign exchange credited to the San Francisco *Call*.

— The ladies of this city will receive with pleasure the announcement of the arrival at the White House of large special purchases of cloaks, shawls, silks, velvets and other articles intended for the Holiday season. By excellence of goods and courteous attention, the firm of J. W. Davidson & Co. has long been the prime favorite, and this season it bids fair to out-vie the triumphs of past years by presenting the ladies of San Francisco a profusion of novelties in unprecedented variety and surpassing excellence. A visit to the White House must indeed be a delight; such of us men folks as have dared to penetrate its sacred precincts have found ourselves in an enchanted land. Among so many beauties, the display of fancy toilet articles, *bijouterie*, dressing cases, etc., is especially attractive. Gifts more likely to be grateful to young or old can be found nowhere, and all who are looking up articles for the Christmas Tree or Santa Claus' stocking, should visit the White House.

Somo Old Greek Mines.

A very pretty diplomatic quarrel is raging in Europe over the old Laurium mines so famed in Athenian history, and which once furnished a considerable portion of the Athenian revenue, but have not been worked for two thousand years. In 1863, a company composed of Italian and French capitalists bought the old ground on the sea-shore, near "Sunium's marble steep," from the village, got a confirmation of their title from the Government, and went to work and began speedily to make large profits by merely working over the debris left by the ancient miners, whose work—they were all slaves—was slovenly, and whose processes were of course imperfect. The result has been that a town of 3,000 inhabitants has sprung up around the mines, a railroad seven miles long has been constructed to connect it with the port, forty miles of macadamized road have been made in the neighborhood, and employment at high wages afforded to the surrounding population. But the company have had a funny experience with the brigands. One chief attempted to levy $10,000 of blackmail on them, and probably would have done it if they had not taken the precaution to have him killed. Another attempted to carry off the Superintendent, who had to call out his armed employés and offer battle under the rules of the military art on the adjacent plain, and the action was only prevented by the arrival of a reinforcement of regular troops from Athens. Finally, the Greek public became too much outraged by the spectacle of the company's prosperity, and the Government was obliged to pass an act declaring all the debris of the old mines public property, and clapping an enormous tax on the company for the future, and claiming $400,000 as arrears. This the company could not stand, and offered to sell out to the state for $2,800,000, but the state refuses to buy, and they are now trying to get the French and Italian Governments to interfere for their protection. The Greek defence is very characteristic, and would have delighted a sophist. It is that the original grant to the company only included the "scoria" or slag left, after smelting, by the ancient miners; that "ecvolades," or ore thrown up by the ancient miners and left there as not worth smelting, do not belong to the company, and that their title to them being disputed, the matter ought to be referred to the courts. The company, however, treats the proposition to submit their rights to the Greek judges in a matter of this kind as a bad joke, and clamor for foreign interference. As nearly all the "smart" Greeks in Greece who are not brigands are engaged in "journalism," it can be readily imagined that the uproar over the affair at Athens is great, and that it is not likely to draw foreign capital very strongly towards what our politicians would call "the home of Pericles."

—*The Nation.*

About Harte.

We (meaning the readers of the *News Letter*) have been rather down on Harte since he went East—not for going, but because he had not, in our judgment, maintained his (our) reputation. For Harte personally, we did not, to be candid, care any more than Harte cared for us, but for Harte as part of ourselves we cherished a lively solicitude. He was a plant of our soil; true, he had grown up wild, and we had not watered him as copiously as we might; some of us may have even mistaken him for a weed, but we were busy and the oversight is not to be remembered to our discredit. The eastern literature sharps tasted of his fruit and pronounced it good, whereupon we experienced a justifiable pride in our literary Strawberry. Then he transplanted himself, appeared to take indifferently to the new soil, produced fruit which we pronounced inferior in size and flavor, and we experienced a justifiable indignation. But there is nothing mean about us. We do not bear malice. If Harte shall produce something worthy of our opinion of ourselves, we are willing to forgive him and take proper credit for his performance. He appears to have done something of the sort, and we begin to relent. His lecture, "The Argonauts of '49," is well spoken of by the Springfield *Republican*. From the sketches of it which have reached us, we incline to think well of it. We shall know what we do really think when we receive the *Nation* to-day. If the *Nation* is silent on the subject we shall think less of the *Nation*. We are not inclined to put up with any "airs" even from the *Nation*, and to neglect the representative of California literature would be airy to the verge of insolence. "The Argonauts" does not appear to be a flattering account of us. That we do not care so much about, provided the story be told in a manner to do credit to our literary reputation. We are rich enough to "stand" whatever people may choose to say of us: but we are sensitive about our literary reputation. Hang it! have we not endowed an University, and if that is not being literary, what is it? We are not prepared to stand any nonsense from Harte either. He had better turn out something good, and be quick about it, or we are down on him. If he *has* already done so, it is all right, and the *News Letter* hastens to remark that it always told you so. We do so, reserving the right to express an opposite opinion after the *Nation* shall be received.

— Enthusiasm is not a sufficient qualification for leadership.—*T. M. Coan.* Particularly (Mr. C. might have added) for the composition of leaders in a liberal and thoroughly independent journal. Mendacity is the first qualification, next mendacity, and then more mendacity. Enthusiasm may come next.

Thirteen at Table.

I spilt the salt, one day—and, worse,
"Thirteen at table! Sure some curse
Is in the omen! Such the way
That Death gives warning—so they say."
Scarce had I spoken, when a sprite,
Young, handsome, joyous, met my sight;
Whereat I cried, "Friends! be of cheer!
I've looked on Death, and do not fear!"

A gay, invited guest she seemed:
With fairest flowers her forehead gleamed;
A rainbow arched her head around;
A broken chain was on the ground:
And, sweetly nestling on her breast,
A sleeping baby lay at rest.
"Fill up my friends! no danger's near;
I've looked on Death, and do not fear!"

"Why tremble!" said the spirit, "why?
Sister of Hope—Heaven's daughter I!
From weary necks I lift the yoke;
I touch the slave—his chain is broke;
To man—fallen angel—I restore
The seraph wings he had of yore!"
'O maid!' I cried, 'Thou'rt welcome here!
I've looked on Death, and do not fear!'

"By me released from carnal thrall,
The soul, beyond this earthly ball,
Shall range in yonder azure clime,
In spacious fields and paths sublime.
But here, opposed by fleshly woes,
Ah! little joy the spirit knows!"
"A bumper to that higher sphere!
I've looked on Death—and do not fear!"

Alas! although I bid her stay,
The lovely vision flies away:
In vain we mortals wish to shun
The rest that waits our journey done;
Life is a ship, mere sailors we;
And tide and wind are fair and free.
Thirteen! Who cares? God's smile is here;
I've looked on Death—and do not fear!

Froude on England and America.

We take from the New York *Sun* a portion of the account which it gives of an interview between one of its reporters and Mr. J. A. Froude:

REPORTER.—Do you share the belief that England has seen its best days?

MR. FROUDE (in his pleasant cheery voice).—No; I think it has as great a future before it as it has had a great past. I cannot see that our people now have less energy, less vigor, less enterprise, less pluck, than they ever had. Look at India. I think it is a remarkable thing to see an empire of 150,000,000 held in peace by 60,000 soldiers.

REPORTER.—And the navy? Are the strictures of the English journals on the administration of the navy not justified?

MR. FROUDE.—Oh, dear, no. I have a son in the navy, and have taken a considerable interest in the English navy. I think it never has been in as powerful a condition as it is now. No; you will not see a real Battle of Dorking—at least, not as long as you and I live.

REPORTER.—It is true, the English flag waves in every corner of the globe.

MR. FROUDE (with his winning smile).—Yes. England and America are marching side by side in the van of civilization. What a tremendous Power America will be in time! As for England, I think a country loses its strength when its men—when its manhood is sapped. Now, in Paris, what do we see? When I was there—you have been in Paris, of course—I saw the young officers of the army (Lieutenants, Captains, Colonels and others) doing nothing all day—lolling in the *cafés* and billiard-rooms, and dangling after women.

REPORTER.—Are the English Guardsmen—the young military swells that you see in Rotten-row—not very much like these French officers?

MR. FROUDE.—Yes, I presume they are; but there are but few of them. They are not the English army. The English officer has something else to do besides playing billiards and waving his handkerchief to pretty ladies. These young aristocrats have done some noble work in time of war. You remember what those 500 or 600 cavalry men did in the Crimean War? How noble and how brave they were!

REPORTER.—Are the English nobility a superior class of people?

MR. FROUDE.—They are no better and no worse than anybody else. The only difference is that they were bred to indolence, and are versed in the art of doing nothing.

— Not at all cheering, although more dramatic, was the marriage *in extremis* of Henri de Rochefort, who had been allowed to come to Versailles for the purpose of marrying the mother of, and giving a legitimate estate to, their child, Mlle Noemie, aged seventeen. Mlle. Renant, the mother of the child, was laying at the convent of the Augustine ladies in a dyink condition, and M. Rochefort was led there, accompanied by the Mayor, who had to perform the civil formalities previous to the optative religious ceremony. The witnesses for M. Rochefort were MM. Destrem, late contributor to the *Marseillaise*, and Blum, of the *Rappel*; and those of Madame Renant, MM. Albert Jolly (counsel for Rochefort) and Francois Victor Hugo, fils. The religious rite was then performed *in articulo mortis*, according to the wish expressed by both parties. The whole melancholy service was over at about 9:45, and then came the heart-rending scene of parting, and parting forever, too. One long embrace and speechless sobbing closed the affectionate tableau of human misfortune. M. Rochefort was to be removed to St. Martin de Ré the same evening.

The Anglo-Saxon Confederation.

St. Paul's Magazine for November publishes "If I were Dictator," a pungent, suggestive, political sketch, that will be sure to have many readers. We cannot do better than give a sample of the "Dictator's" ideas. England he discovered to be old, over-peopled, rich, luxurious, and unenterprising:

She must have new blood. Where could she get it?

There was only one nation that was likely to open its veins to supply our wants. To that nation I turned. I telegraphed as follows to the United States:

"Brothers! A hundred years ago you went from us; this day we come to you. Is not a century enough for us to have been divided, when we share the same blood, speak the same language, and think the same thoughts? We ask you to join us again on equal terms, and become one great people.

Separate, we both rank among the first nations of the world—united, we shall be the world.

A mighty Anglo-Saxon Confederation of 100,000,000 English-speaking men, with subject populations amounting to 300,000,000—together, a third of the earth's inhabitants—this would be the immediate result of our union. At no distant date, South America, with most of Africa and Asia, must fall to us. Wars would be impossible, for even a league of all the other nations would be ridiculously weak against us, either by land or sea.

By a stroke of the pen, without expense, danger, or trouble, we can each attain universal empire—make our own the universal language—bring about a millennium of peace, and mold the whole earth after our own fashion. Is not this worth trying?"

The American people took up the idea with much ardor, and, to my great joy, the scheme was carried out. Without entering into the details (which can be read in any future history of the period), the following were the heads of this momentous agreement, as it was finally approved and sealed by both nations:

"The Anglo-Saxon Confederation.

1. The five English-speaking States of Great Britain (with her dependencies), the United States, British North America, South Africa, and Australasia, hereby agree to form one nation, with the above title.

2. Each of the five States shall retain its own form of government, whether monarchical or republican; shall be the maker of its own laws and institutions, without interference from the rest; and shall be responsible for its own debts.

3. A Supreme Council of twenty-one members, with a Chairman and Vice-Chairman, shall be elected every five years, by manhood suffrage taken throughout the Confederation—the Council to meet in London and Washington in alternate years.

4. The Supreme Council shall decide all questions of war and peace, and any other matters which affect the whole Confederation.

5. But the American House of Congress, and the Parliaments of Great Britain, Canada, Australasia, and South Africa, shall remain in existence, and shall have entire power, each as now, over questions affecting merely its own State.

6. Power is reserved to admit at any future time Sweden, Denmark and Germany, as subordinate members of the Confederation—the population of these States being allied in race to the Anglo-Saxon."

When it became known to the outside public that the Anglo-Saxon Confederation was an accomplished fact, and that there was now one mighty nation of entirely predominant power, it is impossible to describe the consternation that fell on the aggressive continental powers. For a whole month the French eagle with one head and the Austrian with two screamed "Perfidious Albion!"—the Russian bear growled with impotent rage; and Germany publicly proposed a league of the remaining powers against us, but privately begged to be admitted at once into our Confederation, that she might not be left out in the cold. On the other hand, Italy, Denmark, and the other smaller States, were in a ferment of joy, for they knew that they were now safe forever, under the ægis of the great race that loves liberty.

— The statement is made in *Les Mondes* that the system of M. Gannal of embalming bodies by injection, which was effected by opening the jugular vein or the carotid artery, is probably to be superseded by M. Audigier's plan, in which the preserving fluid is introduced through the mouth and larynx. About six ounces of the fluid is sufficient for the purpose, and the body should be covered with some vegetable powder soaked in the same liquid. The body is by these means completely preserved, and is entirely "mummified;" it acquires a durability equal to that of wood or stone, and the facial color remains the same as it was the moment of decease. The most eminent physicians, surgeons and anatomists in France have testified to the efficacy of this system, which has, in addition to the advantages already mentioned, that of perfect innocuousness and complete disinfection. The liquid here referred to is presumed to be carbolic acid, some time ago employed for the same purpose by Prof. Seeley.

— The development and transformations of the common house fly is announced by the Boston Society of Natural history as the subject for memoirs to be offered in competition for its annual Walker prizes in 1873.

Bucolics.

My name's Sam'l Fidds, I've a missus and kids,
Wi' togg'ry I'se got to purwide 'em;
But times wur so bad, when their stummiks I'd clad,
I'd nowt for to shovel inside 'em.
Wi' the prices o' meat, I wur regilar beat—
Though there's none on us warn't ne'er a glutton—
When a pall says to me—"Why, Sam'l!" says he,
"You try that Orsetraylian Mutton!"
CHORUS—Says he, "You just try that ere mutton;
Don't ne'er by them butchers be *put* on.
It's no end o' nice, and a quarter the price;
Hurrah! for Orsetraylian Mutton!"

Six pound o' that same for to buy I wur game,
Three bob was enuff for to bring 'em;
Then taturs a lot we biled in the pot,
And topped wi' a flavur o' ingun.
We shoved in some meat, just to gi' un a heat,
The kiver a minnit we shut on—
And oh! my dear eyes! how we did gormandise
On that there Orsetraylian Mutton!
Chorus—Says he, etc.

The butchers, in corse, they'll says as it's 'orse,
Or the warmint wot answers yer whistle;
They calls un cag-mag, while they pockits the swag
By sellin' yer skin, bone, and gristle.
But I ses, ses I, it's a thunderin' lie!
Don't mind what they tells yer, a button;
Don't pay for no bone, but 'ave good meat alone,
And that's what's Orsetraylian Mutton!
Chorus—Says he, etc.

An' when Christmas is here—tho' some likes their beer,
And others is partial to skittles—
Here's wishin' us all, both the big an' the small,
A jolly good meal o' meat wittles!
An', pals, we won't fret if we carn't manage yet
Roast beef and plum puddin' a cut on,
For there ain't ne'er a doubt of a jolly blow out
If we tucks in Orsetraylian Mutton!
Chorus—Says he, etc.

— An amusing scene took place recently at Turin upon the Corso del Re. A gentleman of about forty was walking quietly along with a young and pretty little woman who hung fondly on the arm that he tenderly pressed to his heart, while she gazed on him with loving eyes. The affectionate couple had just reached the garden of the Villa La Marmora, when another tall and handsome woman presented herself before them, producing the effect of Banquo's ghost. She ordered the first lady to let go the arm of the gentleman, and to yield him up to her. This the gentleman would not allow, and told the tall lady to go about her business, as he had nothing to say to her. But she insisted, and to show how false this assertion was, she boldly claimed him as her husband, making use of the intimate *tu*. He, on the other hand, declared that he was the husband of the first little lady, who on her side said nothing, but clasped still more tightly the arm of her protector. Meantime the loving couple retraced their steps toward the Piazza Carlo, followed by the tall lady, who overwhelmed them with insults and appellations too shocking to be repeated here, and by a crowd of people who appeared to be highly amused by the scene. This lasted till on reaching the Via Lagrange the tall lady seized the little one by the arm, tore her from the side of the disputed lover, and in her turn told her to go about her business. This time she did not wait for the invitation to be repeated, and slipped away while her rival seized triumphantly upon the arm she had so bravely conquered. The spectators then began to laugh at the discomfited Don Juan. He became angry, and supported by his companion (who had then become all love and sweetness) defied those who mocked and jeered him while holding their sides with laughter. It is difficult to know how the scene would have ended had not just then a mysterious person made his appearance, and taking ing them both by the arm made them get into a carriage that drove off, followed by the mockery of the crowd.

— I was obliged to write too young, when I knew only half truths, and was eager to set them forth by what I thought fine words. People used to call me a good writer then; now they say I can't write at all, because, for instance, if I think anybody's house is on fire, I only say, "Sir, your house is on fire;" whereas formerly I used to say, "Sir, the abode in which you probably passed the delightful days of youth is in a state of inflammation," and everybody used to like the effect of the two p's in "probably passed," and of the two d's in "delightful days."—*Mr. Ruskin in Fors Clavigera.*

The Fire Commission.

It is a great drawback to our official system that in this age of steam and progress there are such frequent changes. A man has no sooner thoroughly learned the duties of his office than his time is up, out he goes, and another, generally a green hand, steps in. The Fire Commission, which is just now animated by the spirit of change, brings this matter prominently before the public. Mr. Merrill, the incoming Commissioner, has, it seems, announced his intention of voting for the removal of Mr. Scannell, the Chief Engineer, and placing Mr. Frank Whitney in his stead. Mr. Scannell has proven himself to be a most worthy and efficient officer, with an unblemished record. He and his subordinates have always worked well together, so that at every large fire he has received the commendation of the people, and has given our Fire Department a rank in the United States equal to the best. This, however, seems not to be the point in hand. Mr. Scannell differs politically from Mr. Whitney, who seeks his place; who, indeed, has been trying to get in again ever since he got out. Politics in this instance would not seem to warrant the change, for Mr. Merrill having been appointed by the Marine Board of Underwriters, gentlemen supposed to be without politics, should not be influenced by such a matter in the bestowal of his vote. While speaking, then, of Mr. Scannell, we are animated by no feeling of opposition to Mr. Whitney, whom we believe to be an estimable man and perhaps as competent to be Chief of the Fire Department as he who now occupies that position. But what we object to is the ceaseless and unnecessary changes which are so injurious to the workings of the Department. If the change ended here it might be less objectionable, but we know that with the advent of the next Commissioner, who will perhaps incline to the present Chief, that gentleman will do as Mr. Whitney is now doing, use his lever to get back his place, and presto! change again. We earnestly commend to Mr. Merrill's thinking the old motto, "Let well enough alone," and advise him not to remove a competent officer without just and sufficient cause.

Coos Bay Coal Formation.

At the meeting of the Academy of Sciences on last Monday evening, W. E. Goodyear, Esq., of the Oregon State Geological Survey, read an interesting narrative of observations on a recent tour through Oregon. We make the following abstract from that portion of his remarks relating to the coal fields of Southern Oregon: "The coal-fields about Coos Bay is very extensive, reaching certainly from the coast ten or twelve miles back, and from the Bay south to the Coquille river, and north as far as the Umpqua. Coal of good quality is reported on the North Umpqua, east of the coast range of mountains. It is needless to say, however, that in a region so cut up by gulches, the portion of this broad area which is covered by coal of good quality and workable thickness, is comparatively small. In fact, there is no coal here which it will pay to work for many years to come, except that which is situated in close proximity to the shores of Coos Bay." Within the above described limits and immediately on Coos Bay, the "Newport" Company's coal mines are situated. The property of this company at the present time consists of about 3,000 acres, they having made recent purchases of adjoining coal lands. These mines have been continuously worked by Messrs. Flanagan & Co. un from 1856, and was the first coal discovered on this coast. The property is well opened, and at present capable of yielding 500 tons per day. Upon the completion of the tram-road to deep water and steam facilities for transportation to San Francisco, Portland, Los Angeles, Monterey, San Diego and other places of consumption, this promises to be the most valuable coal mining property on the Pacific coast.

— The committee appointed by the Directors of the Diamond Company to investigate the fraudulent "salting" of their ground have held daily sessions during the week, and taken the statements of Messrs. Harpending, Lent, Rubery, Janin, and others. The field of inquiry has been greatly narrowed, and a process of elimination among the suspected parties has resulted in restricting the possibilities of guilt to a small number of individuals. The matter has also been under investigation by the Grand Jury. J. B. Cooper, of the diamond drill company, has given important testimony. Statements purporting to embrace extracts from the testimony before the committee, and also a pretended detailed account of the fraud, have been printed in the daily papers, which are incorrect in nearly every important particular. The interests of justice require that the true story of the fraud, so far as it has been yet elicited, shall be withheld for a further season from the public, but we are justified in saying a complete disclosure of the affair is inevitable, and when made public will constitute a tale of what the novelists call "thrilling interest."

— After attending Greeley's funeral, it is stated that General Grant expressed himself "depressed by the occurrences of the day." We judge that they were calculated to have that effect upon him; they naturally suggested his own—and the contrast, you know!

Live Journalism.

Once there was a bold reporter, such a dashing blade was he,
Who made items for a paper which was live as live could be,
And whenever any *scan. mag.* wanted working up, of course
This young chap was always on it, because he not only
possessed the cheek of that domestic quadruped, but
when there was anything dirty in the wind he was on
it bigger than a horse.

Said he, "There's Mrs. Morris, just divorced, perhaps she might
Pan out something rich. I'll go and pump her dry this very night,
And fix up a spicy column that will tickle Barbary Coast!"
But this very rash reporter counted his chickens while they
were yet in the state of unincubated hen-fruit, and,
reckoned entirely without his host.

It was midnight when he boldly beat the door with blustering din,
Till he roused the lady's slumbers, but she didn't ask him in,
And she snubbed this poor reporter—cruel, cruel, was it not?
And in scornful accents told him, "Get out of this quick,
Mr. Naphtaly, enterprising reporter of the *Chronicle*,
or I will call in the police and have you locked up!"
And he got.

The Phœnix Quicksilver in London.

The directors of the Phœnix Quicksilver Mining Company, by whom the British public are invited to pay 110,000*l.* in cash and 50,000*l.* in shares for a mine in California, on the report of a Mr. Francis Fowler, "an English civil and mining engineer of established reputation," have been requested in the *Times* to state what they knew of Mr. Fowler. Whether to their knowledge he had had any experience whatever as a mining engineer before being engaged in two American schemes (the Mammoth Copperopolis and the Saturn Silver Company of Utah) introduced a year or two ago, and especially whether he is the Mr. Francis Fowler connected with the promotion of the Railway Finance Company and the Railway Credit Company, formed and wound up in 1865 and 1866? In reply the secretary to the company admits that the career of this mining engineer of established reputation, upon whose simple recommendation they ask for capital of 200,000*l.*, is so far unknown to them that they have no present means of saying whether he was or was not the promoter in question. As to the general point of his professional knowledge they limit themselves to the averment that he was "recommended" to them as a mining engineer of great experience, who had been for eight years in charge of a copper mine in India. If the directors have any other authorities to quote than Mr. Fowler and the vendor, they should (says the *Times*) bring them forward. In these days of company-making, 110,000*l.* in cash is not much to pay away, and there is usually little difficulty in obtaining any such total from the number of poor clergymen and professional men to whom an immediate dividend of 75 per cent. per annum, when held out, as in the present case, by an English civil engineer of established reputation, is a temptation not to be resisted; but for their own sakes, as well as for the sake in some degree of the respectable solicitors, accountants, and bankers whose names appear on their prospectus, it would be well for them, after the challenge to which they have been subjected, to be as explicit as possible. They might also take the public so far into their confidence as to mention the name of the Californian vendor. A man to whom they propose to hand over 110,000 sovereigns should be a person of some consideration in his own State. Perhaps, however, as the mines are only seventy-three miles from San Francisco, the great financial center of the Pacific, he might object to the fact becoming known that, although a good enterprise capable of returning thirty or fifty per cent. of profit would at any time be eagerly seized by his compatriots in that city, he had preferred to deal with Englishmen, even when they would get a profit of seventy-five per cent.

— In the London *Times*, of the 4th November, we notice a letter from one "David Smith," stating that when in San Francisco some two years since he was offered the "Newport" (Oregon) coal mine for the sum of £30,000. As we have, in a former issue, referred to this valuable property, we deemed it our duty to make inquiry from Mr. Thomas Wallace, who has had charge of the sale of the property, if it was ever so offered, and he informs us that neither Messrs. Flanagan & Mann, the owners, nor himself, nor any authorized person, ever met with Mr. Smith, or ever offered this property for sale to him, which we believe to be the absolute fact. We remember other properties situate on Coos Bay having been offered at about this price, and some for a much less figure, and we know that, in event of the sale not being consummated in London before the 1st of January, parties here will conclude a purchase of it, at a price agreed upon, which is 20 per cent. higher than is asked for it in London.

— A female correspondent writes that she considers Washington society "underbred." It might be interesting to know what Washington society thinks of the female correspondent. But probably it is not aware of her.

Royal Life at Balmoral.

Nothing can be simpler than the daily routine of life at Balmoral Castle, and this has always been the rule with Her Majesty when free from the trammels of State. The old servants at Balmoral will tell you, speaking of bygone days, that in Prince Albert's time Balmoral was a picture of domestic felicity—"a home fu' o' laughing bairns." "And ah!" said one, who had been a favorite nurse, "the Prince was fond o' his bairnies, and they doated on their faither. He used to play with them in the corridor—and sic daffin and glee! The Queen, looking out of her room, would stand and watch them with a smile on her face. And when the fun grew boisterous, she would raise her finger with a gentle hush, but the mither's heart was wi' them." The Prince is everywhere held in loving remembrance. Here he walked with the Queen; yonder tree he planted with his own hand; there he played with his children. There is a fine statue of the Prince Consort near the entrance gate of the palace. It is in bronze, and is placed on the rude cairn of broad flat stones. A favorite dog is at the Prince's side, looking up affectionately at his Royal master, who is remarkably life-like, standing full size in Highland costume. But a little farther on is the obelisk erected by the tenantry, surrounded by dark trees, which half hide the mournful memento. It is here that the tenantry gather on Prince Albert's birthday to drink to his memory. The same ceremony is, I believe, observed at the palace, the servants being allowed each a pint of wine for that purpose. At dinner in the steward's room, the highest in office proposes "The Memory of Prince Albert," which is drunk in solemn silence. A short distance from the castle stands a curiously-looking round building resembling a heather tent. It is likewise embellished with splendidly antlered heads. This is the larder to which the slaughtered game is fetched—a cheery corner where the gillies meet to talk over the successes of the various "shots," and wish luck to the Royal sportsmen, who are not above looking in to discuss a subject of common interest.

Her Majesty's habits are very simple. About seven she prepares for rising, breakfast at nine; after breakfast she has her dispatches to look after, for even in her mountain retreat the Queen's "mind is taen up wi' the things o' the State." Then follows private correspondence, a heavy item in the Queen's list of duties. Two special messengers convey the dispatches to London, one to relieve the other, as they travel day and night. Luncheon is at two o'clock, and in the afternoon the Queen usually takes an airing in her carriage. On the lawn in front of the castle a picturesque white tent stands, and Her Majesty passes much of her time in that snug little corner. During meals the Queen's piper plays in front of the windows. Of pipers there are several, I believe; Ross, the Queen's piper, is chief, and it is a sight to see the handsome old Highlander in full costume, marching broudly to time as he plays a pibroch. The "pipes" are a sight of themselves, with their rich velvet mountings and gay streamers, and royal banner floating in the breeze. The Queen dines at half-past eight; her own table is spread in the library. Since the Prince Consort's death Her Majesty has not made personal use of the dining room; the ladies and gentlemen of the Court dine there. It is one of a suite of magnificent apartments, all of which are carpeted with Stuart tartan, the hangings and draperies being Victoria tartan. The ornaments in the rooms are all Scottish in their tendency. The library, which is the innermost apartment in the suite, is a cozy, comfortable room, small by comparison with the others, and it has a look of brightness with its glittering books and cheery fire, and snow-white table-cloth and twinkling tapers. There is no ostentatious display, however, in the royal sanctum. The arrangements of the room are of the simplest character, even to the dinner table. A very select party dines with Her Majesty, not even the Princess Beatrice, unless on an extra occasion. The Queen spends much of her time alone in Prince Albert's room. She comes quietly in to dinner, with her knitting in her hand, and retires early. It is well known that Her Majesty is a woman of method, and were it otherwise she could never get through the amount of work she does. She is very fond of open air, and in all weathers she is to be seen abroad. A rainy day does not keep her within doors; in her waterproof and umbrella she defies the elements. It is quite a common occurrence to see her walking in the grounds under a drizzling rain. The weather, in fact, has no influence upon the Royal programme. So far as concerns Her Majesty's "constitutional airings," a good stout umbrella carries her bravely through pelting rain or powdering snow-drift, whether on foot or seated in her open carriage, or trotting on her Highland pony. But there can be no doubt our Queen is a hardy woman, at least she has no "fine lady fancies" in the matter of constitutional delicacy. She does not bother with superfluous wrappings when she faces the "snell" mountain breeze; she dresses consistently with the climate and the weather; and a fresh, comely, sensible-looking lady she is in her comfortable plain jacket and broad-brimmed straw hat.

— The *Englishwoman* (magazine) we read, contains excellent instructions for every domestic accomplishment. In one branch of domestic art—the culinary—our California woman scorns instruction from British female. She will give that vain creature two minutes start and beat her hollow in fifteen at getting up a family broil, basted baby or husband-in-a-stew, at skinning a neighbor, dressing down a rival, hooking a lover, stuffing and "cleaning" him, after which she will wipe her hands, smooth out her brow and look as innocent as a pet rabbit, all before your English woman had got her eye fairly a-piping. Lor', stranger, our girls just knock socks off old Europe.

Wedding of the Chinese Emperor.

We are permitted to insert the following interesting extract of a private letter from a lady in Peking, partially detailing the ceremonies attending the wedding of the Emperor of China:

"Now I must tell you the little I can of the Emperor's marriage, which took place this week (October 10–17). For the past fortnight there have been processions every morning at daylight to carry in the bride's dowry, consisting of bedroom furniture, gold ornaments for the room and curios. We succeeded in seeing one of them, and quite a pretty, curious sight it was; the bearers being all beautifully dressed in red and yellow silk, with official hats, perfect order being all the time preserved by mounted Mandarins, in gorgeous embroidered coats, etc. Some of the blackwood (ebony) furniture was beautifully carved, but I believe we did not see the best, including the Empress' bed, splendidly carved with enormous dragons. The various articles were all carried into the palace uncovered, being tied on to trestles by splendid pieces of red and yellow silk, in place of ropes. A few days before the wedding Chung How, and another high Mandarin, came to Mr. Wade, A.; being present and requested him to issue a notice that no foreigners could be allowed to walk about the city on the 14th and 15th. This Mr. Wade declined to do, but signified that no members of the English Legation were likely to thrust themselves forward to take part in ceremonials in which they ought properly to act in the character of invited guests. However, he afterward sent round a circular to the effect that foreigners had better not attempt to walk or ride on any of the roads shut up from the public on the two wedding days. On the 15th, we went to see the Empress' chair go to fetch her to the palace. We tried to get a view of it from the neighborhood of the forbidden road, but finding that we were much pressed by the crowd we retired to the roof of the Legation stables, where we spent four weary hours sitting on broken tiles in a burning sun. It came at last. First, thirty-five white ponies covered with yellow silk trappings. These were the steeds of the Empress. Then the Chief Magistrate or Lord Mayor of the City, with a large mounted retinue; then a party of high Mandarins, outriders, hundreds of gorgeous umbrellas, carried by men in red uniform (the wedding colors), embroidered with yellow dragons; a similar band of lamp-bearers, and trains of footmen in the same red silk dress. The chair followed next, surmounted by a gilt pagoda covered with yellow satin, the inside probably also gilt. There were thirty-two bearers. The procession went up for the bride at five o'clock in the afternoon, and she was taken to the palace (which constitutes the marriage) in the middle of the night—not a soul being allowed to be in the streets and all shops closed. The procession was precisely the same as the one that passed in the afternoon, save that the lamps were lighted. Of course nothing could be seen of the bride, and the spectacle was not so imposing as that in the daytime.

The Defence of Britain.

In this month's number of *Macmillan* there is an article entitled "An Austrian view of the defence of England," introduced to the reader by a note by Colonel C. C. Chesney, who states that the author of the article is no other than his Excellency General the Baron von Scholl, who lately occupied the post of Minister for National Defence in the Austrian Cabinet. As an engineer officer he was, in 1859, and again in 1866, specially charged with preparing for defence the great fortresses of the Quadrilateral in Venetia; and, since the death of Sir John Burgoyne, there is, perhaps, no one living who has made that special branch of strategy which deals with the value of fortifications so completely his own, as the writer of this memoir. He is, in fact, in this *specialité* what Moltke is in field strategy, and by the military profession throughout Europe both are recognized and acknowledged as masters. The Baron states that the circumstance which gave rise to his taking the subject up was, that on a recent visit to England Colonel Jervois' pamphlet on the "Defensive Policy of Great Britain" was placed in his hands, with a request that he would give his opinion frankly upon the whole subject. The Baron, who is personally connected with England by ties of relationship, treats the matter as if he were a loyal subject of Queen Victoria. The Baron agrees with the first portion of Colonel Jervois' pamphlet with reference to the general conditions affecting the defence of England, its coasts, colonies and commerce, and lays special stress on the importance to England of holding Gibraltar as a link in the chain of communication with our vast Eastern possessions and the Australian colonies. The Baron, however, differs from Colonel Jervois' elaborate plan for defending London. He says that the defence of London is to be found nowhere else than on the line of the coast. But, having assigned us a frontier line of 8,700 miles, the Baron shows how easy that line is to defend. Along the whole line Nature has given us in the sea a gigantic wet ditch, and in the rocky and precipitous shores comprising a large part of the line, there is a rampart stronger than any raised by man. Small parties might land at many places, but the disembarkation of an army could be effected at very few along the whole circuit of the British Isles. It is then pointed out how useful and important services we have in the volunteers and militia, which could be most effectively utilized in preventing the landing of an army. It is suggested also that the whole coast should be divided into districts, and the militia and volunteers practiced in the defence of the adjacent coast line. Seeing the calls upon our army, the Baron thinks the defence of our shores would mainly fall upon these reserve forces. He derides not the volunteers of England, but believes they only require fostering care; and he is persuaded that if called to arms by the country they would speedily respond to the call.

Ma Belle.

If you should ask, *ma belle*,
To answer and to tell [phases,
The fairest of delight's fair countless
Full certainly I know,
While pearly lids were low,
From loving lips would flow love's fond- Storm-furrowed, fiercely free and strongly
est praises.

She hath the art, *ma belle*,
To praise most sweetly well,
Yet only in love's service doth she use it.
For me, between her voice
And all songs were there choice,
Always 'twould well rejoice my soul to
choose it.

Because I feel, *ma belle*,
Thine eyes' clear fervor dwell
Passionate on my own glad eyes so often,
Because I know thou art
My life's diviner part,
My other tenderer heart to soothe, to
soften;

Because thou wear'st, *ma belle*,
A strong, pure, silent spell, [ing;
Safely from all dark ways my feet retriev-
Because thou wert to me
As lulled air to wild sea,
grieving;

Because thou hadst, *ma belle*,
The power to calm, to quell, [ure,
My turbulent, bleak life at thy dear pleas-
And pour upon its breast
Thy sunbeams, balmy, blest,
Easing it to kind rest in bounteous
measure—

Because of this, *ma belle*,
Thou knowest how richly well
My worship till death's ending serves and
sues thee.
Thou knowest, because of this,
To have thee means all bliss, [thee.
All anguish were to miss, to mourn, to lose

—*Appleton's Journal.*

Christian Skinflints.

Most men are curiously illogical in their character, but the Christian skinflint is the oddest contradiction of all. It sounds something like cold fire and stony water. As a Christian he must have his Charities; but to give is, to the skinflint, torture, and to the philosophical political economist, immorality. And these opposing principles have to be reconciled. We have known some odd methods of reconciliation. One lady does fancy-work, which she sells at prices quite as fanciful as her labors; the proceeds of which mild extortion, after deducting the full cost of the material rather over than under, she dedicates to charitable purposes, and so kills more than the ordinary couple of birds with one stone. For she amuses herself according to her taste, without cost; she makes a brilliant reputation among her friends for dexterity and cleverness of fingers; and she is really quite heroic in her subscriptions. She could afford all she gives in this way out of her private moneys, if she liked; but she could never bring her heart up to that measure. So she makes her friends pay for her amusements in the way of fancy-work and nicknackery; and how much soever she is laughed at, she honestly believes this to be true Christian charity, and that she is laying up for herself treasures everlasting for every little penwiper made useless by beads and plush, which she sells for half a crown—extreme price of material, under fourpence. Another gives charity out of her savings; and her savings come from her bargains. She goes to market herself, and does all her own shopping; and when she has been clever enough to mulct the tradesman of a few pence or a few shillings, as the case may be, she puts the parings she has gained, neither honestly nor nobly, into the pocket of her charities, and robs Peter that she may pay Paul. She thinks it no wrong if, all in the way of business, she cheats a poor trader of his lawful margin of profits, provided she throws the proceeds of her theft into the treasury of the Lord. She has no idea of the Lord not quite liking such addition to His treasury; of a widow's mite, honestly got and generously given, ranking far above guineas of gold of such questionable mintage. To her the thing is her charity, not the means by which she performs it; and she never thinks for a moment of what the poor trader must feel when he watches the melting away of the margin of profit of which she has cheated him. And such a one has no mercy. She will haggle with a miserable flower-woman for a halfpenny or a penny quite as keenly as she will quarrel with a cabman when she pays him his exact fare only, as she stops twenty paces short of the three miles; as she will bargain with the West-end mercer for so much discount, if her bill comes to so much. She gives her savings to charity, she says; and she accounts herself blessed among women for the dexterity with which she can transform a sin into the semblance of a virtue. But she is none the less a skinflint of the most unblushing kind; and words which are by no means blessings follow her footsteps wherever she turns. A third of the same order pares her very charities. She gives away both food and clothing on occasions; but the food is the poorest and the clothing the meanest she can find. Her conscience has never dictated to her any doctrine on quality; and so long as she obeys the precept of giving, she thinks herself justified in skinning her charitable flints as closely as she can. "Quite good enough," she says, when she is settling the price she means to pay against the articles she is going to give. In consequence of which her charity-tea is of English hedges, and possesses none of the refreshing properties of true Bohea; her charity-woolen is shoddy, and comes to pieces in a shower of rain; and her charity-calico is half cleaned, and chafes into sores the tender skin of the new-born infant for whom it is destined.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

London Police Intelligence.

DESPERATE ASSAULT ON THE POLICE.—James Little, 13, was brought before Mr. Quake, charged with committing a savage assault on Police Constable 9008 Z, and other officers, in the discharge of their duty. The case seemed to excite considerable interest, the court being completely filled with constables of the prosecutor's division. The prisoner, who was undefended, and bore frightful tokens of the struggle, seemed scarcely able to support himself in the dock, and was accommodated with a chair to stand upon.

John Smith, 9008 Z, deposed that at ten o'clock on the previous evening he was on duty in Covent-garden market, when the prisoner, accompanied by a female, came up and abused him in language which he (the constable) could not repeat. Seeing the man was intoxicated, he entreated him to go home, when prisoner knocked him down on the kerb. He lay senseless for half-an-hour, and, on regaining consciousness, discovered prisoner in the act of dancing on his (prosecutor's) stomach. On his remonstrating, and civilly requesting him to get off, prisoner kicked him with such violence that he was compelled to call for assistance. The other officers came up, and, after a severe struggle, Little was overpowered, and lodged in the station. The witness declined to be asked any questions by the prisoner. (Applause.)

Samuel Bouncer, 9009 Z, stated that at half-past 4 o'clock that morning he heard faint cries of "Murder!" in Regent-circus, and, proceeding to the spot, saw Little kicking the last witness. He attempted to interfere, when the prisoner laid his hand on his (witness's) helmet, and crushed it over his face with such force that he had been unable to get it off again, till just before coming into court. While helping to take prisoner to the station, he saw several people looking on, not one of whom offered the slightest aid to the police. (Sensation).

James Truthful, 1157 B, deposed that about mid-day he was on duty in Trafalgar-square, and heard the stifled cries mentioned by the last witness. He hastened to Bow street, and saw the prisoner standing over Smith. He had a large paving-stone in each hand, with which he threatened to pulverize witness. Witness, nevertheless, seized him; on which he threw away the paving-stones, and, catching witness by the belt, swung him several times round his head, and then on to the top of the Opera House. Witness ran about there looking for a convenient place to descend. Finally did so by sliding down one of the columns of the facade. Considered that in so doing he risked his life, and would thank the magistrate to order him a reward before he left the box. (Murmurs of sympathy, in the midst of which Mr. Quake, with an audible sob, handed the witness ten guineas.)

Joseph Sneakley, 20,002 M, deposed to seeing the three previous witnesses struggling with prisoner. Knowing the latter's desperate character, he got at him from behind and stunned him. Had he not done so, thought it probable that prisoner would have bitten him in two. Had known prisoner for years as the leader of the worst thieves in London, and considered there was no crime of which he was not capable. Had had him twice in custody for bigamy, when he received each time two years with hard labor. Besides this, prisoner had twice suffered penal servitude for burglary with violence, and had been thrice executed for murder. (*Excitement.*)

In reply to the magistrate, the prisoner made a rambling statement to the effect that he was taking his little sister home, when the child became refractory, and to quiet her he made use of the expression, "The bobby's a'comin'." The prosecutor, who was standing by, immediately beat him so cruelly on the head that he fainted, and remembered nothing till he found himself in the cell.

At this juncture, some commotion arose outside the court, caused by the parents and friends of Little endeavoring to obtain admission. Silence being restored, Mr. Quake sternly denounced such unseemly interruptions; and, addressing the prisoner, said that "during all the years he had occupied that seat he had never seen such an appalling villain. His murderous attack on the police was shocking enough; but in what frightful degradation must that creature—he could hardly call him a man—wallow, who could deliberately impute to that splendid force what was nothing short of actual perjury. He was committed for trial. The physical strength of the prisoner, honestly employed, might have made his fortune; it was certainly wonderful. Judging from appearances, he (Mr. Quake) would have thought the prosecutor could have taken him to the station with one hand."

The prosecutor, Smith, here rose, and demanded to know whether the magistrate meant anything personal.

Mr. Quake: Not at all, not at all, policeman; I was merely about to remark, that as you seem at least six feet high—

The prosecutor requested the beak to shut up.

Mr. Quake: Nay, really, my good fellow—

The Constable: Now look here. You say another word and I'll run you in.

Mr. Quake still venturing to explain, the constable ran him in accordingly, and the proceedings terminated.—*Hornet.*

— Edith O'Gorman (*alias* Mary Brady), a female "reformer" of slightly blown reputation, has gone East. It is not true that she leaves a husband to mourn her loss—she took her man along with her. We have the sad satisfaction of knowing that she left no children. It appears that notwithstanding her prolific Irish strain, she had none to leave—why, we can only surmise.

A Strasburg Legend.

[On the platform of Strasburg Cathedral tower is to be seen, among many other names, that of Goethe, traced by himself during his student years.]

On the tower of Strasburg's glory
Names appear both great and small,
Cut into the stone so hoary,
Which with patience bears them all.

Once a muse's son, heaven-gifted,
Climb'd the giddy spiral stair,
Found a space, and chisel lifted,
To engrave his record there.

From each ringing blow up-leaping,
Flew bright sparks of lambent fire;
Through the massive tower came creep-
Tremors deep from base to spire. [ing

Erwin's honored dust awaking,
Stirr'd beneath its sculptured stone;
Every carven leaf was quaking,
Thrill'd the bells with mystic tone.

And a wondrous, deep pulsation
Through the mighty fabric beat,
Like the throes of new creation
Perfecting the incomplete.

Thus a name on Strasburg's tower,
Little known or cared for then,
Graven was, but now its power
Stirs the inmost souls of men.

Marvel not, O minster olden,
That you trembled 'neath his hand!
Ever since, his accents golden,
Thrill the world on which we stand.

—*St. James' Magazine.*

Third Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association.

We purposely abstained noticing this last exhibition until the lapse of a fortnight had given us time to pronounce more carefully upon the two hundred and fifty odd paintings, sent in by contributors, than a mere cursory visit would allow. Of the members reception on the opening evening too much praise cannot be said, not only of the well ordered arrangements, nor merely of the intelligent and superior character of the crowd that filled the gallery, but more particularly of the æsthetic nature of the gathering and of the absence of that class, one-third of whom come for the supper-struggle and two-thirds for the dancing, for the obvious reason that there was no supper nor was there any dancing. It was an assembly of those who love art, are attracted by treasures culled from foreign lands and desire to witness the progress of home study.

To turn to the Exhibition. This is decidedly the best we have yet had; the contributions from private collections are of a higher order and the works of our own artists of greater merit than heretofore. Let us begin with No. 1 on the catalogue, "Cleopatra before Caesar," and, with all diffidence, criticize the great work of the great modern historical painter. The interior displays the utmost care and fidelity, and the coloring is something extraordinary. The expression of wonder, anger and admiration in Caesar's face is excellent, the countenances of the scribes strikingly good, everything is toned down subservient to the principal figure, but there we stop. It is not Cleopatra. That splendidly drawn Nubian who has unfolded the tapestry, has not uncovered the Queen of Egypt accustomed to command, but a beautiful woman conscious of her good looks, but rather afraid of being turned out of the room. The dress, or whatever it may be called, gives a hardness to the figure, and the mouth is cruel without being sensuous, while the eyes are cunning and not imperious. But the painting is admirable and gains at every visit, No. 2, Hill's "Mount St. Helena," as usual, the foreground highly elaborated, but a most lovely purple mountain in the background. No. 3, "Sunset, Lake Tahoe," by Munger, would be thought too daring in color by those who had not seen the glorious flush as the sun sinks behind the Sierras. Nos. 7 and 8, "Marine Storm" and "Marine Calm," by Denny, are the same pictures, under another name, that this artist always paints; in No. 78 his "Cape Mendocino" appears to be dancing in the water. No. 9, one of the perpetual wrecks near the Cliff House, with that same solid wave about to break on the beach. No. 10, "Vallejo-street Wharf"—Oh, Mr. Ross! Nos. 13, 14, 15, 28 and 29, "Grapes and Plums," by Brooks, "California Fruit," by Hill. We question the good taste of hanging all these together. Of the splendid plums we have hitherto spoken, and of fruits think that Hill displays more artistic skill in grouping, while both are capital in copying. In Harrington's "Bear Hunt," No. 20, the trees are very well painted. No. 20½ is an "Epizootic Child." Nos. 16, 21, 22 and 23, by Mrs. M. Gray, carefully painted pictures. One, a portrait after Rosenthal, is an exceedingly well executed head of an old man; another, a cold, calm interior of a church, shows the versatility of this lady's talent. The third, "Still Life" we like least; but 22, "Sheep," is the best of all her contributions. Nos. 17 and 47, "Scenes in New York Harbor," have merit, but in both the water is too solid; it is water all ripples, suddenly arrested by some phenomenon of nature. Of Fagerstein's two portraits we admire 27 the most. No. 32, "Reading a Letter," by Cap, is very charming, perhaps the expression in one of the girl's faces is too intense, but the old coachman, as you see him through the window sitting on his carriage-box, is delicious. No. 33, "Portrait of a Lady," by Narjot, a good likeness, very carefully painted, but the lady has too serious an expression. "A Souvenir of Italy," No. 34, by I. F. Kensett, is a gem, so tender and soft that one returns to it with pleasure.

No. 40, Brandner's "Columbus in Prison," has deservedly attracted considerable attention. The noble expression of the thin worn face, and the head slightly resting on the hand, giving the idea of his still thinking of the western land, still

meditating on the New World. The whole attitude is that of one "whose faith is great in time." We object to the straws scattered over the floor; the manacles are enough to suggest a prison, and if anything were there it should be rushes, which were in use in those days. Again, let the observer take note that should Columbus rise to his feet, he would be out of all proportion as regards the room, and his legs would look like stilts. No. 41, Bierstadt's glorious "Mount Hood." We have nothing to say more than we have said already, but some how or other think we liked its former position, on the other side of the room, better than that of to-day. The pose in No. 42, a portrait by Harrington, is very easy and good. No 43 is, to our eyes, the most charming picture of its kind in the exhibition. It is by Bauguiel, and is called "The Second Proposal." A young widow, whose time of mourning has expired, as you can see by the black lace she wears, is slowly reading a letter; her Abigail (who has brought the missive) an exquisite piece of drawing as well as of dressing—is standing by with a half amused, half inquisitive, semi-confidential look, while the grave, earnest face of the beautiful woman, in half shadow, shows more pleasure than anger, at the same time considerable thought. No 45, a water color, "Interior of the Alhambra," by J. Tapiro, is like a delicate ivory carving, such as one sees in East Indian temples. It is a highly finished and beautiful interior, brilliant in color and faultless in perspective. No. 50, "White Mountains," by Baker, is like introducing miniature painting into landscape. No. 53, "Up the Bay," awful. Of 55 and 56, by poor old Tessaire, we will only say that his own portrait, in "The Departure," where a Byronic youth, in Mission Woolen Mills pants, is looking over the sea, is very good. We have no longer space for further notice, and must finish the catalogue next week, when we intend to enter into a more minute detail of some particular works of art. Many excellent contributions have yet to be remarked, and may be we have passed over some that are noteworthy. Another week's study will enable us to correct any omissions that we may have made.

Chinese Labor in England--A Possible Importation.

In his new book, "The Foreigner in Far Cathay," Mr. Medhurst, British Consul at Shanghai, suggests the possibility of high wages and scarce labor attracting Chinese workmen to Europe, and even to England. He says: "The phases of character in which the Chinese possess the most interest for us Western peoples are those which so peculiarly fit them for competing in the great labor market of the world. They are good agriculturists, mechanics, laborers, and sailors, and they possess all the intelligence, delicacy of touch, and unwearying patience which are necessary to render them first-rate mechinists and manufacturers. They are, moreover, docile, sober, thrifty, industrious, self-denying, enduring, and peace-loving to a degree. They are equal to any climate, be it hot or frigid; all that is needed is teaching and guidance, combined with capital and enterprise, to convert them into the most efficient workmen to be found on the face of the earth. In support of these assertions it is only necessary to refer to our experience of them in America, Australia, India, and the Eastern Archipelago. Wherever the tide of Chinese emigration has set in, there they have proved themselves veritable working bees, and made good their footing, to the exclusion of less quiet, less exacting, less active, or less intelligent artisans and laborers. Even in China they have already proved their worth by helping to construct, under foreign superintendence, men-of-war of first-class workmanship and formidable proportions; and their artificers are daily acquiring increased skill in the arsenals now in active work at Tientsin, Shanghai, and Foochow. The marvelous energy of which they are capable as mere laborers is moreover constantly exhibited at the port of Shanghai, where they have been known to accomplish the discharge of a ship in less time, as I have been assured, than can be effected by dock-laborers at home, even with all the appliances of cranes and otherwise which these latter have at their disposal. This remarkable aptitude shown by the Chinese for skilled as well as physical labor is worthy the serious attention of both employers and workmen in these days of strikes in every department of British skill and industry. If the Chinamen can thus compete with our artisans and working men in his native country, notwithstanding the many disadvantages which must attend the exercise there of his intelligence and strength, what will he not be able to accomplish when encouraged and taught to rival a foreign antagonist on his own ground, and at a more moderate rate of remuneration than the latter can afford to demand? Should matters go on as they are now doing in England, the laboring and manufacturing classes must not wonder if they find themselves ere very long displaced and distanced by the hitherto despised, but none the less practical, useful, and labor-loving Chinamen."

— *Apropos* of the fine charitable impulses which move our hearts at this Christmas season, a little story may be told: A shrewd old-world king wanted to build a bridge, but his exchequer was empty. He caused proclamation to made throughout the land that upon a certain day a new suit of clothes would be presented by his officers to every beggar thereof. The beggars flocked from the uttermost parts of the kingdom, and when they were gathered, the wily monarch's soldiers surrounded them. To each, according to promise, a new suit of garments was given, but the beggars were required to leave the old ones, with all their contents, upon the ground. When the crowd had been dispersed, old wallets were emptied, and old seams ripped up, and behold! money enough was found therein to build the bridge, which had overtaxed the resources of the royal treasury.

Nameless.

There is no heart but hath its inner anguish,
  There is no eye but hath with tears been wet,
There is no voice but hath been heard to languish
  O'er hours of darkness it can ne'er forget.

There is no cheek, however bright its roses,
  But perished buds beneath its hues are hid;
No eye that in its dewry light reposes,
  But broken star-beams tremble 'neath the lid.

There is no lip with merry laughter ringing,
  However gay and light its words may be,
But it hath trembled at some dark upspringing
  Of stern affliction and deep misery.

We are all brothers in this land of dreaming,
  Yet hand meets hand, and eye to eye replies,
Nor deem we that beneath a brow all beaming
  The flower of life in broken beauty lies.

The Placard Exchange and Information Bureau of the Pacific Coast.

The work of preparing the building, southwest corner of Merchant and Montgomery streets, for occupancy by the California Placard Exchange and Information Bureau of the Pacific Coast, is progressing rapidly. The lower or street floor will be occupied by the business offices. The second story is occupied by two lofty and spacious rooms, communicating, lighted by numerous windows along both sides. In the third story is another large room, which will be occupied for the purposes of the Exchange, besides the printing offices and editorial rooms. The exterior of the building is being renovated and will be covered by placards of attractive and original design. Across the front will be represented two railway trains, bound one East and the other West; under these, in a sliding panel, will be the time table of the Overland road. A representation of a steamship, outward bound through the Golden Gate, will be accompanied by the table of sailing dates of the ships of the Pacific Mail and Australian steam lines. Other placards will occupy the entire exterior of the building. The general design of the interior has been heretofore intimated. The rooms will be handsomely carpeted, furnished and decorated. Bradley and Rulofson are now preparing a series of sixty superb photographic views of California scenery, which will contribute to adorn the walls. These will be laid off in panels, upon which placards will be tastefully displayed. In all there will be four thousand superficial feet to be let out for placards on terms which will be announced in due season. Already a number of leading interests have bespoken the space needful for their announcements. Around the rooms will be arranged show-cases and other appliances needful for the display of samples of merchandise. The teas of China and Japan, coffees from Central America and the East Indies, blankets from California woolen mills, shot and lead pipe, spices and canned fruits, wines and brandies—in short, all the products of Californian industry will be accommodated, the space for a number of which has been already engaged. A cabinet of minerals, and preparations or samples of the agricultural and other productions of the coast, will constitute one of the more interesting features for strangers. In one aspect, the Exchange will be a perpetual Mechanics' and Agricultural Fair—embracing a wider range of interests and a greater variety of illustration than such an exhibition can command. The feature of a land office or land exchange will be presented in the forty-four county maps now in preparation, showing the private and public lands in each county, the railroads and water ways, and the rates of local taxation—things essential to be known by an intending settler. The operations of the Brokers' Board will be communicated by wire as they transpire. Eastern money and merchandise quotations will also be posted daily. The design is to bring San Francisco, California and the Pacific Coast to a focus at the Placard Exchange; to collect there an epitome of the various practical information now scattered at a dozen different centers. By the time it shall be in full operation, a man wanting to buy a farm, a pair of spectacles or india rubber boots, to hire a cook, sell a horse, or give away a foundling, will have only to make his application at the Placard Exchange in order to attain his end. It will be a point at which all interests can meet, and the buyers and sellers—whether of labor or things—can come together. Periodicals and papers will be on hand for reference or recreation. Admission will be free—first to parties having placards on view; second, by tickets to be distributed by them; and third, by tickets, which will be in supply at the first-class hotels for delivery to guests. The Exchange will become one of those features of the town which every stranger will repair at once to examine. Thus the privilege of admission will be preserved from abuse, while it will still be so free as to attain the end of presenting the placards to the view of all whom it can possibly be desirable to have see them.

— Only one death occurred in the City Hospital last week. Patients on the eve of dissolution are usually "discharged cured," and afterward execute "sudden deaths" in the street, to the great glory of our California climate and City Hospital

Court Chat.

— Mr. Home, the Spiritualist, has, since his marriage, been living in Paris, where he finds himself a good deal more at home than he did under the Empire. Strange stories are told of the way in which he left the French capital fifteen years ago. The tale is that in 1857 he was invited by the Emperor to give a *seance*, and that Napoleon was shortly seen to leave the room where the modern Cagliostro was performing, looking very pale and much disturbed. The story goes on to say that on the following day Mr. Home was politely invited to leave France with the shortest possible delay. The chronicler does not record what the vision was which so affrighted the Emperor. Whatever it was, Mr. Home profited by experience, and contrived to keep in good favor with another devout and imperial believer in spiritualism, the Emperor Alexander, who presented his guide, poilosopher, and medium with a magnificent set of diamonds.—*Court Circular.*

— The other morning, says a "sportive" correspondent, some Roman sportsmen were pursuing their "dangerous" amusement of lark-shooting in the neighborhood of the farmhouse outside the Porta Pia, which bears the interesting appellation of "the pretty women"—Delle Belle Donne—when they saw a phaeton and pair dash up, driven by an ardent sportsman, a great lark-killer. It was Victor Emmanuel, with an equerry beside him and two servants behind. His Majesty pulled up on seeing the sportsmen, and getting out of his carriage joined their party, conversing familiarly with them about the prospects of the lark season. After keeping company for some time the King went off on his own account, but falling in with the party again about 11 A. M. showed them the contents of his bag, consisting of three woodcocks, several thrushes, and two foxes, and then took a sportsman's farewell of his sporting companions.

— The Worthing Loyal Illuminating Demonstration Society met one night lately, and had a torchlight procession, illuminated by colored fires, in honor of the Prince of Wales. The members of the society donned various grotesque costumes. The event attracted a great concourse of spectators from all parts, and passed off without accident or disturbance of any kind. There were, it is said, a few slight drawbacks, but these could hardly have been foreseen or provided against. The only cause of regret was that the illuminating part of the affair was insufficient to reveal the many striking and costly dresses and the general "make up" of the leading characters of the procession.

— A letter from the distant province of Amoor says that great preparations are being made on the coast of the North Pacific to welcome the Imperial visitor, the Grand Duke Alexis. Every one is persuaded that his visit will be attended with the happiest results to the province, and for the whole of Oriental Siberia. The proprietors of the gold mines of Transbaikal purpose meeting at Tchita to organize a reception for the Grand Duke, and to celebrate this first visit of one of the Imperial family to eastern Siberia by the foundation of some useful institution. Most probably a college will be established.

— We are given to understand that Her Imperial Majesty the Empress of Russia is going to Sorrento for the Winter, and if report speaks truly, has engaged apartments at the Hotel Tramontano. The Sorrentini have not, it seems, been spending their money in vain, the principal hotels having been lately fitted up in a most luxurious manner, so much so that it would seem they had an inkling that royalty would some day be their guest. The Imperial suite will consist, we are told, of eighty persons.

— Our Berlin correspondent informs us that at the time of the three Emperors' conference the ex-King of Naples sent M. de Canofari, one of his former ministers, to Berlin, to induce the assembled sovereigns to intercede in his behalf with King Victor Emmanuel. His petition was that his private property should be restored to him; and, his wish having been communicated to those whom it concerns at Rome, there seems to be some prospect of its being fulfilled, provided the ex-King engages to abstain from all political agitation.

— The Queen of the Netherlands, who left London on Monday morning for the Hague, has hastened her departure from town in consequence of having received the news of the death at the Hague on the Saturday previous, after a very short illness, of her private secretary, M. Von Wickherlin, an old and attached friend of Her Majesty. But for this sad occurrence, by which the Queen is much affected, Her Majesty would have remained in England until the 23d inst.

— "The Pope he leads a jolly life," according to the song. Contrariwise, it is said that one reason of Pius IX.'s long life and good health is doubtless the simplicity of his table, and his abstinence from everything he finds injurious. He scarcely allows any condiments in his food, excepting, however, tomatoes, of which he is so fond that he almost gives the order which a Florentine gentleman always promulgates on the arrival of a new cook: "Be sure that you put tomatoes in everything but the coffee."

— The Queen has sanctioned the admission into Woolwich Academy of a young gentleman belonging to the Royal Family of Japan, and it is stated that there are at the present time several students at certain of the Woolwich schools who have been sent to this country from the East to receive a military education, among them being a Prince of Siam.

— The Emperor of Russia, shortly after his return to St. Petersburg, held a splendid review over 27,670 men, 1,051 officers, and 35 generals, with 106 guns. The Czar was cheered most enthusiastically.

Special Brevities.

— A present of oyster spat has just been received by Mr. J. Keast Lord, the general manager of the Brighton Aquarium, from Mr. Thomas Phillips, the Secretary of the Conway oyster Company. They were taken from an Irish pond at Turago, near Sligo. The baby oysters have taken up their habitations on five oyster shells, two stones and a small spray of wood, and they vary in size from a split pea to a two-shilling piece. The delicacy and beauty of their fragile shells are very reliable. On one of the shells may be counted 38, on others 29, 19, 14; on the stone, 38; and on the branch of wood, 8. The young oyster in its baby condition swims freely about by aid of a number of minute bristle-like appendages, which do the duty of so many paddles with which to row themselves rapidly about. Soon after birth it fixes itself to any object that it may find suitable to its wants. The rowing apparatus being of no further use in its economy are absorbed or fall off, and the tiny bivalve begins new life, a fixture to which it at first adheres to. It is hoped that these interesting little creatures will be successfully reared in the tanks of the aquarium, so that their growth may be watched from their child to mature age.

— Prussia contains nearly 10,000,000 Roman Catholics. The greater proportion of these are in the eastern provinces—Pomerania, Posen, Silesia and East Prussia; and these are also the provinces which send the most representatives to the House of Lords. The western provinces, where feudal titles have been more generally extinguished, contain fewer Roman Catholics and fewer members of the House of Lords. The conquered territory fares even worse. Hanover, for instance, which contains a twelfth part of the entire population of the entire State, sends but eight out of the three hundred and twenty peers. Thus a large majority of the latter is furnished by the sections in which the Catholics are most abundant, and in which the Ultramontane spirit is most active. These are also the provinces in which the Church of Rome has the firmest hold on the nobility. This would, of course, be assured by the great number of Poles which they contain.

— A papyrus has been found in a tomb by Mr. Harris, editor of the *Hieroglyphical Standard*. As described, it forms a roll of 134 feet in length and 1 foot 4½ inches wide. It dates from the end of the reign of Rameses III. (the Ramsinit of Herodotus), and contains valuable information relative to the political and religious civilization of Egypt at that distant period. It it written in hieratic characters—a mixture of hieroglyphics and signs for letters and syllables. The text is an allocution from Rameses III. "to his people and all the men on earth." Rameses therein recounts how he re-established the ancient Egyptian worship, rebuilt the temples and endowed them with munificence. The religious movement alluded to relates to the period of Moses, to the monotheistic worship founded or restored by him, and comprises all the events which terminated in the ruin of monotheism in Egypt and the exodus of the Jews. This papyrus is, consequently, held to be of the highest interest for the study of the Mosaic religion and legislation.

— The losses to be met by English insurance offices for the fire at Boston will, it is estimated, amount to about £950,000. The respective totals are reported to be nearly as follows: Liverpool and London, £250,000; Royal, £190,000; Imperial, £140,000; North British, £90,000; Commercial Union, £75,000; London, £50,000; Queen, £80,000; Phœnix, £50,000; and London and Lancashire, £6,000. Among American offices the total are said to be—Home, £160,000; Etna, £200,000; Hartford, £160,000.

— On Thursday there was launched from Palmer's shib-building yard, Shields, the largest iron screw steamer ever built on the Tyne, named the *Montana*. She is the property of Messrs. Guoin & Co., of Liverpool, and the Great Western Steam Navigation Company. She is built specially to attain great speed, and is expected to be the fastest vessel afloat. She is 400 feet long, 43 feet in breadth, and 25 feet in depth. Her engines are 900 nominal horse power, and she will carry 200 first, 200 second, and 1,000 third-class passengers.

— Count de Montebello, Secretary of the French Embassy at Washington, has just sent to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in the Bois de Boulogne, several specimens of the hare of the United States. It is much smaller than the French quadruped, being scarcely bigger than a wild rabbit. The reason it has not been sent to Europe before is that the Americans like it to be considered that they only do business *en gross*.

— The largest smith's shop in the world has been added to the other wonders of the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich. It has been erected in connection with the Royal Carriage Department, to facilitate the construction of iron gun carriages, etc. It is about 200 feet in length by 120 in breadth, and contains 72 forges, several furnaces, and the foundations for six steam hammers—one of 70 cwt., one of 20 cwt., two of 15 cwt., one of 6 cwt., and one of 5 cwt.

— *Jouer à l'otage* is the last game of the *gamins* of the Paris Buttes Chaumont. They prop up one of their companions, supposed to be a gendarme, against a wall, and pretend to shoot him. The game is unpopular with the police, who have put a stop to it.

— The following reminder has just been placed on a tomb in Montmartre: "Oh my dear Henry, come and join me as soon as conveniently possible."

— The French Government having refused to dispense with the formality of passports, the German Government has issued orders to enforce rigidly their own regulations in regard to them.

Shakspearian Quotations.

HAIRDRESSER.

Through the airy region. — Romeo and Juliet, act 2, sc. 2.

HATTER.

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps. — King Henry V., act 4, sc. 3.

LAWYER.

One that hath abundance of charge. — King Henry IV., act 2, sc. 1.

MILLER.

'Tis in grain, sir. — Twelfth Night, act 1, sc. 5.

STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR.

Traffic's thy god. — Timon of Athens, act 1, sc. 2.

OPTICIAN.

With spectacles on nose. — As You Like It, act 2, sc. 7.

PARSON.

I live by the Church. — Twelfth Night, act 3, sc. 1.

PAWNBROKER.

O, uncle! — King Henry VI., act 2, sc. 5.

POLICEMAN.

I'll cudgel him and make him cry, O! — Twelfth Night, act 2, sc. 5.

LETTER-CARRIER.

Now, messenger, what letters, what news? — Third Part of King Henry VI., act 4, sc. 1.

PUGILIST.

Thump, then; see thou thump. — Measure for Measure, act 1, sc. 2.

RAILWAY CONDUCTOR.

That carries up the train. — King Henry VIII., act 1, sc. 1.

Peeps at the Parsons.

Rev. J. Hemphill delivered a eulogistic lecture, Sunday evening, on "John Knox, the Reformer," a man of whom the New York *Tribune* recently said, "It were more fitting to celebrate the day of his death than that of his birth." If ever there lived a bigot, in the fullest sense of the word, it was John Knox. When the Catholics were crushed and smitten at the feet of Reformers, he called upon the authorities "in the bowels of Jesus Christ" to persecute the "Roman harlot," as he delighted to call the Church, with relentless vengeance. He spoke of their ministers as "the rabble of the clergy," and called them thieves, murderers, traitors, infidels, adulterers. He derided the English reformers, and declared he would rather see the Queen remain a "Mass-monger," as he called her, than join the English Church. He went from town to town inflaming the mob to burn cathedrals and monasteries, and inciting them to pillage and rapine. His dastardly insults to poor Mary, Queen of Scots, when she was defenceless and in the power of his brutal crew, are enough to stir the blood in any heart, unless constituted like Mr. Hemphill's. He forbade the celebration of Mass in her palace, and when she pleaded tearfully for the same liberty of worship she cheerfully granted to all her subjects, he towered before her with the frenzied glare of the fanatic in his eyes, heaping upon her and her church the coarsest abuse. It was this same furious zealot who hounded on the conspirators to murder Riccio in her presence. It was this same dove-like follower of Jesus who soon after advised putting her to death. These are facts of history, to be found in Robertson or Tytler, although Mr. Hemphill either softened them down or forgot to mention them at all. The question arises, "Why are there no John Knoxes in the present day?" Have his followers become tolerant, are their thoughts widening with the process of the suns? Mr. Hemphill's sermon of the previous Sunday will bear witness: it was a defence of the comfortable and alluring doctrine of eternal damnation. What Butler wrote 200 years ago concerning the followers of Knox will bear repeating to-day. He said they

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to
> By damning those they have no mind to;
> Still so perverse and opposite,
> As if they worshiped God for spite."

That the author of "Hudibras" was justified in his estimate of this sect, we quote the following extract from Knox's "Confession of Faith." "We utterlie abhorr the blasphemie of thame that affirme that men quhilk live according to justice and equitie, quhat religioun soe ever they profess sal be saved." At which rate nineteen-twentieths of the human race will go to the "demnition bow-wows."

Saponaccously doth the face of the good preacher shine as he kneels with buxom sister Susannah in the straw of the camp meeting, exhorting her to join the church. Smugly do his eyes twinkle as in earnest appeal he grasps her by the two shoulders—such soft, pulpy shoulders for so obdurate a heart. Fervently doth he wrestle with her, as Jacob of old wrestled with the angel. Copiously doth he weep across her neck, in the style recommended by Brother Stone, which fetches her. Frantically do the whole congregation mount benches and beer-kegs, shouting Hosannas to Jehovah for another soul saved. Nimbly do they waltz to the creek in which the good preacher wades with blue jowl and chattering teeth.

Hysterically hieth the maiden into the thicket where slough-like she sheds her worldly habiliments and dons a clean white baptismal robe. Gaspingly doth she advance to him, while the saints on the bank raise a joyful pæan. Lovingly doth the holy man paw her moist body, to which the robe wetly clings. Closely doth he clasp her fainting form and bear her ashore, even as Æneas carried Anchises from burning Troy. Retire, O man of God, thy task is done. Wring thy pants and empty out thy boots, and admit that though thy labor is hard and thy fare coarse, there are times when thou hast thy reward.

The following conundrum has been left at our office. We have pored over it until our hair is as gray as that of the Christian Young Man alluded to:

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks you have left, they are gray—
You are old, Father William, but a "Christian Young Man;"
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

We give it up.

The latest novelty is a clergyman in England who baptizes without using any water. This is a new version of the poem of our childhood:

Mother, may I be baptized by him?
Yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water.

There are many heads in Christ's bosom, but there is room for yours among the rest.—*Rev. Wick Parsons.* No dead-heads wanted though, Wick, so don't think to recline that squash-like protuberance of yours on his shirt-front.

A Modern "Hanseatic" or Commercial League.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Arts in London, Mr. G. C. Mast read an able paper on the evils of war, at the conclusion of which he dwelt upon the great benefits to commerce secured during the stormy middle ages, by the League of the Hanse Towns of Western Europe. In view of the enormous armaments of modern times and the crushing taxation thereby produced, he recommends a new and still more powerful commercial union. He says: "It is not very creditable for our age almost utterly to disregard the strength of moral means, in spite of the proofs history furnishes us with of their great power. Could not a well-organized union of the commercial and manufacturing communities bring about such a state of public opinion in enlightened Europe and America, as to diminish greatly the chance of war in and within these two continents? Besides the immediate object, that of protection against the losses of war, such an association would advocate the principles of free trade, and would support every measure of an enlightened international policy. A closer commercial union of this country with Germany would create a better understanding, and greater confidence between these two branches of the great Teutonic family; and now that Germany is the strongest power on the continent, as England still is the most powerful at sea, the two combined and in union with the United States of America, would be sufficiently strong to protect their common interest against any power or combination of powers, without burdening their peoples with increased armaments. In England we are not yet accustomed to look too much to the Government for guidance; and in this case I think the people can only secure their object by taking action themselves; and time and money spent in setting on foot such an association might do much towards obviating the necessity, not only of estimating the losses of a future war, but also bearing such losses. For the next war, if it were to break out between any two of the great European powers, or between England and America, might cost, even in six months, a sum which I should scarcely dare to estimate."

— Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, has written an interesting account of the record of the Deluge, which he has lately deciphered from the Assyrian monuments: The cuneiform inscription (he says) contains the version or tradition of this event which existed in the early Chaldean period at the city of Erech (one of the cities of Nimrod), now represented by the ruins of Warka. In this newly-discovered inscription the account of the Deluge is put as a narrative into the mouth of Xisuthrus, or Noah. He relates the wickedness of the world, the command to build the ark, its building, the filling it, the Deluge, the resting of the ark on a mountain, the sending out of the birds and other matters. The narrative has a closer resemblance to the account transmitted by the Greeks from Berosus, the Chaldean historian, than to the Biblical history, but it does not differ materially from either; the principal differences are as to the duration of the Deluge, the name of the mountain on which the ark rested, the sending out of the birds, etc.

— An excellent idea is being carried out in Manchester. The school children have hyacinth bulbs given them to grow, and nourish, and attend to. Prizes will be given to the best spike of bloom in due season. Bulbs are plentiful, but taste is scarce. One can hardly find find a better mode to utilize the one and improve the other.

The Famous Story.

The shadows of the little wood
Closed round us in the burning noon;
The pleasant shadows of the leaves
Yet tender with the green of June.

And there, while in a happy dream,
We wandered inward from the sun,
Winding and turning at our will,
The famous story was begun.

A story prodigal of love,
Of youth and beauty born of youth;
Of sorrow tempered by romance,
And trial glorified by truth.

Long, long ago it all had chanced—
Or was it haply passing then?
It might be true of any time
Since women were beloved of men.

I listened, yet I did not heed;
A rippling voice was all I heard,
That, softly cadenced, had for me
The music of a singing bird.

The tale went on, the voice I heard,
Yet all that I recall is this—
That earnest face, those dreamy eyes,
The little mouth so sweet to kiss.

The tale went on, with many a pause,
With frequent outbursts of delight,
As breaks and openings of the wood
Its hidden beauties gave to sight.

A pheasant gleamed across our path,
A squirrel shot a sudden turn;
And now the cuckoo sang, and now
We waded coolest breadths of fern.

The little wood was long to cross;
Its winding paths were hard to find;
And hours had fled ere we emerged,
And left its pleasant gloom behind.

And then beside the rustic fence,
Whence spread the meadows many a mile,
We linger'd idly hand in hand—
And still the tale went on the while.

The evening shadows lengthened out,
The heavy rooks winged home to nest;
The little wood was fringed with light
Against the fiercely flaming west.

The sun set in a fiery haze,
Sank flaming in a sea of gold;
The sky grew dark, the stars came out,
And yet the story was not told.

—Legend of Phyllisa.

English Millionaires.

We publish below a very curious and suggestive list, compiled for us from the files of the *Illustrated London News*. That journal publishes every week a paragraph about wills under probate, which is known to be accurate, is suspected to be official, and is, we believe, as regards considerable fortunes, nearly complete. At least we miss but one name, that of Mr. Brassey, which was certainly that of a millionaire. This list is extracted from those paragraphs, and contains, we have every reason to believe, the account of almost every fortune exceeding a quarter of a million personalty which has been transferred by death within the past ten years:

Ten persons, therefore, have expired in Great Britain within the decade, leaving more than a million, fifty-three leaving more than half a million, and a hundred and sixty-one leaving more than a quarter of a million sterling. These fortunes are exclusive altogether of fortunes still more numerous and vast invested in land, and are, for two reasons which we will explain, very considerably understated, both in extent and manner. They are understated in extent because the official appraisers are bound, when estimating the value of a business, to be extremely lenient, and concerns really indestructible, or at all events safe for a generation, are taxed as if they were worth only two or three years' purchase. This is perfectly just, because although Mr. Bass's brewery, or Baron Rothschild's bank, or the *Times* newspaper may be worth fifty years' purchase to their owners, yet other breweries, banks and newspapers may be worth only two or three, and the same rule must in fairness be applied to all. Moreover, the value of brains employed in any great business is so large a portion of its capital that a rigid estimate is impossible. Suppose, for instance, that in 1860 one of the Gurneys had been a splendid financier, or would in an immense number of instances involve pillage so gross that succession duties would be suppressed by popular disgust. The estimate for certain other descriptions of personality—for example, libraries, is usually lenient, an estimate of auction value rather than of real value, and the totals therefore may be accepted as well within the mark. The number, moreover, is no indication as to the number of such fortunes in existence. Men have been accumulating since history began, but the scale of accumulation has varied exceedingly from age to age. We have no space for the inquiry just now, but we think we could prove that no private individual in our day, not even the late Baron James Rothschild, ever possessed such a fortune—estimating it by the quantity of wheat it would buy—as one or two of the Roman nobles, while just before the discovery of America great fortunes were in apparent amount ridiculously small. There is strong evidence to prove that Charles V.'s bankers, the Fuggers, whose wealth made them princes with sovereign rights their heir is defying Bavaria at this minute to expel him as a Jesuit because he is a mediatized prince—never had more than a quarter of a million, while in 1750 scarcely any Englishman could have produced half a million, perhaps not one. The new scale under which a man with less than a million is, among rich men, quite poor, and men can be quoted worth twenty millions, has only been in force twenty years, and most of the new millionaires have not had time to die. We expect, should we be able to repeat this record ten years hence, to find it enormously enlarged, both in scale and number, venturing to predict confidentially that it will contain at least a hundred fortunes exceeding a million sterling, the figure which we may in 1872 accept as the lowest at which a mercantile or

financial grandee could begin to think that he should by and by be almost a prosperous man. If the account should then, under some new law, include the landed fortunes, it will be swollen out of all knowledge, for no truth about English property is so certain as this, that no man in England can become wealthy without part of his wealth going to the owners of the soil, and especially to three individuals, the Marquis of Westminster, the Duke of Portland and Lord Palmerston.

With all these allowances, the list we have given is still a curious and almost startling proof of the wealth which is accumulating in these islands, and which if it does not tempt conquest—think what a British indemnity would be!—may carry us through long seasons of serious calamity. The well-known names in that list are as few as the plums in a poor man's cake. There are men in the city, no doubt, bankers, and loan dealers, and brokers, men whose interest it is to know the millionaire peerage, who can recognize every name, and can tell you how the money was made: but to the mass of our readers the majority will be as unknown as the lady who recently allowed a fortune of a quarter of a million to be forfeited to the Crown. Seven in ten of them will be known only to a locality, two in ten only to a family circle, and one in ten may be called absolutely unknown. There is one in particular about whom almost any group of educated men would affirm that his very name was impossible and could not exist. Very few of them outside the peerage were in any way conspicuous, or suspected by the general public of being more than ordinarily wealthy. They lived quietly, occupied themselves in supervising some large business, and let their fortunes grow. In quiet streets in London and the great cities, especially of the North, there are hundreds of such men, "rich beyond the dreams of avarice," but leading quiet, unostentatious lives, making no boast of their wealth, spending or saving it as it seems good to them, but in neither case demanding from the community the kind of recognition and deference which on the Continent is accorded to external riches. Clever aristocrats snap up their daughters for their sons sometimes, or their sons for their daughters; but that is nearly the sole privilege or suffering which marks them out from the ruck of well-to-do middle-class men. They are very seldom extravagant except in a quiet way, spending, for instance, enormously on a hobby like fruit culture—we should like to know the real cost of the peaches annually consumed in England—though they are apt to contract a taste for a practice which is really an odd method of investment, but looks superficially like an extravagance. The millionaires of to-day, like the old Italian nobles, are maniacs for collecting. They fix, often by accident, on some object, and ransack the earth in search of it. The present form of this mania is not the Horace-Walpole form, but a new one, that of collecting articles which, besides their other merits, will keep and sell again.

Postal Telegraphy.

The proposition that Government shall buy out the telegraph lines of the country and set up an enormous private business on its own account, is one thing—the proposition that it shall undertake the receipt and delivery of telegrams to be forwarded over the lines of a private company, just as the mails are transported by railroad companies, is another and a very different thing. The mail post, as we are now accustomed to it, transporting letters all over the world at trifling cost, is a very modern affair, due to the energy of Mr. Rowland Hill, of England, and only gained after a persevering popular agitation. Yet if this system were abandoned and we were remitted to the exorbitant charges and imperfect service in vogue fifty years ago, we should feel enormously aggrieved. It is hardly too much to say that the business movement of society could hardly be maintained. Yet this is what we are submitting to in our telegraphic service. The fact that this service could be performed for less than one-fifth of the present tariff is shown by two facts: First, that a company of as responsible capitalists as any in the Union offered to expend ten millions of dollars in construction of telegraph lines, if they were guaranteed the business of transmitting the postal dispatches for one-fifth of the present tariff. Second, the present capital stock of the telegraph company on which it earns full yearly interest, is more than five times the actual cost of their lines. Because, in Great Britain, the Postoffice Department purchased and operates the telegraph wires, it does not follow that that plan is the best, or is even proper at all, for the United States. Great Britain has a Civil Service which is permanent, efficient and trustworthy. Our Civil Service is unstable, inefficient and notoriously dishonest. The same objections exist against the Government's buying the telegraph wires that exist to its buying up the inter-State railway lines. But no more objections exist to its transmitting postal dispatches over a private line than can be urged against its transmitting the mails over private railway lines. The present telegraph company very naturally refuses to transmit postal dispatches at a reduced tariff which would destroy its private business. An express company which had set up a pony express, should hardly be expected to transport the mails which would destroy the private letter carrying. But there is a point in the development of a country when an express company, after having pioneered the way and skimmed the cream of business, should give way to the Government mail; and the United States has now reached that point, and a private telegraph monopoly should give way.

— The female elephant of the Paris Jardin des Plantes is expecting a young one.

[*From the San Francisco News Letter.*]

The Bilgewater War.

DEAR NEWS LETTER:—We, the humble five, were kneeling at our evening devotions at the holy hour of twilight, in the little chapel at the Oaks: we had just reached that blissful state of mind known as the beatitudes, when we were disturbed in our meditations by the rushing sound made by two solitary horsemen, who came thundering up the road, and dismounted at our door. The two solitary riders rushed with sacrilegious haste into the sanctuary, and demanded to see the parson. I withdrew my mental gaze from the beautiful golden shore, and dropped my mild brown eyes, with a reproving glance, on the dusty worldlings. In a voice whose deep and bewitching pathos I thought would reach the inmost soul, I said: Let us pray. "No prayer for me," replied one, a small young man of eighty summers, who wore the undress-uniform of the Great Republic, and who announced himself as the General. "I want no snivveling attorney to plead my case at the court of Heaven," said the other, a stout, square-shouldered youth, who wore a blue, round jacket, slippers, white stockings, trowsers wide at the bottom, with a foul anchor, worked with red silk in a yellow necktie; "what we want of you, parson, is this: There is a fight going on between the General and myself about the sailor; we've tried all the big dailies, and they either can't or won't state our case fairly to the public; they don't believe the old man here, and they think I don't tell the truth. Now the only paper worth a dam to give both sides a fair hearing is the *News Letter*, but we can't get near the editor, because he's pious, but you belong to his church, and being a parson, he'll listen to you, and the commercial world will have a correct version of this most dreadful struggle. Please write it up in the shape of a poem, and we will have it set to music, and played every Sunday by the U. S. Brass Band." Deeming it a Christian duty, I consented to emerge from my sacred retirement, and present myself once more before my living brother, the *News Letter*.

There stands, not many rods away,
From old Francisco's gleaming bay,
A castle, whose storm-beaten tower,
Holds one with more than regal power.
The heedless traveler, passing by,
Sees naught to fix his careless eye,
Unless, with lofty glance, he notes
Where high in air a banner floats.
There, stamped upon its fleecy fold,
The index of a power is told.
Five dead-black letters wait the news
Each day to shippers and their crews,
That U. S. S. C., old J. D.,
Holds court there, king of every sea.
Scarce had the old man donned his crown,
And in his warm seat settled down,
E'er he sent couriers far and wide,
Along Francisco's border side,
Declaring war on every one
Who dared to ship a mother's son
Of any cook, sea-dog, or tar;
He swore, by Satan's rising star
That, blast him! he would rule the roast
On Barbary's sailor-haunted coast;
That he would hold with iron hand
The Lords of that Bilge-water land,
As suppliant slaves, to bend the knee
Each day to royal old J. D.
The rival chief, whose sign went down
When aged J. put on his crown,
Heard the dread courier thunder by,
And Stevenson's defiance cry,
And when, upon the dusty gale,
The last hair of that horses tail
Around the corner disappeared,
With one wild bound the chieftain clear'd
The doorsill: rushing up the street
He went, the royal foe to meet.
But, 'ere he reached the bannered walls,
A herald through a tin horn bawls,
And loud on Scott and Hunter calls
To die, or else surrender.
Scott boldly back defiance flings—
"I bow not to the King of Kings,
Much less to thee, and meaner things
That courts and law engender."
Then old King Steven swore he'd cram
A morning paper full of sham,
And shut up Scott, tight as a clam
Shuts when the tide's receding.
"Go in," said Scott, "the deadest beat
Shows him his rights and gives me mine.
A judge impartial would assign
To each his true position."
Then one among their number rose,
Standing in negligent repose,
With clear brown eye and Grecian nose,
He seemed a young Apollo.
And thus the dashing leader spoke:
"My noble Lords, we'll wear no yoke,
We'll keep our seamen till we're broke,
Or beat that old fowl hollow.
My peers, this ancient imb of law
Hath opened his capacious maw,
And laid on us his grasping paw,
As though he'd like to own us.
He in my presence made the boast
That Jack was like the gourmand's toast,
Both sides was buttered, but the most
He cared for was the bonus."
With Scott and Hunter to the wall
The old man said he'd have it all,
That then his little greenback stall
Would pay his off-spring neatly.
Then he could cash the sea-dog's bill,
Secure poor Jack from every ill.
Direct his soul straight up the hill
Of Zion, singing sweetly.
"Shall we sit by, like women weak,
Or bear our cross, like Christian meek,
Or battle, like that brave old Greek,
Marco hight Bozzaris!
No, here my gauntlet down I fling,
And challenge this proud soldier-King,
To meet me, in the P. R. ring,
As I met Dooney Harris."
Then both sides fortified their camp
With sundry loads of something damp,
While o'er the city-front the tramp
Was heard of marching legions.
King Steven's—sons of upper ten,
Marshaled a host of kid-gloved men
Behind his ear each wore a pen—
Trade-mark of polish'd regions.
Sir Thomas Chandler's warlike host
Came thundering down the Barbary Coast,
Armed with the *Morning Call* and *Post*,
Fe-l on the foe like fury.
The dread on-laught was sad to see—
Down went the veteran old J. D.,
And uppertendom had to flee
Behind the U. S. Jury.

Is that all-sided blanket sheet
That e'er was peddled round a street
For purblind people's reading.
Your moral ground is very high:
As the grim spider loves the fly
You love the sailor; that is why
You make this noise and bustle;
But surely as my name is Scott,
I'll go where glow-worm dieth not,
'Ere from my right I move one jot,
Or die without a tussle."
Then each retired within his den,
And marshal'd up his warlike men—
Each donned his armor, seized his pen,
And rushed into the battle.
King Steven call'd his courtiers up,
And pass'd the sweet communion cup;
Each saintcd henchman took a sup
Like poor dumb driven cattle.
Scott also sought his warriors bold,
Whose word the fate of ships controll'd,
And asked them if the love of gold
Would bind their hearts together.
They filled their glasses to the brim,
Drank deep, and swore to stick by him,
Nor leave their old chief sink or swim
In fair or stormy weather.
Said Scott to them in thunder tones:
"This antiquated bunch of bones
Thinks he the world of commerce owns
By right of his commission.
My cause is just—the legal line

THE OAKS, December, 1872.

Each army took a breathing spell,
Then fiercely on the other fell,
With gibe, and jeer, and profane yell,
Each man fought like a demon.
Fought they for commerce and her laws?
Struck they for darling country's cause?
Or did they fight to get their claws
On our defenceless seaman?
The luckless cause of all this fight
Came reeling from a gin-mill, tight,
And when his proud form hove in sight,
The air was rent with cheering.
Both parties rushed to seize the prize—
Each side of Jack rough reefs arise;
Both armies shouted, "Blast your eyes,
Lay on the course we're steering."
The shellback put his helm a-lee,
Luffed sharply up for old J. D.,
But soon found that a heavy sea
Was breaking on his quarter.
"Up, up," cried Jack, "and square away,
I'll steer for old Bilgewater Bay,
Nor sail again for many a day
In this damn'd shallow-water."
"I knew," quoth Scott, "we'd make the trip,
Poor old J. D. has lost his grip;
We'll see now if his grace will ship
Men that our firm engages."
Sir Thomas spake: "The war is o'er,
My bully men; along this shore
We claim the right forevermore
To fix the rate of wages."

THE PARSON.

California at Vienna.

The proposition is made that California shall be represented at the Vienna Exposition. The *News Letter* has prepared an extensive collection, which it will personally exhibit, illustrative of California industry and enterprise. A magnificent series of tinted maps exhibits one thousand miles of railway built upon paper, together with fourteen thousand yards of editorial used in its construction. An assortment of hermetically sealed glass jars, containing samples of San Francisco fog, bottled at different seasons of the year, together with smaller phials of sand taken out of our own eyes during last summer, illustrate the soft attractions of our balmy climate. A panoramic photograph of San Francisco has been carefully "salted" with views of the public buildings of Melbourne, which produce an effect at once striking and pleasing. The contemplated docks and warehouses at Goat Island have been transferred to Rincon Point with great advantage to that locality. The faces of prominent citizens have been mounted upon the well dressed figures of some French photographs, and present a distinguished appearance. The attempts to prepare an album of California female beauties was abandoned, but the seven photographs which passed critical muster have been mounted in tasteful frames, and will be accompanied by an explanatory note stating that the remainder of the collection was destroyed en route by sea water. A very extensive photographic collection of California bred bulls, cows, heifers, yearlings, lads, girls, babes, sheep, swine, and wild game has been prepared. The heifers and girls, "beef to the heel," are characteristic; the lads and game are skinny, but sinewy and vigorous. The eyes of the swine and babes peep out between rolls and billows of white, firm fat. The *News Letter* had also collected a variety of articles to illustrate types of Californian folly and crime—a file of the *Call*, portraits of the proprietor, of Cherokee Bob and the Chicken, samples from the Rogues' Gallery and prominent brokers, from the Insane Asylum, and "outside" stock operators, nine thousand certificates of different mining companies, etc. But at the suggestion of several capitalists, this portion of our curiosities will not go forward. They suggest with plausibility that Europe possesses innumerable rogues, quite as unprincipled as any of our collection, and incomparably superior in intellectual development. The moral and literary progress of California will not be neglected—a copy of the *News Letter* will be prominently exhibited.

— There is not an instance in America nor in England where a journal tied to the advocacy of a business monopoly has ever prospered.—*Chronicle*. How about the New York *Tribune*, unwearied advocate of "protected" monopolies? Or the press of Pennsylvania, devoted to the great State railroad? Or the San Francisco *Bulletin* before it went back on the Central Pacific Company? Or the *News Letter*—brazen-fronted in contempt of "the people" and of all poverty? Yah! Sonny—bathos is sweet in the mouth, but bitter in the belly. Money befriends those who befriend it. Selah!

Leaves from a Lady's Diary.

DECEMBER 16.—Made the excuse to myself that it was warmer out of doors than in, so dressed and spent half the afternoon on the sunny side of the street. Was amused at the various objects offered as gift-worthy. Like the man who persistently advises tourists to buy his carving knives, every known article of commerce, from a bedstead to a certain cure for corns, is recommended as the most eligible Christmas present. Poor, good natured, innocent Mr. B—— met me and said: "I've been watching my wife, just now; I was going down town and saw her looking in at a window; at length she went into the store and bought a *coin du feu*, which I am sure she intends to give me for my Christmas, the dear little woman, but I must say that her usual good taste was wanting this time, for the one she bought was grey turned up with blue. Now that won't suit my dark complexion and beard." He was right in the latter part of his speech, but I don't think the pretty little coat was ever destined to match his sallow face and long black hair. Found that melancholy Miss C—— waiting for me at home; she has a new woe and finds her delight and solace in going round among her friends to impart her fresh sorrow. She is about fifty, and talks of herself as a shorn lamb. Henry made one of his bad jokes, and said that He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb portioned her with a wretchedly bad temper. How certain quotations like this, by use, become admitted into the catalogue of scriptural quotations. I remember of hearing a pious divine, who would as soon think of quoting Rabelais or Voltaire in his sermons as Shakspeare, say most fervently in one of his discourses, "And He, my brethren, who doth the ravens feed," etc. Went to see *Belisario* in the evening, and enjoyed it very much; the concerted pieces were excellent; the whole opera is grand and touching, and the principal characters were all filled by good singers. Young F—— was there with his inseparable companion Mr. D——. Mr. F—— was, like myself, delighted; but Mr. D—— pronounced it slow and went to the Alhambra, *de gustibus*.

DECEMBER 17.—Shut myself up all the morning to read Tennyson's new poem, "Gareth and Lynette," and although I did not like it as well as the earlier "Idyls," parts of it brought the tears into my eyes. Although published long after "Enid," its rank as regards time is antecedent, and there is a similarity of action with, on the other hand, an opposition between the two. In the one, the woman leads at the command of her Lord. In the other the woman leads, but the knight follows as her slave and is by her supposed to be such. The gradual melting of her scorn and anger at each successive act of prowess on his part is most tenderly and craftily expressed, and no less is the true artist expressed when he makes Lynette say,

> "Sir—and in good faith I fain had added—knight,
> But that I heard thee call thyself a knave—
> Shamed am I that I so rebuked, reviled,
> Missaid thee; noble I am; and thought the King
> Scorned me and mine—and now thy pardon, friend,"

before Sir Lancelot overthrows him and he is discovered to be the son "of old King Lot and good Queen Bellicent," and how well her petulence is depicted when she says,

> "Lancelot,
> Why came ye not when called? and wherefore now
> Come ye not called? I gloried in my knave,
> Who being still rebuked would answer still
> Courteous as any knight—but now if knight,
> The marvel dies and leaves me fooled and tricked,
> And only wondering wherefore played upon."

The whole poem breathes the refinement of knight errantry.

DECEMBER 18.—Dr. A—— called; he has always the bad taste to talk of his lady patients. Now, independent of its being wrong, it positively injures his practice. A medical man should be dumb as regards his clients, especially women, and they will speak for him and do him more good than any magniloquent talk of his own. Monsieur P—— dined with us, and the conversation naturally turned upon the present political state of affairs in France. Mr. C——, who is American to the core, gloried in the idea of a permanent French Republic, where all men should be equal. The other replied in his quiet way, "Equality in France, my dear sir, consists in every man deeming himself equal to every one above him and vastly superior to any one below him." We were talking of that scandalous affair with Mrs. D——'s lady's maid, and the same individual said: "A *femme de chambre* is the ward of the master of the house, the accomplice of the mistress, the instructress of the son and the confidante of the daughter." A woman came to the door to-day and told a pitiable story which three bits would alleviate. I could tell intuitively that she was an impostor, but looked her full in the face saying, "Woman, I know you are telling me a lie, but my part of duty is performed, the whole weight of sin remains with you." I thought afterwards that when the old crone was drinking the half dollar I gave her, that I had wasted a moral sentiment dramatically rendered upon a hardened conscience, and that one of her comrades would call the following day.

—— Edwin Forrest has established a Home for decrepit and impoverished actors. Retired to that calm retreat, let us hope that we may hear no more of Superfluous Lags—the veteran of the stage.

The London Mining Market.

For some time past we have noticed a disposition on the part of English mine-owners to complain of purchases made by them—especially of mines located in California and Nevada—which have been secured through the intervention of residents of this city. While we are aware that there are schemers in San Francisco who would willingly impose upon their English "Cousins," if circumstances were favorable, we heartily protest against having our solid men dragged into the quagmire. Quite a number of California and Nevada mines have been disposed of on the London Market; many by unscrupulous agents, upon false representations; and others, based upon the reports of well informed experts and reliable authority. Some have been sold for sums far beyond their intrinsic or prospective value; others at a reasonable valuation upon ore in sight and developments to be made. It is not surprising, all things considered, that our English cousins should frequently find themselves called upon to "protest" against what they indignantly term the swindles perpetrated upon them by California mine-owners—for men always complain when their ventures fail to yield large returns. But when mines which have been purchased fulfill all the expectations of their sanguine owners, paying regular dividends and otherwise proving to be valuable properties, we hear little concerning them in the London *Mining Journal*. Dividends are declared, the stockholders congratulate themselves: directors are voted an increased compensation and vote of thanks for their arduous labors, but no word of praise for those who sold the mine is heard. Unfortunately these cases are exceptions to the rule, which has become chronic, and scarcely an issue of the *Journal* to which we have referred but teems with reports of meetings of stockholders of California or Nevada mines where the management shows that the expectations of stockholders are not realized and general demoralization and denunciation results. We have taken some pains to ascertain how far these complaints are founded in fact, desirous of exposing the guilty parties who are engaged in these systematic attempts to defraud through the medium of the London Mining Market. And a full and impartial examination and investigation shows to our satisfaction that whatever may be the condition of affairs in London, the mine-owners of San Francisco who consent to their sale in the London Market are guiltless of any attempt to defraud or misrepresent, and are not deserving of the odium heaped upon them by the London press. The fault and crime is in London and the London "promoters," who manipulate matters for English capitalists, are the guilty ones upon whose shoulders the blame should rest. The following example will show how a California mine is "prepared" for the London Market: A is the owner of a mine in Sierra county, California, which he is willing to sell for $100,000 cash, being the real value, according to his judgment. The agents of certain English capitalists learn of A's desire to sell the mine, and propose to "bond" the same. "To bond" is the favorite *sine qua non* with the agents of English capital. Now A wishes to sell for cash upon the merits of his mine as demonstrated. But the agents say: We will take a bond of your mine for six months at $200,000—that will give you a large margin and you can afford to wait. It seems strange that such large inducements can be offered to mine-owners for delay. A moment's examination into the "bonding" system shows how it operates. It is the game "heads I win, tails you lose," the advantages all being with those who secure the bond. The mine-owner agrees to *sell* his mine for $200,000 at any time within six months, but the others do not agree to *buy* it. If the mine develops in richness during the six months, it is to the advantage of those who hold the bond; if the vein pinches out, the "bonders" abandon the purchase entirely. It is a privilege valuable to the owners of the bond only, and for this reason they must offer extraordinary inducements to the mine-owner to wait six months for purchasers to make up their minds. If the cash were paid the owner would willingly take $100,000; but to run the risk of bonding and waiting the turn of events—locking up his mine for six months—he receives a large advance on his original cash price. We will now suppose the mine bonded: The agents and promoters appear upon the London Market with a brilliant prospectus and invite subscriptions to the stock of the Sierra Mining Company, or whatever name may be adopted, with a capital of say $500,000, the amount for which the mine is bonded being increased *ad libitum*—the amount in excess of the bonded price going to the "clever" promoters as "commissions" for their "arduous labors." The company is organized; stock subscribed for upon the report of experts *chosen by the promoters*, who give favorable accounts; the mine-owner is paid his $200,000 out of the subscriptions, while the promoters pocket the balance, and the shareholders await their dividends. The annual meeting is called, when the Chairman announces "No dividends, and no dividends in prospect." Whereupon there is a hue and cry. Say the shareholders: "We purchased this mine for a large sum of money upon certain representations, which have not been realized; these men in San Francisco who sold the mine are arrant rogues, and if there is any law in the Kingdom it ought to be invoked to bring them to justice." The San Francisco mine-owners bear the brunt of the odium, while the London "bond-men" go scot free. Why have these expectations failed of realization? Simply because a mine worth $100,000—and ready to be sold at that figure in the San Francisco market, for cash—has, through the medium of agents, engineers, experts, promoters, and other go-betweens, been foisted upon a company of Englishmen at four or five times its value. How can a property valued at home at $100,000 pay acceptable dividends upon a forced valuation of $500,000? Hence the complaints which have become chronic from the English press. There are cases which might be made exceptions to the rule, and which ought to be mentioned, but it seems a rule that nothing of praise shall ever appear

in the London journals concerning California mines. The Sierra Buttes Mine may be sold at a reasonable figure, upon the best and safest of terms, to an English company, and prove a most brilliant investment, but the *Mining Journal* will ignore its existence. Other cases might be cited, but they would be considered by the average English shareholders as exceptions to the rule. In conclusion, we, who are "to the manner born," have a few words of advice to give our English cousins who are anxious to invest their surplus capital in California or Nevada mines: There are plenty of valuable mines which can be secured for the English market. Let purchasers send authorized and honest agents to conduct negotiations and purchase mines, after examination, at their San Francisco value *in cash*. Let the "bonding" system be abandoned, it is too prolific of corruption. When companies are organized in London let it be upon the basis of the real price paid in San Francisco, without any inflation or "watering." In this way London shareholders at their annual meetings will be met with substantial returns and not find their expectations unrealized. Let the fault be placed where it belongs, upon their expert- or agents who have failed in their duty, and not upon those who sell the mines in California, who are compelled to accede to the "terms" and figures proposed by the London promoters. And let them bear in mind, as the rule in the present bond-system of buying and selling mines, that our San Francisco mine-owners are not to be blamed for the short-comings of mines which are expected to pay dividends upon fictitious values fixed upon in London by the "promoters."

The Wild Ass and Other Things.

A few months ago some foreign potentate, to whom Paris had extended its hospitality, in a fit of gratitude sent over some magnificent presents in the shape of wild beasts, etc., after the manner of the Queen of Sheba and her ancestors. M. Saint-Hilaire, however, in point of generosity does not come up to the noble minded Esau, who replied, "Nay, I have enough, my brother, keep that thou hast unto thyself." He stowed them all carefully away in the Jardin d'Acclimatation. Among them were some magnificent specimens of the *Equus Zebra*, and one of the employes at the gardens boasted that he would soon drive a team of these wild animals down the Champs Elysees. Most Englishmen have witnessed a similar performance at Wombwell's Menagerie, where a South African used to drive visitors round in a chaise to which four zebras were harnessed, with an air of ease and indifference which would have shamed even young Wyndham and other celebrated whips. As Frenchman are such muffs in this respect, however, we have been anxiously looking out for the accomplishment of this "wonderful" feat, and we were not a little amused the other day to encounter in the Champs Elysees, not a team of six zebras as had been promised, but a "unicorn," two zebras as wheelers, and a wild ass (*Equus hamorous* or *Koulan*, as the Persians call it) as leader. This was more wonderful still, being a flat contradiction to the Book of Job, in which it is written: "Who hath sent out the wild ass free? or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass, whose house I have made in the wilderness, and the barren land his dwelling? The range of the mountains is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing. He scorneth the multitude of the city, *neither regardeth he the crying of the driver*." Times have changed since then, for they were driven as quietly as possible, and appeared perfectly heedless of the crowd which clustered round them, and the swarms of more graceful equipages which followed, evidently jealous of the amount of attention which these wild animals were unconsciously absorbing. The very docile and obedient bearing of these animals is accounted for by a current of electricity which was conducted along the reins from the trap to the bit. The high esteem in which the Koulan is held among the Persians and Tartars, who hunt the wild ass in preference to all other game, on account of the exquisite delicacy of its flesh, is justifiable. Of all the delicacies of which we partook at Voisin's during the siege, we relished the wild ass, perhaps, most, not excepting the *Roshif de chameau* (camel), or even the trunks of Castor and Pollux, the two elephants, which were also exquisite in flavor.

— The *Rappel*, by the pen of M. Camille Pelletan, draws a vehement outline of General Changarnier's *physique*, which, although very unparliamentary and improper, is not void of the picturesque: "The bystanders catch sight of a snarling little form at the entrance of the Assembly. It is the remains of Gen. Changarnier, who walks to the Tribune with all the precautions required not to fall to pieces. Of this ante-historical General, there is left nought but a living and even barking mummy, packed up in a fashionable jacket instead of bands of linen, and anointed with pomade and cosmetic instead of naptha. If you wish to know his person, imagine an emaciated and half evaporated body, a face made of hollows, two small remnants of eyes, a *souvenir* of a nose between two absences of cheeks all this vague, which represents a face loaded with several kilogrammes of a brutal white moustache. Total: an Appearance, and perfumery around it. This Appearance sports a riding whip, says '*Palsambleu*,' and modestly takes the title of 'Favorite of Victory.' Those who might be tempted to respect the old man would be prevented from doing so by the *gandin*. It would be little to say that this antiquated Narcissus takes care of his person like a young lady; he dresses like an old coquette."

The Exiles of Alsace.

Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.—TACITUS.

Who are these that are trooping along—but not to the tap of the drum?
With faces dejected and pale, in silence and sadness they come,
As if at each footstep they trod where a loved one was laid in the earth!
They are quitting their homes and their friends, they are leaving the land of their birth.
For the red hoof of war has been there and has branded a curse on the soil,
And their country—their children—their lives are claimed as the conqueror's spoil.

They are bidding adieu to their hearths, to the fane where they worshipped their God:
To the graves of their dead, who are happy, at rest 'neath their own native sod!
The world is before them, to choose a home for their future's dark lot,
And no matter where,—so it be, where the foot of the foeman is not;
They are leaving the dearly-loved land they may never revisit again;
Farewell—and forever farewell—to the hapless Alsace and Lorraine.

Ah, Conquerer! vainly your pride the garland of victory weaves,
The laurels you wrest from the vanquished are barren and stript of their leaves!
Your wisdom and power may be mighty, your armies be fearless and brave—
You may crush out the life of a nation—its soul you can never enslave!
See—see, where that sombre procession in silence and sorrow departs—
You may annex vineyard and cornfield—but not one true patriot heart! —*Fun.*

Mr. Roebuck on the House of Lords.

Mr. Roebuck is an exemplary instance of the softening influences of time and experience. He began life as a vehement Radical, an innovator upon ancient political traditions, and a destroyer, rather than a reformer, of some of the vital organs of the Constitution. He now approaches the serenity of age with a more mellowed wisdom and an unimpassioned estimate of the situation. He retains his Liberal principles, is still the champion of progress and has no intention of going over to the enemy. But a review of his political life has disclosed some of its mistakes, and he has the manliness to own them. Looking at his antecedents, and his often avowed underestimate of rank and wealth, he is one of the last persons whom we should expect to find toasting with energy that was almost enthusiastic, the House of Lords. Yet this is what Mr. Roebuck did in graceful terms at the Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield, and in the fact that he did so we have another instance how the bark of extreme politicians is almost always worse than their bite.

But apart from anything personal to Mr. Roebuck, or any one else, there is a special interest in the theme he handled—the prosperity and perpetuity of the House of Lords. Whoever capably reflects on the subject must see that in proportion as we widen the area of direct representation by extending the franchise, we must provide a corresponding check by strengthening the reviewing power of the Second Chamber. There are, indeed, even in Parliament, a few who advocate only one Chamber, and contend that the direct action of the masses through that one Chamber is the only true source of legislative and executive power. But more sober men know well that one Chamber offers but a small security against those errors of legislation which ensue from haste, passion, or ignorance. There is not a successful form of government in the world that has not a Second Chamber, and there is no Second Chamber in the world that, for intelligence, honor and just influence, can compete with the English House of Lords. Here is an assembly of educated gentlemen, many of whom have descended from ancestors of historical fame, and who, in inheriting titles, land and wealth, inherit also some of the highest mental and moral qualities that adorn mankind. After these come more recent creations, all of whom have been raised to the peerage for meritorous qualities or valuable public service. Some have fought our battles by sea or land—some have rendered long political service in Parliament; some have been great diplomatists, and some have been usefully associated with the great commercial triumphs of the day. Then the law is continually furnishing a fresh supply. The Lord Chancellors become peers as a matter of course, and sometimes Chief Justices and Puisne Judges are added, as merit or public exigency seem to require. As long as only men of this varied character and ability are made peers the country has the best conceivable security against an inefficient Chamber. The entrance to the House of Lords is a straight gate, and few there be that find it. It is simply impossible that any man can be sent thither without public merit of some kind, and as long as this is the case that Chamber may be relied upon to furnish debating powers of the highest order, conducted upon an acute and profound sense of responsibility.

The principle of a hereditary peerage is sometimes attacked. "It is all very well," say some, "to elevate a great public servant to the Upper Chamber, but why should his son—who may have no personal qualifications for the position—sit there?" To this it may be answered that experience of the actual working of the system is its best vindication. In many instances, doubtless, the son is inferior to the father, but in most there remains sufficient of the desired qualities to make their possessor quite equal to the demands of the position. In not a few cases the son excels the father, and in any case the country has the benefit of the services of men schooled

from early life in the duties they are to discharge, and who bring to those duties qualities which are scarcely to be cultivated in any other atmosphere.

It is as a working engine that the House of Lords is to be tried, and here assuredly it will bear the severest scrutiny. The debating power of the peers is, speaking generally, far greater than that of the House of Commons. This will be obvious to any one who will be at the pains to review the treatment of a great measure after it has passed the Lower House. The calm judicial serenity of the discussion, the powerful eloquence, the manifest fairness, and the wise deference to public interests which are never wanting on a great occasion, are a priceless treasure to the country, and an example to the world. Take any of the recent great debates – the Irish Church Bill, the Irish Land Bill, the Elementary Education Bill, the Ballot Bill – the manner in which these were debated is a credit to the Constitution, and quite sufficient to vindicate the character of the Chamber for a whole generation. When it is considered how the two lines of supply—inheritance and creation—blend together to sustain this Chamber; how by the one process men succeed to venerable names and historical reputations; how they have previously passed through a considerable period of arduous cultivation, and finally come to their titles and estates with every preparation that the case admits of, it can scarcely be disputed that an hereditary nobility is of itself a strong guarantee of public liberty. When, on the other hand, the process of replenishment is considered, and the character of those who are created is duly estimated, it would be hard to find a better stimulus to political usefulness than the prospect of this high dignity affords. Some have urged the creation of life peerages; and we may easily imagine instances in which they would be well deserved, and might work well in practice, but the substitution of these for the hereditary peerage which we now possess would be a fatal mistake. One error into which the advocates of abolition fall is that of supposing that all the peers are stupid Tories, whereas it is a patent fact that for years past there has been a great growth of Liberal principles of legislation in the House of Lords. Let the House of Lords continue, as now, to make the general welfare of the country its first and greatest aim, and the truest friends of liberty and order will rally to its protection.—*Morning Post.*

The "New Broad Church" in England.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES. Sermons by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A. 12mo. New York: Holt & Williams. 1872.

These "Thoughts for the Times" are contained in fourteen discourses, not sermons, but lectures slightly flavored with the parenetical herb of grace, the subjects of which are: "The Liberal Clergy," "The Idea of God," "The Science of God," "The character of Christianity," "The Ethics of Christianity," "The Essence of the Bible," "The Doctrine of the Bible," "Trinity, and Original Sin," "Predestination and the Church," "The Lord's Day," "Preaching," "Pleasure," "Sacrifice," "The Law of Progress." To these discourses is appended an address in memory of Frederick Denison Maurice, an affectionate tribute to the teacher, the friend, the man to whom the author owes more, he declares, "than to anybody else in the world." Mr. Maurice was the reputed founder of the English "Broad Church," the "Old Broad Church," as Mr. Haweis calls it, as distinguished from the "New Broad Church" which the disciples of Maurice instituted, and to which he himself belongs.

Mr. Haweis is quite unlike the brethren of the Broad Church whose names are familiar to us. He is less vague, mystical, and redundant than Maurice, less terse, didactic, and incisive than Robertson, less poetic and sentimental than Stopford Brooke. Maurice was a theologian, as Mr. Haweis, judging by these chapters, is not. Robertson, if not a philosopher, was a philosophical critic, which Mr. Haweis cannot claim to be to anything like the same extent. He presents himself rather as a bright-minded, cultured, frank, independent man, intellectually and heartily in earnest, well furnished with thoughts of an interesting character, and gifted with a remarkable free utterance. That he is not without consciousness of his importance, may be inferred from the "arguments" prefixed to the individual sermons in this volume, though these may have been suggested by the author's evident desire to be well understood. The same ingenuousness may explain his acknowledgments to Froude, Lecky, Spencer, Matthew Arnold, Emanuel Deutsch, Dr. Hussey and Mr. H. W. Beecher, for thoughts borrowed from their writings. Mr. Haweis' learning is toward scientific rationalism. But for his announcement that he had been five years the incumbent of St. James's, Westmoreland street, Marylebone, London, we should suppose, from the off-hand treatment of his themes, that he was a rationalizing Unitarian. His acknowledgment of mental indebtedness to the men we have just named (and he might have added Darwin) is not formal. He has been indebted to these writers for more than he acknowledges; at heart he is in sympathy with them; he has surrendered to them his theological beliefs. "If the church," he says, "cannot utilize some of the best men of the age, the church will go down. Those who, under the garb of a spurious piety, refuse to recognize facts – those who oppose themselves to the voice of scientific, social and religious progress, will find themselves ere long in a very poor minority. We do not mind dogmas, but we don't want inflexible dogmas. We don't mind theology, but we must not allow our theology to rough-ride conscience and exterminate religion." He declares that "the time has gone by forever when it is possible for an educated person to declare that Christianity is true and every other re-

ligion false. Christianity must take its place in the history of the world among other religions, and must be regarded as a point, and a turning point, in the harmonious religious development of the race. He quotes with evident approval Professor Jowett's assertion, made in his own pulpit, that we might cull from past religions all the principal ethical doctrines of Christianity. "The sacrificial portion of Christianity," he admits, "is certainly neither new nor original. You might go further, perhaps, and single out every petition of the Lord's Prayer, for instance, in the literature that already existed at the coming of Christ." If we want to discover the origin of dogmas about the Trinity, the Incarnation and the Procession of the Holy Ghost, we must go to the Greek schools of Alexandrian philosophy, not the Gospel. The Greek mind has done our theological thinking for us. The very words Predestination and Verbal Inspiration are in my ears as the explosion and bursting-up of old smooth-bore cannon." Again: "I implore you to take a reasonable view of the Bible. It is futile to believe in its infallibility; such a belief, logically carried out, must lead you into both immorality and error. To preach that the Bible is infallible, is most dangerous to morals, and especially derogatory to the character of the Supreme Being, as we have now learned to believe in him." The author's sympathy with the essential doctrines of Mr. Darwin may be inferred from a passage like this: "Speaking accurately and scientifically, the stream of tendency is God. God is the stream of tendency by which all things fulfill the law of their being. God may be, and doubtless is, more—but he is that." After these quotations, Mr. Haweis' opinions about Pleasure, Sacrifice, the Lord's Day, need not be enumerated. They are such as are entertained by very few Churchmen, by scarcely any "Evangelicals," by no single Puritan, but by very many if not by most men of the world. He does not condemn balls or theaters, but rather approves of occasional attendance on them as helping to keep up their tone. He does advise people to keep away from the race-course "if they have no hope of being able to do anything toward the purification of the system of betting, cheating, dishonesty, lying and debauchery that goes on during the races. But that which gives horse-races their civilized *locus standi* may be a good thing." His doctrine of sacrifice is many degrees removed from asceticism. The "Law of Progress" he declares, almost in the phrase of Herbert Spencer, "is a procession from the simple to the complex, from what is homogeneous to what is heterogeneous. Adam, as a man, was very much the kind of being which Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer have described." These opinions are familiar to people of ordinary intelligence, and are met with in popular literature. The remarkable circumstance here is that they are given out in the pulpit of a minister of the Church of England.—*Abridged from the Nation.*

Court Chat.

— At Balmoral the Queen's walks and drives are not confined within her own policies; she crosses the Dee almost daily, and is quite as often seen on the opposite side of the river. She always uses an open carriage, but not always the same. Sometimes it is a wagonette, sometimes a low pony phaeton. No guard of honor accompanies the royal equipage, however. Her trusty attendant, John Brown, sits on the box beside the coachman, and when there is not room for him there he rides on horseback by the side of the carriage. No fuss attends the Queen. An outrider a little in advance of the royal carriage clears the road, and the Queen goes quietly on her way with a smile and a nod for any who chance to meet her. But as a rule her Majesty is not intruded upon when she ventures beyond the royal domains, unless on Sunday, and then it is strangers only who run after her. The cottagers do not annoy her, and she comes and goes without molestation. Indeed, they make a point of keeping out of the way when the white horse of the outrider appears in sight. Should the Queen, however, happen to come unexpectedly on her subjects by Deeside she is deferentially acknowledged. The Queen and her ladies frequently "picnic" in the woods or on the hillside should it be handier. Materials to make a fire and cooking utensils are taken in the carriage, and tea is made on the green sward and handed round in rustic fashion without any ceremony. At these afternoon "teas" the Queen has no special chair of honor. Her seat is pretty often on the clump of a tree, with her cup in her hand, or any other casual resting place that turns up conveniently. Excursions are made also to various places of interest, and every corrie and glen within reach has been visited by the royal family. "The Shiel of Glassalt" is a favorite resort of the Queen's, where she remains a week at a time, for a change probably. Servents are sent to the "Shiel" from Balmoral when her Majesty proposes to prolong her visits. The royal party are sometimes stormstead at Glassalt, but the long dark hours are enlivened by a servants' dance. The servants assemble in one of the royal apartments—the dining room, I think it is—and her Majesty looks on, tucking up her feet to be out of the way of the dancers. These homely balls are not full dress affairs, got up for display. The domestics wear their every-day dress. A quiet, modest-looking laundress, who had danced a reel with the Prince of Wales, told me she and her fellow servants wore just their wincey gowns and white caps, without any alteration in their toilette. The honor of being partner to a Prince Royal had not turned the demure maiden's head. "How did you feel when the Prince asked you up?" she was asked. "I was a' shakin at first, but I was able to *swing* him I was thankfu',' was the grave reply, without a smile. The importance of "the swing" in the reel of "Houlachan" most of our readers will com-

prehend. Dancing in the North is one of the chief amusements. But dancing is by no means regarded as a light amusement. It is undertaken with a grave countenance and carried through with the earnestness and energy that befits an important business. There is a fiddler at Balmoral, but his services are reserved for great occasions. A little instrument called a "Jew's harp" is much in vogue, and it does duty admirably in skilful hands when a bagpipe is not available. No form of amusement which the Queen could devise in her lonely shieling would please her servants like a native dance, and doubtless this fact was the origin of the balls we hear of in the Highlands.

— The death is announced in Paris, after a short illness, of Paul Dmitrewitch, Count Kisseleff, born at Moscow in 1788. This distinguished person was mixed up in the most considerable events of modern times. Aid-de-Camp to the Emperor Alexander during the campaign of France, he accompanied his Sovereign to the Congress of Vienna, and was present at the second entry of the Allies into Paris. His favor continued under the Emperor Nicholas, and from 1822 to 1834 he occupied both civil and military functions in the Principalities, where at last he was invested with an absolute dictatorship. General-in-Chief of Infantry in 1833, and member of the Imperial Council, he received the title of Count for his enlightened administration. After the Crimean War he was named Russian Ambassador in France, a post for a long time occupied by his younger brother, Nicholas de Kisseleff. In December, 1862, being obliged to retire from ill health, he was replaced by Baron de Budberg.

— The Queen, attended by the suite, drove on November 26th from Windsor Castle to the Flemish Farm, for the purpose of making an inspection of the beautiful and valuable cattle under the superintendence of Mr. Brebner. Preparations were made by the farm people upon the arrival of her Majesty to parade the cattle before the carriage, and while this was being done, Thomas Hughes, a herdsman, had occasion to fix what is called a "nose iron" on to a bull named "Prince Leopold," a splendid creature of the Hereford breed, in order to lead it about. On trying to place the ring on the animal's nose it made a ferocious attack upon the youth, gored him dreadfully in the groin, and tossed him over his head, Hughes falling to the ground seriously injured. He was at once taken to the Windsor Royal Infirmary, where he is suffering severely from injuries received.

— The other day the Duke of Edinburgh visited Gemunden, where the royal family of Hanover is at present residing. According to *Galignani* the journey of His Royal Highness is said to have a matrimonial object, and the approaching betrothal of the English Prince with the daughter of King George is spoken of. If the news of that alliance should be verified, the marriage would be a family one, for the reigning dynasty of Great Britain is of the House of Hanover. The union would, at the same time, be a political one, for the Prince is presumptive heir to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, just as the Guelp dynasty has rights of succession to the Duchy of Brunswick. King George has two daughters—Princess Frederica, born in 1848; and Princess Maria, born in 1849.

— Sad news comes up to London from Norfolk, and the circumstance is all the more melancholy in recollection of the great calamity that hung over that part of England—and, in fact, the whole Empire—twelve months ago. Small-pox has broken out with great violence at Dersingham, near Sandringham, and great efforts are being made to prevent the epidemic spreading to the Prince of Wales's estate. All goods are received from the tradesmen at the West Newton entrance only, and all the laborers living in or near the infected village, and who are employed at Sandringham, have been revaccinated of late, though with no special reference to this visitation. There have been many sanitary improvements introduced into the royal residence.

— The wedding outfit, says the Paris *Figaro*, for the eldest daughter of Mustapha Pasha, the future bride of Khalil-Sherif Pasha, is said to be of the most splendid description: Four carriages and six horses have been sent to Constantinople to complete her equipages. The number of robes ordered from fashionable dressmakers in Paris amounted to thirty; a lace veil to be worn on the wedding day, ordered at Brussels, will cost 20,000 francs. The complete furniture of two rooms, provided by a Paris upholsterer, is valued at 60,000 francs. Besides all the jewels offered by Khalil Pasha, the Princess will wear, on the day of the marriage, a diadem and necklace in brilliants, presented by her father, which are said to be worth half a million of francs.

— German Princesses marrying into the Russian Imperial family have always heretofore had to join the Greek Church. At the recent Imperial meeting at Berlin there was a question, as the *Journal de Bruxelles* learns from St. Petersburg, of the betrothal of the Grand Duke Waldimir of Russia to a daughter of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. A new line of conduct seems, however, to have been adopted by the Emperor William, as he is said to have peremptorily declared that henceforth German Protestant Princesses marrying into the Russian Imperial family must be allowed to continue in the Protestant faith.

— The German *Moniteur*, in reply to numerous querists who state that they have wagers to be decided on the subject, gives the following statement with regard to the stature of the Emperor and Prince of Germany: The Emperor's hight is 5 feet 10 inches 3 lines; that of the Prince Imperial, 5 feet 11 inches; of Prince Charles, 5 feet 9 inches; of Prince Frederick Charles, 5 feet 7 inches 1 line; of Prince Albrecht, Jr., 6 feet 4 inches, the late Prince Albrecht having been 5 feet 11 inches. Prince von Bismarck is also, it is stated, 5 feet 11 inches in hight.

Dead Lilian.

My Lilian, of the deep dove-eyes,
'Tis sad to watch alone
The low gold sunset leave the skies,
And hear the night breeze moan;
To think that like some distant land
Our dear path lonely lies,
To miss the touch of lips or hand,
Dead Lilian, of the deep dove-eyes!

My Lilian, of the deep dove-eyes,
How shall I live through years
In changeless anguish that denies
Peace to the soul it sears?
The full bud burgeons on the bough,
Soft Spring to Summer dies:
'Tis always Winter with me now,
Dead Lilian, of the deep dove-eyes!

My Lilian, of the deep dove-eyes!
One only hope remains,
One priceless comfort that defies
The worst of sorrow's pains.
At last, please God, it may be given,
When death shall still my sighs,
To know your faultless face in Heaven,
Dead Lilian, by those deep dove-eyes!

—*Edgar Fawcett.*

The Fables of Zambri, the Parsee.

TRANSLATED FOR "FUN" FROM THE PERSIAN BY DOD GRILE.

I.

One day the King of the Wrens held his court for the trial of a bear, who was at large upon his own recognizance. Being summoned to appear, the animal came with great humility into the royal presence.

"What have you to say, sir," demanded the King, "in defence of your inexcusable conduct in pillaging the nests of our loyal subjects wherever you can find them?"

"May it please your Majesty," replied the prisoner, with a reverential gesture, repeated at intervals, and each time at a less distance from the royal person, "I will not wound your Majesty's sensibilities by pleading a love of eggs; I will humbly confess my course of crime, warn your Majesty of its probable continuance, and beg your Majesty's gracious permission to inquire—What is your Majesty going to do about it?"

The King and his Ministers were very much struck with this respectful speech, with the ingenuity of the final inquiry, and with the bear's paw. It was the paw, however, which made the most lasting impression.

Always give ear to the flattery of your powerful inferiors; it will cheer you in your decline.

II.

A man who was very much annoyed by the incursions of a lean ass belonging to his neighbor, resolved to compass the destruction of the invader.

"Now," said he, "if this animal shall choose to starve himself to death in the midst of plenty, the law will not hold *me* guilty of his blood. I have read of a trick which I think will 'fix' him."

So he took two bales of his best hay, and placed them in a distant field, about forty cubits apart. By means of a little salt he then enticed the ass to break in, and coaxed him between the bundles.

"There, fiend!" said he, with a diabolic grin, as he repaired the broken fence and walked away, delighted with the success of his strategem, "now hesitate which bundle of hay to attack first, until you starve—monster!"

Some weeks afterwards he returned with a wagon to convey back the bundles of hay. There wasn't any hay, but the wagon was useful for returning to his owner that unfortunate ass—who was too fat to walk.

This ought to show any one the folly of relying upon the teachings of obscure and inferior authors.

III.

A philosopher looking up from the pages of the Zend-Avesta, upon which he had been centring his soul, beheld a pig violently assailing a cauldron of cold slops.

"Heaven bless us!" said the sage; "for unalloyed delight give me a good honest article of Sensuality. So soon as my 'Essay upon the Correlation of Mind-forces' shall have brought me fame and fortune, I hope to adjure the higher faculties, devoting the remainder of my life to the cultivation of the propensities."

"Allah be praised!" soliloquized the pig, "there is nothing so god-like as Intellect, and nothing so ecstatic as intellectual pursuits. I must hasten to perform this gross material function, that I may retire to my wallow and resign my soul to philosophical meditation."

This tale has one moral if you are a philosopher, and another if you are a pig.

IV.

"Awful dark—isn't it?" said an owl, one night, looking in upon the roosting hens in a poultry-house; "don't see how I am to find my way back to my hollow tree."

"There is no necessity," replied the cock; "you can roost there, alongside the door, and go home in the morning."

"Thanks!" said the owl, chuckling at the fool's simplicity; and, having plenty of time to indulge his facetious humor, he gravely installed himself upon the perch

indicated, and shutting his eyes counterfeited a profound slumber. He was aroused soon after by a sharp constriction of the throat.

"I omitted to tell you," said the cock, "that the seat you happen by the merest chance to occupy is a contested one, and has been fruitful of hens to this vexatious weasel. I don't know *how* often I have been partially widowed by the sneaking villain."

For obvious reasons there was no audible reply.

This narrative is intended to teach the folly—the worse than sin!—of trumping your partner's ace.

V.

A fat cow who saw herself detected by an approaching horse while perpetrating stiff and ungainly gambols in the spring sunshine, suddenly assumed a severe gravity of gait, and a sedate solemnity of expression that would have been creditable in a Brahmin.

"Fine morning!" said the horse, who, fired by her example, was curvetting lithely and tossing his head.

"That rather uninteresting fact, replied the cow, attending strictly to her business as a ruminant, "does not impress me as justifying your execution of all manner of unseemly contortions, as a preliminary to accosting an entire stranger."

"Well, n—no," stammered the horse; "I suppose not. Fact is, I—I—no offence, I hope."

And that unhappy charger walked soberly away, dazed by the preternatural effrontery of that placid cow.

When overcome by the dignity of any one you chance to meet, try and have this fable about you.

VI.

Having fastened his gaze upon a sparrow, a rattlesnake sprung open his spanning jaws, and invited her to enter.

"I should be most happy," said the bird, not daring to betray her helpless condition, but anxious by any subterfuge to get the serpent to remove his fascinating regard, "but I am just lost in contemplation of yonder green sunset, from which I am unable to look away for more than a minute. I shall turn to it presently."

"Do, by all means," said the serpent, with a touch of irony in his voice; "there is nothing so improving as a good, square, green sunset."

"Did you happen to observe that man standing behind you with a club?" continued the sparrow. "Handsome fellow! Fifteen cubits high, with seven heads, and very singularly attired; quite a spectacle in his way."

"I don't seem to care much for men," said the snake. "Every way inferior to serpents—except in disposition."

"But he is accompanied by a *really interesting* child," persisted the bird, desperately.

The rattlesnake reflected deeply. He soliloquized as follows:

"There is a mere chance—say about one chance in ten thousand million—that this songster is speaking the truth. One chance in ten thousand million of seeing a really interesting child is worth the sacrifice demanded; I'll make it.

So saying, he removed his glittering eyes from the bird (who immediately took wing) and looked behind him. It is needless to say there was no really interesting child there—nor anywhere else.

MORAL: Mendacity (so called from the inventors) is a very poor sort of dacity; but it will serve your purpose if you draw it sufficiently strong.

—Notwithstanding the great delay which has now to be submitted to in cutting beautiful gems, and the increased rates per carat lately charged for the process, dealers seem to be still eager to buy whenever the opportunity occurs. At Messrs. Debenham, Storr & Sons' auction the other day 3,000 carats of diamonds from South Africa, received by the last two mails, were brought forward and disposed of in about fifty lots. The qualities were very various, and apparently great care was bestowed in noting the exact qualities of each parcel. The highest price obtained was for lot 652, which found a buyer at 10 guineas per carat; 615A, a parcel of Australian pearls, 296 grains, 18*l*. 10*s*.; 615B, another, 384 grains, 21*l*. 10*s*.; 615C, a ditto, 781 grains, 18*l*. 18*s*. There were a few cut brilliants, including lot 618, thirty brilliants, 14 carats, 11*l*. 5*s*.; lot 620, a brilliant, 9¼ carats, 155*l*.; lot 622, 6¾ carats, 100*l*. Lot 628, a showy stone, but with a flaw or two: this lot was knocked down (unsold) at 1,000 guineas; lot 629, a lustrous brilliant, 6⅝ carats, 86 guineas; lot 633, 35½ carats of rose diamonds, at 5*l*. 10*s*. per carat; lot 635, a white drop pearl, 56¼ grains, 52*l*.; lot 636, a white pearl, of round shape, 37⅝ grains, 16*l*.; and lot 639, four black pearls, 60¼ grains, 52*l*. Some beautiful jewelry, including a consignment returned from Bombay, formed part of the catalogue: Lot 550, a necklace of 123 choice pearls, 30*l*.; lot 551, a brilliant and enamelled bracelet, 215*l*.; lot 579, a sapphire and brilliant three-stone ring, 95*l*.; lot 582, a brilliant star and aigrette, 57*l*.; lot 583, a pair of exquisite ruby and diamond earrings of the choicest quality, 135*l*.; lot 584, a splendid sapphire and brilliant ring, 62*l*.; lot 585, an elegant diamond and pearl pendant ornament, 90*l*.; lot 606, a costly single-row necklace of 69 pearls, weighing 99½ carats, 134 guineas; lot 607, a magnificent five-row pearl ditto, formed of 593 graduated pearls, weighing upwards of 260 carats, 129 guineas. A very large company of English and foreign buyers were present. The sale amounted to about 13,670*l*.

The Setting Sachem.

Twas an Injin chieftain, in feathers all fine,
Who stood on the ocean's rim;
There were numberless leagues of excellent brine—
But there wasn't enough for him.
So he knuckled a thumb in his painted eye,
And added a tear to the scant supply.

The surges were breaking with thund'rous voice,
The winds were shrieking shrill;
This warrior thought that a trifle of noise
Was needed to fill the bill.
So he lifted the top of his head off and scowled—
Exalted his voice, did this warrior, and howled!

The sun was aflame in a field of gold
That hung o'er the Western Sea;
Bright banners of light were broadly unrolled,
As banners of light should be.
But no one was "speaking a piece" to that sun,
And therefore this Medicine Man begun:

"O much heap of Bright! O big ball of Warm!
I've tracked you from sea to sea!
For the Paleface has been at some pains to inform
Me *you* are the emblem of *me*.
He says to me cheerfully—'Westward Ho!'
And westward I've hoed a most difficult row.

"Since you are the emblem of me, I presume
That I am the emblem of you,
And thus, as we're equals, 'tis safe to assume,
That one great law governs us two.
So now if I set in the ocean with thee,
With thee I shall rise again out of the sea."

His eloquence first, and his logic the last!
Such orators die!—and he died:
The trump was against him—his luck bad—he "passed"—
And so he "passed out"—with the tide.
This Injin is rid of the world with a whim—
The world!—it is rid of his speeches and him.

Gambling in Siam.

The *Revue Maritime et Coloniale* contains a very amusing series of papers by Lieutenant Brossard de Corbigny, F.N., entitled "De Saignon à Bangkok," from which we glean the following sketch of Asiatic society. Gambling is carried on to a fearful extent in the Kingdom of Siam, and the Royal Exchequer derives considerable profit from the licensed gaming-houses established in every part of the country. One of the favorite games consists in guessing the number of coins shoved at hap-hazard under an inverted cup; the teetotum is also in vogue; and, lastly, there are lotteries, which are drawn daily. All this kind of business is in the hands of cunning Chinese, particularly expert in correcting the caprices of chance. When the gambler has lost his all, suicide never occurs to him, as in Europe; but he will steal, or, as a last resource, sell himself for a slave to some mandarin willing to pay his debts, and clothe and feed him in return for some insignificant service. But, on the other hand, a man who has once sold himself can never hope to regain his liberty, for he cannot earn a farthing in any way. If he dislikes his master, he may try to find another disposed to pay the old one the amount of his debt; but that happens very seldom, since the purchaser is generally a friend in good circumstances. Moreover, before a man gives himself away in this manner, he tries his luck to the last, so long as he possesses a rag on his back. Our author relates the following characteristic anecdote: An Annamite of Saignon, whom we will call A, happening to meet an old friend of his, B, at Pnom-Penh, is persuaded by him to visit a gambling-house. They go in and try their luck. A soon wins a respectable sum, while B loses all he has about him. To retrieve his fortune he borrows A's purse, but soon loses all its contents. "Well," says A, "it's all over now; let us be off." "Wait a bit," replies the other, "I'll try another stake; the croupier knows me and will give me credit." So he enters upon a palaver with that functionary, who at once writes a few words on a bit of paper, which B signs. He then plays, but loses, and quits the place with his friend. "What was your agreement with the croupier?" asks B. "You'll know to-morrow," replies B dryly. And, indeed, on the following morning two stout Chinese call at A's house, bind him hand and foot, and carry him off in spite of his efforts to regain his liberty. His good friend B had sold him to the croupier, and it was only a few months later he could regain his liberty through the influence of a French resident at Saignon.

— Gold, it is reported, has been found within thirty miles of the New Rush, in the South African diamond district.

Special Brevities.

— Fever of a malarious character continues to prevail in the Mauritius, the extent of its prevalence as well as its severity varying very much with the season—that is to say, increasing in the hot, and diminishing during the cold weather. We (*Lancet*) understand that the employment of quinine has been in a large measure discontinued in favor of the eucalyptus globulus, which is considered by many who have watched its administration to have proved of real service, and a good substitute for the former very expensive alkaloid. The Mauritius offers, unhappily, a large field for testing the properties of this drug, and we shall await the results of further experience in that island with interest. At present there is only one tree in existence in the Royal Botanical Gardens, but the soil and climate of the Mauritius are very favorable to the growth of the eucalyptus, and a large number of seedlings are thriving. The leaves are sold at sixpence an ounce, and an infusion of these is the popular method of administering the drug.

— A correspondent sends us the following literal translation of an advertisement that appeared recently, in the Berlin *Fremdemblatt:* "To divorced Mme. Marie Scubts, my betrothed, who lived in the family of military doctor, Wendt, Kupfergraben, No. 4, Berlin, as kitchen maid, in 1866. I wish to know where you at present reside, as I have given up my profession as *barber*, and have opened an office as *medical doctor*, a business that here in America is very good. The result is, I can now give you a luxurious home, and am ready to remit the passage money. Should my beloved Marie no longer adhere to her oath and follow her true Wilhelm, I hope her present lover will write me to that effect, and also state why she has not written to me for three years past. My address is Doctor Wilhelm Gansel, 134 Lafayette street, Philadelphia."

— A Glasgow society has just exposed a fraud on the charitable public, who were asked to supply funds to enable a Miss Bruce Sutherland to carry on a movement for the "moral and religious culture" of the people of Italy. She had circulars printed, with the names of twenty-two Edinburgh gentlemen as a committee, including an honorary treasurer and an honorary secretary, in addition to fourteen "lady presidents," six gentlemen as a "London Committee," a London solicitor, the foreign secretary being "Miss B. Sutherland, Rome." Some Dundee tradesmen who had been defrauded put their cases into the hands of the public prosecutor, and this enterprising young lady is now in custody, with a portentous array of charges against her.

— A correspondent says that a trivial incident occurred lately which is strongly illustrative of the honesty of the Shoeblack Brigade. A gentleman was walking in the Gray's Inn Road, when, near the corner of Guildford street, a lady accidentally poked him in the hand with her umbrella, the point of which, coming into contact with a ring which he wore, detached a brilliant, value twenty guineas, from its setting, and sent it flying into the mud on the roadway. After a diligent search of some fifteen minutes, the owner of the lost jewel was about to turn away in despair, when it was restored to him by a little shoeblack, No. 47, Islington and North London Shoeblack Brigade. The owner gave the boy half a sovereign.

— "F. S. A." writes to the *Times*: "Those of your readers who are interested in such subjects may be glad to be informed of the melancholy fact that the old house in Plough court, Lombard street, in which the poet Pope was born and reared, and where first he "lisped in numbers," is being pulled down, and that by the end of the present week not a vestige will remain of the old shopfront in which the elder Pope exhibited his haberdashery. The shop continued to be a haberdasher's until a comparatively recent date, after which it was occupied by a firm of well known chemists."

— An American paper gravely states that, during Miss Bateman's coming tour in the States, "she will be engineered by her father." I hope this exceedingly unromantic technicality will not be adopted over here; our announcements about the "opening" of this and that artist are quite bad enough, without this allusion to an actress as to a locomotive needing a driver. Shall we next hear of the approaching season by a metaphor, stating that Miss Blank is getting steam up, or of its close by the intimation that the gifted lady is to be shunted?—*London Figaro.*

— The great Schiller prize, established by the Prussian Government in 1859, to be awarded every three years for the best drama, will not be given this year, no work having been produced during the term sufficiently good to warrant the bestowal. The prize consists of one thousand thalers in money (one hundred and fifty pounds) and a gold medal of the value of one hundred thalers. On the next occasion two prizes may be given, or one prize of double value.

— As a proof that the masses will take advantage of the educational means within their reach, we may cite the fact that during the last three months the Bethnal Green Museum, placed in the very heart of the poorest district of London, has been visited by over seven hundred thousand people.

— Mr. Gourley, M.P., in presiding at a lecture delivered at Sunderland on Nov. 20, spoke of the great prosperity of the country, and mentioned, as an illustration, that an ironmaster with whom he was acquainted had in two years amassed a fortune of a quarter of a million sterling.

— The Peabody Dwellings in London are paying a dividend of five per cent. per annum. It is likely that new buildings on the same principle will shortly be erected in the metropolis on a very large scale.

Kissing.

A nameless ready-rhymer somewhere sings:

"When black and brown locks interlace,
Or scented tresses sweep your face,
Whilst laughter unto sighs give place,
And pouting lips are present;
Or meek grey eyes droop still more meek,
And dimples play at hide and seek,
There's but one language lips can speak,
'Tis brief, but rather pleasant."

In the time of the Tudors, kissing for good manners' sake was the rule of society. The victor in the tournament could challenge the lips of the fairest fair whose bright eyes looked down upon his doughty deeds in the lists, and the proudest dame had to yield to his demand. Before footing it featly in the dance, the ladies curtsied and were kissed by their partners. Many of the dances had kissing accompaniments; and gentlemen were held unmannerly if they refrained to kiss again at the end of the dance—

"What fool would dance,
If that, when dance is done,
He may not have at lady's lip,
That which in dance he won?"

Not that lookers-on were less privileged. When Shakspeare's Lord Sandys sits down by Anne Boleyn's side, and she asks him if his father was mad, the merry courtier replies:

"O very mad—exceeding mad in love, too;
But he would bite none; *just as I do now*
He would kiss you twenty in a breath;"

and suits the action to the word, all unrebuked. The Quaker lasses of the Maine Law States would appear to have taken a hint from the ancients, since they are credited with kissing young men in order to ascertain if they have been indulging in prohibited luxuries, thereby bringing to grief those who

"Brandy drink,
And never think
That girls at all can tell it:
They don't suppose,
A woman's nose
Was ever made to smell it."

A libeler of the sex once wrote:

"Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother;
But women want to kiss so bad,
They kiss and kiss each other!"

Provoking an indignant lady to retort—

"Men do not kiss among themselves;
It is well that they refrain—
The bitter dose would vex them so,
That they ne'er would kiss again.
As sometimes on poor woman's lips
Is applied this nauseous lotion;
We have to kiss among ourselves
As a counteracting potion."

Arguments are not needed to justify the old, old exercise, for

"If kissing were not lawful,
The lawyers would not use it;
And if it were not pious,
The clergy would not choose it;
If it were not a dainty thing,
The ladies would not crave it;
And if it were not plentiful,
The poor girls could not have it."

—*Abridged from the London Mirror.*

The Astronomer Royal on Scriptural Mimes and Allegorical Astronomy.

We learn by a letter from London that the Astronomer Royal has just completed, in obedience with Her Majesty's commands, a most elaborate work setting forth and explaining in detail, as far as possible, the various astronomical allegories, mimes and allusions contained in the Old and New Testaments.

"This very able and strictly scientific work is intended for the use of the gentlemen at present engaged in reviewing the authorized version of the Holy Scriptures; and who, of course, cannot be expected to understand such matters, and the more so when it is remembered that these writings have an 'apparent' as well as a secret or 'spiritual'" (11 Rev. 8) meaning. The want of such a work has long been felt. It will be issued from the press in a few months, when you will have the opportunity of reviewing it in detail. The facts, calculations and logical deductions are put forward in an unimpassioned, quiet manner, but with a distinctness that is unanswerable and overwhelming. He speaks to his readers "mouth to mouth (12 No. 8) even apparently and not in dark speech," for the truth is all he seems to seek; and he is not afraid to grapple with ancient ideas—"the words of the wise and their dark sayings"—or to give us, in clear nervous English, the "interpretation thereof."

* * * * * * * * *

Samson and Hercules are compared, and it is shown that at this time the New Year began at the Summer Solstice in June, thus showing why the first labor of both these heroes, or "sun gods," was the killing of a Lion—the sign *Leo* of July. The way in which the Christian religion is handled cannot fail to be offensive to the majority of us, who have been taught from childhood to believe otherwise. Indeed, in the language of the clergy, it is *very painful.*

* * * * * * * * *

We are told that the most perfect form of so-called Sun Worship that has come

down to us is that which was given to mankind by the astronomers, philosophers, advanced Jews and Greeks of Alexandria, and which is now generally known as the Christian religion—the Greek mind impressing on it an elevation and a beauty heretofore unknown. For instance, the new Sun God, or Savior, is made to announce the existence of one God, the Common Father of all mankind, in contradiction to the little rascally partisan *Ogre* who was said to belong exclusively to the Jews.

* * * * * * *

With a view to correcting the calendar, the astronomers and wise men of Alexandria, at the approach of a normal period, determined to start their new year in future from the Winter solstitial point, situated in the "manger" of the goat—Capricornus of December, counting from the moment of the sun's "Resurrection," when he began to "ascend into Heaven" and go north.

* * * * * * * *

Let us now take a hasty glance at the chief *dramatis personæ* that are placed before us in this concise, ably conceived and most humanizing astronomical mime: A Forerunner, a Savior, Four Women, Four Evangelists, Twelve Apostles.

[The reader is requested, before going further, to observe well the positions assigned to the various actors: "The Forerunner (who comes "to preach the *acceptable year* of the Lord") and "Anna" (2 Luke 36) are at the Summer solstitial point; when "The Savior" ("the *true light*, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world") and Mary Magdalen are at the Winter solstitial point. "The Virgin Mary" is at the vernal equinox. It will be well to remember, also, that the "Crosses" on which the Sun God is "crucified," are formed by the intersections of the circles of the *ecliptic and equator*; the first (1 Rev. 8) "crucifixion" happens when the Sun "ascends" and is going north at the vernal equinox; and the second when he "descends" and is going south, at the Autumnal equinox. The scene is laid in the ecliptic—"An house not built with hands, but eternal in the Heavens."]

A Forerunner.—We are told that the "Angel Gabriel" appeared to a "barren" and very old woman (the moon in her last quarter immediately preceding the autumnal equinox) named "Elizabeth," say on the 24th of September, when she, to her utter amazement, became pregnant, and in nine months to the day was safely delivered of a Boy (see almanacs) on the 24th of June; at the Summer solstitial point, and the longest day of the year.

A Savior.—Exactly "six months" after this his visit to "Elizabeth," the Angel Gabriel suddenly pops up at the opposite point of the ecliptic and appears to a young virgin (the moon in her first quarter immediately preceding the vernal equinox) named Mary, say on the 25th of March, and she being "overshadowed," becomes pregnant, and in nine months to the day was safely delivered of a Boy (see almanacs) on the 25th of December, at the Winter solstitial point, and the shortest day in the year.

Four Women.—It has been shown that "Elizabeth" is placed at the autumnal and "Mary" at the vernal equinox. Now mark: "Anna" (2 Luke 36) discovers the Sun God in the "spiritual" temple at the Summer solstice, and Mary Magdalen discovers that he has "arisen" at the Winter solstice.

Four Evangelists.—These potentates "preside over" the Four Seasons, and are known to astronomers as "The Four Royal Stars," that is to say, *Regulus, Aldebaran, Fomalhaut* and *Antares*; equivalent to "The Four Beasts," or to "The Four notable ones toward the Four winds of Heaven."

Twelve Apostles.—These are simply the twelve signs of the Zodiac, or sons of *Jac-ob*—that is, "the way of God" or ecliptic.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The strange thing about this strange work is that it comes before us as under authority, and the facts are vouched for by one of the greatest astronomers of the day; the first, as far as we know, that has ever dared to express an opinion on the subject. Nu.

— A letter has been received in the Tyne from Genoa, containing some particulars of the adventures of a Dutch girl, who, dressed as a young sailor, had apprenticed herself for the sea service on board the *Eskdale*, of Hartlepoole. The girl offered herself for an apprentice at the time the ship was in Shields Harbor. The master and owner, thinking that the "lad" had a smart, sailor-like look, bound him for three years. The boy did his duty in the passage out from the Tyne to Genoa to the satisfaction of all on board, going through the various duties of a sailor aloft in a creditable manner. No suspicion of the sex of the young apprentice was entertained until the vessel was two days in Genoa, when the seamen discovered the apprentice to be a girl. They immediately reported the circumstance to the Captain, who had his wife with him, and upon being called aft the girl admitted her sex. She was taken ashore and the indentures were canceled at the Consulate, but she was engaged as stewardess for the voyage home.

— From Rome we learn that the Pope has again refused the allowance granted to him by the Italian Parliament. Cardinal Antonelli declared that His Holiness could not receive a sum offered in virtue of a law which the Holy See did not recognize.

— An Irish writer is preparing a reply to Mr. Froude's book, "The English in Ireland," and it is likely to be a trenchant attack upon the historian.

Danae; Or, Ye Disobedient Daughter.

A CLASSICKALL BALLADDE.

There was a lass named Danäe,
The daughter of Acrisius,
Who, leaving paths of rectitude,
Took up with counsels vicious.

That means that she did *not* take up
With those her parents chose;
But, even at the curate, held
Aloof her pretty nose.

And with unlicensed officers
She much preferred to flirt.
When ma protested, she replied—
"However can it hurt?"

The spinster ladies spotted her,
When ogling on the Sunday;
And all the week her walks abroad
Offended Mrs. Grundy.

The more they thwarted her, the more
She found the fun delicious—
But stop, though, I'm forgetting quite
The days of King Acrisius.

It matters not. Since they found out
She was inclined to roam,
These protestant progenitors
Imprisoned her at home.

She stopped within her bed-room, like
Poor people in their hovels,
And solely lived on tea and toast,
And mild three-volume novels.

'Tis true that ancient chronicles
The narrative emblazon
With stories of a golden shower,
And eke a turret brazen.

I modernize the matter thus—
Some constant swain, you see,
To rescue her from durance vile,
Just used a golden key.

He bribed the slavey, till she came
Quite round to his opinions,
With heaps of cheap *bijouterie*
And splendid golden chignons.

So thus he rescued her, and they
Eloped with merry laughter,
Forthwith got married, and, of course,
Lived happy ever after.

MORALLE.

Patres familiarum, don't
Of Danäe be suspicious,
Or else, perchance, you'll diddled be,
Like verdant King Acrisius. —*Hornet.*

New Books from A. Roman & Co.

OFF THE SKELLIGS. A novel by Jean Ingelow. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

This is the most charming prose idyl that we have seen for a long time past. Deserting poetry for a time, Miss Ingelow has found fresh fields for her pen in prose fictions, and has produced a novel full of life, vigorous thought and keen observation, excelling in its careless, joyous and delicate pictures of childhood. How true to nature is the following in her best manner:

"When the tide was low there was fresh pleasure. Then we could watch the happy little boys, who, with trowsers tucked above their knees, used to wade among the piles which were all green with sea-grass and bristling with barnacles. We could see them picking up shells and bits of drift-wood in the yellowish mud, and sometimes one of them would discover an old pot or kettle, on which he would drum and play uncouth music. Joyous urchins! I was too complete a baby to envy them; but I thought how grand a lot was theirs."

Or when Dorothea, the little heroine, leaves her mother:

"These children were coming from school. Tom and I had been allowed to get out of the chaise, and I was sitting on a mossy bank crying for my lost mamma when they came up, and stopping before me, stared at me and my tears. At last the eldest girl among them asked me confidentially why I was crying, and I told her; whereupon she took up her small apron to wipe my cheeks, and these good little Samaritans presented me with posies, and gave me such comfort as they could. What they said was not much to the purpose, I dare say, but it made me happier to talk. I remember one speech very well; it was a strange one, but true. I had said to the eldest girl that I was sure I should cry every day till I saw my mamma again. 'Oh no, you won't, Miss,' she answered. 'Why, my mother died this Spring, and I cried *ever so* at first, but now I never cry except when I go through the church-yard.'

"I said I did not wish to forget my mother. She answered I should not forget, only I should get used to it. What is there we cannot get used to? In manhood and womanhood we do not like to be reminded that such is the case, but childhood is less sophisticated, and I was pleased to be assured by this more experienced child that she had got used to the loss of her mother.

"Some people appear to feel that they are much wiser, much nearer to the truth and to realities than they were when they were children. They think of childhood as immeasurably beneath and behind them. I have never been able to join in such a notion. It often seems to me that we lose as much as we gain by our lengthened sojourn here. I should not at all wonder if the thoughts of our childhood, when we look back on it after the rending of this veil of our humanity, should prove less unlike what we were intended to derive from the teaching of life, nature and revelation, than the thoughts of our more sophisticated days. However, this is mere speculation. While we are enveloped in the veil we cannot know who sees through it most clearly."

There is a vein of quiet, quaint humor in this book, displaying itself in the orig-

inal boyish sayings and doings of Valentine. His story on his brother, who persuaded a large family to emigrate to Australia, shows the advantages of marrying a widow with a ready-made family, and as it may serve as a happy example to Californians, we quote it:

"The mother's head was turned, and she seemed incapable of looking after the young fry; so one evening I called her out to lecture her. 'Mrs. Wilkes,' I began. 'Mrs. Muggins, if you've no objection, sir,' she replied, and to my astonishment I found she had married the host, a fat fellow, making money fast, and sorely in want of somebody to manage him.

"He came out after her, looking hot and flurried. 'Marry you, Jenny! What! with all your children!' I exclaimed.

"'Yes,' said Mr. Muggins, with his hands in his pockets. 'I've stepped into it; some men *air* lucky; my first wife was a fortune to me; but she was nothing to this.'

"Jenny retreated precipitately, and gave her youngest son a cuff, perhaps caused by embarrassment.

"Mr. Muggins looked on admiringly.

"'Four fine boys,' said he. 'I've been going to buy land and go up the country, but I haven't managed it. Four fine boys to help! Yes, I'll go and do it now. My first wife, sir, was nothing to this; why, a Duchess is nothing to her.'

"'Mr. Muggins,' said I, following his lead, 'you've stepped into a good thing; prove yourself worthy of it.'

"'And the girls, sir,' proceeded Mr. Muggins, 'O, my gracious! they'll help their mother right and left, indoors and out.'

"Well, Mr. Muggins did buy land. Whatever faults his step-daughters may have had, they did not want for activity, and he soon found he had only to provide money, and he was taken in hand, washed for, cooked for, clear starched for, his bargains made, his cart driven, his cows bought and milked. I saw him two days before I embarked for Sydney. 'If it wasn't that Mary Jane and Melia are going to marry, said he, 'I should think myself in paradise; but their mother, sir, she's here there and everywhere; and them blessed boys, they run all of her errands, and they chop wood, and they feed poultry. Oh, my goodness gracious! good-bye, sir, and God bless you!'"

"Off the Skelligs" is sure of success, and will add to the author's fame and reputation, and no one will read it without real enjoyment, nor without feeling that it is a poet who writes.

THE LADIES. A Journal of the Court Fashion and Society. Published by C. T. Tyler, London.

We have received direct from London the November number of this most excellent fashion journal, and we can scarcely say too much in its praise, it is so far superior to the usual insipid nonentities that is supposed to rule the world of fashion. It is brimful of the most exquisite models for dresses, bonnets, hats and coiffures, of designs for all sorts of embroideries, patterns for every conceivable garment, and directions for making everything in the fancy line, from a pincushion to a point lace collar; and the reading matter is not confined solely to fashions, but deals in all subjects that may be of interest to its fair readers. The "Letter from Paris," "The Past and Future of Baden," "Nurses and Nursing," "Medical Female Education," "The Cares of Housekeeping," "London Theaters," "Baby Farming," "Choosing Husbands," etc., are all well written, and show that the editors of "The Ladies" hope to clothe the mind as well as body.

Also received from A. Roman & Co., "The Doctor's Dilemma." A novel by Hester Skelton. D. Appleton, New York. "Concordance to the Constitution of the United States of America." By Charles Stearns, M. D. "The Young Dodge Club." "The Seven Hills." By Professor de Mille.

— The certificate of incorporation of the Southern Pacific Branch Railroad Company has been filed in the office of the Secretary of State. The object of the company is to construct a line of railroad to join the Southern Pacific Railroad near Salinas, Monterey County, to run to a point in Kern County south of Tulare Lake, intersecting the San Joaquin Valley division of the Southern Pacific Railroad at said point. Also to build an additional branch railroad from a point on the above described line at or near San Miguel, in San Luis Obispo County; thence in a southerly direction to a point of intersection, in Los Angeles County, with the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad running from Tehatchepe Pass, by way of Los Angeles, to Fort Yuma. The length of the first named branch is about 180 miles, and the second named 240 miles, or 420 miles in all. The capital stock of the company is $20,000,000, in shares of $100 each. The amount of $1,000 per mile has been in good faith subscribed, and ten per cent. thereof paid in to E. H. Miller, Treasurer. The Trustees of the company are E. H. Miller, Albert Gallatin, B. B. Redding, B. R. Crocker and C. H. Cummings. The incorporators and stockholders are: E. H. Miller, Albert Gallatin, E. I. Robinson, W. R. S. Foye, C. H. Cummings, Leland Stanford, Mark Hopkins, B. B. Redding, E. W. Hopkins.

— Dr. Schweinfurth, a German rival of Dr. Livingstone, is on his way to study the botany of Central Africa. Dr. Twa-pon-wal-la-pai, the distinguished native naturalist of Mbuyukiji, will welcome his German brother with open arms and mouth, and thoroughly investigate the anatomy of Dr. Schweinfurth.

Youth and Age.

O day so grey, you could not chill me,
In that sweet time, far off and fair.
Though loud winds shrieked and echoed shrilly,
And wild rain washed the woodlands bare!
Though sodden fields stretched cold, unvaried,
And birds flew south on weary wing;
For in my happy heart I carried
The hope and promise of the Spring.

O day so gay, you cannot thrill me!
Your light and perfume, shower and song,
Your bloom and brightness only fill me
With old-time memories, sweet and strong.
I would not bid your swift hours tarry,
I do not hasten at your call;
For in my thankful heart I carry
The joy and fruitage of the fall. —*Atlantic Monthly.*

Snorkins.

Snorkins is dead. As the sad tidings are flashed throughout the land, one feeling will reign in every breast, one sentiment be echoed by every tongue. While tears bedew the eyelids, and sobs choke the utterance, youth and maiden blooming child and grandsire grey, all will swell the mournful chorus—"Our great humorist is gone!"

It is the simple truth; but how much does that truth imply? At no period has our literature been so imbued with the spirit of true wit as now; never has humor in its subtle refinement been so thoroughly understood. We have but to point to the comic periodicals that burst forth weekly, scintillating with brightest fancies—to the burlesques that crowd our stage, replete with the raciest fun, and yet unmarred by even a suspicion of dullness or vulgarity—and at once the thought occurs, "What must the wit of Snorkins have been to shine pre-eminent in times like these?"

Eagerly caught up by editors and publishers, the great body of his work has, of course, become the world's property. But in the unrestrained freedom of social intercourse, many a glorious sentence flashed from his lips—bright as the diamond, and oftentimes as cutting—that never went beyond the delighted circle where it was uttered. We well remember one evening at the Parthenon, when poor Jones, the celebrated burlesque writer, lying in his favorite Yankee rocking chair, with his heels on the mantelpiece clock, uttered one of his quaint jests. In less than half an hour afterwards, Snorkins looked round with a beaming eye, and said: "By the by, Jones, why was your joke like your chair?" and in the breathless silence that ensued, continued quietly, "Because it's a merry conceit (American seat)!" The roar that greeted this rings again in our memory.

On another occasion, at the same club, we were lamenting the degeneracy of pantomime and modern clowns. "There's never anything new in them," said Snorkins, "their witty antics are all *antic wittics* (antiquities)!" A fat waiter immediately fell down convulsed, and within six months was carried off by apoplexy. It is not generally known that Snorkins behaved most nobly to the poor fellow's widow, and settled her for life as third scullion in a small-pox hospital.

His merciless severity to snobbery in any rank of life is well known. The late Lord ——— affected an unbounded love for the society of poets, and ostentatiously displayed a number of their cards on his table at ——— House. Going one day into his reception-room, his lordship found Snorkins turning these cards contemptuously over with the point of his umbrella. "My Lord," said the wit, with scathing emphasis, "Is this a card basket, or a *bard casket?*" It is said that Lord ——— never forgave him.

Even in his last painful illness, flashes of the old brilliancy would burst forth. One afternoon he was roused from a fitful slumber by the milkman's piercing cry, "Milk oh! milk oh!" "My son," said the wasted sufferer to his little boy at the bedside, "What is the meaning of eau?" "Water, father," replied the child. "Ah," rejoined the wit, with a sad smile, "I thought so. The truthful and the beautiful are one."

His last words were worthy of his fame. Feeling the end approaching, he beckoned to Dr. S., his faithful friend and physician, and grasping his hand said, faintly, "Doctor, what is the difference between the late Emperor of France and the present Emperor of Germany?" Then, seeing the worthy S. distressed and bewildered, he gasped out, "The one is thrown on his back, and the other—is—back—on—his—throne!" And with a feeble chuckle—expired.

— A powerful light has been thrown upon the problem of prison discipline by the authorities of the town of Benton, Montana. Having three prisoners confined in the County Jail, the Sheriff securely closed all avennes of egress, and allowed the structure to consume. The maintenance of the prisoners in the San Francisco Jail costs upwards of $36,000 a year, equal to the interest on $400,000. In the light of the Montana example, we remark that a new jail could be erected for half this money, and thus a large saving to taxpayers effected.

In Harness; Or, "A Man that's Marred."

A NOVEL, BY "O—DA."—[SLIGHTLY CONDENSED.]

CHAPTER I.

Considunt transtris, que brachia intenta remis.—VIRGIL.

The water rushed beneath our keel; our oars dipped in harmony, and we of the 'Varsity Eight pulled up the Cam, and dreamt of the time when Brasenose had won challenge cups and Oriel got bumped on its time-honored surface. We gazed on the rose-tinted clouds above, and the azure water below, and pulled with a steady, slashing, sweeping stroke, which Brocas and Little Surley would have envied, and which we all felt would take Oxford's water in the coming race and carry the *Light Blue* to victory by at least a length. O, those happy salad days at dear old Granta, when Horace and Euripides were the only bores we knew!

"I say," yawned Bertie Trafusis, the stroke, resting on his oar, and commencing to fill a short clay, "give us a light, some of you."

Tom Grafton (No. 7) handed him a Vesuvius, whereupon he arose, lighted his pipe, yawned and sat down again. Long as are the years between, I can sketch his picture as he then sat. He was but just sixteen, but the deep chest, splendidly molded arm and mournful "pity me" look in his long violet eyes made him appear much older. His features were fair—fair as the fairest of the fair! On his brow clustered a wealth of the softest, silkiest chestnut hair, while blonde mustache fell in a silken cascade over his nether lip. He wore a scarlet and gold broidered jacket, with white hoops, and his monogram in silver on the collar; white leather breeches and jack-boots, the latter being a portion of the "harness" of the First Life, to which he had just been gazetted. A black velvet hunting-cap and a carbine slung over his shoulder, completed his attire, and he looked for all the world like a thoroughbred racer, who would never allow whip, spur, boot, or saddle.

"Now for a spurt," said he at last, looking up wearily, and bending forward for a sweep.

"——s!" whispered Cecil Berkley, the "cox," "what's that?" As he spoke, the flap of a duck's wing was heard among the sedges; and with a swoop, an old drake, with a verdure-hued neck, bore down upon us. Then lifting his noble head, he spread his pinions and sailed majestically upwards. Bertie pointed to the bird with a sigh—a mere speck in the sunny sky, unslung his carbine, and without waiting to take aim, fired. A sharp, sudden report—a puff of gray smoke—a distant death cry, and the bird dropped like a stone into the boat at his feet! As he stooped to pick it up, his face became ashy pale, and his whole frame seemed severely agitated.

"Pah!" he murmured with a sob: "it's a loon—a miserable, fishy loon;" and he tossed it over the side.

CHAPTER II.—THE BEAUTIES OF THE BRIGADES.

We were being awfully bored by a Review. There were Ours, Cardigan's Eleventh, The First Life, and the Donkeyshire Militia.

As we neared the flag-staff in the march past, H. R. H., the Commander-in-Chief, called out, "Gougers! I hope you'll do better next time."

"Dare to use that tone in my presence again and I'll double-thong you," screamed Cosmo, Viscount Royalrow, the "Zepher," as he was held in the ranks by two troopers.

The day wore on apace, and twilight thickly deepened. "Beauty," said Bertie to me, as Ours (the —th Huzzars, and known in the service as "Gougers") paced homeward from the Scrubs, "I've been thinking how awfully jolly it will be to get out of harness and into a bath well washed with *eau de cologne*."

"Insufferable!" sighed Gerald Fitzhardinge, the "Beauty." "Oh, for a *hookah* and a brandy and soda! Bah!"

Two hours later, we, with a dozen other of the most *raffiné* men in the Household Cavalry, were lounging in the bow-window of the Army and Navy.

"Seen Chandos' trap in the ring?" yawned Bertie, lighting a cheroot.

"No," laughed Beauclere, of the Blues, "but there's a pair of flea-bitten fillies at the yard going for a song."

"The d—l, you say!" exclaimed Cosmo, stroking his long blonde mustache.

"*Cui bono?*" sighed Slapdashe, Lieutenant Colonel of Ours, as he got up and rolled a *papellito*.

A big "ossy" man, with a blue bird's-eye scarf, swaggered into the room, and seating himself on the edge of the table, commenced filling a short clay. Bertie, who had been chatting with a Cabinet Minister about the pigeon-match at Hornsey Wood, murmured under his breath, with a sad smile, "The Welcher!" and strode up to him with his long lounging cavalry swing.

"Leave the Club!" he whispered in his ear.

"Make me, my bantam!" answered the Welcher, as the Tiara blood surged up into his eyes, for though a *leg*, he was a Duke's son.

Even as he spoke, Bertie's hand was on his ear, and lifting him without any effort, he said, wearily, "Scoundrel, I'll teach you to ham-string!" and dropped him through the open window on to the pavement below.

Then Bertie, who always detested a scene, said, with his old smile, "If any here don't like this, I can always be heard of at White's or the United," and springing lightly out after the Welcher, he landed on the box of his drag, which was standing at the door.

"Soames, give that man in charge," he murmured to one of his grooms, as the four roans dashed up Piccadilly.

[*Continued on 58th page.*]

The Music Listener.

As she listens to the music,
She lives in a land of dreams,
More lovely than moonlit midnights,
Or pales stars pictured in streams.
When waves of music are flowing
From the organ, deep and loud,
Her soul from the earth is soaring,
Like the lark above a cloud.

Her eyes have an eager lustre,
And she seems to drink each strain
Of the music, as a blossom
Drinks deep of the summer rain.
There's a beauty on her features,
That owes not a tint to art;
Her lips like the leaves of roses,
By the June winds blown apart.

She has no thought of the future,
The music only she hears;
So still she stands that her jewels
Have the quiet glow of tears.
She is calm as a sculptured figure,
With a cold and steadfast look;
That stands forever and gazes
On an unclasped marble book.

And long as the music surges,
Through the quaint and sacred pile,
Her face has a look of sadness,
That seems akin to a smile;—
A look which the hand of painter
Has never limned or caught—
The bloom and the perfect radiance
Of a calm and holy thought.

So long as the music trembles,
She listens as though alone;
And only seems to be living
When the last sweet note has flown:
Still dreaming every moment,
Till the music dies away—
Like the sounds of vernal showers
On a silvery clouded day.

—*S. H. Bradbury.*

Choosing or Finding.

The controversy as to which of the two methods of marrying one's daughter in use in France and England respectively has not yet been decided by any preponderating evidence. Whether the parties, especially the mother, ought to find a husband for the daughter, or whether the girl, young and inexperienced as she is, should seek one for herself, with the chance of not knowing her own mind in the first place, and of not understanding the real nature of the man she chooses in the second. These are the two principles contended for by the rival methods, and the fight is still going on. The truth is, the worst of either is so infinitely bad that there is nothing to choose between them; and the same is true, inversely, of the best.

The French method is based on the theory that a woman's knowledge of the world, and a mother's intimate acquaintance with her daughter's special temper and requirements, are likely to be better guides in the choice of a husband than the callow fancy of a girl. It is assumed that she will be able to separate the reality from the appearance, to winnow the grain from the chaff. She will appraise at its true value a fascinating manner with a shaky moral character at its back, and a handsome face will go for little when the evidence of the family lawyer proves the poverty of the family purse. To the girl, a fluent tongue, flattering ways and a taking presence, would have included everything in heaven and earth that a man should be; and no dread of future poverty, no evidence of the bushels of wild oats sown broadcast, would have convinced her that Don Juan was a *mauvais parti* and a scamp into the bargain. Again, the mother usually knows her daughters' dispositions better than the daughters themselves, and can distinguish between different idiosyncrasies and their respective needs as no young people are able to do. Laura is romantic, sentimental, imaginative; but Laura cannot mend a stocking or make a shirt; her hands are small—gloves six—and her arms are like tobacco-stoppers. She has no power of endurance, no persistency of temper, and no executive ability; but she falls in love with a younger son just setting out to seek his fortunes in Australia; and, if she is allowed, full of enthusiasm and delight she marries him and goes out with him. In a year's time she is dead, literally killed by hardships; or, if she has vitality enough to survive the hard experience of roughing it in the bush, she collapses into a wretched, haggard, faded woman, prematurely old, hopeless and dejected; the miserable victim of circumstances, sinking under a burden too heavy for her to bear. Now a French mother would have foreseen all these dangers, and have provided against them. She would have known the unsubstantial quality of Laura's romance, and the reality of her physical weakness and incapacity. She would have kept her out of the sight and hearing of that fascinating younger son, just off to Australia to dig out his rough fortunes in the Bush, and would have quietly assigned her to some conventional well-endowed man of mature age, who might not be exactly a soul's ideal, and whose rheumatism would probably make him chary of the moonlight, but who would have taken care of the poor little frail body, dressed it in dainty gowns and luxurious furs, given it a soft couch to lie on, and a luxurious carriage to drive in, and have provided it with food convenient and ease unbroken. And in the end Laura would have found that mother was right, and knew what was best for her; and that her ordinary-looking, middle-aged caretaker was a better husband for her than would have been that adventurous young Adonis, who could have given her nothing better than a shakedown of dried leaves, a deal box for an arm chair, and a cup of brick tea for the sparkling wine of her youth. It may be a humiliating confession to make, but the old saying about poverty coming in at the door and love flying out of the window holds true

in all cases where there is not strength enough to rough it; for the body holds the spirit captive, and however willing the one may be, the weakness of the other conquers in the end. On the other hand, Maria, square-set, defying, adventurous, brave, would be as one smothered in rose-leaves as the wife of a rich man here in England. The dull monotony of conventional life would half-madden her; and her uncompromising temper would break out in a thousand eccentricities, and make her countless enemies. Let her go to the Bush if you like. She is of the stamp which bears heroes, and her sons will be a stalwart race, fit for the work before them. The wise mother who had it in hand to organize the future of her daughters would take care to find her a man and a fortune which would utilize her energy and courage; but Maria, if left to herself, might perhaps fall in love with some cavalry officer of good family and expectations, whose present "dash" would soon have to be exchanged for the stereotyped conventionalities of the owner of a place where, as his wife, her utmost limit would be riding to hounds and taking off the prize for croquet.

Such well-fitting arrangements as these are the ideal of the French system; just as the union of two hearts, the one soul finding its companion soul, and both living happily ever after, is the ideal of the English system. Against the French lies the charge of the cruel sale, for so much money, of a young creature who has not been allowed a choice, scarcely even the right of rejection; against the English there is the cruelty of suffering a girl's foolish fancy to destroy her whole life, and the absurdity of treating such a fancy as a fact. For the French there is the plea of the enormous power of instinct and habit, and that really it signifies very little to a girl what man she marries, provided only that he is kind to her and that she has not fallen in love with any one else, as she is held to be sure to love the first presented. For the English there is the counter plea of individual needs and independent choice, and that women do not love by instinct, but by sympathy. The French make great account of the absolute virginity in heart of the young girl they marry; and few Frenchmen would think they had got the kind of woman warranted if they married one who had been engaged two or three times already, and to whose affianced lovers had been accorded the familiarities which we in England hold innocent and as matters of course. The English, in return, demand a more absolute fidelity after marriage, and are generous to any false starts before. To them the contract is more a matter of free choice than it is in France; consequently failure in carrying out the stipulations carries with it more dishonor. The French, taking into consideration that the wife had nothing whatever to say to the bargain which gave her away, are inclined to be more lenient when the theory of instinctive love fails to work, and the individuality of the woman expresses itself in an after-preference; always provided, of course, that the *bienséances* are respected, and that no scandal is created.—*Saturday Review.*

Shall Men Fly?

Darwin tells us that even in the upper regions of the air, near the summits of the Andes, vultures may be seen floating onwards for miles upon motionless wings. What is the secret of this flotation? Gravitation acts as forcibly on the substance of the bird as on that of the animal. Nor can we believe that there is any buoyancy, properly so-called, in the bird's body or wings. Those vultures which seemed to float steadily through still air must have received support from the air in one or more of three several ways: either by swift motion acquired before the floating began and slowly reduced through the effects of aerial resistance, or by the action of aerial currents through which they were carried, or else, while seeming to float horizontally, they were in reality traversing a slightly sloped descending path. Neither of the two former explanations seems available, because the floating motion is continued so long as the fractional resistance of the air would most certainly have destroyed a large share of the original motion. This would happen equally whether the bird had in the first place urged its way swiftly through the air, or had floated itself off, so to speak, upon a swiftly moving air current. On the other hand, there would seem to be no valid objection against the third explanation; for a single observer, at rest, would have no means for determining whether a bird were sailing along horizontally, or gliding down a gentle incline. But it matters little which explanation of the three we accept as the most plausible. The point to be chiefly noticed is the fact that a heavy body can be sustained, for long distances, merely by the supporting action of the air. There can be little doubt that it is only on account of the perfect steadiness of their motion through the air that they are thus supported. The efforts of æronautical mechanicians must be directed to secure a similar steadiness of motion for aerial facilities. Granted this, there can be no reason why the power of steam and iron should not avail to secure an aerial motion even surpassing in rapidity the flight of the swiftest birds. Unless we are willing to believe that birds fly by some power distinct from any which physical science deals with, we seem justified in believing that the birds may be matched or surpassed by the flying machine, as surely as the swiftest animals are surpassed by the locomotive. It is encouraging to consider that the actual amount of power necessary to convey a weight through the air (if that support is derived directly from the air) is very much less than that required to convey the same weight by sea or land. In the presence of failing coal supplies, this consideration will one day assume first-rate importance.—*London Spectator.*

Christmas Poem.

DEAR MAIL BAG:—We, the melancholy five, met in the little chapel at the Oaks on Christmas day to commemorate the sacred anniversary of that miraculous event, the birth of our Saviour. We had a gallon of Cutter's fluid, marked Sanguis Christi, and a large melancholy-looking fowl with both legs bound firmly together with No. 20 cotton, lying in the cold embrace of death, marked Corpus Christi. A characteristic prayer was offered by Deacon Schotte, after which the blonde sister moved we pass the Blood. The toast of the evening was then drank standing: "The Boy in the Barn." After imbibing sundry draughts of the consecrated fluid, which elevated our minds to a pitch of devotion beautiful to contemplate, the parson gave out a hymn—"The Star of Bethlehem," which was sung with much feeling. A happy idea then seemed to strike a pale sister with sky-colored eyes. She proposed we give a representation of the birth of Jesus. Her proposition was acceded to with joy, whereupon the Judge, who never failed to put in an appearance at communion, with pious zeal hastened to pass the sacred cup, and we all drank a little more Blood. The mournful five then proceeded to put the chapel in order to pourtray the great event. The parson borrowed a tame cow from Mrs. Johnson, and sung her to sleep in one corner on some straw. Deacon Schotte held a candle so the light shone through an auger-hole in the ceiling, to represent the "Star in the East." We gave a little boy, who comes round after swill, three bits to play the infant, but here was a hitch in the piece: we had no virgin: the ladies present were all married, and of course could not play Mary, so we had to fall back on a dummy. Just then a discussion arose as to whether Christ was born in the morning or in the afternoon. One doubting brother remarked, "Mayhap Christ was not born at all." Not feeling competent to pass upon so grave a question, I decided to read to them an extract from an unpublished poem bearing upon the subject:

SCENE—*The Bar of God.* TIME—1 *B. C.*

* * * * * *

The arch fiend saw his vast ambition
Had doomed him to some dire perdition;
Yet still his courage never quailed,
Although his bold attempt had failed.
He felt that with his crippled wing
He might not hope to rise again
And glory from his plumage fling
Over the star-bespangled plain.
His soul was sad, not for the sin,
But sad to think he could not win;
And bitter thoughts came swelling up
Like wormwood in life's honey-cup.
And yet he would not yield compliance,
But looked on God with bold defiance.
Then God called Satan up for sentence.
He made no offer of repentence,
Nor deigned one look of fear or wonder
At great Jehovah's awful thunder;
But stood, with brow calm and serene
As ever devil wore, I ween.
And listened with profound attention
As God described His great invention,
The place where Satan was to dwell,
Which the proud Maker christened hell.
God said the scheme for man was this:
For good souls, Heaven's eternal bliss;
For sin, to expiate its errors,
A hell well stocked with ghostly terrors.
Fearing some good deeds might exempt them,
He wanted much a devil to tempt them,
"And thou black fiend, with venom reeking, Art the dark demon I am seeking.
Satan, I give to thee the power
To tempt mankind in every hour.
I'll plant all passions in his breast,
Thy cunning skill must do the rest
To people hell's delightful regions
With earth's unborn, unnumbered legions.
But fearing all may take the bait
Suspended o'er perdition's gate,
And when their hungry souls are crammed
With sin, will be forever damned,
Lest the Almighty sit alone,
With none to worship round his throne,
To guard against that evil hour
And keep the balance of my power,
I have resolved to visit earth
And there produce a monstrous birth,
A miracle which shall astound
The wisdom of the most profound.
First I'll create a mystic elf,
The mold and pattern of Myself.
Although invisible, yet still
His powers are equal to My will.
This shadow of the Eternal Host
Mankind shall call My Holy Ghost;
Shall greet Him as a new divinity,
The third great pillar of the Trinity.
This essence shall beget a child
By wedded virgin undefiled,
Whose pure mind shall a luster shed
Around the matrimonial bed,
Which, like a glowing mist, will rise
And shroud the husband's jealous eyes.
I'll seek on earth some obscure spot
Where superstition is begot
Of man's deep ignorance and fear,
Where, held in veneration dear,
Are dreams, and charms, and mystic signs,
Where all the unmistaken lines
Of weak credulity are shown
In every word, and look, and tone.
From these poor, simple-minded fools,
My spirit shall select its tools
To make for Heaven one more divinity,
And finish up the Holy Trinity.
I'm told that on Judea's plains
Is found the least amount of brains
Of any place at present known
Beneath the shadow of my throne.
There I will fix my Ghost's location
And start him in his avocation
For sinful man's regeneration,
And square the books with inspiration.
I'm told one Joseph hath a wife,
One in the lowly walks of life,
Whose innocence is quite perfection,
Just suited for this grand conception,
And since the prophets have foreseen
My Son would be a Nazarene,
I'll take her on her good behavior,
And make her mother of a Saviour."
Satan had listened all the while
With a serene sardonic smile,
And when Jehovah's speech was ended
He said, "Good Lord, be not offended,
But let su here join in communion;
Our two great minds must work in union.
You, through your Son, can people Heaven,
And I'll fill hell to set us even.
Thus o'er mankind we'll have full sway,
And rule while ages roll away."

THE OAKS, Christmas, 1872. THE PARSON.

Narrow Gauges--A Warning.

It is characteristic of Californians that they are more reckless than any other people in putting their money into every new speculation and experiment that comes along. From the Fraser River excitement of a few years ago down to the late diamond fraud, we have rushed into the arms of every sensational enterprise that "promised" big returns. We are always about finding "Another El Dorado," or coming into a millennium where everything styled "old fashioned" is to be abolished and new ideas and new machinery are to revolution ze things in general and the world made particularly lovely hereafter. As all the other saints we have embraced have in due time come to grief, there remains just one more to be pricked and exploded. The farmers of this State have been bitten of late with the narrow gauge tarantula, and induced to dance to almost any tune the projectors of these new-fangled railroad schemes might play. Like old Dr. Townsend's sarsaparilla, warranted to cure any disease from an aching heart to a bleeding toe, the narrow-gauge railroad we are now told is the panacea for all our woes. Our salvation depends, they tell us, on the State being gridironed with these *opposition* roads; for in that one word, "opposition," lies the motive for much of the newspaper advocacy of the narrow gauge in California. Opposing the Central Pacific by building parallel lines to its branches is the height of economy and financial wisdom, pleads the Sacramento *Union* and the sagacious *Bulletin*. And yet it can be shown that railroads, whether of the narrow or standard gauge, if built to any great extent parallel to existing lines, will most assuredly ruin the men who furnish the money for such enterprises. And that newspaper will find out in time that it is doing a very mischievous and hazardous thing when, to gratify a feeling of revenge or hatred of the Central Pacific Company, it advises the farmers and business men to subscribe to visionary railroad schemes, which can only result in failure and total loss to the men who go into them. We make the broad assertion which no one can refute who is at all conversant with the inside workings of California railroads—that take our whole system of railroads and cut them into separate corporations of 50 or 100, or even 200 miles each, and not one of them would pay running expenses and interest on its bonded debt. It is only from the fact that all of these roads are connected together—stems to a great trunk line, having but one set of general managers and officers, with one mammoth machine and repair shop that expenses are so reduced that the running of trains through the sparsely populated regions of this State is a possibility. Yet there are many who profess to believe that half a dozen separate and distinct organizations, formed to build short railroads that can but divide an already comparatively small traffic, will pay, though each of these railroads, when built, will have to have its President, Secretary, General Superintendent, General Freight and Ticket Agents, etc., etc.—the salaries of which amount to as much on a road of 50 or 100 miles as they do for a road ten times this length.

The difference in cost of construction, as we shall show hereafter, between the narrow and standard gauge railways, is not very great, probably not greater than is the difference in the price of iron between the high figure iron sells for to-day and the much lower value it had at the time when most of the existing railroads in California were built. In estimating the cost of narrow-gauge roads in comparison with the cost of the 4 feet 8½ inches, or standard gauge, and also of the comparative cost of operating them, the following questions have been asked, and in repeating them it is proper to remark that they have not, nor cannot be, truthfully answered in any way favorable to the narrow-gauge theorists:

1. Will it cost any less for the surveys and locations of a narrow-gauge line than for one on the standard gauge?
2. Will the right of way cost less?
3. Will ditches required for drainage be any less in size or cost on the narrow than on the standard gauge?
4. Will fencing cost any less per mile for narrow gauge than for standard gauge?
5. Will the water way for bridges and culverts be any less in clear space? or will the foundation for bridges require to be any less deep for narrow than standard gauge?
6. Where the line is a surface line, with but little grading required (as is the case on most of the valley roads in California), will there be any difference in the cost of foundation between the narrow and standard gauge?
7. Will there be any difference in the amount of ballast required between narrow and standard gauge, except the difference in the width of the gauges, say 200 cubic yards per mile, which would cost but $40 or $70? Of course where no ballast is required there is not even this small item of difference in the cost between the two gauges?
8. If engines are of equal power, will they not, if of the same design, be of equal weight and cost for both gauges?
9. Will it cost less for laying and fastening the rails on a mile of narrow gauge than on a mile of standard gauge?
10. Will the telegraph lines (now required on all railways) cost less on narrow gauge than on standard gauge?
11. Can you make station houses, platforms, cattle-yards, etc., smaller or less expensive for narrow gauge than for standard gauge, the amount of business being the same?
12. With cars of the two gauges of appropriate width for each gauge, will not the train on standard gauge, carrying the same load, be much the shortest train, with less wheels and less rolling friction?

13. Trains on the narrow-gauge roads, from necessity being much longer than that of the broad gauge, carrying the same number of passengers and freight, will not the extra number of wheels under the narrow-gauge cars passing over the track cause the friction and wear of the rails to be much greater?

14. Is a long train as easily handled as a short one?

15. Will a narrow-gauge railway require any less officers and employees than a standard-gauge railway? On the contrary, for the same amount of business, will it not require *more* men to operate the narrow than the broad gauge, on account of more trains or cars being required?

16. Can narrow-gauge cars carry horses and cattle as easily and comfortably as standard-gauge cars?

17. Has a passenger in a first-class narrow-gauge car the same room to stand in, sit in and sleep in, and the same comfort he finds in a standard-gauge car?

18. Will not a break of gauge, occasioning a change of cargo from one set of cars to another, create endless confusion and delay, besides extra expense, extra damage to goods and additional risks of accident?

With uniform gauge over all the lines of railway in this State, intersecting and connecting with each other, there will be much less rolling stock required and less side tracks, less locomotives, and goods can be delivered earlier and in better condition. It is stated on good authority that a change of goods in quantity from one train to another will cost in time a day, or in distance more than a *hundred miles run*, in addition to damage and amount paid for the transfer—two sets of cars have to be furnished, and both have to lie idle during the transfer.

The above are a few of the disadvantages of narrow gauge railroads. That they will prove in the end a costly delusion and a snare we firmly believe. The Denver road, held up as a model and advertisement by all the narrow gauge advocates in the country, is found to have cost $22,000 a mile, while it has a carrying capacity of a little over one-half that of the standard gauge. That it pays running expenses is due to the fact that its rates for carrying freight are something like *four times* those charged on the California railroads, being in fact, we are creditably informed, no *less* than were charged by teamsters who formerly hauled freight in wagons over the same region now traversed by the Denver narrow gauge railway. Passenger fares on that road are not so high as are the freight charges, being but eight cents a mile, while the average on the California roads is four cents. Should the proposed narrow gauge roads in California ever be built, and do as well as this Denver company, they will have to advance the rates of fare and freight from one to four hundred per cent. over those now charged by the standard gauge. What a luxury it will be for the farmers to pay in their heavy subscriptions for such accommodations.

It is true the enterprising adventurers who propose to build these narrow gauge railways with other people's money, *promise* that freight shall be transported over the narrow gauge roads to *subscribers* of their stock for two and a half cents per ton a mile. Men without any capital of their own, and having no experience in railroad building or operating can afford to *promise* anything. Let our farmers be not deceived. When they are forced to pay every dollar they have subscribed in short installments, and then find that as stockholders they are individually liable for all the debts and losses incurred by these inexperienced builders of costly railroads (all railroads are costly), then they will thank us for this advice, and wish they had taken it in time. Some years ago just such an excitement and furor for building railways took possession of the farmers of Iowa, Wisconsin, and other Western States, as now agitates the agricultural population of California. Then, as now, there were plenty of adventurers, willing, aye, anxious to handle the people's money and build their railroads for them. The farmers subscribed liberally, and in the end they were forced to pay their subscriptions, and they didn't get their roads built either. Many subscribers were driven into bankruptcy, and nearly all the balance had to mortgage their lands to satisfy the railroad sharks. Have we any assurance that like results will not follow the present furor for narrow gauge railroads in California. When subscriptions have been legally made, they can be collected after ten miles are built as well as when a hundred miles are finished. Thus the farmers of Butte and Colusa counties are liable, and may have to pay their subscriptions in full for a road terminating thirty miles from Benicia. And the farmers and business men of Tulare who have taken stock to *their* narrow gauge are liable even if the road never reaches thirty miles out of Stockton.

To say that these new roads can be bonded for anything to speak of is to greatly undervalue the sagacity of money lenders here or abroad. Bonds of a road constructed as yet on experimental principles, and running nearly parallel to one of standard gauge, will be almost if not entirely unsaleable.

Stripped of all engineering and technical terms, the discussion of the narrow gauge principle resolves itself into simply this: If a three-feet gauge, with small and narrow cars, are preferable to a broad gauge and large cars, then our wagon roads are too wide. They should be narrowed, and all vehicles made smaller as well. Instead of the traditional four-horse stage-coach, we should have four small coaches, drawn by small single horses, with, of course, a driver for each. Hotels accommodating one hundred guests should be divided into say five hotels, accommodating twenty each. Steamboats should hereafter be built having one half or less the capacity of those to which we are accustomed; and instead of the California Pacific dispatching one steamer to Sacramento at four o'clock each day, it should send two of the smaller kind. Our theaters, churches and schools should be remodeled by lessening their size, and thereby multiplied, thus giving employment to a larger number of actors, preachers, and teachers—just as the narrow

gauge railways give employment to a larger number of men in doing the same business than do the standard gauge roads. The expenses will be much larger, it is true, but who cares for expenses in this country. Into precisely such logic as this runs the arguments used by the narrow gauge advocates. No wonder that several State Legislatures have prohibited, by statute regulations, the building of these three-feet railways at all, and thus saved the people of several States the costly experiments and impractical results that come of this "war of the gauges."

Peeps at the Parsons.

Dr. Gibbons told two nice little stories to the Temperance Legion, the other Sunday night. Story No. 1 went thus. Two carpenters were called to work in a doctor's office in this city. Doctors require the carpenters, sometimes, although pretty handy with the saw themselves. (Strange to say, no one twigged this joke except a wooden-legged man, who laughed ten minutes over it.) On the shelf of the room in which they were to work stood what appeared to be a can of preserved fruit. What was in it, my hearers. *Brandy cherries?* No. *Pickles?* No. Yes. It contained cancers and tumors preserved in alcohol. Then ensued a melancholy instance of the power of temptation. It was like the story in your First Readers about the little boy and the apples. They looked at them, they took off the cover and smelled of them, they fished some out and felt of them, and at last they took and swigged off all the alcohol to the last drop. When the horrid deed was done, one remarked, "By Jiminy, Bill, I could go another can—sir!" "Yes," answered the wretched Bill, "I could find room for two-more." Story No. 2, also illustrates the force of temptation. A man chopped off his toe, by accident, and put it in a jar of alcohol on the mantel as a memento toe. The wound was a long time healing, and one day, as he was lying on the sick-bed, he began to eye that toe with a fiendish glare. Soon the demon became too strong for him, and hobbling out of bed to the jar he drained it dry. He then popped the toe into his mouth and went back to bed. My friends, imagine that man after he had eat off his toe, using it as fine-cut! We hear of the effects of tanglefoot, but here was a terrible case of tangle-toe. At the close, a vote of thanks was tendered to the Doctor for his interesting lecture, so edifying to the young folks there assembled.

Solomon said, "Thou art fair, O my beloved, and there is no spot or slightest stain in thee." These words refer to the spouse of the Almighty God. Whenever the Scriptures speak words of love and denote attributes belonging to a spouse, they are directly applicable to the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Father Burke on the Immaculate Conception.* [Those who read this same Song of Solomon without the "eye of faith," see in it the filthiest string of obscenity that was ever allowed to be put into print. If Father Burke sees fit to apply these lascivious ravings of a prurient old man to the "spouse of the Almighty God," we can only say there is no accounting for tastes. How on earth he can adapt to a virgin those highly-seasoned connubialities and enormously-developed charms that the libidinous old beast chants with such tireless iteration, passes our comprehension. Father Burke is out of his depth altogether in these matters, especially when he attempts to pass judgment on one who had such immense experience with the sex as Solomon. What is a celebate priest supposed to know about such things, anyhow?

The intolerance of those so-called scientists, Mr. Darwin and his friends, is most preposterous and overbearing. *Occident!* If there is one thing that "our young State" ought to be proud of, it is the high tone of its religious press. The angry vituperation hurled by the *Occident* at Mr. Darwin, will shake his edifice to the foundation. On looking through his works again, we find that the Presbyterian organ is correct. Mr. Darwin exhibits the most intolerant and rabid bigotry all through them. He asserts that all who do not at once adopt his views ought to be burned at the stake, after the example set by Calvin when he burned Servetus. He attempts to stir up the people to riot and burn down the houses of those who differ from him in opinion, on the plea of good John Knox. He thinks that only he and a few others, elect and fore-ordained by God, will be saved, the rest of mankind will go where the fire dieth not and the worm is not quenched. It is time the writings of this preposterous, narrow-minded sectarian were suppressed, to make way for the broad freedom of Presbyterianism.

A negro was executed last month at Washington for murdering his wife with a butcher's cleaver. At the gallows he was the happiest darkey under the sun. He shouted: "Farewell world! I am going to my Jesus! Follow me! Hallelujah!" It would be well if we had this colored brother's faith. He is now nestling in Jesus' bosom, while we obdurately nestle in our wives' bosoms instead of using butchers' cleavers on them. He is twanging his harp in the New Jerusalem, where the streets are Nicholsoned with gold, while we boggle through our miry streets twanging only our light catarrhs. Let us slay.

Benson, of the *Christian Advocate*, accuses Rev. Dr. Carpenter of sensational preaching, and says "The true minister of Christ should go forth weeping and bearing precious seed." The Doctor is much exercised over the criticism of so seedy a character as Brother Benson, and has determined to weep and bear seed every time he goes forth.

The Fables of Zambri, the Parsee.

TRANSLATED FOR "FUN" FROM THE PERSIAN BY DOD GRILE.

VII.

An author who had wrought a book of Fables (the merits whereof transcended expression) was peacefully sleeping atop of the modest eminence to which he had attained, when he was rudely awakened by a throng of critics, emitting adverse judgment upon the tales he had builded.

"Apparently," said he, "I have been guilty of some small grains of unconsidered wisdom, and the same have proven a bitterness to these excellent folk, the which they will not abide. Ah! well, those who produce the Strasburg *pâté* and the feather pillow are prone to regard *us* as rival creators. I presume it is in course of nature for him who grows the pen to censure the manner of its use."

So speaking, he executed a smile a hand's-breadth in extent, and resumed his airy dream of dropping ducats.

MORAL: As above.

VIII.

"What have you there on your back?" said a zebra, jeeringly, to a "ship of the desert" in ballast.

"Only a bale of gridirons," was the meek reply.

"And what, pray, may you design doing with them?" was the incredulous rejoinder.

"What am I to do with gridirons?" repeated the camel contemptuously. "Nice question for *you*—who have evidently come off one."

People who wish to throw stones should not live in glass houses; but there ought to be a few in their vicinity.

IX.

A man pursued by a lion, was about stepping into a place of safety, when he bethought him of the power of the human eye; and, turning about, he fixed upon his pursuer a steady look of stern reproof. The raging beast immediately moderated his rate per hour, and finally came to a dead halt within a yard of the man's nose. After making a leisurely survey of him, he extended his neck and bit off a small section of his victim's thigh.

"Beard of Arimanes!" roared the man; "have you no respect for the Human Eye?"

"I hold the human eye in profound esteem," replied the lion, "and I confess its power. It assists digestion if taken just before a meal. But I don't understand why you should have two and I none."

With that he raised his foot, unsheathed his claws, and transferred one of the gentleman's visual organs to his own mouth.

"Now," continued he, "during the brief remainder of a squandered existence, your lion-quelling power, being more highly concentrated, will be the more easily managed."

He then devoured the remnant of his victim, including the other eye.

This tale seems to imply the falsity of certain accepted beliefs. [It is, therefore, insulting.—*Translator.*]

X.

An ant laden with a grain of corn, which he had acquired with infinite toil, was breasting a current of his fellows, each of whom, as is their etiquette, insisted upon stopping him, feeling him all over, and shaking hands. It occurred to him that an excess of ceremony is an abuse of courtesy. So he laid down his burden, sat upon it, folded all his legs tight to his body, and smiled a smile of great grimness.

"Hullo! What's the matter with *you?*" exclaimed the first insect whose overtures were declined.

"Sick of the hollow conventionalities of a rotten civilization," was the rasping reply. "Relapsed into the honest simplicity of primitive observances. Go to grass!"

"Ah! then we must trouble you for that corn. In a condition of primitive simplicity there are no rights of property, you know. These are 'hollow conventionalities.'"

A light dawned upon the intellect of that pismire. He shook the reefs out of his legs; he scratched the reverse of his ear; he grappled that cereal and trotted away like a giant refreshed. It was observed that he submitted with a wealth of patience to manipulation by his friends and neighbors, and went some distance out of his way to shake hands with strangers on competing lines of traffic.

Nevertheless, this fable does *not* teach that social observances are always—or even commonly—grounded in good sense. If it did, that would make it true.

XI.

A snake who had lain torpid all Winter in his hole, took advantage of the first warm day to limber up for the Spring campaign. Having tied himself into an intricate knot, he was so overcome by the warmth of his own body that he fell asleep and did not wake until nightfall. In the darkness he was unable to find his head or his tail, and so could not disentangle and slide into his hole. Per consequence, he froze to death.

Many a subtle philosopher has failed to solve that knotty problem himself, owing to his inability to discern his beginning and his end.

— Several Chinese converts were added to the First Congregational Church during the last month. "The heathen in his blindness bows down to wooden Stone."

A New-Year Monody.

How they gleam, the golden years,
On the ardent eye of Youth!
In his ray-shod sole he bears
All the music of the spheres,
And to-morrow, then, is truth.
"These to-morrow's all are mine!"
O divine
Years of youth! In his dream
How they gleam!

How they flee, the rustling years,
Past the halting path of Age!
Sounds are in his stricken ears
As of clashing swords and spears
That a desperate combat wage
In a fight more desperate still.
"Will, oh, will
None be saved?" None! Ah, me!
How they flee!

How they go, the vanished years,
Down the ebbing tide of Time!
Bearing freight of hopes and fears
O'er a current sweetened by tears
Onward to the sea sublime—
To the ocean of the Past,
Where at last
Shall be rest. Ay? No!
How they go!

Let them gleam, and flee, and go,
Each with its appointed train,
Shining, sombre, swift, and slow!
In your heart of hearts ye know
All those years of earth are vain
Shadows of the Is to be,
Sorrow free
Use them as ye will or no, and so,
Let them go!

Leaves from a Lady's Diary.

DECEMBER 31. Why should this day, which of all others ought to be devoted at least to meditation, be one of fuss and, in many instances, frivolity? We worry all day making a supper, and as the clock strikes twelve a boisterous crowd rushes out on false pretences, which is more or less noisy, according as the champagne has been distributed. Went to the W——s, where the spread was too good, and was only amused at B——, who neglected pate de foie gras, oysters and champagne, in his untiring efforts to kiss Emily under the mistletoe. Poor man! the first orgasm by taking, he would not have been obliged to ask for a kiss. Got to bed at two, in a pouring rain, and felt wet and headachy.

JANUARY 1, 1873.—O, the torture of New Year's calls! O, the sacrifice to vanity, to be able to inscribe some score or two of names, many of whom only put their feet in your house on this day. And when an agreeable man does come and you begin an interesting conversation, up rushes a parcel of overdressed youths to take away that which they wish you. Young E. V—— has just returned from a four months' involuntary sojourn in the Falkland Islands, and amuses us with his account of the amicable way with which the representatives of foreign powers carry on their diplomatic relations one with the other. For there are only two Consuls in the entire group, both of whom keep stores of general merchandise. France writes to Russia to obtain some particulars about the murder of a sailor by a Cossack skipper, at the same time asking him how he is off for sardines. Little M——, who always makes me his confidante, confessed that he ate one breakfast at twelve and another at two o'clock, and that he enjoyed the second treat the best. He eats like some people drink.

JAN. 2.—Put by finery, cover up the chairs and count the cost of the last ten days, for the real life begins to-day. I could not help thinking that our life somewhat resembles the ridiculous figure Mrs. C—— cut at the A—— s last night. She wore natural flowers in a mass of false hair. We think sometimes to cover our falsehoods by one truth, which is like the remaining tooth on each side of the jaw, whereon the artificer is fastened. Was much amused by overhearing, after dinner, the oracular way with which young W—— (who is supposed to know the world) was imparting his experiences to two or three younger men, who were listening with open mouths that is just what he likes." His theme was the coquetry of woman, and his object was to impress upon his hearers how thoroughly he knew them, concluding his denunciations by saying, "And yet, boys, we can't do without the charming creatures."

— Near a small town in the southern part of the State is a pretty cemetery. For a long time this cemetery was unenclosed, until a ball was held, by the proceeds of which a neat white picket-fence was erected around it. Outside this picket-fence may be seen a tomb-stone, marking the last resting-place of a clerical gentleman, say the Rev. Obadiah Cantwell. This pious vessel left in his will a solemn injunction that his sanctified remains should not be deposited in ground fenced in by aid of that sinful practice, dancing. After all that has been said and written to show the connection between dancing and the devil, it is cheering to hear a word in its favor from one of the class most savagely opposed to it. Rev. Dr. Scott advises parents to establish dancing as an innocent amusement for young folks during the winter evenings. The clergy find it hard to kick against the pricks of liberal opinion. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, it is just as well for Mahomet to go to the mountain with a good face. Policy, my boy.

— Lady Burdett Coutts and a committee of ladies have sent £100 to the London School Board, to be applied in teaching the children in the board-schools to avoid any description of cruelty to dumb creatures.

The Navigator Islands.

We are glad to see that the important enterprise at the Navigator Islands has attracted the attention of the Secretary of the Navy, and is thus favorably commented upon in his annual report:

"In February last, Commander R. W. Meade made, in the *Narragansett*, an extended cruise among the islands of the South Pacific Ocean, in the course of which he visited the group known as the Navigator or Samoan Islands, which lie northeast of Australia, and almost north of New Zealand, and consist of nine islands, the largest of which is called Upolu. These islands are capable of producing in abundance cotton, sugar, and all the ordinary tropical productions. They are inhabited by a fine, muscular race, mostly Christianized, and of a higher order of intellect and cultivation than almost any natives of the Pacific Archipelago. The island of Tutuila, though by no means the largest, is the central island, and possessing the beautiful harbor of Pago Pago, is the key of the group. These islands lie directly in the track of commerce and steam navigation between the west coast of America and the islands and semi-continents of the East; and the bay of Pago Pago, situated about midway between Honolulu and Sydney, affords not only far the best and safest, but absolutely the only land-protected harbor among the islands of the South Pacific. Its position, in relation to New Zealand, Australia, the Sandwich Islands, the ports of South America, and the Isthmus, and to San Francisco, makes it almost the necessary harbor for supplies, coaling and repairs for all the trade and travel westward to Australia and southern Polynesia, or returning thence to the shores of America. Its great advantages for us are to be found in these conditions, and in the fact that it is in the direct line of trade from San Francisco, through the Sandwich Islands, to the East; that its location is plainly marked by the surveys of our exploring expedition and those more recently made; that it is easy of access, night and day, with a deep, land-locked harbor, well protected from the force of the hurricanes which sweep that portion of the Pacific, and from the dangerous ocean swell resulting therefrom. As an available station for coaling for our national and commercial marine in that part of the world, it is far the best to be found within a sweep of many thousand miles. The native chiefs and people are well disposed and exceedingly anxious to secure the benefits of our intercourse and the recognition and countenance at least of our Government. Acting under his general instructions, with great judgment and skill, Commander Meade entered into the most kindly relations and intercourse with the authorities and people of these islands, exchanged the most friendly courtesies with them, and seems to have secured their friendship and confidence for our Government. He assisted them in framing friendly and proper commercial regulations, and procured from them a solemn and comprehensive agreement which gives us all the facilities for a station for coaling and supplies if needed, and invites and offers protection to every American interest, either national or commercial, asking nothing in return but our recognition and countenance, and requiring only the favorable action of our Government to establish and maintain our interest and influence in the heart of the Pacific Archipelago. It is by no means the province of this report to discuss questions of foreign policy or to present any event even of the plainest interests or requirements of national commerce, but I cannot forbear to say that if we are not prepared to ignore wholly the imperative commercial needs as well as the splendid commercial opportunities of our Pacific States, and to yield also the opening avenues of Pacific trade to the comprehension and courage of more liberal, though more remote people, we should not neglect the opportunity thus afforded, at least to protect, if not to encourage, some of the American interests which are there struggling to establish themselves."

— Considerable sympathy has been expended during the last week upon a creature of the mammalia species who got into trouble on rollers. This tender young thing, so innocent that she did not even know which of the tribe was her child's father, was cast into a den of Magdalens, many of whom were wickedly certain respecting the paternity of theirs. As the sin of the Magdalen was feared to be contagious, the fair flower was removed from its deleterious influence to the wholesome atmosphere of the County Hospital, whence, after leaving the miniature of doubtful paternity, she passed to the occupancy of an unpleasantly damp apartment in Laurel Hill. Moral: Vestals not choosing to swing round the circle, from the rink to the Magdalen Asylum, and from the Hospital to the grave, are advised to be sure of the right man, and call him to account.

— A play, entitled *Charles I.*, is having a successful run in London. It is chiefly remarkable for its utter perversion of history in representing Oliver Cromwell as a mean, intriguing, despicable demagogue. The ill-used king is, of course, everything that is gentle, courteous and saint-like. Can we wonder at Carlyle shrieking his bitter Jeremiads at what he calls this Age of Tinsel? It may well sour the philosopher's temper to see his hero that he worships perhaps a little too blindly, dragged in the dust and insulted. We understand that Col. W. H. L. Barnes is engaged in writing a play on the subject of Cromwell. There is no doubt that this gentleman will render justice to the character of the grand, sturdy Puritan, and point anew the sad moral that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

In Harness: Or, "A Man that's Marred."

A NOVEL, BY "O—DA."—[SLIGHTLY CONDENSED.]

[*Continued.*]

Artemus—Temperance.

"Come down with us for the shooting on the First," said Bertie to me, one morning as he was embarrassing himself, after exercising his troop in Belgrave Square.

So Bertie and I with half a dozen other men in our set, swung down in the express on the 31st of August.

"Wonder how Slapdashe knocks over the birds, seeing he'll see nothing but his regulation six inches back and shoulders," laughed Bertie, as we were discussing a pipe and Bass, under the hedge rows, after a splendid morning's work among the outlying coveys in the open.

"Nothing to Bertie at the Artillery," drawled Treawnay, of the Queen's Bays. "He goes out with a field piece, and you should just see him limber up when the dogs point."

"Why, down at Grafton's box, last year," drawled Gower, of the Coldstreams, "the birds were so scarce I used to go out and catch them with my cap, and when with corn—found on it was low and saved a deal of money for powder and shot."

"Trust Slapdashe," "Just like him!"

The day ended up with a ball, to which the County came, as likewise did *La Belle Indienne* and *Heaven Knows Who*.

The band struck up some Strauss waltzes, and Bertie passed me, waltzing with Violet Trefusis, who danced like a *bayadere*, or a Wilis, I forget which.

Slapdashe had got up to where I was standing with some guardsmen, Cabinet Ministers, and Royalty on the roof.

"Cavendish," he began, sorrowfully, "she's outwitted us."

"Mamma has gone," sneered Joe Vane, of the Blue Brigade.

"No one asked you," retorted Bertie Chesterton, of the Scots Greys, as he swung out of the door after a bock-and-seltzer.

"No more do I," remarked Cavendish, sticking his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets.

"After all," said Slapdashe, as he heaved a sigh, "*Cui bono?*"

"*Cherchez la femme, gosh!*" roared Treawnay, as he whirled Flora Ferrars into the ring.

We stood and watched Lady Arabella Violecœur walking on Tom Severn's arm [illegible] and the dancers stopped away, or [illegible] one after Al. Mott, Sillery, Guinness and Bass, for Bertie's wines were no end fit.

"Pass round Slapdashe at once," "the cause of freedom and confusion is intolerable," [illegible] "Oh, for a tankard of [illegible] and a pewter!"

Bertie was standing in the doorway, resting a pink polo hat [illegible] bored, he was [illegible] as we passed, put his left wristband over his wrist with a jerk as if his left felt an intense longing to "straighten from the shoulder" or something.

I [illegible] and had got on but a few bars when we heard a crash.

"It's Bertie," said Slapdashe, smiling, as he extricated his arm from the panel of the door, "only a [illegible] oak. Trumpet, fetch me another cue."

I thought of my cue as the band struck up [illegible] and Bertie swung Lady Arabella to Tom Severn, a nymph of eighteen, with azure eyes and [illegible] hair, into the center of the room.

"No more use my step like you, Bertie dear," she whispered, as his mustache tickled her forehead, and they glided over the mosaics of the [illegible] floor.

"So Hermione has found her Orpheus at last," said Slapdashe to me in the smoking-room, after the ball broke up. "Well, I'm not sorry, for Dejanira was a devil."

CHAPTER IV.

"Dum spectata petit, cupiens atterat aderat perati."

Slapdashe drove me and one or two other men down to Epsom on the 24th, for Bertie was going to ride the "Guard's Crack" for the Soudan a Blue Ribbon at the Grand Military. Before the race began, we went across men in the Household Cavalry, Hussars, Horse Artillery and Rifle Volunteers, walked over the training ground, which measured fourteen miles and had four hundred and twenty-seven jumps in it. After walking a couple of hours or so, we paused at last, somewhat fatigued, before a large oak stained brown and green, surrounded by a pond, with moats and drawbridges fore and aft, which rather impeded our progress.

"Course quite rather sporting," exclaimed Wentworth of the 1st Royals. "Thought the runnin' went past the Grand Stand."

"So it does," answered Bertie, impatiently.

"Then what's that cotton factory doing there, I should like to know?"

"Oh, that's the last jump," explained Bertie, as he lit the end of a Havana."

The bugle sounded "Boot and Saddle," and Bertie strode off to get harnessed. When he mounted he was astride the Guard's Crack, a flea-bitten grey, with ragged hips and noble withers.

Three hundred and fourteen of the finest cattle in all Leicestershire started, but the first jump [illegible] of two hundred and ninety-seven of them: the rest were scattered—Bertie leading, of course.

As they neared the last jump we held our breath through our race glasses. Suddenly there was a flash, followed by a loud explosion, and the field was enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

Then the Guard's Crack was seen lifted higher and higher against the sky, far above the roof. He gave one bound in mid-air, cleared the roof, draw and moat, and was over!

The Grand Stand heaved a sigh of relief, which might have been heard at Margate!

As he pranced up the "run in" he was alone. The other brutes were all left on the roof except one, a mule ridden by Bloke De Vere, of the Enniskillens, which entered a third story window.

"Good trick that of Toumes," said Bertie to me, with a wink, as he rode off to get weighed. "Never have got over in the world without the mine."

CHAPTER V.

"Marlborough se va-t en guerre."

A week after the "Gougers" were ordered to the Crimea, and we marched through to London in the grey morning, with our colors cased and our pompons out, and the band playing the "Poor Old Soldier."

It was winter when we arrived. Winter in Bulgaria and among the Chersonese! Aladyn and Devno, think of it! Shortly after our arrival, we of the Household Cavalry were ordered to take some Russian guns, and Bertie, who had exchanged into a regiment of *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, was to lead the charge. We shook our heads and dashed away over to the plain to the guns seven miles away, Bertie sitting down in his saddle like a Pytchley bullfinch, and rolling up the sleeve of his sword arm.

"*Cui bono!*" shrieked Slapdashe, waving his sword as a shell took off his head and bespattered me with *sang pur*.

Three hours later a few of us reached the guns, and Bertie commenced giving that ugly back-handed cut which made him so famous in Scinde, and the Cossacks lay in piles. His horse, a blood mare, received a nine-inch ball in the flank, and threw up her head with a scream as she toppled over.

"*Le Colonel est tue*," cried *Papellito*, the vivandier of Bertie's regiment, who had followed him into the fight.

Bertie staggered up, kissed the mare on the forehead (it was the one thing he loved), and throwing his shako into the mouth of a mortar just about to be fired, jumped in after it. *Bang!* went the piece with a stunning crash. Just then I was attacked by a Russian lancer, but managed to keep him engaged with my right arm, while with my left I raised my field glass and saw Bertie's body describing an arc through the air.

As he sped across the sky and disappeared with a splash in Balaclava Bay, the breeze wafted back his farewell words to my ear:

"I die in harness!"

At that moment the lancer ran me through the lungs, and I fell forward as one dead.

— Rev. Dr. Dwinelle, of Sacramento, says Mrs. Woodhull is the rottenest woman in America. All right. No one will dispute his experience in rotten women. Thanks are due to the Dr. for the phrase, which doubtless will become popular. After so much "wickedest man," a course of "rottenest woman" will be an agreeable change for the newspapers. Will some one of his brethren who knows all about it, say Dr. Cox, inform us who is the rottenest woman in San Francisco? barring, of course, the syphilitic wards of the hospital. After that he might inform us who is the rottenest man, barring, of course, the editorial rooms of the *Call* and *Bulletin*.

— An insult is never such unless so intended.—*Chronicle*. Absurd. To say an insult is never an insult is as sensible as to say a horse is never a horse. If the writer meant that an assertion is never an insult, unless intended for an insult, he also makes a thoughtless and unreasonable proposition. If you told the proprietor of the *Call* that he had the good of San Francisco at heart, he would take it as a gross insult, although none might be intended.

— Miss Snook leaves her purse in a street-car. A fellow, not considering a bulbous purse trash by any means, seizes it and puts out, not even offering to go snooks with the owner. Miss Snook returns. Tableau—Great distress in the Snookian breast. That name summarily chokes off any rising sympathy for her. Phœbus Apollo—Snook!

— The excitement among the Celestial converts, (Tantæne animis Cœlestibus iræ?) who were refused membership in Rev. Mr. Pond's church, is subsiding, and now any Chinaman who thinks he can make anything by it will be received into the sanctuary along with the white folks. Thus they joyfully get over the Pond's asinorum.

— It is said that the Laureate will publish another poem shortly, one of his fugitive efforts, which is reported to rank with the poet's best.

Special Brevities.

— The murder of Anthony F. O'Neil, a detective, by James C. King, recently, was one of the most deliberate assassinations which has ever taken place even in New York. O'Neil had been testifying in a divorce suit pending between King and his wife at the office of Judge Sutherland, referee in the suit. As O'Neil was leaving the office with other witnesses and the parties, the case having just been adjourned for the day, King followed him with a pistol and fired three shots in rapid succession, mortally wounding his victim, who died almost immediately. King then walked back to the referee and said, "Here, Judge, I have settled it," handing him at the same time the revolver with which he had just been firing. He made no attempt at resistance, but surrendered himself willingly, and has been, according to all the reports, remarkably cool and composed ever since. There is no particular reason that we can see why he should not be. He killed O'Neil, according to his own story, for undue intimacy with his wife; and the chances of his ever being convicted of murder are very small. He is said to have committed other murders, and if so, he has no doubt studied with care such *causes celèbres* as the Fair and the Stokes trials. The natural result of a study of this class of cases would be to convince any ordinary sensible criminal that with good legal advice, in any case with a woman in it, he could be reasonably sure either of a verdict of insanity or a disagreement. His self-possession and perfect willingness to be taken perhaps indicate that he took legal advice before getting his pistol.

— The Government of the United States has generally been the first in the field with novelties of every kind. A recent experiment at Schenectaday, on the Hudson River, with a new torpedo boat, is generally regarded as a success. The trial took place in the presence of a commission of naval officers. This boat is small, and is intended to be navigated by a person standing on the shore, through the medium of telegraphic cables. The navigator is reported to have stood on shore in this case, and by means of two telegraphic keys the vessel was propelled and steered at pleasure. As no one is to be on board this new style of torpedo boat, there is no risk of loss of life to those using it, and it is easy to imagine the numerous cases of river and harbor warfare in which it would be available. But, further, if it can be navigated from the shore by means of its electric bridle and reins, why not from the deck of a ship? The few indications of the character of this invention made public are extremely interesting and suggestive.

— It is said that some 6,000 or 7,000 pounds of Australian gold, known as "brittle," having recently been coined by the French Mint for the Bank of France, all the pieces have been found to admit of being easily broken, and they have therefore to be re-melted. This is attributed to the presence of a small percentage of antimony and arsenic, extremely difficult of removal; and these elements are known to produce a similar effect in all metals or alloys which are subjected to the molecular changes induced by the pressure and heat developed under the action of the dies in the coining press.

— At the general meeting on November 26th of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Directors' report, which recommended an interim dividend of eight shillings per share, was adopted. The Chairman, Sir Stafford Northcote, M. P., in referring to the improvement in the position of the undertaking, stated that the Company have already received a larger quantity of furs this year than at the corresponding period of several previous years, and that several town lots of land have been sold at Fort Garry for an aggregate sum of £25,000.

— The London *Times* of the 26th ultimo contained some remarkable illustrations of prolonged existence in the case of nine ladies and two gentlemen, whose united ages amounted to 941 years, giving an average of 85 years and more than six months to each of those eleven persons. Of the nine ladies, the oldest had reached the great age of 93 years, the youngest being 81. The two gentlemen were 80 and 81 years old. The average of the ladies' ages alone was 86 years and upwards of three months.

— Highland Lake, East Andover, New Hampshire, has been the home of a pair of herons for nearly half a century, and the good people of the town had come to regard these venerable and long-legged fowl as birds of good omen; but lately a sacrilegious fowler shot one of them, when popular indignation rose to such a pitch that the sportsman narrowly escaped with his life.

— A Missourian who stole a kiss from a pretty girl was fined by a magistrate, horse-whipped by her brother, and hurried into the brain fever by his wife. The clergyman also alluded to the affair in a sermon; the local editor took sides with the clergyman and reviewed the case in print, and the potato bug ate up every blade of the malefactor's wheat.

— A young lady of Michigan dug a well forty feet deep, last Summer, and received $130 therefor from her father. She received numerous offers of marriage from young farmers who wanted wells dug, just after she completed her job, but she declined them all, saying that she thought it best to "let well enough alone."

— The pseudo "Lord Gordon," whose career in New York a few months ago excited some attention, is "wanted" in this country for having defrauded different persons and firms in London and Edinburgh to the extent, it is said, of £10,000, under the assumed title of "Lord Glencairn."—*Scotsman.*

— Marshal MacMahon is known in the French Army for his miserly habits, and his personal expenses during the year are said to be less than 1,000 francs. His wife, on the contrary, is said to be extremely extravagant.

— At the meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, held on November 28th, the Directors' report was adopted. It was mentioned that about £1,500,000 will be required during the next three years to complete the renewal of the line with steel rails and to meet other expenses.

— At the Vienna Exhibition there will be an Infant's Pavilion, where will be gathered everything pertaining to the life of the child—toys from Japan, China, Turkey, Egypt, as well as all the countries of Europe, with illustrated books and other matters of interest to the juvenile mind.

— The Buffalo papers state that a young man in that city, who, while taking care of a horse sick with the prevailing epidemic, received a small portion of the virus in the eye when the horse snorted, has lost the use of that eye in consequence, and will probably lose the use of the other.

— Old President Thiers said, the other day, to a leading Orleanist, "My friend, we are growing old, but let us not forget that we may remain young if we try to keep in harmony with the spirit of the times."

— The Parisians are in a fright about the Obelisk of Luxor at the Place de la Concorde. Some alarmist has discovered that the granite is cracking, and that the hieroglyphics are rapidly being effaced.

— Anthony Egerle, a parricide, was recently beheaded at Uri, in Switzerland, after receiving fifty lashes on the bare back. His mother, who had assisted him in assassinating his father, committed suicide while in prison.

— The thirteenth monthly interim dividend of the Emma Silver Mining Company (Limited), at the rate of eighteen per cent. per annum, is announced for payment on December 2d.

— The largest canal in the world is one in China, which passes over two thousand miles of country and alongside forty-two cities. It was commenced as far back as the tenth century.

— General di Cesrola's collection of Cyprian antiquities, consisting of nearly 10,000 statues, urns and articles of jewelry, has been bought by the United States for £10,000.

— The *Nebraska* dressed ship at Dunedin, New Zealand, and fired a salute in honor of Grant's election. It was replied to by the Naval Brigade, firing ten guns.

— Emile de Girardin had, during his long journalistic career, only about one hundred and twenty libel suits. He won them all but three.

— Mr. Ellis is engaged upon a statue of Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing-machine, which is destined for Central Park.

— A grand-daughter of Thaddeus Kosciusko is teaching school at Solcure, in Switzerland.

— In the latest number of the *Overland* some verses were published which are a curiosity in their way. They are by a Mr. Kendall, and entitled "The Gate." The poet tells us at the commencement that

> Half of the yellow moon
> Hung in the west in a swoon.

There is no apparent reason why the moon should be swooning just then, but it makes a neat rhyme, and sound before sense is a poet's privilege. While the moon hangs swooning in the west a "young couple" are walking down a gravel path. As they near the gate the poet's feelings become terribly worked up. He gives vent thus:

> Shears to sever our paths
> Cut us not yet in halves
> Cried I the gate: and we stood
> Close to each as we could.

What does "Cried I the gate" mean? Will somebody tell us? That image about the shears is unique and ambitious, the only fault being that so fair a gem is set in so imperfect a rhyme. He might have said:

> Shears to sever us calves
> Cut us not yet in halves,

and made a pleasant jingle of it, or

> Scissors, love's only thwarters,
> Cut us not yet in quarters.

The poem finishes up with *aplomb*. We are told that "a frenzy of bliss burst on her lips, a kiss." After this bursting business we are left to suppose that the cruel shears did their work, and the two young persons went home to bed. What the silly twaddle means, if it means anything at all, it is not worth while to inquire. The wonder is why it was allowed to dribble down two-thirds of a column of a magazine that claims to be the literary exponent of the Pacific Slope. That such a production should disgrace its pages, is another proof among the many we have had of late that the *Overland* wants an editor. It wants a man at the helm who, at least, knows enough to distinguish between passable poetry and "rot" that could not find a place in the Poet's corner of the homeliest country newspaper. The *Overland* has indeed sunk low when it gives such trash as this a place merely because the writer is a vilifier and slanderer of Bret Harte.

Court Chat.

— The Queen received at Windsor Castle, December 5th, Iwakura, the Chief Ambassador, with Kido, Okubo, Ito, and Yamaguchi, Associate Ambassadors, and the Secretaries of the Embassy, Shioda and Hoshi. The occasion, being one of great historical interest, if not of actual diplomatic character, was invested with the importance of semi-State; and the Ambassadors were accompanied from London by Lord Granville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a Royal train of saloon carriages being assigned to them, and the Paddington Railway Station being carpeted and otherwise carefully arranged for their departure. On alighting from the train, Iwakura and his companions were led through the Royal waiting-room to the Queen's carriages, which were in attendance to convey the party to the Castle. Sir Harry Parkes and General Alexander took part in the induction of the party to the precincts of English Royalty. Three carriages had been sent from the Castle Mews, two being drawn by four horses, with outriders in the Royal scarlet, and at the railway station a Guard of Honor of the Second Battalion of Grenadier Guards was drawn up. After the custom which had prevailed among all Eastern races, from the beginning of history to these prosaic and parsimonious days, the Japanese came bearing gifts. Their offerings, which were without exception costly, were in some instances of considerable size. These more bulky objects were contained in two pair-horse broughams, which followed the three carriages of the half-State. At the grand staircase the Ambassadors were received by Lord Sidney, the Lord Chamberlain, who ushered them to the audience chamber, where they were met by Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Princess Beatrice. The Duchess of Sutherland was in attendance on the Queen, and several military officers were present. It may be mentioned that the Japanese party wore Court suits of European fashion, they having seemingly wholly discarded while on their travels the costume of their own country. The Chief Ambassador, after reading an address to the Queen, delivered to Her Majesty his letters of credence. The Royal reply was handed by the Queen to Lord Granville, who gave it to the Ambassador. The visitors, after the reception, watched at the Castle and then took their leave, evidently pleased with the gracious welcome they had received at the hands of Royalty. Lord Granville accompanied the deputation back to town, as did Lord Lucan and Colonel Marshall.

— The late King of Sweden set an example, which we hope to see every day more extensively followed here, by bequeathing to the national museum of his country each of his pictures as relate to national scenes, together with a very valuable collection of armor and other valuables. In former days a wealthy New Yorker, who desired to benefit his native city in such manner at his death, was placed in this difficulty, that, unless he specially founded an institution for the reception of his gift, there was no place to receive it. Happily, in the last two years, we have changed all that. No collector need now be at a loss; full justice will be done to the inanimate objects dear to his soul when he starts on that last journey where no baggage is allowed, if he will but bequeath them to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. One of the best points about this institution is, that it has nothing individual in its origin. No great name obscures all other donors, as in the case of the Astor Library. Thus we hope to see the time when we shall pass from room to room called after some celebrity in art and taste, who has thus contributed to the education of his countrymen by a benefit at bequest, and whose memory is handed down for all time to a grateful poster ity by the chamber which bears his name, and the bust or portrait of him which fills the most prominent position in it.

— The Russian Government has demanded from the King of Belgium the extradition of one Vashtenew, one of the *valets de chambre* that accompanied the Grand-duke Alexis to the New World. Vashtenew was sent by the Grand-duke with a portion of his trunks from Cuba to Russia. He delivered all trunks but one to the Imperial family on his arrival at St. Petersburg. But the trunk he kept contained the letters which the Grand-duke received while in the United States. Among them are many *billets-doux* from foolish American women. The faithless valet took the trunk to Brussels, and sold the letters to a young bookseller, who has since then announced as in press a volume which will probably prove painfully interesting to some of our countrywomen. Its title is: "The Private Correspondence of a Prince on his Travels round the World." The Russian Government claims that Vashtenew is nothing but a common thief, and wants the Belgian Government, on that ground, to send him back to St. Petersburg, together with the stolen and interesting trunk.

— Sandringham celebrated the Princess of Wales' birthday right merrily. On Saturday, in addition to the large party already at the house, a number of fresh visitors, amongst whom were seen Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, arrived, being met at the gates of Sandringham by the Prince and Princess and their guests, who had been to a meet of the West Norfolk Foxhounds at Barwick-in-the-Brake. The Princess attained her twenty-eighth year on Sunday, and received a number of birthday presents, the Prince of Wales giving his wife, sister, and his three little girls splendid bouquets in honor of the day. In the morning the whole party went to Sandringham Church, and in the afternoon there was a grand feast in the Princess's honor in the Royal mews, for the women and children on the estate, corresponding to that given to the men on the Prince's birthday. The Princess had already distributed her annual gifts of clothing to the school children.

— The King of Holland is said to have signed a decree depriving his eldest son of the right of succession in consequence of his vicious and dissolute life.

— The following statement is published with regard to the stature of the Emperor and Princes of Germany: The Emperor's hight is five feet ten inches three lines; that of the Prince Imperial, five feet eleven inches; of Prince Charles, five feet nine inches; of Prince Frederick Charles, five feet seven inches one line; of Prince Albrecht, junior, six feet four inches, the late Prince Albrecht having been five feet eleven inches. Prince Von Bismarck is also, it is stated, five feet eleven inches in hight.

— The Emperor William drinks but very little wine; his nephew, the Russian Czar, drinks a great deal of *wotky* (Russian whisky); President Thiers is fond of a bottle of Chambertin; King Amadeus loves the sweet wine of Alicante; Queen Victoria sticks to her port; the Sultan and the Khedive relish Bordeaux; and the Emperor of Austria takes his Tokay regularly.

— The Sultan and all his vassals, including the Khedive of Egypt, the Hospodar of Roumania, and young Prince Milos of Servia, will be at the Vienna Exhibition next year. The Emperor of Austria will invite the rulers of all civilized countries to visit Vienna on the occasion, and the President of the United States will be strongly urged to attend.

— A statue of Queen Victoria, in bronze, the work of Mr. Marshall Wood, was unveiled at Montreal on the 21st ult., by the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, in the presence of 20,000 persons. It was the gift to the public of citizens of Montreal of both English and French extraction, and his lordship delivered addresses in both languages.

— Before leaving for Africa, Sir Bartle Frere was received in audience by King Victor Emmanuel, who handed to the leader of the Zanzibar Expedition a gold medal bearing his Majesty's effigy, with the request to deliver it to Dr. Livingstone as a token of his esteem.

— An Arab surgeon, Mohammed Ali Bey, who has just cured the mother of the Khedive of a serious malady which had deeply affected her health, has received from his patient a fee of £1,000, and been raised by the Viceroy to the rank of pacha.

— The rumors respecting the precarious state of Prince Bismarck's health continue to find currency, and it appears to be perfectly understood that he will not resume his political labors, under any circumstances, until next spring, if then.

— It is said that the Queen has addressed an autograph letter to the Lord Chief Justice of England expressive of Her Majesty's warm and cordial acknowledgment of his great services at the Tribunal of Geneva.

— Queen Isabella of Spain looks younger and healthier since she left the country which she governed so miserably. She enjoys Paris and its amusements with undisguised relish.

Answers to Correspondents.

— The reliance on our luminous judgment, evidenced by the numerous letters before us, shall not be disappointed. What we do not know concerning all things visible and invisible is not worth knowing; and as knowledge is money, hereafter every inquiry not accompanied with a five dollar bill will be consigned to our large waste-paper basket.

LOTHAIR.—It is considered extremely vulgar in good society to say "please," or "thank you," to a flunky. Even in our city restaurants you never hear it done. It sounds "soft." A quill tooth-pick is best. It is usually carried in the right waistcoat pocket, although it is considered good *ton* to wear it in the mouth for an hour or two after meals. A good one will last a man a month with care. Some of our city men carry theirs three or four months, but they are liable to smell offensive if used so long. When dining at a restaurant never remove your hat—it is a piece of affectation, and the mark of a bloated aristocrat.

TOMMY.—You want to know what relation you became to your second cousin's mother-in-law when she married her deceased husband's brother, who died in the Insane Asylum, he being at the same time your grandfather's uncle on your mother's side. We must get you to wait till next week for a definite answer. We put in several hours every day studying on it, but have not raveled it out yet.

SPOONBILL.—Never say die, my boy. In tearing up your photograph she paid you the highest kind of a compliment, for it meant that your picture was indelibly impressed upon her heart, and none other was necessary. As to throwing your hat into the street and telling you to follow it, that was mere skittishness. You don't know the girls as well as we do. Next time you serenade her, manage to stand where the water and things cannot reach you.

MAGGIE.—You should not have allowed him to kiss you more than six times at a lick, and when he entwined his arm around your waist, why did you not remove it by seizing his fingers firmly with your left hand, and—O, pshaw! it cannot be explained on paper. Call at our office on Merchant street, Maggie; we will devote an hour or two any time to giving you lessons in these things.

ALGERNON DE BOOTZE.—The individual named Pat, to whom Hamlet alludes when he says, "Now could I do it pat, while he's asleep," was one Patterson, known in history as Billy Patterson. It is not yet ascertained who struck him.

Tom Tiddles's New Year's Eve.

[A FACT.]

Tom Tiddles was a dry good's clerk,
He boarded down a cellar,
He wore a shiny, high plug hat,
And a gingham umbrella.

His hair was cut in Boston style,
His whiskers quite "Dundreary,"
His manner light and *debonnaire*,
And his *tout ensemble* cheery.

The 'Frisco girls all said he was
A little duck of a man,
He'd walk a mile for just one smile,
Or glance o'er the top of a fan.

Now Tiddles long had saved his cash,
And bought him a gorgeous suit,
Fitting his little figure tight
As the belt of a raw recruit.

On New Year's Eve he donned these togs
And sallied forth to greet,
With jaunty step and killing grace
His friends on Kearny street.

They smiled at many a bar that night,
And down the drinks did toss,
And were a set of jolly dogs
You ever came across.

Till Tiddles' head began to swim,
And his eyes did grimly stare;
He wished a pump a 'happy New Year,'
And swore it was Laura Fair.

But being primed with one last drink,
He boldly struck for home;
He plashed through swampy puddles,
And charged the deepest loam.

But home at last he staggered,
Nor stayed he long awake,
But dreamed of the joyful morrow,
And the New Year's calls he'd make;

Of the fair ones' smiles of welcome,
As he bowed before them low
In his brand-new suit. From hat to boot
The "regular swell, you know."

He woke, and O, 'twas pitiful
To see his woful plight,
He was mud and "egg-nog" all over,
And his new clothes ruined quite.

His sweet plug hat was "busted,"
His pants were split at the knees,
The rainbow tie had departed,
And his head felt big as a cheese.

Poor Tiddles lay in bed all day,
And his temples throbbed with pain,
And he swore with many an oath that he
Would never get tight again.

MORAL.

Now *dry*-goods clerks, your brains may get
Too *wet* at times, believe,
So when you buy a nice new suit,
Don't *wet* it New Year's Eve.

W. L. E.

"Old Benbow."

On November 4th, one hundred and seventy years ago, there died a hero whose deeds are recorded on no monument, and whose statue is not to be found among that glorious collection of works of art which adorn the squares and public places of the metropolis. It is perhaps as well for him that his memory has been allowed to fade out of sight, for the spirit which actuated him to the last moment of his career was one that finds no echo in the sympathies of those who are in the present day supposed to represent the feeling of this nation, and the very circumstances attending his death were such as would now stamp him as a benighted barbarian, who had no higher motive in the performance of his duty than to preserve untarnished the honor of his country, sacrificing even his life for what modern intelligence has discovered to be a trumpery sentiment, unworthy to be weighed in the balance against what are termed "pecuniary considerations." Admiral Benbow, better known as "Old Benbow," died on November 4, 1702, from the effect of wounds received August 21st, in that year, when with one ship he engaged a French squadron of five ships which threatened one of our West India Islands. This action commenced on August 19th, when the Captains out of five of the seven ships which sailed with Benbow refused to assist the Admiral, and letting their vessels drop astern, left him with only one ship besides his own to fight his adversaries. All that day these two vessels, *Breda* and the *Ruby*, maintained the unequal contest. The *Ruby*, becoming disabled, was sent to Jamaica to refit, and on the 21st Old Benbow renewed the battle, single-handed, with one ship against five. Three times in person did he board the French Admiral's ship, and three times was he driven back wounded in the face and in the arm; and with his right leg shattered by a chance shot, he lay on deck in a cot giving his orders. When some one expressed sorrow that his leg was broken, Benbow answered, "I am sorry for it too; but I had rather have lost them both than have seen dishonor brought upon the English nation. But, do you hear? If another shot should take them off, behave like brave men, and fight it out." All this time the five Captains remained looking on at a respectful distance in their ships. Benbow at last extricated the *Breda* and sailed to Jamaica, where the five Captains were tried by Court Martial, by whose sentence two of them were shot and one cashiered. Admiral Ducasse, who led the French squadron, wrote a letter to Benbow when the fight was over in a spirit which, if acted on by England now, would lead to fearful results. "Sir," he said, "I had little hope on Monday last but to have supped in your cabin, but it pleased God to order it otherwise, and I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly Captains who deserted you, hang them up; for, by God, they deserve it.—Yours, etc., Ducasse."

— Mr. Biter, the apothecary, is accused of being a ringleader of the malcontents at the County Hospital. You had better attend to making pills, Biter, or you will get bitten. Keep your finger out of the pie, Biter, or you may find yourself flat on your back, Biter.

Hawaii.

Whatever may be said about Kamehameha the Fifth as supporting his regal dignity, one thing cannot be denied that he came from a royal stock. By royal, we mean that quality which caused the children of Israel to elect Saul as their king because he overtopped the nation by a head and shoulders. Old Kamehameha the First, who united the group of islands under one sovereignty, was of immense stature and strength, at the same time symmetrical in form, joined to mental qualities that fit a man to be a ruler. Prior to his accession, each island possessed its individual king, and predatory warfare was rife among them. Now, the last of the line is dead and the throne is vacant. To us, accustomed to regard our immense territory, and to Europeans, with their glittering courts and standing armies, the spectacle of a dark-skinned sovereign of a cluster of small islands, whose inhabitants have but lately emerged from the simplicity of savage life, and who, thanks to civilization, missionaries and rum, are rapidly decreasing in numbers, presents an aspect sufficiently ridiculous, but the natives looked up with as much reverence to their king as the Englishman to Victoria or the Russian peasant to the Czar. The question now arises, what is to become of the Sandwich Islands? We do not expect an answer to the problem until much diplomacy has been exercised and red tape most profusely brought into use. England and France have always assumed a protectorate over the Islands, guaranteeing their integrity simply to prevent their annexation by the United States or by Russia. America claims them as hers on account of geographical position, yet Eastern Asia, which exceeds the United States in population, might, with equal justice, urge the same claim. Russia has also a coast line on the Pacific, and her possessions are almost as near the Sandwich Islands as California. England may say that when her continental railroad is built, her steamers will ply to Japan, China, New Zealand and Australia; that she also will require a coaling station, which alone can be advantageously furnished by Honolulu. For it will not do for America to take Oahu and England to be content with Maui and Russia to annex Hawaii, for the simple reason that Honolulu is the only harbor where a vessel can enter and ride with safety, and that partly owing to artificial works, such as the construction of a breakwater and removal of coral reefs. The Bay of Lahaina is too shallow and exposed; the harbor of Hilo is too iron-bound and tempestuous, so that at the present moment the only thing appears to be for the great powers either to continue the present mimic monarchy or to come to an amicable arrangement declaring the port of Honolulu neutral and free to the ships of all nations, at the same time establishing a form of government in which representatives of all nations shall take part and regulate the internal economy of the Hawaiian group. For, not only geographically, but commercially, the Sandwich Islands have become important. The export of coffee, sugar, molasses, rice, even of wool, have steadily increased, with only the exception of coffee, which cannot compete with Rio and Manilla. The passenger traffic is considerable, and will be greater when the new line of steamers is thoroughly organized. At the present moment a naval force, under various flags, is hastening to the scene of operations, for there are many bold and unscrupulous men who would not hesitate to attempt to seize the reins of government and place on their heads the empty crown of King Kamehameha the Fifth.

The Latest in Balloonatics.

We have yet, it seems, a chance of seeing the complete fulfilment of Dr. Darwin's prophecy about the achievements of "unrivaled steam." M. Puy de Lome, the French aeronaut, who did good service to his countrymen during the war with Germany by his improvements in the construction of balloons, will not be satisfied until he has effected some startling changes in the science of aerial navigation. One of his latest balloons is a veritable aerial ship, in which a screw shaft, worked by eight men, and a rudder worked from the car by means of cords, play prominent parts. He found that a balloon to be successfully navigated must always be maintained at an equal degree of inflation, so that its resistance to the air should be constant. His balloon is fully inflated with hydrogen at starting, and the constant degree of inflation is maintained by means of hanging tubes. As the gas expands, it forces itself down these tubes, which hang about twenty-five feet below the balloon, and its own pressure in the tube reacts upon the body of gas in the balloon. There is a small internal balloon which can be filled with air, by means of a valve opening at low pressure, as the gas escapes through diminution of pressure from the primary balloon. The experimental voyage in this new kind of ship, of which a full account is now published, was highly successful, and the voyagers were delighted with the graceful evolutions of the machine which worked the balloon, and the readiness with which it answered to both helm and screw. M. Puy de Lome proposes to substitute a stationary engine of eight-horse power for the eight men who work the screw. He thinks he could then travel at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, and sail much closer to the wind.—*Court Journal.*

— The earnings of the Central Pacific Railroad Company for November were $1,299,990, against $897,273 in 1871, and $777,513 in 1870. For the first eleven months of the year, the amount was $12,060,390, against $8,894,713 for the same time in 1871 and $7,411,424 in 1870. The gain this year is noteworthy.

The Cuckoo.

[BY C. S. CALVERLEY.]

Forth I wandered, years ago,
When the summer sun was low,
All the forest all aglow
With his light:
'Twas a day of cloudless skies;
When the front declines to rise,
And in vain the angler sighs
For a bite.

And the cuckoo piped away—
How I loved his simple lay,
O'er the cowslip-fields of May
As it floats!
May was over, and of course
He was just a little hoarse,
And appeared to me to force
Certain notes.

Since mid April, men averred,
People's pulses inly stirred
By the music of the bird,
Had upleapt:
It was now the close of June:
I reflected that he'd soon
Sing entirely out of tune,
And I wept.

Looking up, I marked a maid
Float balloon-like o'er the glade,
Casting evermore a staid
Glance around:
And I thrilled with sweet surprise
When she dropt, all virgin-wise,
First a courtesy, then her eyes
To the ground.

Others' eyes have p'raps to you
Seemed ethereally blue,
But you see you never knew
Kate Adair.
What a mien she had! Her hat
With what dignity it sat
On the mystery, or mat,
Of her hair!

We were neighbors. I had doff'd
Cap and hat to her so oft
That the latter had grown soft
In the brim:
I had gone out of my way
To bid e'en her sire good-day,
Though I wasn't, I may say,
Fond of him:—

And we'd met, in streets and shops,
But by mill or mazy copse,
Where your speech abruptly stops
And you get
Incoherent ere you know it—
Where, though nothing of a poet,
You intuitively go it—
Never yet.

So my love had ne'er been told!
Till the day when forth I strolled
And the jolly cuckoo trolled
Out his song,
Naught had passed betwixt us two
Save a bashful 'How d'ye do'
And a blushing 'How do *you*
Get along?'

But that eve—how swift it passed!
Words that burned flew from me fast
For the first time and the last
In my life:
Low and lower drooped her chin,
As I murmured how I'd skin
Or behead myself to win
Such a wife.

There we stood. The squirrel leaped
Overhead: the throstle peeped
Thro' the leaves, all sunshine steeped,
Of the lime.
There we stood alone: a third.
Would have made the thing absurd:
And she scarcely spoke a word
All the time.

We've a little Kate—a dear!
She's attained her thirteenth year,
And declares she feels a queer
Sort of shock—
Not unpleasant though at all—
When she hears a cuckoo call:
So I've purchased her a small
Cuckoo-clock.

A Dogmatic Minister.

A minister in one of our churches, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old widow lady, who lived near the road where he was traveling. The old lady had just been making sausages, and she felt very proud of them—they were so plump, round, and sweet. Of course she insisted on her minister taking some of the links home to his family. He objected on account of his not having his portmanteau along with him. The objection was soon overruled, and the old lady, after wrapping them up in a rag, carefully placed a bundle in the pocket of the preacher's capacious great-coat. Thus equipped he started for the funeral. While attending the solemn ceremonies of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the pocket of the good man's overcoat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking the whelps away. The obsequies of the grave completed, the minister and congregation repassed to the church, where the funeral discourse was to be preached. After the sermon was finished, the minister halted to make some remark to his congregation, when a brother, who wished to have an appointment given out, ascended the steps of the pulpit, and gave the minister's coat a hitch to get his attention. The divine thinking it a dog having designs upon his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the steps. "You will excuse me, brethren and sisters," said the minister, confusedly, and without looking at the work he had just done, "for I could not avoid it. I have sausages in my pockets, and that dog has been trying to grab them ever since he came upon the premises!"

— The screw steamer *Pelican* is reported sold for $55,000.

John Brown, the Queen's Personal Attendant.

John Brown, holding the envied position of personal attendant to the Queen of England, is perhaps about as genuine a specimen of unsophisticated humanity as this faulty world contains. Twenty-four years ago he was taken from his father's house into the palace, a raw, country lad, to fill a humble situation in the Royal household; his credentials, an honest parentage and a pair of willing hands. As his antecedents will show, John Brown was born almost within the shadow of Balmoral, and probably he owes his sound physical constitution to his hardy upbringing. His father, a small farmer with a numerous family, gave him what education he could afford; but John set out early in life to seek his fortune. Not far from home he got employment, and gave such satisfaction that, when he desired to make a change, his master gave him a handsome present in addition to his wages, and parted with him with extreme reluctance.

Shortly after this, circumstances called him home. But he only returned a day or two when he was offered a situation at Balmoral Castle, and from that period up to now he has been in the Queen's service. Fourteen years he served at Balmoral in a humble capacity, and the late Prince Consort, with whom the young gillie had occasion to come frequently into contact, discovered a sterling nature hidden under a modest reserve, and with abundant opportunity for testing his principles the Prince's favorable opinion strengthened as time rolled on, although tangible evidence of Royal favor was withheld for a time. There can be no doubt the Prince Consort's appreciation of his services induced her Majesty to promote John Brown to the post he now occupies. But be that as it may, John is admirably fitted for the position he occupies. He is a man of individuality. You have but to look at him to see that. In hight he is what might be termed medium size, but his powerful, well-knit frame is splendidly developed, and shows to great advantage in the costume he wears (full Highland dress). There is much character in the broad, massive brow, the keen, shrewd eyes, the firm, resolute, kindly mouth. You instinctively feel, in looking at him, that, had he been educated up to his abilities, he would have been a man of mark. The meager advantages afforded in his youth for mental culture have, however, been richly supplemented by mother Nature. His address is not polished, but there is a singular attractiveness in his open, frank, manly manners. His homely speech suits him best, he will tell you laughingly, and therein he shows his good sense. Passing over minor details, there can be no question of his fitness for the situation he holds. For instance, at Balmoral he is invaluable as a reliable guide and trusty guardian. His intimate knowledge of the country, in all its aspects, and the people is of great importance; and his quick perception and presence of mind render him a safe pioneer. On more than one occasion he has brought his Royal mistress out of peril. I shall give a solitary instance. The Queen, accompanied by two of her daughters, was returning to Balmoral from a visit to Glassalt, when suddenly the horses started aside from a new road they were unaccustomed to. It was an awkward spot for an accident, but John Brown, realizing the danger at a glance, vociferated "Pull up" so vigorously to the coachman that serious consequences were averted. As it was, the carriage was overturned, and the Royal party were thrown out. At a little distance the coachman lay insensible. The outrider was on before, and only John Brown remained to do duty for all. Under the trying circumstances many men would have lost their head, but with amazing coolness he whipped out his clasped knife, and quietly cut the traces to free the struggling animals, and bore the occupants of the carriage to a place of safety. It is alleged that only for a moment he was perplexed, when his lamp went out, and an emphatic exclamation escaped his lips, which the Royal ears that heard it construed into an ejaculatory prayer. The outrider chanced to look round as he galloped along, and seeing no lamps, he rode back to ascertain what was wrong; but the danger was past. It is well known that this ready tact has smoothed the Queen's way into the humble Highland home she has honored with her presence, and the people are gratefully alive to the obligation they are under to John Brown for the footing they are on with her Majesty. As one remarked, none could have been found so well adapted to bring the Queen and her lowly Highland neighbors together. "You see he is one of ourselves, and his familiar face beside her Majesty puts heart into us."—*Gossip.*

— An indignant Oregonian put a head on his Chinese attaché for admiring his wife. It appears that the Celestial was pursuing his usual avocation at the cooking-stove when he suddenly became enthralled with the spirit of beauty, and approaching the lady of the house, chucked her playfully under the chin, remarking "Nicy, nicy!" And for this the husband fiendishly laid out a job on his front teeth that would delight the soul of a dentist; six teeth at five dollars a tooth. We protest. Here we are trying all we can to elevate this degraded race. We wheedle them into Sunday-school, where Deacon Fitch preaches them homilies on the terrible effects of lying and slandering; we coax them to join the church where Brother Stone subsides around their yellow necks as affectionately as he does around whiter and softer ones, wiping his weeping eye on their caudal appendage; we lead them through the Anatomical Museum, and the Art Galleries on Pine street and Waverley Place, to give them some idea of the æsthetics of the human form divine; and as soon as one of them shows a glimmering appreciation of the Beautiful he is Hoodlumized by a web-toed barbarian. Too bad. Why, there is dear aunty Emily, who parts her name in the middle, would give her sole remaining tooth to be told she looked "Nicy, nicy," even by a Mongolian.

The Veiled Muse.

Spirit of Beauty, haunt me not!
Thou bringest insufferable pain;
Thou who art gone, be thou forgot,
Nor rise to vex my rest again.
Either with memories sadly sweet,
Or hopes foredoomed to dull defeat.

Ah, come no more in whispering leaves,
Or peaceful grass, or breath of flowers!
Enough this baffled spirit grieves,
Remembering thee and rosy hours.
Spare it the throbs of hope and fear—
The cruel sense that thou art near.

The passion dies within my soul;
The music dies within my brain;
Save when there comes a funeral toll,
A low, lamenting, sad refrain,
An echo from that shrine of song
Long darkened and deserted long.

In what was fair I once had part—
But all fair things are now my shame.
Their nameless beauty hurts my heart,
Because I cannot speak its name!
Uttered, 'twould make that heart rejoice;
But oh, I cannot give it voice!

Once in these veins the blood was warm;
With ardent joy this heart beat high;
And the great gales that proudly storm
The loftiest rampart of the sky
Were not more daring, fierce and strong
Than this now silent soul of song.

But, wasted now that youth of gold,
Through mortal being's battered sieve!
And he to die may well be bold,
Who is not bold enough to live—
In haunted silence of disgrace,
Where hush'd thy voice and veiled thy face

Ah, come no more to do me wrong,
In twilight hours of tender dream.
When this worn nature seems less strong
Than evening mist that shrouds the stream
Though love be dead, at least retain
Some pity for thy lover's pain:

And don't forget, though all be past,
That thou and I clasped hands in youth;
I saw thee close, I held thee fast,
Plucked kisses from thy rosy mouth,
Learned that bliss which now I weep—
The love I won but could not keep.

The Chinese Army.

The news just received from China, to the effect that the Chinese Government has declared its intention of siding with Korea in the event of the present dispute between that country and Japan ending in an open rupture, gives an additional interest to the inquiry in what state of preparation would the war find the Chinese forces at the present time? From an article which appeared in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by M. Giquel, the superintendent of the Foochow arsenal, and from various notices contained in some of the later issues of the *Overland China Mail*, we gather the following particulars on the subject: Like all the rest of the world China has, during the last few years, been arming rapidly. At the present moment the Government has under its orders a force of 50,000 men armed with Enfield and Remington rifles, and drilled on the European model by European officers, supplemented by thirty field and mountain batteries. At Shanghai, Nanking, Foochow, and Tientsin arsenals and dockyards have been established under foreign superintendence, where the manufacture of guns, powder and rifles, and the construction of ships of war, have for some time been actively carried on. At Foochow 2,500 Chinese artisans work under the superintendence of seventy-five Europeans, and have so far become skilled at their labor as to be able to build and fit up three steamers a year. Five men-of-war have already been launched from the dockyard at Shanghai, and at the present moment there are two iron dispatch boats and a sister frigate to the one just launched, on the stocks at that place. Besides these a large iron steamer is to be built measuring 220 feet in length, and of 1,300 tons in burden, and also a fleet of sailing transports.

If we turn to the coast defences, we find an equal degree of activity—notably in the neighborhood of the capital and on the approach thereto. The Taku forts, which proved so fatally destructive to our gunboats in 1859, and which offered such a firm resistance to the allied armies in the following year, have been completely rebuilt, and the old-fashioned native smoothbore have been dispaced by rifled cannon of foreign manufacture. The comparatively harmless fortifications at the mouth of the Peh-tang river have been made into formidable works, while along the coast connecting these two fortified places, as well as above and below them, a series of rifle-pits have been dug. The road between Taku and Pekin has been raised and made available for the rapid transport of men and war material; and half way between the former place and Tientsin a fortified camp has been constructed and armed with five Krupp guns. These military reforms, however, appear only in the neighborhood of the principal ports and of Pekin. Elsewhere, in Kweichow, Yunnan and the Northwestern Provinces, the Mian-tsze and Mahommedan rebels have to contend with forces armed and drilled after the manner of their forefathers. A correspondent, writing from the first-named province, gives an account of the melancholy condition of the troops who are supposed to be there engaged in combating the Mian-tsze. Of the numerous battalions returned by the general as fully manned, the merest skeletons only exist in reality. The pay issued to those actually serving is uncertain and various in kind: sometimes, but very rarely, it is represented by specie; at other times rice is given as an equivalent, and often the men are sent away from the pay office empty-handed. The natural results follow. Powder is to be bought for twopence a pound in the streets of Kweiyang Foo, and matchlocks are offered at something less than two shillings apiece. These are constantly purchased and repurchased by the General, who thus succeeds in satisfying the wants of his men, at the same time that he gains to himself credit for buying military stores at a remarkably cheap rate. Mr. Cooper in his book of travels gives much the same account of the Imperial forces operating in the province of Yunnan.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Court Chat.

— A remarkable man now holds the post of one of the senior messengers in the India Office, London. Giovanni Batista Falcieri is the man on whose shoulders Lord Byron died at Missolonghi, at seven o'clock in the evening, on the 19th of April, 1824. He is a fine-looking, hale old man, of seventy-five years of age, and speaks with the highest respect of his noble master. In fact, any one that dared speak against the great poet might excite the indignation of Falcieri to a dangerous extent; and we doubt very much if even such Byronic detractors as Mrs. Stowe would altogether be safe. Falcieri used to swim with Lord Byron; but he was with him after the famous feat of swimming the Hellespont. The old chasseur tells with infinite pride that, while wearing a costume (uniform?) similar to that of his master, he would be occasionally saluted for his lordship. "Tita" is the Italian abreviation of his name; and on an informant remarking on the difference of climate between England and Italy, he replied that he had not visited Italy for nearly forty years. He came over with the corpse of Lord Byron—was eventually appointed to serve in the Board of Control Office, from which, on the Indian Government passing entirely to the Crown, through the influence of Sir John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton), Falcieri was appointed to the India Office, where he is to be found daily, with every promise of reaching a "green old age," one of the few connecting links between the times of Byron and our own.

— Mrs. Florida White, well known in the fashionable world forty years ago, was one of the most beautiful, accomplished, elegant and attractive women of her day. She was the daughter of General Adair, of Kentucky, and her first husband was Joseph M. White, the second delegate sent to Congress from the Territory of Florida. Highly educated, full of genius, and with the manners and bearing of a queen, her society was courted by the most elevated circles of Washington, New York and Boston. She was a brilliant conversationalist, ready and effective at repartee, and a sincere, warm-hearted gentlewoman of the most gracious and generous impulses. On one of her visits to Rome she was presented to the Pope. "Kneel, my daughter," said he, as she stood erect in her imperial grace before him. "All kneel to me except the daughters of sovereigns." "I am a princess in my own right, your Holiness," she replied. "How can that be when you are an American born?" "In my country the people are sovereign, and I am a daughter of the people." The Pope smiled gracious assent, rejoining, "Then receive an old man's blessing."

— The Orleans princes, by accepting the return of their property, confiscated in 1852, have forever thrown away their chances to the French throne. The family are well-to-do, dilettante and well treated by society; that they should accept 40,000,000 francs at a moment when France is straining every nerve to raise money enough to throw off the hated German occupation, will furnish a just rebuke to all their future efforts to serve their country. The heirs of King Louis Philippe number fifty-two persons, in eight families; each family will receive about $1,000,000. Among the heirs is the unfortunate Empress Carlotta, of Mexico, whose mother was daughter of the king and sister of d'Aumale, Montpensier, and Prince de Joinville.

— A Rangoon paper states that his Majesty the King of Siam, who signs himself in a letter to Her Majesty as Her Majesty's affectionate friend and brother, sent to England some time ago six boxes of presents for the acceptance of the Queen. The presents are as follows: Box No. 1.—1, a water goblet, made of pure gold; 2, a water stand, made of pure gold; 3, a box made of pure gold, supposed to be the usual betel box; 4, a spittoon, made of pure gold. Box No. 2.—Two gold dresses and a gown. Boxes No. 3 and 4.—Four spears, such as are borne by a part of the King's body guard when they follow him. Box No. 5.—A large and small royal umbrella, white in color. Box No. 6.—A royal palankeen.

— A "sweet thing" in divorce cases is likely to come on soon. Lord Wentworth brings a suit against his wife for a dissolution of marriage, and charges her with adultery with two co-respondents. The name of one, however has been withdrawn, the gentleman belonging to the Spanish Embassy, and not being amenable to the Court. It must be rather disappointing for him, I think, for there is some little distinction in being a co-respondent when a noble Lord is the petitioner, even if you are, as this gentleman is, the First Secretary of Legation.

— Bismarck was recently called upon by a Russian lady, who asked him for his autograph. After the Chancellor had complied with her request, she said to him: "Prince, may I use your autograph for a noble purpose?" "Certainly," he replied, "but what is it?" "My brother has been exiled to Siberia; let me write an application for his pardon over your name and the Czar will grant it." Bismarck consented, and Alexander II. informed him, when at Berlin recently, that the pardon had been granted.

— "The Pope he leads a jolly life," according to the song. Contrariwise, it is said that one reason of Pius IX.'s long life and good health is doubtless the simplicity of his table and his abstinence from everything he finds injurious. He scarcely allows any condiments in his food, excepting, however, tomatoes, of which he is so fond that he always gives the order which a Florentine gentleman always promulgates on the arrival of a new cook: "Be sure that you put tomatoes in everything but the coffee."

— Peers in Great Britain are disqualified from voting. The Lord Chief Justice has maintained, and other Judges have concurred, that there is a positive exclusion of peers from the right to vote for members of the House of Commons.

— The Emperor of Germany has lately conferred the Order of the Iron Cross on Mrs. Alsager, the English lady who was nursing in the hospitals of Saarrbuck from the commencement of the war, 1870, to January, 1871, a false report of her death having prevented the inspector of the hospitals there (Dr. Kupper) from sending her name in for the decoration at the time when it was first awarded.

— The £10,000 voted by Parliament for the alteration and utilization of Greenwich Hospital is being expended by three out of the four extensive wings being cleared out and fitted up for the purpose of a Naval College, under admiralty contract with Messrs Smith, builders, London. Accommodation is being prepared for seven hundred young gentlemen.

— The private apartments of Philip II. in the palace of the Escurial remain in the same state as when he died. They are ostentatiously plain and uncomfortable. In the corner of the closet which served as his bed-room, a small window opens into the church, so that the king could witness the celebration of the mass when too ill to leave his bed.

— That odious little Catacazy has turned up again. He is in as high favor with Gortschakoff as ever; has just been entrusted with a very delicate negotiation at Rome, and enjoys the intimate friendship of President Thiers. We would recommend to Mr. Fish a slow and meditative perusal of the 37th Psalm. It may help him to bear up.

— Ferdinand I., once Emperor of Austria, who abdicated in 1848 in favor of his nephew Francis Joseph, lies seriously ill in his retreat at the Royal Castle of Prague, and at our latest intelligence the dignitaries of the Church had been summoned to administer the last sacrament in the presence of the whole Court.

— Mlle. Lucille Tostee, who first introduced opera bouffe to New York, which was at the French Theater on Fourteenth street, under H. L. Bateman's management, is in Brussels, playing legitimate comedy. She is to return to America and appear in her celebrated character of the "Grand Duchesse."

— Mr. Arthur Halliburton, the son of the famous "Sam Slick," who has been for some time at the War Office in control of a portion of the transport work, has just been offered by Lord Northbrook, under whom he served for some time at Pall Mall, the post of Assistant Accountant-General in India.

— Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Grant Duff are now traveling in Asia Minor, and it is expected they will bring home some very important and interesting information on the pre-historic remains of that region, an almost untried hunting-ground.

— The Naples journals state that on the 16th ult., during a thunder-storm at Capodimonte, whilst King Victor Emanuel was at breakfast, the lightning struck the next room, doing some damage. His Majesty did not even interrupt the repast.

— The New York *Jewish Chronicle* recommends Mr. Bennett of the New York *Herald* to send Mr. Stanley in search of the ten lost tribes of Israel! Suppose the following scene: Mr. Bennett in bed at 4 A. M.—"Mr. Stanley, have the ten tribes ever been found?" Mr. Stanley, in room adjoining, also in bed—"No, sir; not to my knowledge." Mr. Bennett—"Can they be found?" Mr. Stanley—"I should judge so." Mr. Bennett—"Will you find them?" Mr. Stanley—"I will, sir." Mr. Bennett—"Start immediately; draw on me for as large a sum as you like, and don't come back until you have found all the ten tribes, whom you must send to America as speedily as possible." And Mr. Stanley takes the first boat for—anywhere; and depend upon it the news will soon be flashed along the line—"Glory! I have just found Tribe Number One! The Reubenites are well, and send congratulations!"

— Kitchen ranges continue to explode with unabated vigor. We do not wish to suggest to Providence, but if he only would inveigle a few of the obnoxious tribe into an explosive kitchen, and allow us to examine the *debris*, what gratification would it afford us. How tenderly would we lift the charred pen-finger of the gushing Pitzy. How mournfully the shoulder-blade, or any other of the ungainly developments of M. M. M. What a sigh of relief would thrill our frame as we came across any portion of the *corpus* of the lively Laura, that could be relied upon as an assurance that the rest of her didn't hang together. What a pæan would arise from the multitude as we held aloft the tongues of George Francis Train done to a cinder. What a Samson would we appear as we hurled at the Philistines the burnt jaw of a Pickering.

— An ingenious inventor has turned electricity to a new account, but not as yet with complete success. His object is to use it as a motive power for the propulsion of vessels, in lieu of steam, and he tried the experiment the other day on a yacht named the *Miranda*, with the screw detached. The result was the driving of the shaft at such an immense velocity that before the machine could be stopped it had broken away all the fastenings, being too powerful by half for the work it had to do. The inventor of the machine, which is called the "Electro-Magnet Motor," estimates the number of its revolutions at full speed at from 1,400 to 1,600 per minute.

Old Time and I.

[BY MARK LEMON.]

Old Time and I the other night
Had a carouse together;
The wine was golden, warm and bright—
Aye, just like Summer weather.
Quoth I, "Here's Christmas come again,
And I no farther richer."
Time answered "Ah, the old, old strain—
I prithee pass the pitcher."

"Why measure all your good in gold?
No rope of sand is weaker;
'Tis hard to get, 'tis hard to hold,
Come, lad, fill up your beaker.
Hast thou not found true friends more true
And loving ones more loving?"
I could but say "A few, a few!
So keep the liquor moving."

"Hast thou not seen the prosp'rous knave
Come down a precious thumper?
His cheats disclosed!" "I have, I have!"
"Well, surely, that's a bumper!"
"Nay, hold a while, I've seen the just
Find all their hopes grow dimmer."
"They will hope on, strive and trust,
And conquer! That's a brimmer.

"'Tis not because to-day is dark,
No brighter days before 'em;
There's rest for every storm-tossed bark!"
"So be it. Pass the jorum."
"Yet I must own I should not mind
To be a little richer."
"Labor and wait and you may find——"
"Halloo! an empty pitcher."

Polite Insolence.

Polite insolence is an art which is very extensively cultivated in this enlightened nineteenth century. That it is cultivated to some purpose is evinced by the delightfully grateful manner in which every little Jack-in-office can insult those whom he has no desire to propitiate. There are very few people living who have not, at some period of their existences, been wounded to the quick by one who has brought the art to a high state of perfection. They must have chafed at the studied impertinences to which they have been subjected—impertinences all the more difficult to bear because, being covered by a flimsy veil of mock-civility, effective retaliation is rendered all but impossible. It is not what is said—though frequently what is said is disagreeable enough—so much as the manner in which things are enunciated. The adept in the first place implies that you are too mean and paltry for him to have close intercourse with; and, in the second, that you are guilty of impertinence in approaching him at all. Therefore, if he condescends to hold any communication with you he adopts a supercilious tone, a satirical smile, and completely ignores the major portion of what you say. In addition, he suddenly brings you up short, and summarily ends the interview. For the rest, without actually saying so, he informs you that you are a fool, a "cad," or something equally degraded. He evades every question you may ask him, and declines to afford you the information required. When you draw nigh to him it is his sweet will to keep you waiting until you are thoroughly tired out, and then, perhaps, to walk off as if he were ignorant of your existence. He is equally audacious when himself merely a "go-between." He eyes you complacently as you kick the toes of your boots out at long delay; then, when he has sufficiently asserted his dignity in this respect, he asks you who you are and what is your business, in a manner which evinces that he deems you some poor devil who has come on something little better than a begging mission; and, lastly, having thoroughly scrutinized you, he remarks, with an air of indifference, that he does not think there is any use in your waiting, for the big-wig is out, engaged, or too transcendent a mortal to trouble himself with your petty concerns. As you depart, thoroughly vexed, and longing for an opportunity of revenge, he warms his coat-tails before the fire, feeling that he has successfully vindicated his claim to be considered a master of the art of polite insolence.

There has been a material increase in the adepts of this art during the last ten or fifteen years. A middle-aged man, who contrasts society as it now is with what it was in his younger days, cannot fail to be struck with the alteration for the worst which has taken place. It would appear that, as the middle class grow wealthy, they become less like true men; and that their aspirations increase at a greater rate than even do their riches. It is from this middle class that the devotees of the art of polite insolence mainly spring. Well educated, possessing plenty of money, there are those who yet look down upon middle-class people from hights of superiority. Thus, the latter are led to ape a splendor which they cannot attain, and slight those who are beneath, and those who ar really on terms of equality with them. Thus it is that there are more mistrust, jealousy and suppressed hate entertained by middle-class people, one for the other, than can be found amongst any of the other sections of the community; and thus it is that the middle class is regarded with dislike both by those above and below them. To put the matter plainly, cultured snobbery and hollow pretentiousness are the bane of the middle-class, and, until matters are remedied, that class can never command the respect which its talents and intrinsic merits deserve, and can never be that compact and united body which it ought.—*Liberal Review.*

— Mrs. Lawrence, who sues for a divorce because of an incomplete marriage, offers a pleasing contrast to the many cases in our midst in which the consummation precedes the ceremony. It would be interesting to know how many ladies Mr. Lawrence has not disappointed since he left for parts unknown.

Special Brevities.

— The ruins of several large cities, evidently constructed by a race of men of wealth and civilization, have been discovered in the Republic of Transvaal, on the east coast of South Africa. One of these cities, on a farm near Rosenhof, on the banks of the Vaal river, is to be thoroughly explored, and the results of the excavations already made excite much interest among archæologists. The ruins of another city, it is now being explored by Herr Mauch, cover an area of at least two square miles. The walls were thirty feet high and eighteen feet thick, built of blocks of hewn stone, and in cement now as hard and durable as the stone itself. Within the walls were found iron water-pots and vases with ornamental handles. In the Republic of Transvaal, which is rich in minerals, are many abandoned mines, which were evidently worked in former years. One hundred and sixty pits were found near the Limpopo river by Mr Cumman, who was prospecting for a railroad from Pretoria to Delagoa Bay. He stated that the pits were rich in minerals, and exhibited at the diamond fields specimens of copper, tin, silver, bismuth, cobalt, nickel and quicksilver. Some alluvial and quartz gold has been found in different places in Transvaal, but reports differ as to the richness of these deposits. The inhabitants of Sofala, a port parallel with the largest of the buried cities, claim to have certain documents which prove the ruined town to be the ancient Ophir, "and identify it with the Queen of Sheba," but as these documents have not yet been produced, their assertions are doubted.

— The organization of an Italo-American steamship company is likely to have the effect of reviving American shipbuilding. In the early part of the present year a number of wealthy Italians conceived the project of establishing a line of steamers between Italy and this country, and succeeded in obtaining a charter from the Italian Parliament for the purpose of carrying out their design. Accordingly, contracts for the construction of vessels were invited, and tenders were offered from well known English, Scotch, French, and American builders. After some deliberation, the company resolved to enter into a contract with Mr John Roach, of the Chester Del. shipyard, for the construction of a number of iron ships. Whether it was from a desire to advance the shipbuilding trade in this country that the Italian company accepted the tender of the American builder is not known, but it is noticeable that the American tender is considerably in excess of those offered by the European builders. The route of the new company will be from Naples to Leghorn and Genoa, thence to Lisbon, and from Lisbon to New York. The capital stock of the company is 100,000,000 lire, or $20,000,000, divided into 100,000 shares.

— While there is a growing feeling in England against the postal-card as a possible and actual vehicle of slander and implement of black-mail, the menaced "institution" has at least one stanch friend on this side of the water. His name is Col. T. W. Higginson, and he writes: "A very little use of the cards will prove to any one that their merit does not lie in their cheapness alone, but in their compactness and convenience. In two-thirds of the letters which a busy man writes, the mere writing costs less time than the process of bringing together his paper, envelope and stamp, then folding, enveloping and stamping. All this is saved by the postal-card. You carry in your pocket all of your letter except the words, and a few moments at anybody's desk will add those. To a traveler, or to a man whose business keeps him in the streets, the convenience is enormous; and, if the postal-cards cost more than the ordinary rate of postage, they would still be worth having."

— The following table of the comparative value of California coals determined by a series of careful experiments made by the United States Government at Mare Island should be carefully studied and understood. The experiments were made with reference to determining the amount of the several kinds of coal which would be required for a calorific equivalent to a cord of the best oak wood obtained in this market. The rest it was as follows: Nanaimo, Vancouver Island, B. C., 1,800 lbs.; Bellingham Bay, Washington Territory, 2,870 lbs.; Seattle, Washington Territory, 2,100 lbs.; Rocky Mountain, Utah, 2,500 lbs.; Mt. Diablo, California, 2,600 lbs.; Coos Bay, Oregon, 2,600 lbs.

— London has now got a free city library, which is likely to become a very fine thing. Before the fire of 1666, there was an institution of this kind, containing many precious volumes; but, after its destruction, no steps were taken to revive it until 1824. Since that year, additions, which slowly came, were stowed away in a gloomy room, of bad approach, in the Guildhall; but, now the corporation have taken the matter in hand, a splendid apartment has been provided, and it turns out that the collection is, in one respect, preeminently what it should be, viz., richer in topographical works relating to London than even the British Museum itself.

— A recent calculation relative to the principal European languages shows that English is spoken by 90,000,000 of persons, inhabiting Great Britain and Ireland, North America, the Bermudas, Jamaica, Cape of Good Hope, Australia, Van Dieman's Land, Newfoundland, and the East Indies; German by 55,000,000, in their own country, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Russia, North and South America, La Plata, Australia, and the East Indies; Spanish by 55,000,000, in Spain, Cuba, Mexico, the Republics of South America, Manila, etc.; and French by 45,000,000, in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Canada, Cayenne, and North America.

— Upwards of $385,000,000 has been added to the national wealth of this country during the past year through immigration.

—— At a dinner given by that ancient city guild, the Fishmongers' Company of London, Mr. Goschen, the first Lord of the Admiralty, responding to the toast of "The Navy," adverted to remarks made at various times in disparagement of it, and to the fierce controversies to which the naval administration had of late given rise: "There were members of Parliament, he said, and it might be Ministers too, who said they enjoyed the recess, and looked forward with something like dismay to the coming session. He thought there was little occasion for that. For himself, he liked the House of Commons, and he rejoiced to think that discussions now carried on in other ways would be brought to the test there before long, and that he would be afforded opportunities of answering in his place in Parliament. In England, he said, we are prone to disparage ourselves as a nation, and to elevate other countries at our own expense. The result was that the power of the country for good was continually weakened in Europe by that habit of self-disparagement. That was especially true with regard to our naval administration. An impression, he said, existed that our ships were inferior to those of other countries. In answer to that he would take ten of our own ships—he meant ships completed; he would take the the *Devastation*, the *Monarch*, the *Hercules*, and the *Sultan*, and six ships of the *Audacious* class. On the other hand, he would take France, Prussia, Russia, and the United States, and would defy them to produce the same number of effective ships. He would take ten of another class of ships—those which were to be employed in the coast defence—and he would challenge all those four naval Powers to produce ten equal to them. He would take the *Hotspur*, the *Glatton*, the *Cyclops*, and three sister ships, and he would take France, North Germany, Russia, and the United States, and say that those four countries could not among them produce ships equal to those we had got for the purposes for which they were intended."

—— Ruskin despises what is known as fine writing, and wishes every one would call a spade a spade. Which the same is our sentiments. If one of these word-torturers had to record the nursery rhyme, "Mother may I go out to swim?" he would evolve something in this style: "Maternal parent, in the innermost recesses of your mind do you deem it permissible for me to depart hence for the purpose of indulging in the act of natation?" "Yes, my dearly-beloved female offspring, suspend your extra-cuticular habiliments upon the foliated prolongation of a bifurcated *Pinus Hickoryensis*; but, nevertheless, do not allow the periphery of your corporeal substance to come in contact with the inter-riparian semi-diaphanous fluid."

—— "The American scandal case," as it was called in London, being a breach of promise suit brought by a pretty book-keeper, Miss Elizabeth Dredge, against Clinton Winans of Baltimore, one of the proprietors of the "Cigar" steamers, has been settled. Miss Dredge alleged that Winans became engaged to her, and after some time induced her to become his mistress, and that a son was born to them, but, instead of fulfilling his promise, he married another woman. She laid her damages at $50,000, but the case was compromised by the defendants paying $7,500.

—— The death rate of New York for the past week was twenty-eight per one thousand per annum, while that of London for the last week of November was only nineteen per thousand, of Paris, twenty-three per thousand, of Berlin, twenty-five per thousand, and of Brussels, twenty-one per thousand. To find a favorable comparison with the death rate of New York we must go to Vienna and Rome, where, for the last week but one of November, the death rate was thirty-six per one thousand.

—— It is said the Peruvian Government has under consideration, with every prospect of approval, a proposition to throw open to any one, native or foreigner, the right to work the mines they may discover within its territory, with a greater extent of land than was allowed by the old Spanish mining laws. The working of coal is to be particularly favored by certain additional privileges, while the State will buy the coal of such mines in preference, at the current market prices.

—— Great rejoicings are taking place in Dresden to celebrate the "golden wedding," or fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of the King and Queen of Saxony. Many distinguished persons, including the Emperor and Empress of Germany, are the guests of their Majesties.

—— Vienna is to have a magnificent marine aquarium for the grand international exposition to be opened there in May next. It will contain two hundred thousand gallons of sea-water, to be brought on a fast train in twenty hours journey from Trieste to the Austrian capital.

—— Important discoveries of diamonds have been made at Oberon, in New South Wales; opals are now numbered among the mineral products of Western Queensland; but more important than either is the announcement of large finds of iron ore in Tasmania.

—— A demonstration was made on the 20th inst., in Paris, by 3,000 students in favor of Prof. Robin, a distinguished member of the Institute, who was struck rom the jury list in consequence of his disbelief in the existence of a God.

—— Alas for the honesty of the Parisians! No fewer than 61 cups have been stolen from the various drinking-fountains erected by Sir Richard Wallace.

—— Laura D. Fair complains that the new toy, "Wolves in the Fold," is making game of her. Does she mean it makes her quail?

Heather.

On the top of an Irish mountain
The wind has plenty to say,
The wild mists run, to catch the sun,
Who hides in a fright away.
Green and soft is the moss aloft,
Though nobody saw its birth,
And hurrah for the mountain heather,
The sweetest thing upon earth!

O soft is the sky that's above me,
O soft is the ground below,
Again and again falls the summer rain,
And also the winter snow!
My foot has found no steadfast ground,
And never a resting-place;
But hurrah, for the saucy heather
Looks up and laughs in my face.

Do you hear a delicate humming,
So busy and yet so gay?
Look and see the sweet wild bee
Fly forth on his upward way;
Long the time I take to climb,
For want of his shining wing;
But the beautiful mountain heather
Is made for the wild-bee king!

O what were the world without moun-
That glory God has given! [tains—
Grand and fair they pierce the air,
And stand up close to heaven!
How could they be glad and gay,
Nor awe with a rugged frown,
If the sweet little honey-heather
Was not their innocent crown?

The Fables of Zambri, the Parsee.

TRANSLATED FOR "FUN" FROM THE PERSIAN BY DOD GRILE.

XII.

A bear, who had worn himself out walking from one end of his cage to the other, addressed his keeper thus:

"I say, friend, if you don't procure me a shorter cage I shall have to give up zoology; it is about the most wearing pursuit I ever engaged in. I favor the advancement of science, but the mechanical part of it is a trifle severe, and ought to be done by contract."

"You are quite right, my hearty," said the keeper, "it *is* severe; and there have been several excellent plans proposed to lighten the drudgery. Pending the adoption of some of them, you would find a partial relief in lying down and keeping quiet."

"It won't do—it won't do!" replied the bear, with a mournful shake of the head, "it's not the orthodox thing. Inaction may do for professors, collectors, and others connected with the ornamental part of the noble science; but for *us*, we must keep moving, or zoology would soon revert to the crude guesses and mistaken theories of the azoic period. And yet," continued the beast, after the keeper had gone, "there is something novel and ingenious in what the underling suggests. I must remember that; and when I have leisure give it a trial."

It was noted next day that the noble science had lost an active apostle, and gained a passive disciple. No moral.

XIII.

A herd of cows, blown off the summit of the Himalayas, were sailing some miles above the valleys, when one said to another:

"Got anything to say about this?"

"Not much," was the answer, "it's airy."

"I wasn't thinking of that," continued the first; "I am troubled about our course. If we could leave the Pleiades a little more to the right, striking a middle course between Bootes and the ecliptic, we should find it all plain sailing as far as the solstitial colure. But once we get into the Zodiac upon our present bearing, we are certain to meet with shipwreck before reaching our aphelion."

They escaped this melancholy fate, however, for some Chaldean shepherds, seeing a nebulous cloud drifting athwart the heavens and obscuring a favorite planet they had just invented, brought out their most powerful telescopes and resolved it into independent cows—whom they proceeded to slaughter in detail, by discharging at them the instruments of smaller calibre. There have been occasional "meat showers" ever since. These are probably nothing more than—

[Our author can be depended upon in matters of fact; his scientific theories are not worth printing.—*Translator.*]

XIV.

A hen who had had hatched out a quantity of ducklings was somewhat surprised, one day, to see them take to the water and sail away out of her jurisdiction. The more she thought of this the more unreasonable such conduct appeared, and the more indignant she became. She resolved that it must cease forthwith. So she soon afterward convened her brood and conducted them to the margin of a hot pool having a business connection with the boiling spring of Doo-sno-swair. They straightway launched themselves for a cruise—returning immediately to the land, as if they had forgotten their ship's-papers.

When Callow Youth exhibits an eccentric tendency, give it him hot.

— There is something delightful in the freshness of Mortimer, the murderer's, nature. How charming is the simplicity with which he calls the court a liar. How *naive* are his remarks to the lawyers. We trust that the Board of Brokers and other humanitarians are ready with their petitions to rescue this gentle being from the clutches of a court which may become prejudiced against him because of his playful way of expressing himself.

Royal Life at Balmoral.

NUMBER II.

The Queen is familiar in almost every hut, and perhaps the refining influence of Royalty has had something to do with the polish that is infused into the manners of the cottars. No tale of distress ever reaches her ears in vain. She mingles her tears with the mourners and leaves not to others the task of comforting the afflicted. As an incident of her prompt sympathy with suffering, I may relate the following fact. In a little hut hidden from Balmoral a young man lay dying of consumption. He had a wife and several children, and the family were in great poverty. It came to the ears of one of the officials at the palace that the dying man had been a soldier in the Queen's Guards, and her majesty was informed of the circumstance. The soldier's hut was in an out-of-the-way place and never had been visited by the Queen, and as soon as the facts of the case were made known to her, she went to see the invalid. The dying man was able to creep about at that time, and he happened to be absent on a little matter of business; but the Queen left a message that she would see him the following day, and she visited him until he died, supplying him with every comfort from the Palace. Wherever death has entered, the Queen has left the impress of her step in tangible form—here an easy chair, there a comfortable couch, books, or anything that was needful for the comfort of the sufferer. The poor are the Queen's peculiar care. She has nearly a hundred pensioners, who are supplied with weekly rations at the palace. Each person is presented with a ticket, and has an appointed day.

AN "AULD WIFE" AND "HER COO."

Some original characters are amongst them. Trudging homewards with her basket and pitcher, a rosy old dame overtook me one day.

"How far have you to go?" I asked.

"Five miles and a bittock," was the answer, as the old lady stopped to change her heavy basket on her other arm.

"That is eleven miles you have to walk for your portion."

"Ou, aye, but I wad hae a langer gate to travel to Abergeldie."

"Are you alone?" "Deed am I; me and the coo."

"Have you no friends?" "Jist the coo. My son was drooned; he was a' I had."

The cheerie old face saddened for a moment, and a mist came into the twinkling blue eyes. "Has the Queen been to see you?"

"Na; my hoosie is far oot o' the way, and the coo would be in the road tae."

"Does the cow live in the house?"

"Ay; and she will be missing me," added the venerable dame, taking up her basket and marching off.

On her Majesty's birthday the pensioners receive each one pound of tea and two pounds of sugar, and a piece of "plaidin'" at a gown length. On the morning of the Queen's birthday the choir of Crathie Kirk sing in front of the palace windows, her Majesty making a selection from the programme. "Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes," was one of the songs specially marked out by her; "The Hundred Pipers" is another Royal favorite. The last verse, however, is discreetly omitted by the Queen's minstrels. On Prince Albert's birthday also her Majesty distributes presents amongst the old servants and others, and the poor are remembered at the New Year from the abundance of Balmoral. The little Post-office is adorned with some beautiful photographs of her Majesty and the Royal family—Royal gifts of course.

— Mr. Edwin Norris died last month in London. Though at the advanced age of seventy-seven, he was active to the last: indeed, he died in the midst of the work for which he had set entirely apart the last portion of his more than ordinarily active life. It is this work also by which he will be best known to posterity, viz., the Cuneiform (Assyrian) Dictionary. Not only did he, together with Sir Henry Rawlinson, edit, under immense difficulties, the first two volumes of the great Corpus Inscriptionum of Assyrian and Babylonian Cuneiform monuments in the British Museum and elsewhere—each consisting of no fewer than seventy folio plates—but he was also the first who undertook, single-handed, the herculean work of compiling, out of those thousands of small fragments of Cuneiform writing, primers, syllabaries, histories, proclamations, charms, etc., that strewed the British Museum receptacles, the first Assyrian dictionary. One of the most versatile philologists, he at various periods of his life gave the world the results of his studies in such out-of-the-way idioms, as the Fulah language, of which he wrote a grammar, as he did of the Bornu or Kapuri language. He did also a Tahitian version of portions of the Bible, wrote on the "Kapur-di-Giri Rock-Inscriptions," edited and translated the ancient Cornish drama, and contributed besides a number of learned papers to the Asiatic and other societies. In his extreme modesty and the lavishness with which he placed every one of his hardly gotten results at the disposal of all who chose to ask, he was exceptional, even among real scholars. Nor were his great merits unknown, though people abroad seemed to appreciate them even more than did England. Thus the University of Bonn spontaneously gave him the honorary doctor's degree, which no English University thought fit to bestow upon him.

— A new journal in the French language, *La Neva*, has just appeared at St. Petersburg. In an introductory article it says that its object is "to love, defend, and encourage France," and to make France and Russia better acquainted."

The Secret of True Conjugal Happiness.

A cynic once observed that most women spend their lives, first in trying to get a husband, and then in trying to get rid of him. Even the persons who advertise for situations as housekeepers, and describe themselves as "thoroughly domesticated"—as if the rest of human kind were but half-tamed beasts—would hardly wish to find their husbands "thoroughly domesticated," and desirous of stopping always by the fireside. Never yet, we are thoroughly persuaded, has there been a master of a household so tenderly beloved but that his temporary absence is occasionally felt as a relief by his adoring wife and daughters. And in not a few cases, especially in that of the fussy husband, when the said absence is to be prolonged for a few days, do we not invariably, on paying a chance visit, perceive a special lightness of heart revealed by the whole feminine community? First, the servant who opens the door and displays a vista of stair-carpets up—mops, brooms and tubs in the back-ground—grins delightedly in our face; and then Materfamilias runs out and tells us, with infinite glee, "Oh! Mr. Jones will be so sorry to miss you. He has gone to the Brighton for two days, and so the girls and I intend having an early tea, with muffins, and going to the play." Even when there is no "play" in question, that English female Saturnalia, or Festival of the Bona Dea, with muffins and buttered toast, instead of meat and wine, seems, by some occult law, to be invariably celebrated whenever the Paterfamilias goes from home, and a certain general loosening of the reins of kitchen and nursery discipline accompanies the innocent refection. Of course if "Papa" is going away for a twelvemonth to the Antipodes it is quite another story, even though he be fussy. Then there are tears and wailing and dispirited looks all over the household, instead of the mops and the muffins. But, undoubtedly, the secret of true conjugal happiness—sad as it may sound to say it—is for Edwin to leave his Angelina to herself for some hours every day in every year. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," and also makes it tenfold more easy to keep a bright hearth and a bright face ready for the evening's reunion with a fresh accumulation of kindly feelings on both sides. The simple fact is, that when the human beings, even two sisters or two brothers, live incessantly together, they must either rub against each other, as we have said, like grater and nutmeg, or else draw mental life off from one another till one or both are exhausted, like vampire and victim.—*Echo.*

The Hawaiian Islands.

An immense amount of literary trash is being published in reference to the little kingdom of Hawaii. We are told Uncle Sam must by hook or by crook annex these attenuated specks on the earth's surface, which, isolated from us by twenty-one hundred miles of ocean, have long acknowledged the sway of the Kamehamehas. The truth is, we don't want them; they would be useless if we had them, and we cannot take them except by a violation of good faith. Of all the beautiful islands of the Pacific, they are the least valuable. Composed of volcanic lava, which has no covering of soil except in the valleys, they are for the most part barren. Lying away from the innumerable and fertile islands of the South Pacific, they do not occupy any commanding position. The only possible use of these islands is that the harbor of Honolulu may be a useful refuge to vessels in distress. Its use to us for that and other friendly purposes being guaranteed by a solemn treaty, in which we, equally with Great Britain and France, agree to recognize the independence of these islands, nothing more remains to be desired. But there is milk in the Hawaiian cocoa-nut, as there is in most others. The truth is, there are a number of English and American planters whose sugars would, after annexation, be entitled to come here duty free. Annexation accomplished, their estates would immediately rise in value two or three hundred per cent. This may or may not be desirable. The determination of that question depends much upon one's personal interest. For ourselves, if we were a planter, we should quickly determine it in the affirmative. But not being one, we content ourselves by stating the case as it is. In reference to this matter, General Grant's head appears to be level, and his reported utterances are statesmanlike and in keeping with our treaty obligations.

— The Government of Jamaica, some few months ago, sent specimens of chinchona, jalap, and senna, grown in the island, to London, for examination and analysis. The chinchona was sent to Mr. Howard, of Stratford, while the Apothecaries' Company were the recipients of the senna and jalap. We have just received a Jamaica newspaper of October 10th, in which the opinions of Mr. Howard and the Apothecaries' Company on the quality of the drugs sent them are published. The report is very encouraging to the producers, and shows that Jamaica may yet be a great field for the cultivation of these important articles of our materia medica.

— Just what we expected. It turns out that it is the female mosquito that makes all the noise, does all the stinging and occasions the deplorable amount of profanity wasted on these insects. The male mosquito sports it like other lords of creation. He loafs in the prettiest flowers he can find and stays out late at night to get rid of her infernal buzzing. But when he does come home, Jiminy Christmas, don't he catch it! "Her little bill is awl," but she keeps it sharpened up.

Our Modoc War.

Far away in the Lava Bed,
Are Captain Jack's headquarters,
And there are hung the scalps, 'tis said,
Of all the foes he slaughters.

But times are hard in the Captain's camp,
For the grub is getting low,
And everything is cold and damp,
With a foot or two of snow.

Around him sit his warriors bold,
And his head man, Scar-faced Dick,
In numbers fifty when all told,
All scantily clad and sick.

There's joy in the white man's camp below
For a victory has been gained;
Six wrinkled squaws have been laid low,
And eight small children brained.

Five hundred men, well-armed and fed,
Make up the blue-coat band:
When reinforced a thousand, 'tis said,
They *may* get the upper hand.

Proudly we'll welcome our warriors back,
The army so staunch and true,
Who followed so long the red man's track,
And their wives and children slew.

W. L. E.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

The time has not yet come to write the life of the remarkable man who has just passed away, and public and political opinions are too biased by their own particular views or interests, for a calm or impartial judgment of the various acts that have marked his eventful reign. Louis Napoleon cannot be called an adventurer, for his uncle had reigned before him, and after the death of the Duke de Reichstadt he was the direct, legal heir to the imperial dignity. His claim to the throne was as valid as those of the sons of Louis Philippe, himself a usurper King by the voice of the people. He was born at a time when the power of the first Napoleon was at its zenith. A little more than two years previously, Austerlitz had been fought, a little more than three and the Pope had solemnly crowned him Emperor at Notre Dame. The peace of Tilsit the previous year had apparently assured the permanence of the Imperial dynasty, Josephine was still Empress, and the Court is still remembered for its almost barbaric splendor. Six years after Louis Napoleon's birth came Elba, and a little more than a year after that, St. Helena. It were needless to follow the fallen fortunes of the subject of our sketch, to Switzerland, Italy, America and England. No part of his early life in these countries has left any trace worthy of note; on the contrary, the impression that has remained of him is that of a sensuous, profligate, unscrupulous man of pleasure, with only one fixed idea, and that was to mount the throne of his uncle. And he succeeded, spite of the most formidable obstacles that ever surrounded an exile. With the odium of two ridiculous failures attached to him, (and no enemy is so powerful in France as ridicule) watched by the police, without money, without powerful friends, of ungainly person; from that day in 1848 when a republic was proclaimed in Paris to the famous coup d'etat of December 2, 1851, he saw his opportunity, and allowed no doubt, no obstacle to stand between him and the purple.

Then it is that his history begins. In December, 1852, he was elected (not proclaimed, he was too wise for that) Emperor. He was then in his forty-fifth year. All those who had known him in exile flocked to his court. Some, like St. Arnaud and Fleury, who had shared his mortifications and dangers, were worthy of receiving their reward from a grateful master in the same way that William of Orange ennobled and enriched the Bentincks and others, who helped him to his joint share in the English crown; but the majority could hardly be said to have brought talent and dignity to the new ruler. Added to this the whole Bonaparte family, so long scattered over Europe, found at length a rallying point, and Louis Napoleon, ostracised at every court, was hampered with his relations, many of whom were not popular in France. His first wise step was his marriage; he could expect that royalty would accept him, so he allied himself with the blue blood of Spain, and therein pleased his people without flying in the face of European sovereigns. If he did not directly instigate the Crimean war, he foresaw its inevitability, and so contrived that the world gave him the credit of being the prime mover. Certainly France emerged from the strife to a greater power than she was when her people elected Napoleon Emperor, and then it was that he assumed his uncle's favorite *role* of Dictator to Europe. England, in particular, seemed anxious to remain the firm ally of her neighbor, and, as long as that lasted, neither Russia nor Prussia nor Austria need be dreaded. The United States also declared herself friendly. Austria alone was distant and distrustful. She dreaded the interference of Napoleon in Italy. Count Cavour, the wisest man of his age, spared nothing to gain over the French. Envoy upon Envoy, Embassador on Embassador besieged the Emperor with prayers for his alliance offensive and defensive, but in vain. Napoleon was inflexible; he would not send an army into Italy. At length the great statesman went himself, and pleaded the cause of his country so well that Napoleon finally exclaimed, "Let but Austria take the initiative of attack on Italy, and France will protect her." The Austrians were goaded into crossing the Mincio. Hardly had the first company traversed the forbidden line than Cavour telegraphed to Louis Napoleon, calling upon him to redeem his promise. That he did so, Magenta and Solferino fully prove; that he also broke it, the treaty of Villa Franca equally declares. It gained Venice and Lombardy from the Austrians, but she had to yield Nice and Savoy to her ally, whose army did not retire from the plains of Lombardy until the cession of those fair provinces had been finally made. This was in 1860. The French court at this time was, if not the most severely refined, certainly the most brilliant in Europe. The Empress Eugenie, young and beauti-

ful, had succeeded in establishing that which no Princess Mathilde or other handsome, clever Bonaparte could have done; namely, had surrounded herself with a galaxy of wit and beauty that made Paris again the center of fashion and the nucleus of pleasure. Nor did the ancienne noblesse hold aloof. The old names again began to assemble at St. Cloud, Campiegne, or at the Tuilleries. There was not the feudal pomp of Vienna nor the starched aristocracy of St. James, but the exuberance of a young existence suddenly exalted to the highest rank. It had its evil, however. The license of the higher orders became too wanton, and the profligacy of the monarch was imitated by his attendants. The history of that time has yet to be written. Recent events have unveiled a foul mass of corruption and peculation in high places, but up to 1862 all went well. From that time to 1865 France had to endure the harassing, expensive, unpopular, unproductive war with Mexico. Louis Napoleon believing that, in the civil war then raging in the United States, the South would succeed, endeavored to found an Empire in Mexico, which would be a grateful ally. This was his first great mistake, and as soon as he found it was so, he abandoned the well-meaning Utopian Maximilian to his fate. Meanwhile, Paris had been embellished to an extent hitherto unknown under any reign. New boulevardes stretching for miles around the city, with broad avenues, lined with magnificent buildings, a luxury that devoured fortunes and a rage of speculation that made them. Vice too gilded and too temptingly apparent, the monarch full of disease, against which he fought with all the stubbornness of his determined nature. To Biarritz for health, and the court trooping after him with all the determination to laugh and be gay, whatever the doctors may prescribe. Ministers of State passing and repassing, for European affairs begin to look gloomy. The old French story, deficit in the budget, and all sorts of expedients to stop the leak and keep the truth from the people until the bare, hideous truth was revealed, when the nation, drunk with enthusiasm, called upon the Imperial monarch to march to Berlin. Napoleon's reign virtually ended in 1870. Under it France was glorious without being great, and progressed in wealth, arts and sciences, without having achieved the power of self-government. Napoleon's supporters were the army and the priesthood. As a rule, the Bourgeoisie, whilst they fattened on the extravagance and admired the show, were not his warm supporters. They had made him Emperor, and he declared war without their advice and often against their will.

Theatrical Nuisances.

Joe Cowell, in his book of theatrical reminiscences, describes the annoyance actors experience by the ceaseless fumbling of programmes and turning of leaves in their "books of the play" by the audience. Actors are not the only sufferers from the restlessness of concert and play goers. There are people in every audience who are in perpetual struggle to keep up a connection between the performance and the programme, and twist and turn their handbills in this vain effort, as if an entertainment consisted of perusing the account of it. Then there are others who *must* read the libretto or the "book of the play," and only occasionally give their regards to the performers, tormenting themselves to find where the speaker or singer is now, why this is omitted, why something is done that is not down on the book, and so on. Then there are others—principally ladies—who keep up a continual disturbance with their programmes. They fold them, turn them, rattle them, crush them, make fans of them, ceaselessly find something to do with them that will make a noise, to the exasperation of every attentive listener in the assembly. If the writer were a great tragedian or a singer, he would certainly stipulate, as a condition of his appearance, that programmes and books of the play should be excluded from the audiences whenever it was his mission to entertain. What with rattling programmes, noisy ushers, musicians who always come stumbling in to their places, to the ruin of the last scene of every act of a play, and go stumbling out again at the opening of every first scene; people who come bustling in too late, and people who go bustling out too soon; people who come to talk, and people whose ears, responding a flash too late, are forever asking what the last speaker said—between these combinations the man who likes to enjoy a play deliberately and freely is put in a nervous torment enough to make him forswear public entertainments forever!—*Appleton's Journal.*

— The *Montanian*, of Virginia City, Montana Territory, recently published the following advertisement:

"Wang Gen owes Dr. Yee Chengh five hundred and fifty dollars. He cannot pay it. So, according to the Chinese law, he left his woman, Sing Gim, in Dr. Yee Chengh's possession as collateral, until the money shall be paid. All right. Fly around by, all same yesterday, Sing Gim stole three hundred and seventy dollars from Dr. Yee Chengh, and ran away. Now, then, all Chinamen take notice, that if you keep Sing Gim you must pay me nine hundred and twenty dollars, all same Wang Gen.

DR. YEE CHEUGH."

So, because the lovely Sing Gim steals $370, her value straightway rises from $550 to $920! At that rate some of our city officials would be enormously wealthy, Marks, for instance. Let us commend Dr. Yee Cheugh's logic the more you steal, the greater your worth in the eyes of your enlightened countrymen.

[*From the San Francisco News Letter.*]

Stealing Goes.

Very few of our readers will, we fancy, be surprised when we announce to them that we have carried on the *News Letter* for the last twenty years upon a mistaken idea, and that its management has from the first been a stupendous blunder. We say they will not be surprised, for we now know that what we were blind to, all the world plainly saw. We alone were in the dark, but at last our eyes have been opened and we see our mistake in time, we trust, to correct it. We have mismanaged the *News Letter* for twenty years and discovered the fact within the last month. But an error discovered and frankly acknowledged is as good as remedied. We have erred and we admit it. We have been honest. This has been our mistake. Conscientiously, and from principle, we have conducted this journal as an honorable and public-spirited newspaper. In so conducting it we must have wearied the patience of our readers and the public almost beyond the point of endurance. We ask their pardon. We see it all now only too distinctly. We wonder that we have a patron left. But in deprecation of wrath, public and private, we will meekly hint that we, too, have suffered; that while our subscribers have been aggravated to the highest pitch by our fatuity, driven, indeed, as they must have been at times, to the point of desperation, that we have been punished in many ways that are hard to bear. We have seen our business taken from us and carried away to the *Bulletin*, the *Alta*, the *Call* and the *Chronicle* and other journals possessing more worldly wisdom than ourselves. We have seen De Young with his splendid equippage, driving black horses, while ourselves and Jack have walked. We have flattened our nose against MacCrellishes plate-glass on rainy nights while within all was music and the lustre of alabaster lamps. We have seen Cremony attired in gayest apparel, dizened and perfumed, lounging elegantly on Montgomery street on *matinée* afternoons, and felt that in his hands the heart of the most resolute fair one was as helpless as a peanut under a trip-hammer. All this time the prosperity of the *News Letter* steadily waned, its usefulness decreased and its proprietor became seedy. We grew notably threadbare, and Jack waxed gaunt. Our employees deserted us and went their way to better pay and more perquisites. They sought places upon the various unprincipled and time-serving sheets that are so popular, and the conducting of which has hitherto proved so remunerative to the proprietors. We have had in our employ the shiftiest of editors, the deftest of paragraphers, the most terrific of ink-slinging reporters. They were seduced away and we lost them. It was all our own fault, and we deserved just what happened to us. But we shall deserve it no longer. Chastened by the heavy hand of a condign affliction, we feel our courage rise up equal to the new future we have laid out for ourselves. We, too, will have our establishment. A carriage, nay, two carriages, a smashing coach for ourselves and a dog-cart for Jack; painted they shall be and varnished; varnished with a lustre beyond the lustre of De Young's, and with horses blacker and with a driver redder-headed. Our windows shall be of plate-glass, and inside there shall be music and alabaster lamps, and more, we will invite the most elegant people in the town, by gilt-edged note, to come to the *News Letter* palace and mingle with the best society and drink champagne and smoke two-bit cigars and have everything that is high-toned and—no MacCrellish. We we will dress ourselves, too, in the latest style. We will have clothes better than anybody else and more money, and will never again drink in a bit saloon. No more honesty for us. We detest the word. Already we have set about making the change. Ten honest writers, the wretched remains of our old staff, we have discharged, and, as an act of mental discipline to fit us for our new career, cheated them out of the last week's salary due them. They are not fit for this country, as they must be by this time aware. They had fallen under the malign influence of Tommy Newcombe and his Bohemians, and were suspected of a secret longing to be Sunday School teachers. We have made a clean sweep, and have taken into our employ a corps of twelve men, whose names, were we to violate the rule of journalistic impersonality, would be such as would satisfy the public that at last we know what we are about. Seven of them have been expelled from the Board of Brokers for frauds that the Board could not stand. Five have served terms in the various penitentiaries, and all are strict church members. Take them all in all, a greater set of scoundrels never followed independent journalism. Indeed, we are so proud of our selection that we would mention names but for the fact that we fear the admiring public would invade the sanctuary of our office, drag our journalists forth and elect them in a batch to be Supervisors next year. This is a risk we feel we cannot take, at least for the present. Nor do we dare to give any clue to them save the vaguest hints. The brothers Brotherton, hearing of our plans, applied for the position of San Quentin correspondents. At a glance it might be thought that these gentlemen would have been engaged. We, however, have reason to think the Brothertons weak—men who give way to a false sentiment of respect for right, and are at this moment more or less ashamed of their position. At all events we promptly declined the offer, giving the preference to a gentleman from Placer County, detained for the present at San Quentin because of an absurd popular prejudice against stage robbery, and who is, we are happy to say, proud of his achievements and intends going at it again as soon as he can manage to get out. Our editor-in-chief is a gentleman who came to this country in a hasty manner, after having cheated his aged mother of her small savings, which were deposited in a savings bank of which he was manager. Of our staff of reporters we will say little, save that all professions are represented. We have lawyers, preach-

ers, merchants and doctors, and will say that all of them have been most successful in their several professions. Indeed, we are obliged to keep them locked in during the hours of day, as many are at this moment under indictment for various offences, and we must keep the police at a distance. Our plan of paying off at the end of the week is the same as that so successfully adopted and carried out by the daily journals of this city. We put the requisite sum for the payment of the force in our pockets, buttoning them carefully, and then strole leisurely through the editorial rooms, chatting familiarly with all. When we pass out at the end of ten minutes the money has in every instance been adroitly stolen and divided. We immediately report the amount disbursed to the cashier, who carries out the payments to the proper account. We find that this plan gives better satisfaction than the old-fashioned one, as it affords latitude for ingenious tricks the one upon another, tends to sharpen the faculties, and withal as not without a special charm of excitement. But we only enter into these details for the purpose of showing our readers that we are in earnest, how thorough is the change and how entirely we are imbued with the true spirit of independent journalism. In the future the *News Letter* is in accord with the other papers. It will support no honest measures without pay, and big pay; no ha'pennies and gimcracks for us. We are for putting down honesty and elevating rascality, and we shall miss no chance to do either. We shall be able to unite ourselves with the Associated Press as soon as they become convinced of the genuineness of our reform; and it is genuine, and we will prove it. Our motto is, "No honor among thieves or anywhere else."

— San Francisco is the Benjamin of cities. Young and unusually favored, it has shot ahead of its older brothers in many respects, for instance, in the efficient management of its prisons, harbors, etc., and the cultivated literary tone of its daily press. We scorn to speak of our strawberries, although it might surprise a stranger to see them blocking our markets in September. Nor need we mention that the failure of the Narrow Gauge Railroad scheme was solely owing to the enormous size of our pumpkins. Producers would never consent to quarter them up in order to get them into those miserable little cars. But our greatest native curiosity is our real live female murderer, one who came within a hair's breadth of mounting the scaffold and the platform. As Eugene Aram was drawn by some wierd fascination to linger near the corpse of his victim, as the returned convict is irresistibly impelled toward the place of his crimes, so this abandoned woman persists in hanging around the scene of her guilt, and thrusting herself upon the notice of the community she has outraged, who only ask that her hated memory be allowed to slip into oblivion. Her haggard evil face leers upon us from the street car, the sidewalk and the theater. She is our eyesore, our *bete noire*, our "black care sitting behind the horseman," our blood-stained Banquo, though no ghost of murdered man, but the living form of his murderer. Long ago it was announced that she was going to her own sunny South, but the promise of good fortune was too pleasant to be realized. Sindbad was burdened by the Old Man of the Mountain on his shoulders, and could not shake him off. Ours is the Old Woman of the Mountain who clings to us with her skinny legs; a loathsome, played-out wanton with shrunken flesh and crannied neck, and the brand of Cain written all over her hawk-like face, who fastens herself upon us to defy and insult us. Heavens, how tired we are of this brazen harpy, this stench in our nostrils, this corruption festering in God's sunlight and defiling the top of the green earth, when she ought to be rotting six feet below it in a murderer's grave!

— A terribly exciting scene occurred on the Cornwall, England, railway the other day. The driver of a mineral train, descending the incline which runs from Brungalon through St. Austell to Par, lost control over it, in consequence of defective brakes, and the train dashed at a frightful and increasing speed down the line up which a mail train was approaching. The driver of the passenger train saw the danger when the mineral train was a mile off, and reversed his engines. The passengers watched with breathless terror from every window the descending train. There was a race for life to Par, but the mail train was there first by twenty yards, and all danger was avoided. The scene appears to have been a most exciting one, for the officials and passengers at St. Austell station, when they saw the mineral train run away, all with one consent began to run along the line to witness the catastrophe they feared. Some of the passengers in the mail shrieked, others fainted, and the boldest was alarmed at the possible issue of the terrible chase, for the heavy mineral train for some time gathered impetus from the incline, and rapidly gained on the mail. When they found their safety assured they overwhelmed the brave driver of the train, Samuel Westlake, with their thanks. A subscription on his behalf was set on foot with the consent of the railway directors, who will also make him an acknowledgment on their own account.

— The Australian Steam Line Subsidy bill is again to come before Congress. Webb asks $500,000 per annum for ten years. The new organization, elsewhere announced, say that the whole matter will be postponed pending negotiations with New South Wales, and that if these are satisfactory, $100,000 per annum for six years will be a very liberal contribution for this country to make.

The Study of Dancing.

A glance at the advertisements in the newspapers at this season of the year reveals a goodly array of offers from professors of the art of dancing to teach the accomplishment in a few lessons. Some of these announcements appear to imply on the part of the masters or mistresses of the craft the possession of a secret as mysterious as the celebrated charm of Mr. Rarey; that is to say, they undertake to tame the wildest and most uncouth of pupils into tame and graceful performers by a process so quick that it seems to owe its virtue to magic. This, indeed, is the new mode. The old fashion prescribed that a lady or gentleman should learn to walk before dancing. Neophytes were practically put to the back board and the goose step. They were made to march slowly to a tune upon a squeaking kit or sort of pup-fiddle, and after a severe course of such treatment were at length initiated by single steps into the manner of moving in a quadrille. We have now changed all that. The cramming system is at work in the dancing school. And as horse trainers are in the habit of harnessing proficient stagers with animals unaccustomed to the shafts, professors of the dance have discovered that nothing expedites the culture of a pupil like having "the benefit of his daughters to dance with." Of course the number of people engaged in this calling is proof of the large proportion of persons in town requiring their services; but no adult will readily confess to taking lessons, any more than he or she will, if possible, be detected dyeing the hair or dining at one o'clock. However, there are both ladies and gentlemen who really make dancing a study.

Although the Winter is the season of the dancing man's discontent, he has a few opportunities of consolation in those off-hand scratch parties which indefatigable mothers are not indifferent to promoting at any time of the year; in fact, he loves the little dance perhaps even more than the big ball. In the crush and polite confusion of the large assembly there is but scant room for the proper exercise of waltzing as a fine art. To be sure the occasion may be seized in order to exhibit the gifts of pilotage and steering, but these are only the minor niceties of the dancing man's craft; there is nothing he likes better than an improvised affair, when at some one's suggestion middle-floor furniture is thrust into corners, a center space is established under the gaselier, and the piano is made to give tongue in a quadrille; for the genuine dancing man does not ignore quadrilles. The figures enable him to develop latent capacities of fascinating movement which contrast remarkably with the sort of plantation walk in which an ordinary practitioner endeavors to do what is expected of him. There is an air of assurance and of certainty about his manners which is imposing. In lancers or caledonians he is as completely at home as a drill sergeant among raw recruits. He is master of every perplexity, and by his discreet management will extricate puzzled performers from the miseries of that ridiculous dead-lock which at intervals will occur in quadrilles of a semi-domestic kind. But, of course it is in the round rather than the square dance that your rigadooning expert chiefly triumphs. The whirling dervish would not get the better of him in wind. His head is equal to the most limited circle of revolution. His shoes flash simultaneously with the gleam of his partner's white boots. Contrast his perfect composure at the rapid finish of a galop with the discomfiture, to say the least of it, visible on the countenances and the neckties of common-place guests. One has been hauling a blonde against the music until every step was a torture to both. Another is obliged to stagger to a sofa with a general appearance of having had the boxing-gloves on with a friend. A third has been compelled to stop after a single turn in order to make the requisite apologies for a torn dress and a disturbed temper. A fourth, who has contrived to keep up like a man in a dream, when the reprieve of a halt comes drops in a crisis of vertigo into the bosom of an indignant wallflower. Our dancing man serenely twirls through it all. If his partner can stay, it is really a pretty sight to note the perfect rhythm of the spinning, and the ease with which the grand problem of the reverse is solved without a hitch. For the dancing man disdains the mere alphabet of waltz or galop, and if he has a good partner you will discover them taking relief from the monotony of the figure by alternating the direction of the swing. The dancing man is made, not born. It is not in private parties that he acquires so wonderful a command over his legs. He is the person to whom the professors of calisthenics, etc., both male and female, to whom we have before alluded, largely address themselves. Our dancing man frequents the academy of some distinguished shipjack, where the professor receives only advanced pupils. Here our dancing man learns the feats which put you to the blush when your awkward interpretations of Strauss or Godfrey into motion were contrasted with his. Not that the professor or his daughters could do with every one what they have done with our dancing man. He brings his soul to his work, and gives his whole mind to his heels. He picks up steps with wonderful alacrity. He has a kind of phenomenal apprehensiveness for the most recondite of figures. He has a memory of exceptional strength for postures. But besides his studies with adepts the dancing man has twice the experience of the average adventurer into evening parties. He is indefatigable in the season and never misses the chance of showing his accomplishments out of it. And, oddly enough, it often happens that neither middle age nor marriage cures the dancing man; and his gyrations are perfect to the last. Portliness imparts a kind of graceful swimming motion to his circuits, and any girl who knows the value of having her own dancing seen at its best cannot do better than keep a waltz or two on her card for the Benedict who in his early youth and long after the expiration of his legal infancy had won the admiration of many a ballroom by his grace, expedition and confidence in the discharge of a fascinating obligation of polite intercourse.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Two Streams.

Behold the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides [fall,
Pour the swift rain-drops, blending as they
In rushing river tides.

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the hights of will
Life's parting stream descends,
And as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends,—

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen zone,
One to the peaceful sea.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

Heraldry.

Wealthy Americans, who aspire to the dignity of a pedigree, a gallery of ancestors and a coat-of-arms, will be interested in the following, which we find in a volume published lately in London, entitled "The Hand-Book of Heraldry": "Already an attempt has been made in America to restrain, in some measure, the indiscriminate bearing of arms. The question has been raised in Congress, whether it would not be advisable to compel all those who use arms to register them in the United States Court, and to pay an annual tax for the same, as in England. It is also proposed to inscribe, at the bottom of the shield, the date when such arms were first granted or assumed; any infraction of the law to be punished by a fine of five-hundred dollars. Wholesome as this regulation would be in restraining the too general use of arms, it falls short of what it should be; for, according to the proposed law, any one will be at liberty to adopt whatever arms he may please, provided he pay his ten or twenty dollars a year. No provision is made for new grants, or for examining the authenticity of alleged claims; it is simply a device to increase the revenue of the country. Nevertheless, it is calculated to be productive of much good, and is probably but the precursor of a legally established College of Heraldry." The old saying, that one must go from home to learn the news, seems to be exemplified in this interesting and, we must add, rather astonishing information. We can only wish that the writer had been a little more explicit, and told us in what branch of Congress and at what time this important subject was mooted. It would require a considerable stretch of the imagination to fancy our United States Judges gravely discussing what particular green dragon or azure griffin Shoddy is entitled to paint on his carriage-panel; or whether, from an excess of family pride, he has not added a few centuries to the date on his ancestral shield. It cannot be denied, however, that the proposed law, to which the London herald has so kindly called our attention, would greatly simplify the genealogical muddle by reducing it to a mere question of dollars and cents. The longest purse would then own the most resplendent coat-of-arms; and, as everything should be in keeping, a pedigree, corresponding in length and grandeur, would undoubtedly be furnished for an additional compensation, with, perhaps, the portraits thrown in. When the happy time comes around that our own National Heralds College shall grant arms, with pedigrees attached, our Croesuses can stand up beside their British cousins with conscious pride; nay, they can look down on them for has not Mr. James Philippe, of Bedford Row, London, abolished, at one fell swoop, English genealogies, arms and all? He says, with a most reprehensible bluntness, that "nearly the whole of the pedigrees hitherto published are fictitious," that the genealogical manuscripts in the British Museum are "simply trash," and, "as for the Heralds' College having any right to grant coats-of-arms, it is so absurd that it is wonderful that any persons should be such addle-pated donkeys as to entertain any such humbug." The author of "The Hand-Book of Heraldry" will consider it very shocking, doubtless, that any true-born Briton should thus "go back" on his country's traditions; but he may console himself with the idea that, when our college goes into operation, under the wise superintendence of our United States courts, all whom Mr. Philippe has so inconsiderately stripped of their honors may come over here, and for a consideration refit themselves with pedigrees and arms.

— Congressional Committees are engaged in washing the dirty linen of leading members. It is not a pleasant task, for the effluvia is so strong as to be almost unendurable. Before the committees get through their work it will be found that Walpole didn't lie when he said, "Every man has his price." Congressmen and statesmen all have their price. Some like Credit Mobilier and Union Pacific Railroad stock; some like other securities, and some like cash. There is very little perceptible difference between the average Congressman and the average San Francisco Supervisor.

— A rural exchange remarks: "The San Francisco newspapers are as lively as crickets in June." Admitting, "for sweet charitie's sake," that they are as sprightly as crickets in June, nobody can deny that they are as dull as clams during the remaining months of the year.

Disraeli Alone in the World.

Viscountess Beaconsfield, wife of Mr. Disraeli, died at Hughenden Manor on Sunday, December 15th. Her ladyship was the daughter of the late Capt. John Viney Evans, R.N., and niece of the late Gen. Sir James Viney, K.C.B., C.B., of Taynton Manor, Gloucestershire, whose heir-at-law she became. Her ladyship was married in 1815 to Mr. Wyndham Lewis, M.P., of the county of Glamorgan, who died in 1838. In the following year she was married to Mr. Disraeli, who had entered the House of Commons in 1837 as one of the members for Maidstone. Mrs. Disraeli, during the Premiership of her illustrious husband, was in 1868 created Viscountess Beaconsfield, of Beaconsfield, in the county of Buckingham. Thus closes, in the fulness of years (says the *Times*) a life which has exerted no inconsiderable influence on English politics. She stands out a striking illustration of the power the most unobtrusive of women may exercise while keeping herself strictly to a woman's sphere. Looking back on the long and tender relationship which has been gently dissolved in course of nature, we are irresistibly reminded of the feelings expressed by Mahomed when the Prophet of the Faithful lost the loving woman he had married in days of comparative obscurity. "By God," he exclaimed, in an outburst of regretful gratitude, as he raised her solemnly to the rank of the four perfect women, "By God, there never can be a better wife. She believed in me when men despised me. She relieved my wants when I was poor and persecuted by the world." From their wedding day till now, the existence of the one was merged in that of the other. It was their mutual happiness that the wife lived only in the husband; the husband's extraordinary career was the happy achievement of her life, and it was her pride to shine in the reflection of his fame. Mrs. Disraeli was many years her second husband's senior (when she died she had reached the venerable age of eighty-three); on the other hand, she had the money he desired for something better than sordid motives. But Mr. Disraeli was too shrewd a man to pay for name and power at the price of happiness. It is certain he chose wisely every way, and seldom has a marriage proved more of a love match than this. Esteem is the most genuine form of love, and, as we have seen, Mr. Disraeli's esteem for his wife was heightened by a most lively sense of gratitude. His gratitude was characteristic of one who was no ordinary man. It gave evidence of the nobler qualities that secured his political success. It flowed in a current at once steady, and calm, and deep, and flowed with a force and constancy of purpose not to be diverted by the accidents of his career. He kept no close debtor and creditor account with his conscience, while he passed from triumph to triumph. How many husbands, far less engrossed abroad, have considered a tithe of the fame he won sufficient acquittal of so old a debt! How many content themselves with leaving their wives to enjoy prosperity in isolation! Mr. Disraeli did no such thing, although for that he would claim but little credit. The fact is, his wife made his home a very happy one, and he turned to its peacefulness with intense relief in the midst of fierce political turmoil. We are apt to forget that most men lead a double life; that those of the strongest natures and sharpest individuality show themselves in the most marked contrasts. It was a pretty sight, that of the remorseless Parliamentary gladiator, who neither gave quarter nor asked it, who fought with venomed weapons although he struck fair, and shot barbed darts which clung and rankled in the wounds—it was a pretty sight to see him in the soft sunshine of domestic life, anticipating the wishes of his wife with feminine tenderness of consideration, and receiving her ministering with the evident enjoyment which is the most delicate flattery of all. The secret of the spell she held him by was a simple one. She loved with her whole heart and soul, she believed in him above all men, and he appreciated at its real worth that single-minded self-sacrificing devotion.

It is difficult to overrate the strength and support given by unstinted love like that, and few, we suspect, appreciate it more than those who would seem to need it the least. It is neither counsel nor sparkle, but observant, ready sympathy that a man of energy and self-reliance longs for in moments of exhaustion and depression, and the more impassible the mask he wears the greater the relief of being able to drop it in private. Lady Beaconsfield was very far from being a reserved woman. She must have often talked too fast and freely for her husband's liking; occasionally the expressions of her artless admiration of him were caught up and colored, to be circulated as "good stories" at dinner tables; but the intuitive instinct of her affection set a seal on her lips in the minutest matters where her talk might do him an injury. She was very much in his confidence, and she was never known to betray it. Except for the subtle influences of the home she made him, the help she brought was passive rather than active from first to last. All he had asked was fair play for his talents at the start; her fortune had given him that, and he did the rest himself. So in after years, while he led his party in the Lower House, or served the State as Premier of England, she had neither social talents nor fascination to place at his disposal. It was not in her to make his *salons* a center of society, to gather within the range of his influence eminent Englishmen and influential foreigners, or to sway by the reputation of brilliant *reunions* the easy opinions of liberal-minded politicians. She was no Lady Palmerston to act as her husband's most trusted ally, working for him in season and out of season with tact quickened by love. Her death will leave no gap behind her which bereaved society will find it hard to fill. But perhaps her husband will lose the more that society will lose the less. Her love for him was wonderful, "passing the love of women." It was shown in traits of unobtrusive heroism worthy the matrons of Republican Rome. Few men can boast the courageous self-command which made her conceal, during a long drive to Westminster, the pain of a finger crushed in the

carriage door, lest she should agitate her husband on the eve of a great party debate. She knew a word could always bring her the sympathy that was her sweetest consolation, but to the last her one thought was to spare him. Surprised by a sudden flow of blood from an incurable cancer, knowing that her doom was certain, and that their happy wedded life was fast drawing to its end, she had the touching resolution to preserve her secret; while, all the time knowing it as well as she, he never for a moment suffered her to guess his knowledge, or gave her the grief of seeing him suffer. It was the graceful symbol of the chivalrous devotion which had never wavered; it was an appropriate return for the inestimable services she had done him, when, in November, 1868, he could offer her the peerage bestowed in acknowledgment of a distinguished career. The loss of his companion has snapped the tender associations of a lifetime, and must have left a blank which nothing can entirely fill. The sympathy of the public can count for little when he misses that he has so long been used to. Yet to a veteran in public life there must be comfort in the thought that the public you have served is feeling with you; that England, irrespective of party, deplores even the timely termination of an essentially English union.

Dancing.

Dancing is perhaps the oldest amusement in the world, and too natural not to outlive all opposition, yet while we often hear it disparaged, we scarcely ever hear it defended for its extreme reasonableness. A small book entitled "Dancing in a Right Spirit," is the only attempt of the kind I have met with, but the author has greatly limited himself by considering the question in one direction only. Whilst very rightly and sensibly reminding us how dancing was a religious pastime among the Jews, and how it is nowhere forbidden, but rather commended, in the Bible, he leaves untouched any consideration apart from the Bible, and much may be said in favor of dancing from an artistic point of view. As beauty of color to the eye, as sweet sounds to the ear, so is the luxury of quick, easy motion to the healthy frame. All young things delight to skip and dance. When it hears quick, lively music the child must dance; it is an irresistible, spontaneous instinct, as much as to use its young voice and shout and laugh and sing out its merriment. It is the first praise of the child to its Creator. By enjoying the life He gives it, the child unwittingly, unconsciously, praises Him in its bright, swift motion, as hereafter it will do consciously in a maturer form by the life it will lead to His glory. So in the childhood of mankind, men danced before God in the full joy of their hearts. It was a kind of praise to God from these children of the earth's earlier days, and as much the right and natural mode for them to express praise, as it is now the right and natural mode for children to enjoy themselves. Whatever gives us highest enjoyment is most appropriately connected with religion; and as physical enjoyment comes before mental, dancing formed a part of religious ceremonial before more recondite rituals or more abstract ideas superseded it. When that time came dancing slipped out of the religious sphere. And not only that, but in process of time a grim theology, which would banish all cheerfulness from life, did its best to condemn dancing, together with many other innocent and natural amusements, as sin. But such gloomy views of things are too unnatural to retain the world in their bondage, so dancing is still an enjoyment to thousands; and when nature's preeminent right of guidance is more and more recognized, dancing will again assume its place amongst the arts which add beauty and joy to our lives, and, though no longer amongst the rites of religion, will, far from being considered hurtful to the religious sentiment, be seen to be a furtherance thereof in the same manner as are painting, music, and all other branches of the joyous and beautiful.—*Victoria Magazine.*

— Hosanna! Eureka! The country is safe after all. The stern lance of justice has struck down an offender, and those to whom Sheriff Adams is kind enough to send invitations will soon have the pleasure of seeing a man swing into eternity. An intelligent jury was obtained, and after a short absence they reported that Russell ought to swing for killing Crotty, and the Court has so directed. Crotty wasn't worth the powder that blew him to the other world, and Russell, financially and morally speaking, isn't worth any more. Greene Curtis didn't come to Russell's rescue because there was no whisky in the jug, i. e., money in the case. But the law is vindicated. Justice sits triumphant upon its throne—a murderer is convicted. Wilkerson killed a woman in cold blood, and as a reward rusticates at San Quentin. Laura Fair slaughtered her victim, and sweeps our streets with silken gowns. But Russell must swing and so vindicate the outraged law. *Laus Deo*, who does all things well. As Russell is impecunious there need be no fear of an appeal to the Supreme Court, consequently the hanging performance will come off according to programme.

— Mr. Burch, a drunken carpenter, committed suicide behind the Oakland hills. It is frightful to contemplate the abyss of despair into which a man must have fallen to be willing to die in Oakland, but we charitably incline to the opinion that that man must have been insane who was willing to be found dead with an *Alta* in his hand.

Wayside Gushings.

BY MRS. HARRIS.

My Dear Mail Bag: It seems a age since I bade you an ajoo,
But babsence, as the poet says, do make the 'art more true;
My 'ealth of late 'ave been that poor I've scarcely wrote a line,
But memory's woice 'ave constant said as 'Arris still was thine.
Sayrah is at a hanxious age and takes a deal of care,
And 'ave recent growed to sich an 'ight 'twonld make your hoptics stare.
'Er natur', like 'er missus's, is cirkemspeck and pure,
But 'tain't no use, ven the oss is gone, to lock the stable door.
Sometimes I fear, ven she goes for beer, she never will come back,
But in the dark some dry goods clerk will drag 'er to an 'ack.
Likeways there's a perliceman whose whiskers struck 'er eye,
And I'm 'alf afeard as they do meet each other on the sly:
Let 'im beware, for 'Arris' eye is on 'im unbeknown,
And if guilty proved, she'll brandish 'im as a wile wagabone.

'Ow 'ave you been? Your note do ask particularly kind
After my 'ealth, but do not say 'ow Father Time do find
Your own contemporaneous corpse as was born the werry year
That 'Arris like a meteor flashed across this earthly sphere.
Your constitooshun, like my own, 'ave stood life wondrous well,
And but for vind and rummatiz I'm sounder than a belle;
The doctor he 'ave hordered me to take my 'ot Scotch cold,
For, says he, "Mrs. 'Arris, your stummick's gettin' old,
And it is best to take it neat for lemons is in wain
To cheer the 'art or give relief in chronic wentral pain."
Vich I do think the man is right, so now I takes it neat,
For sometimes I feels 'most too weak to stand upon my feet.

I should 'ave gushed on New Year's day, but did eat some veddin' cake
As disagreed and give me a most 'orrible 'ead ache;
Sayrah did say it were the punch likeways the wile champagne,
As we drank permiscuous where we called and would do the same again.
I were indignant at 'er words as can be a haggrawator,
But vot should that young crittur know of a poetess's natur?
'Owsomdever, I did take some pills and ruminate in bed,
Feelin' an 'orrid 'eaviness in my un'appy 'ead;
Thank 'evans 'tis o'er, and quite restored, vunce more I takes my pen
To give the world my serious views on manners and on men.

Talkin' of New-Year's wisits, you should 'ave seen the folks
As called on 'Arris that there morn, a-crackin' of their jokes;
But ven I see'd 'em coming, says I, "Sayrah, lock the door;
Don't let 'em in; say I've gone out and won't be 'ome before
To-morrow night, for cake is riz and wine likeways is dear,
And rooing stares us in the face should they ask for bottled beer;
Besides, as I'm a furriner it is more *comme il faut*,
As Frenchmen say, to wisit them, and we'll save our wittles, so
Get on your things, bring me my shawl, we'll lock up for the day—
Ven other people pays the bill 'tis 'Arris that is gay."
So off we went that blessed morn, and them 'Oodlum boys did call,
"There goes old 'Arris rigged us fine as if goin' to a ball
With pooty Sayrah by 'er side a-vinkin' as she valks
'Oldin' 'er Missus by the arm and smilin' as she talks."
But I 'ave wowed I'll never call again ven I goes out
At any 'ouse where they don't keep a drop of bottled stout,
For them French wines do turn that sour upon vun's hinmost soul
As causes spazzums in vun's chest, and makes vun's hoptics roll
Vith hanguish vile vun 'as to talk and seem to like it much,
Vich 'Arris 'as a British soul and cannot stummick such.

Series the First of 'Arris' Poems is now arranged complete,
And forms a volume as the world admits ain't easy beat;
The ablest critics in the land 'ave wrote me for to say,
"'Arris, you are, without a doubt, the Voman of the Day."
Talk of your walking Millers and migratory Hartes,
Theirs is a poetry heasy wrote by hecstasies and starts,
But for a hepic as depicks the hups and downs of wirtue,
Mine is the style, and don't contain a word of wice to 'urt you.
So 'ere we goes for wolume two, to come out hevery week;
Sayrah and I will do our best our hinmost thoughts to speak.
Likeways badwentures will occur to that young gal and me
As'll give a thrilling hinterest to my touching poetry.
For in this hage werse is the rage; prose ain't no good at all,
Vich is the reason vy that 'ook-nosed Ebrew 'ad a fall,
As did start a paper without funds and vith other people's brains,
And went that rash he made a smash and got laughed at for 'is pains.

—— Henry G. Hanks is going to lecture at the Mechanics upon "The use of the Blow-pipe." Does he mean the *Call*?

Special Brevities.

— Mark Twain cannot repress his humor even under the most unhumorous circumstances. He writes to the Royal Humane Society, recommending for reward the Captain and some of the crew of a ship on board which he was a passenger, for rescuing some sailors from a wreck, and concludes with the following observations: "If I have been of any service towards rescuing these nine shipwrecked human beings by standing around the deck in a furious storm, without any umbrella, keeping an eye on things, and seeing that they were done right, and yelling whenever a cheer seemed to be the important thing, I am glad, and I am satisfied. I ask no reward. I would do it again under the same circumstances."

— Among the incidents of the late gas strike in London was one which is well worth recording. One of the first persons whom the gas companies made aware of the coming difficulty recently was the Postmaster-General. Orders were immediately issued from the Post Office for 2,500 candlesticks and something like a ton of candles. As a precaution against the increased danger arising from the use of candles as compared with gas, the floors of the Post Office were covered with sand, and buckets filled with water were placed under the sorting tables. A large staff of men and boys were employed as snuffers. These preparations had the effect of very considerably lessening the inconvenience arising out of the strike.

— How fallible is human wisdom! Here for some months we have all been clamoring, "Hang him! Hang him!" for the protection of society against murder, and now it turns out that Wright, the last murderer at Washington, had been greatly interested in recent murder trials in that city, and had actually witnessed two executions. Within a year there has been fourteen murders in the District of Columbia, and in six weeks three executions. In Heaven's name, what is to be done? How many executions are necessary to insure the moral reform of the average spectator? If two won't suffice, will three? Or is it the fact that all who "assist" at executions, with perhaps one exception, suffer a lowering of their moral natures in the operation?

— The English Courts very properly hold Robert Bowles to strict account for the misdeeds of the firm of which he was a member, however hard it may seem to hold a man who is innocent of malice. The son of Cook, the English tourists' guide, was in town, recently, looking after Charles Bowles, the Cooks being creditors of the firm. Mr. Cook represents the London feeling against the firm as very bitter. The best and only honorable course open to Charles Bowles seems to be to present himself in London, release his unfortunate brother and render an account of his affairs. But he remains in Springfield, awaiting the progress of the suit of his local creditors, and in a mental condition that renders him totally unfit for business.

— An error of a rather extraordinary character was committed on a recent Sunday morning by the respective gentlemen who occupied the pulpits at the Independent and Wesleyan Chapels at Normanton. Owing to ignorance on the part of both preachers as to the whereabouts of the places of worship mentioned, the gentleman who was to "hold forth" at the Wesleyan Chapel found his way to the Independent place of worship, and *vice versa* with regard to the Congregational preacher. The members of each congregation expressed their gratification with the discourses, and that the only little inconvenience observable was with regard to the hymns.

— The Austrian, French and Prussian newspapers are engaged in a lively controversy over the disclosures made by the Duke de Grammont in regard to the origin of the late war. The Duke brings documentary evidence to support the truth of his assertion that Austria promised to assist France in case of war with Prussia. The Duke publishes an Austrian dispatch to the French Government in which the pledge is given in the following words: "Your cause is ours; we will contribute to the success of the French arms."

— A wonder of the vegetable kingdom is now in flower at Mr. William Bull's nursery, Chelsea. This floral wonder was discovered in Central America by the late Dr. Seeman, and it is the first time it has bloomed in this country. The individual flower (or properly spathe) is nearly 2 feet long by 1½ feet in circumference, and produced on a stem only eighteen inches high. It is certainly one of the most gigantic flowers of which we have any record.

— When Laplace met the late Mrs. Somerville for the first time, he said, in his lofty way, "Madame, there have been only three women who understood me—yourself, Caroline Herschel and a Mrs. Greig, of whom I have never been able to learn anything." "I was Mrs. Greig," said the modest little woman. "So, then, there are only two of you!" exclaimed the philosopher.

— In the United States there are 43,807 clergymen, 40,731 lawyers and 61,858 physicians. To bury those whom the physicians hurry to their graves are 1,976 undertakers and 1,114 sextons. The clergymen, lawyers and physicians number 146,396. Is it not a wonder that there is not more unhappiness in our glorious country?

— The *Times* says it is thought that only half the wheat area is sown in the United Kingdom. The difference in value of spring sown and autumn sown wheat on the English crop is estimated as not likely to be less than from five to ten millions sterling.

— The King of Bavaria has sanctioned the reorganization of the Bavarian artillery upon a footing similar to that of the Russian army.

Court Chat.

— The sympathy of our own Royal Family with Mr. Disraeli in his affliction is already known. We understand that letters of condolence have also been received at Hughenden from distinguished personages and statesmen in several European capitals, and even from the furthest parts of India. Addresses and letters of sympathy under Mr. Disraeli's bereavement have also been sent to him by many working men's associations and private persons previously unknown. A thousand stories are told at Hughenden of Lady Beaconsfield's simple deeds of kindness, her womanly charities towards the poor and sick, and her graceful affection for her husband; nor are instances wanting of the chivalrous devotion with which he repaid her love and trust. Mr. Disraeli in his bereavement must feel at least gratified at the expressions of profound sympathy which we all feel and desire to convey to him.

— Mr. Gladstone has replied to a Fenian sympathizer. He is asked—"Can you, as an Englishman, tell Irishmen, as such, that you have done to them and theirs in the same case that you and yours would be done by? Or can you, as a son of man, tell Him, the Son of Man, that you have dealt, and are still dealing with His, your own fellow man, as he commanded?" His reply, through his secretary, is as follows: "10 Downing street, Nov. 30th, 1872. Sir: Mr. Gladstone desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter on the 28th inst., and to inform you that he has no difficulty in answering the two questions, with which you conclude, by a clear affirmative. I am, sir, your obedient servant, J. A. Godley."

— It is rumored that Mr. Disraeli is likely to retire from active participation in political affairs. We cannot understand how any one can be authorized to put such a statement forward, as any political remarks at such a moment would most likely not have been made, and if weariness at the past had forced an utterance, or listlessness as to the future have been expressed, we must take into consideration the influence of the time, and the recent bitter sting which, when a little distant, may yield to other views. We should not be surprised if Mr. Disraeli were, on the contrary, to absorb himself in work, and give to it his remaining energies, well knowing what work is as a balm for affliction.

— Garrick and Hogarth, sitting together at a tavern, mutually lamented the want of a picture of Fielding. "I think," said Garrick, "I could make his face," which he did accordingly. "For Heaven's sake hold, David," said Hogarth, "remain as you are for a few minutes." Garrick did so while Hogarth sketched the outlines, which were afterwards finished from their mutual recollection, and this drawing was the original of all the portraits we have at present of the admired author of "Tom Jones."

— The Ambassadors of London and St. Petersburg have been reminded that their high salaries (£8,000 per year) are meant to be expended in representing France in a worthy manner, and not for personal remuneration. It would be well if the other embassies in London received a hint from their respective Governments, for, with two honorable exceptions, they do not offer much to the increase of London gaiety, either in or out of the season.

— Mr. Gladstone writes to the *Spectator* to say that he has been misunderstood upon the subject of Homer. Instead of beginning every day with a study of the Greek bard, he has not read his works for a quarter of an hour together for the last four years. He had said that the question of Biblical archæology must always with him begin with Homer.

— "Well, Fred," said Mr. Bright, sneeringly (to Mr. Lucas, late editor of the *Tablet*, and a pervert from Quakerism), "how do you get on with the new superstition?" "O, very well," was the reply, "how are *you* getting on with the old hypocrisy?"—*Grant's Newspaper Press.*

— Mons. Duval, madly in love with Cora Pearl, who refused to see him, forced his way into her house and shot himself. He is not dead. Mons. Duval is the son of the celebrated millionaire butcher and proprietor of the *bouillon* establishments.

— On Tuesday M. Thiers received Mr. Smith, a chief of the Mormons, and some of his *co-religionaires*, who expounded their tenets, much to the amusement of the President and Mdlle. Dosne, who were present at the interview.

— The capital stock invested in British and Irish railways had attained last year the enormous sum of $2,763,400,000. The total length of the railways of the United Kingdom was, in 1871, 15,376 miles.

— Queen Victoria has appointed Lady Inglis, widow of Major-General Sir John Eardley Wilmot Inglis, K. C. B., the defender of the Residency, Lucknow, housekeeper of St. James' palace.

— The highest accounts are given of the Prince Imperial. He is said to be a lad of very great ability and promise, and the professors at Woolwich expect that he will do great things.

— A rumor is current that Mr. Gladstone is about to honor literature by conferring a baronetage upon one of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph.*

— A French writer says: "The seasons in London are equally divided—there are four months of Winter, four of fog, and four of rain."

—Haddon Hall has not been occupied for 170 years, but the banqueting-hall was splendidly fitted up for the reception of the Royal visitors.

Leaves from a Lady's Diary.

JANUARY 12.—By mistake got to church a quarter of an hour too soon, and began to moralize on the various reasons why people go to church. Setting aside the pure devotional feeling, which I verily believe is in the minority, there remains first habit or custom, then the pharisaical respect for the world's say, the exhibition of one's own dress and the criticism of our neighbors, the music, a flirtation, gossip, a popular preacher and the numberless attractions that add excitement to worship, bring together a congregation who denounce themselves as "miserable sinners," or, beating their breasts, cry "Mea culpa! mea maxima culpa!" Again, with what varied manners people enter a church. Mr. and Mrs. P——, with their tribe of little P——'s, all dressed alike, sail majestically up the middle aisle. He had bought his pew at auction for a large sum, and takes his seat as if he felt its value. Mrs. C—— always comes late, with an immense *frou frou*, and her meek, little, hooked-nosed husband obsequiously trotting after her with the prayer-books. Mr. H—— always arranges his hair behind the baize door. Weak-backed, short-sighted Dr. B—— never can find his pew, and almost goes on all fours to look for his own name. Extreme respectability. Mr. M—— enters with the clergyman, as if he formed part of the service; he is going round with the plate at the offertory. Mrs. W—— tumbles in, with her clothes thrown upon her shoulders, always in a violent hurry. There they all are, some praying, the greater part thinking of something else, all more or less looking about them, a few sleeping, until the final blessing sends them streaming forth to spread themselves to their respective homes.

JAN. 13.—There are some men whom I call superficial husbands. Mr. C—— is one of them. The world looks upon him as devoted and tender, for it is always my dear this, or my dear that, and so solicitous for her health, and he talks of her in a compassionate way, but if they knew, as I do, how he is wearing her life and soul away by that infinitesimal nagging and constant fault-finding without appearance of anger, they would indeed pity her. If he would but once beat her it would do her good. He roused her the other day, when he was blandly correcting her pronunciation, and she said, "henceforth, sir, we had better communicate our thoughts in pantomime." Young S—— called, and could talk of nothing but Fanny M——. He fancies himself awfully in love with her, but I know him well, and his passion is only a caprice which has met with obstacles. I do believe that if her father said yes, he would cool immediately; tap a crater and the lava will soon cease seething. The German Dr. V—— dined with us, and, as usual, lost himself in abtruse metaphysics; he admits everything, denies everything, eats, drinks and talks on a large scale. Henry asked him what he was. "Sir, I am a pantheist," replied he. I thought within myself that pantheism, after all, is but a modest atheism.

JAN. 14.—Delighted with Bierstadt's "Donner Lake." How splendidly he manages his distances, and how easily yet how forcibly he conveys the idea of distance. You feel that those are hills that stretch away under that streak of morning mist, and yet they are so far off that they look like hummocks. I think this the greatest painting he has yet produced. Went to the Occidental to see the H——s, who have just returned from Europe. They are the personification of a happy couple. He with his healthy, honest laugh, and she with her quiet smile. I could not help thinking, as I talked with them, that laughter is the gayety of the mind, whilst a smile is the gayety of the heart; the one springs from a well regulated intellect, the other from contentment of the inmost soul. Mrs. W. called in the afternoon; she is certainly a witty woman, but at the same time limited in her range, and the strange thing is, that she can't see any wit in others unless it tallies with her own peculiar style; for example, when Mrs. B. turned laughingly to her and said, "Cotton! why, my dear, its our second nature, isn't it," she couldn't see the point, but when Henry B—— wrote her an acrostic she was delighted. Henry went to Mr. F. to-day to ask him to give something for poor Mary, whose husband was killed while working for him. He refused, saying, "My dear sir, in these times I am obliged to practice the most rigid economy." The stingy old miser! he is one of those men who say that if avarice be a sin yet prodigality is a folly, and he prefers to be called a sinner rather than a fool. Fred. A—— is disowned by his father for running away with that little milliner girl. Henry tells me that he was a year making love to her, and now thinks himself the happiest man in creation, heedless of what the moral world says. How long will it last? A woman's "never, sir," is about as much to be relied upon as later her "forever and ever" is to be trusted. That stupid old humbug, Mr. H., has won a prize in the Havana lottery, and whiningly said to me, "Providence has been very kind." Providence, in this case, is merely an affectionate name which we give to Chance.

—The *Call* says that when Mrs. Fair visited a bank the other day, the cashier threw her pass-book on the counter in a very rude way, giving the amiable man-slayer the opportunity of retorting: "You might behave like a gentleman, anyhow!" With her usual good luck, Laura certainly came out of that encounter ahead. He was right who, when taken to task for his politeness to a man that had asked alms of him, replied, "He could not allow the beggar to be more of a gentleman than he was." The fact of the devil being around ought not to necessitate our being a devil, too.

Memorial Verses on the Death of Theophile Gautier.

[BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.]

Death, what hast thou to do with me? So saith
Love, with eyes set against the face of Death;
What have I done, O thou strong Death, to thee,
That mine own lips should wither from thy breath?

Though thou be blind as fire or as the sea,
Why should thy waves and storms make war on me?
Is it for hate thou hast to find me fair,
Or for desire to kiss, if it might be,

My very mouth of song, and kill me there?
So with keen rains vexing his crownless hair,
With bright feet bruised from no delightful way,
Through darkness and the disenchanted air,

Lost Love went weeping half a winter's day,
And the armed wind that smote him seemed to say,
How shalt the dew live when the dawn is fled,
Or wherefore should the Mayflower outlast May?

Then Death took Love by the right hand and said,
Smiling: Come now and look upon thy dead.
But Love cast down the glories of his eyes,
And bowed down like a flower his flowerless head.

And Death spake, saying: What ails thee in such wise,
Being god, to shut thy sight up from the skies?
If thou canst see not, hast thou ears to hear?
Or is thy soul too as a leaf that dies?

Even as he spake with fleshless lips of fear,
But soft as sleep sings in a tired man's ear,
Behold the winter was not, and its might
Fell, and fruits broke forth of the barren year.

And upon earth was largess of great light,
And moving music winged for world-wide flight,
And shapes and sounds of gods beheld and heard,
And day's foot set upon the neck of night.

And with such song the hollow ways were stirred
As of a god's heart hidden in a bird,
Or as the whole soul of the sun in spring
Should find full utterance in one flower-soft word,

And all the season should break forth and sing
From one flower's lips, in one rose triumphing;
Such breath and light of song as of a flame
Made ears and spirits of them that heard it ring,

And Love beholding knew not for the same
The shape that led him, nor in face nor name,
For he was bright and great of thews and fair,
And in Love's eyes he was not Death but Fame.

Not that gray ghost whose life is empty and bare,
And his limbs molded out of mortal air,
A cloud of change that shifts into a shower,
And dies and leaves no light for time to wear.

But a god clothed with his own joy and power,
A god re-risen out of his mortal hour
Immortal, king and lord of time and space,
With eyes that look on them as from a tower.

And where he stood the pale sepulchral place
Bloomed, as new life might in a bloodless face,
And where men, sorrowing, came to seek a tomb,
With funeral flowers and tears for grief and grace,

They saw with light as of a world in bloom
The portal of the House of Fame illume
The ways of life wherein we toiling tread,
And watched the darkness as a brand consume.

And through the gates where rule the deathless dead
The sound of a new singer's soul was shed
That sang among his kinsfolk, and a beam
Shot from the star on a new ruler's head.

A new star lighting the Lethean stream,
A new song mixed into the song supreme
Made of all souls of singers and their might,
That makes of life and time and death a dream.

Thy star, thy song, O soul that in our sight
Wast as a sun that made for man's delight

Flowers and all fruits in season, being so near
The sun-god's face, our god that gives us light.

To him of all gods that we love or fear
Thou among all men by thy name wast dear,
Dear to the god that gives us spirit of song
To bind and burn all hearts of men that hear.

The god that makes men's words too sweet and strong
For life or time or death to do them wrong,
Who sealed with his thy spirit for a sign,
And filled it with his breath thy whole life long.

Who made thy moist lips fiery with new wine
Pressed from the grapes of song the sovereign vine,
And with all love of all things loveliest
Gave thy soul power to make them more divine.

That thou might'st breathe upon the breathless rest
Of marble, till the brows and lips and breast
Felt fall from off them as a canceled curse
That speechless sleep wherewith they lived oppress.

Who gave the strength and heat of spirit to pierce
All clouds of form and color that disperse
And leave the spirit of beauty to remold
In types of clean chryselephantine verse.

Who gave thee words more golden than fine gold
To carve in shapes more glorious than of old,
And build thy songs up in the sight of time
As statues set in godhead manifold.

In sight and scorn of temporal change and clime
That meet the sun rerisen with refluent rhyme—
As god to god might answer face to face—
From lips whereon the morning strikes sublime.

Dear to the god, our god who gave thee place
Among the chosen of days, the royal race,
The lords of light, whose eyes of old and ears
Saw even on earth and heard him for a space.

There are the souls of those once mortal years
That wrought with fire of joy and light of tears,
In words divine as deeds that grew thereof,
Such music as he swoons with love who hears.

There are the lives that lighten from above
Our under lives, the spheral souls that move
Through the ancient heaven of song-illumined air,
Whence we that hear them singing die with love.

There all the crowned Hellenic heads, and there
The old gods who made men godlike as they were,
The lyric lips wherefrom all songs take fire,
Live eyes, and light of Apollonian hair.

There round the sovereign passion of that lyre
Which the stars hear and tremble with desire,
The ninefold light Pierian is made one
That here we see divided, and aspire,

Seeing, after this or that crown to be won;
But where they hear the singing of the sun,
All form, all sound, all color, and all thought
Are as one body and soul in unison.

There the song sung shines as a picture wrought,
The painted mouths sing that on earth say nought,
The carven limbs have sense of blood and growth,
And large-eyed life that seeks nor lacks nor aught.

There all the music of thy living month
Lives, and all loves wrought of thine hand in youth,
And bound about the breasts and brows with gold,
And colored pale or dusk from north or south.

Fair living things made to thy will of old,
Born of thy lips, no births of mortal mold,
That in the world of song about thee wait,
Where thought and truth are one and manifold.

Within the graven lintels of the gate
What here divides our vision and our fate,
The dreams we walk in and the truths of sleep,
All sense and spirit have life inseparate.

There what one thinks, is his to grasp and keep;
There are no dreams, but very joys to reap,
No foiled desires that die before delight,
No fears to see across our joys and weep.

There hast thou all thy will of thought and sight,

All hope for harvest, and all heaven for flight;
The sunrise of whose golden-mouthed glad head
To paler songless ghosts was heat and light.

Here where the sunset of our year is red,
Men think of thee as of the summer dead,
Gone forth before the snows before thy day,
With unshod feet, with brows unchapleted.

Could'st thou not wait till age had wound, they say,
Round those wreathed brows his soft white blossoms?
Why should'st thou vex thy soul with this harsh air,
Thy bright-winged soul, once free to take its way?

Nor for men's reverence hadst thou need to wear
The holy flower of gray time-hallowed hair,
Nor were it fit that aught of thee grew old,
Fair lover all thy days of all things fair.

And hear we not thy words of molten gold
Singing? or is their light and heat a cold
Whereat men warmed their spirits? Nay, for all
These yet are with us, ours to hear and hold.

The lovely laughter, the clear tears, the call
Of love to love on ways where shadows fall,
Through doors of dim division and disguise,
And music made of doubts unmusical;

The love that caught strange light from death's own eyes
And filled death's lips with fiery words and sighs,
And half asleep let feed from veins of his
Her close red warm snake's mouth, Egyptian-wise;

And that great night of love more strange than this
When she that made the whole world's hate and bliss
Made king of the whole world's desire a slave,
And killed him in mid kingdom with a kiss;

Veiled loves that shifted shapes and shafts, and gave,
Laughing, strange gifts to hands that durst not crave,
Flowers double-blossomed, fruits of scent and hue
Sweet as the bride-bed, stranger than the grave;

All joys and wonders of old lives and new
That ever in love's shine or shadow grew,
And all the grief whereof he dreams and grieves,
And all sweet roots fed on his light and dew;

All these through thee our spirits of sense perceives,
As threads in the unseen woof thy music weaves,
Birds caught and snared that fill our ears with thee,
Bay-blossoms in thy wreath of brow-bound leaves.

Mixed with the mask of death's old comedy
Though thou too pass, have here our flowers, that we
For all the flowers thou gav'st upon thee shed,
And pass not crownless to Persephone.

Blue lotus-blooms and white and rosy red
We wind with poppies for thy silent head,
And on this margin of the sundering sea
Leave thy sweet light to rise upon the dead.

[From Fun.]

— HIGH BONE.—Unaffected Sister: "How do we keep Christmas? as one of the festivals of the Church, of course." Very affected Brother: "A'ow, ah! with decowations! So glad you do it wespectable—I was afwaid you might keep it as one of the festivals of the pweople—with wetched distwibutions of blankets and beef and common sawts of things!"

— A DOUBT-FULL ADMISSION.—(Time—after supper.) Dootong: "May I have the pleasure of putting down a waltz with you, Miss Eaton?" Miss E.: "Really, Mr. Dootong, I'm afraid I'm so full already that I haven't even a corner left."

— LOWER BONE.—Tim: "What does Cris-mas mean? Why it means 'corn,' an' 'wine,' an' 'hoil,' an' roast beefs an' plum puddings for the hupper classes; for hus, lower downs, it means these yeer leaves—an'—prickles!"

— TURNING A HAIR. — Customer: "I think my hair's getting grey, isn't it?" Haircutter: "Well, reely, sir, I can't say but what it do seem to be meditating a change of color."

— A Proverb for the U. K. A.—None are so blind —as those who see double.

What they Say in London About our Mining Speculators.

The *Mining World* is a journal published in London. It is ably conducted, and is an unquestionable authority on the subjects of which it treats. In its issue of the 31st of December is an article entitled "American Mining," which is certainly not calculated to be light and pleasant reading to such of our mining speculators as contemplate operating in the London market. The writer says:

"To report on American mining is like being present at the dinner after a funeral, with the certainty that the will of the deceased, about to be read, contains no legacy for ourselves. Here is the biggest and best of them: The Emma Mine, in spite of a report from Mr. George Anderson, M. P., of his own ocular experiences, a report as long and really as meagre after all as the tail of a kite, has been running up and down the gamut of depression with its shares at sixteen, and now at eighteen, and nobody knows why, or nobody seems inclined to tell. We suspect it will be found that the snow is falling again, and that the working of the mine is suspended—it is, however, satisfactory to learn that the dividends are not to be suspended—and who that knows anything of the Sierra Nevada but must expect snow there for at least three months out of the twelve. In the plausible story told at the Great Western Silver Mining meeting we get at a fact or two from parties who had just come back. 'My experience,' says Dr. Nelson by which he means what he had seen in a month, and heard from those who had been there for years 'is that for three months' working, at three dollars a man, the Company don't get back two dollars.'

"At the Flagstaff, there is some doubt arising about the quality of the ore. It will be remembered that Mr. Fowler, in the Saturn, mistook iron pyrites for galena, to the tune of £644,000 on the wrong side for the shareholders.

"As for Camp Floyd, which a few weeks since rejoiced in a premium, the shares are now at two to three discount; and the mill is 'shut down,' all work being stopped, 'awaiting developments in shaft No. 3.'

"The Richmond is in a deplorable condition. It will have to follow suit with the Emma, and buy its opponent out. The position of this property, as recorded at the meeting, is a caution to investors in United States mines. As for the Troy Mine (a Bacup concern), this seems to be fast following in the track of the other Nevada adventures, and is apparently not far from bankruptcy.

"Next comes the South Aurora, of which a meeting has just been held to 'reconstruct.'"

The shareholders seem to take their losses merily, as the following extract from the report of the meeting will show:

MR. SPRATT.—As a member of the Committee, I will make only a few observations, because it has grown so late. I expected one extraordinary meeting, but we have had two. [A laugh.] First, as to the name of the new Company. I am sorry that they have kept up the name. They propose to call it the "South Aurora Consolidated." I think, though Shakspeare says, "What's in a name," if he had been alive in the present century he would have found a great deal in a name. The South Aurora! Why, whenever you hear that you will say, "Oh! I lost money by that," or you will hear some nasty expression. I do not see why we should keep the name. I would suggest that you call it the "Consolidated." That will be good enough, and quite comprehensive enough for us.

A SHAREHOLDER.—I should propose that you call it—or us—"the Chloride *Flats*." [Roars of laughter.]

MR. SPRATT.—I think we are anticipating Christmas. If our friend would only engage himself at Covent Garden he would bring down the house—in fact he would be simply invaluable. [Laughter.]

The *Mining World* goes on to say, "What need for a moral to this tale? Will English investors ever persist in being robbed with their eyes open? In paying tens of thousands of pounds for holes on an inaccessible mountain side, and expecting to find there, the roadways, the ready labor, the laws and usages of civilized life? Ask any man who has been amongst these mines if he dare to speak, much more to telegraph the truth in plain language? We know it for a fact that 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 80, nay, a 100 thousand pounds, have been paid for properties absolutely worthless, and that it has almost invariably been urged that the party sent over to give judgment and authorize or not the payment of the money has been either totally ignorant of mining, or himself a partner in the transaction on which he is appointed to deliver judgment. *Caveat emptor*, indeed, but the best thing to do is to keep away altogether. None should deal at a shop kept by a notorious thief; and such are the mining adventurers of America almost to a man."

[We protest against this last sentence as too sweeping. There are as honest men to be found among "mining adventurers" as in any other class. The truth is, there is a peculiar fascination about mining speculations, and distance lending enchantment to the view, our friends in England too often invest without exercising that caution and discretion which is essential in all adventures. It is rash and silly to condemn all mines and miners because, through their own want of care, losses have been made.—ED. MAIL BAG.]

— The lightning calculators, who stir up numerical excitement on the public thoroughfares, imagine themselves adepts at big figuring. Let them try to estimate the stealings of the Harbor Commissioners, or the number of times Pickering has successfully made an ass of himself, and they will conclude that there is not the power in numbers they supposed.

Peeps at the Parsons.

Special Providence is a wonderful thing. The Chicago fire was the vengeance of God falling on that wicked city even as it fell on Sodom. Hubs usually fire from lack of grease, but Boston fired from lack of the holy oil of the living truth. Two thousand persons were burned to death at the destruction of Lima Cathedral. This was God's judgment on them for being Catholics. Twelve servant girls were roasted in the burning of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It turns out that four of them never said their prayers, five wore false hair and *paniers*, and the other three had been seen to wink surreptitiously at the hotel clerks. After such revelations we can only wonder that God's judgment had been so long delayed. Barnum's Museum burned down. About time it did, for the elephant was a hardened Sabbath-breaker, and chewed tobacco; and the way he trumpeted, in imitation of the Rev. Mr. Scudder at a prayer meeting, was a gross insult to the cloth. The blue parrot also was an impious beast, and used to "swear like a Christian," as the sailor said. A girl caught cold at a ball and died. God's judgment on dancing. A chimney fell and mashed the bed usually occupied by a young man who just then was out to a ball. God's judgment comes in here, too, somewhere, although it may be obscure to us. For the last twenty years of his life that arch infidel, Gibbon, suffered from an enormous hernia of the irreducible kind. It has recently been discovered that this was the punishment inflicted on him by God for writing that terrible Fifteenth Chapter of the Decline and Fall.

As Hallelujah Cox was preaching among the animals at North Beach, last Sunday, he observed a tall person listening in earnest attention. Ha! thought he, with a twinkle in his little porcine eyes, "a sinner approaching the anxious seat! I will convert him; it will get my name in the papers better than the tale I trumped up about the Jew girl a month ago." And he went at it with holy zeal and vehemence until he got the steam up nearly to the "forty-parson power" Sydney Smith speaks of. Still the stranger made no sign, but regarded him intently with something not of earth in his rapt earnest gaze. Hallelujah hitched up his pants about his pendulous epigastrium, mopped off the grease that oozed through his skin, and started in again. He exhorted, he pleaded, he wrestled. He slung texts round till the air was thick with them, and at last rushed up to grasp the obdurate sinner by the hand, when he discovered it was only the figure-head of some old vessel. Poor Cox fell exhausted into the arms of his attendant flunkies, those Ass. Christian Young Men, who trot round after him so meekly, contend for the honor of holding the great man's hat, laugh when he laughs, cough when he clears his throat, and have a strange tickling in the nose whenever he happens to sneeze. 'Lujah bent his steps to the sad sea waves to perform his ablutions, and the last thing we saw was a group of little boys watching this Reverend Cox comb his back hair.

The *Pacific* leaves its legitimate business of blackguarding the other sects and dishing up Brother Stone's skim-milk, to make a sneering attack on Bret Harte, calling him silly, superficial, mocking, supercilious, etc. The article is merely a string of abusive falsehoods, which the writer knew well could not be substantiated by quotation or reference, so he wisely did not attempt it. Beyond its own petty clique of self-righteous saints, the toot of this pious organ is nowhere heard, and we ought to apologize to our readers for calling their attention to it; but there is something so amusingly snobbish in the way the little sheet assumes the god, affects to nod, and oracularly devolves its rounded periods concerning an author that its narrow brain can no more comprehend than Cox could understand Tennyson. The paper is a *parvenu* among decent journals, a parasite clinging to the skirts of honorable literature, with ideas as unfit for this age as Rip Van Winkle's flintlock. For instance, it approves of the expulsion of the Jesuits. A government, with its head turned by success, arrogating the leadership in arms, arts, letters, advancement and everything else, goes back three hundred years in the world's history and persecutes a body of Christians on account of their religion, and this journal—a Christian journal, mark you—wags its tail and yelps in chorus. This is modern American christianity according to the *Pacific*. Poor, paltry *Pacific!*

Rev. J. Ludlow, of Sacramento, is a happy man. His daughter was "born again" on the very anniversary of her other birth-day! They led her down to a slough back of town, where she was washed and made whitey-brown in the blood of the Lamb. Dear brother Ludlow acted as spiritual accoucheur on the occasion, and cackles over it in the *Evangel* as delightedly as an ancient hen who has laid an unexpected egg in her old age. It certainly was a singular coincidence, and if the brother had not been a parson we would have suspected some connivance about it. If the period of one's first birth is often a matter of previous arrangement (some say it is, *we* don't pretend to know), then the time for the second ought also to be amenable to pleasant adjustment. When the time arrives for us to be born again, although not particularly anxious to be "born in a bower," like the Sybaritic butterfly, yet we would prefer a warmer season than this for the occasion, and a more comfortable spot for our reception than the Sacramento river.

Take a long breath and peruse the following from the *Pacific Methodist:* "The error can be easily detected by a careful reflex examination of the spontaneous process of intuition with certain conjointed elements." Good gracious! What a coil is this! It reminds us of a *bon-mot* of King James I. He remarked of a certain preacher that his sermons were like the peace of God, "which passeth all understanding."

An Epigram.

[NOT FROM MARTIAL.]

[Respectfully dedicated to W. A. K——l, in acknowledgment of his spirited assaults on Mr. Bret Harte's character, at the distance of three thousand miles.]

Call me a hound, a reprobate defamer,
A sneak gratuitous, a sturdy liar,
White-livered thief, a savage turtle tamer,
An idiot boy, a jelly-fish on fire,
A rampant snail, a complement of sludge,
A watery fool, a scullion and a drudge,
A most incredible joke:
Call me the remnant of a tinker's dream,
A small mistake, a nose-compelling steam
Of Limburg cheese, a vanity, a soak!
Yea, call me these! I'll bear it, though you mend all
With more and more; but call me not a Kendall!

Matrimony.

Now, matrimony, to my mind, ought to be a fair partnership; but all the wives an' married faymales take Hoppy M'Cormack's view ov it. An' sure his view ov it was exactly like the handle ov a pump—'twas all o' one side. He was called Hoppy bekase he had a wooden leg. He wasn't born wid it, you know—he only inherited it. Well, they do say ov Hoppy, that one night when he was in Dublin an' drink—an' be the same token there was few people could put themselves outside a few scaldin' tumblers o' whisky punch in as short a time as Hoppy—one night, when he was in drink an' Dublin, the end ov his wooden leg got into one ov the fire-plugs in Sackville street—an' he, bein' occupied in his mind kep on walkin' around it wid the live leg till mornin', houldin' out his latch kay, and wondherin' who had run away wid the frunt door. Well, as I was sayin', all the faymales—particularly the ones licensed by their marriage-lines "to worry"—take Hoppy's view ov the partnership, an' I'll tell ye how: Hoppy, ye see, was partners onct on a time wid Cawdy Cortigan in a private still, down near Knockhadduddery; an' the gaugers happenin' to get a scent ov the poteen, Hoppy an' Cawdy had to run for it; but, thrue to their partnership, they tuk the poteen along wid 'm. "What's partnership, Cawdy, *avic?*" sez Hoppy, as he did his "dot an' carry one" after him—"what's partnership, *alanna?*" "O, it's a fair an' aquil division ov profit and labor," sez Cawdy. "That's just my way of thinking," sez Hoppy; "so it I carry the whisky, and you carry me, the profit 'll be all right, and the division of the labor aquil." But, comin' back to me subject matrimony, they tell me, is now called a civil contract—it's called so by the law—but, by the hokey, Murtough Mollowney was nearer the truth when he sed that the raysen it was called a civil contract was bekase all civility ended at the altar—when the masculine victim had tied the knot wid his tongue that he couldn't afterwards ontie wid his teeth. Howsomever, be all accounts, it's an ould ancient institution, an' I have heerd that a good wife is a bargain any day—an' a bargain that seldom comes singly—but, singly or doubly, it's like what they call an epidemic—chronic in the case of widdys—an epidemic that kem to our ancestors as natural as the mazles. It breaks out, I'm towld, in their posterity, when they're about escaping from their teens. The symptoms in the faymale showing strong when she begins squeezin' in her waist until it ain't half an armful, and making a balloon ov her back hair. An' in the male when he makes up his mind to makin' clane pipes dirty, an' to feelin' for nothin' at all on his upper lip. Howsomever, if it be that it must be had onct at laste in a lifetime, my opinion is that, like the hooping-cough, it's lightest when taken early; but, if it ain't taken wid a trifle ov the *rale* money, there'll be precious little of the harmony in the mixture. An' as most ov the people ov the day, who haven't had the disase, are likely to catch it by rubbin' again those that have, an' squeezin' the fingers ov those that haven't, I'll just conclude my remarks an' my last tumbler wid a conundrum. "Why is the state of matrimony like a besieged city in war-time?" Do ye give it up? Well, it's bekase those that are outside are wantin' to get in, and those that are inside are wantin' to get out!

—*J. Crawford Wilson.*

— By far the most thorough and able article that has appeared on a real live commercial subject in any of our daily contemporaries for a long time past, was that which the *Chronicle* printed the other day entitled, "Steam in the Pacific." The writer's head is level on that subject, anyhow. If we were interested that way we should buy him out—the fellow knows too much.

— Who is Kaiser William's "dead duck?" The papers say, "Bismarck." We don't believe it. We have always looked upon that astute individual as "a live man."

Laughing Bill.

The *Baltimore American* says: "A month or two ago an individual, whose characteristic was his cachination, made his appearance in New York, and after electrifying the Gold Room, the Board of Brokers, the theaters, and the newspaper men, was immortalized in the columns of the New York papers as 'Laughing Bill.' His genial laugh, so infectious that even the stupidest of mortals caught it, was made the theme of the most extravagant description, and the producer of the outburst was minutely drawn. Whether the description tallies or not, either the Laughing Bill or a Laughing Bill put in an appearance at the Holiday Street Theater recently. He sat in an 'Orchestra Seat, Left,' dressed in light pants, dark coat, a mustache and darkish side whiskers, and at every pun, double entendre, or contretemps, he started a laugh that ran through the house. Even the stupidest joke or most glaring guy was the cue to him to begin a laugh that rung from pit to dome; not an ordinary laugh, but a professional one. Beginning with a chuckle, it ranged all through the gamut to a regular 'ha, ha!' that had both merriment and lungs to give it force. The audience, stolid as ordinary audiences are, sat staring at the stage, prepared to laugh at the funny situations, but totally unprepared to be set off at the slightest provocation into roars; but in spite of their individual selves, when the leading laugh led off they chimed in, *nolens volens*, and never was heartier tribute paid to attempts at pleasing in old Holiday Street. Of course he was stared at, but he did not mind that; he was execrated by quiet-minded play-goers, but that made no difference. Laugh he would, and laugh he did, filling the theater with the heartiness of the sound till almost everybody joined in, and the nuisance of the early part of the evening became the source of enjoyment for the latter part. He was from the first an attentive listener to the plays, and during the interludes the excursions he made to Lushington increased his interest and added volume to his laugh. He is a genius, whoever he is."

Josh Billings' Idea of Girls.

Girls are the most unaccountable things in the world, except women. Like the wicked flea, when you have them they ain't there. I can cipher clean over to improper fractions, and the teacher says I do it first rate; but I can't cipher out a girl, proper or improper, and you can't either. The only rule in arithmetic that suits their case is the double rule of two. They are as full of Old Nick as their skin can hold, and they would die if they couldn't torment somebody. When they try to be mean they are as mean as pusley, though they ain't as mean as they let on, except sometimes, and then they are a good deal meaner. The only way to get along with a girl when she comes at you with her nonsense is to give her tit for tat, and that will flummux her; and when you get a girl flummuxed she is as nice as a new pin. A girl can sow more wild oats in a day than a boy can sow in a year; but girls get their wild oats sowed after a while, which boys never do, and they settle down as calm and placid as a mud puddle. But I like girls first rate, and I guess the boys all do. I don't care how many tricks they play on me, and they don't care either. The hoity-toitiest girl in the world can't always boil over like a glass of soda. By and by, they will get into the traces with somebody they like, and pull as steady as any old stage horse. That is the beauty of them. So let them wave, I say; they will pay for it some day, sewing on buttons and trying to make a decent man of the feller they have spliced on to; and ten chances to one if they don't get the worst of it.

People You Object to Meet.

Mr. Whiner, who never sees you without saying how very fat you've grown, or how very pale you look. Mr. Humdrum, who, when in society, confines his conversation to the changes of the weather and the rising price of coals. Lady Dawdler, who, if you meet her in the park, is pretty sure to ask you to carry her fat lap-dog for her. Mr. Quaver, who raves about the music of the future, and never says a word of sense about the music of the present. Captain Blusterham, who bellows out your name when he meets you in the street, and shakes you by the hand till he nearly rings your fingers off. Mr. Wheezer, who fancies that he is an invalid, and explains to you the symptoms of his latest ailment. Mr. Hardduppe, who, upon the strength of old school fellowship, will never miss a chance of borrowing half a sov. of you. Mr. Borer, who even now discusses the merits of the Tichborne case. Messrs. Sawbones and Pilgarlic, who, when they happen to meet at dinner, invariably talk shop together, and take away your appetite. Mr. Jeremiah Doldrums, who thinks he has a grievance against one of your best friends, and takes you by the button-hole in order to explain it. Baron Munchausen, Jr., who once was captured by the brigands, and every time he sees you embellishes the incident. Mr. and Mrs. Cadger, who, if you invite them for a day or two, always come provided with luggage for a fortnight.—*Punch*.

—— An emissary of the devil in *The Yellow Hat* performance carries off a woman with an eagle that doubles up. Nothing could be more suggestive. A double eagle will get away with most of our women. "'Tis pity, pity 'tis, 'tis true."

A Reporter from Hades in San Francisco.

The devil in his regions sat, not very long ago,
'Twas rather sultry weather in his residence below;
He called a favorite imp and said, "Mount thou the upper air,
And go to San Francisco and see what's doing there.
Inspect the city thoroughly, each block and street and court,
And having done so, come back here and hand me your report;
See all that can be seen, and keep a sharp look out for souls,
And while you're there you might as well inquire the price of coals.

Call on the Supervisors, they're all old friends of mine,
And any favor you may ask I'm sure they won't decline.
Bring all the Sunday *Chronicles*, and perhaps you might as well
Inform DeYoung how much we like his paper down in hell.
And when you're in the city, leave my card with Mrs. Fair,
And tell her that her absence is very hard to bear.
Pray don't forget the lawyers, but tell them with my love,
In cases of emergency I'm with them "hand and glove."

Then go to all the churchee, pay a visit unto each,
Be particular in noting down the doctrines that they preach;
Be sure and take a trip down town and hear old Dr. Cox
Hold forth to rampant hoodlums and monkeys from his box.
There, off you go! I think enough instructions you have got,
I would say more, but really, it is so devilish hot;
As you go out tell Cerebus be sure and look alive,
And send another chain in case *friend Mooney should arrive.*

A month flew by, the imp came back to Erebus, and quick
Was ushered to his Majesty. "Come in," exclaims old Nick.
"Ah, so you're back from 'Frisco; you're welcome, just sit down,
And tell me what is doing in that lively little town.
You followed my instruction?" "I did, your Majesty,
As you will soon discover if you listen unto me."
The imp took out his note book, then in the following style
The greedy ears of Satan with his tale he did beguile:

"I've splendid news, your Majesty, for it must be confessed
That San Francisco *is* the fastest city of the West.
I visited the prison, and your Majesty's own larder
Has seldom held so choice a crop, and never cases harder.
I found the 'Chicken' doing well, and gave him your regards;
But Mrs. Fair had gone elsewhere, so did not waste the cards.
I went to church, heard Bishop Kip, who sent me fast asleep,
And into every gospel shop I took a hasty peep.

I called on several lawyers and found them doing well,
Living on *egg*, as usual, while clients lived on *shell*;
I gave De Young your message, and he asked for your address,
And hoped that you'd step up some day to see the Lightning Press.
I also saw friend Pickering; he's looking very gray,
And hopes to be among us at some not far distant day.
Of illustrated papers, I've brought a nicish lot;
There's nothing here, your Majesty, that's half so "blue and hot."

I visited the *demi-monde*, your Majesty's own daughters,
And found them pretty well fixed up in very cozy quarters.
They do a thriving business, though some of them complain
That 'amateurs' are robbing them out of their hard-earned gain."
"Great news! great news!" cried Satan, "oh! what millions come to me,
Led downwardly the flowery paths of sensuality.
Go on, go on, my trusty imp, what more did you see there?
I'm very deeply interested in your visit, I declare."

"I saw what there was to be seen; I roamed about at night,
Watched drunkards drinking poison, saw many a deadly fight,
For, bless you, homicides up there don't end their days in jail,
For killing's got so common that they let them out on bail."
Says Satan, "'Tis good news; I've a *burning* love for souls;
This place must be enlarged, and I must order in more coals.
But hark! I hear a rapping right at the outer door;
Call in again to-morrow, then you can tell me more."

— The fate of the Kilkenney cats appears to have had no warning for the two P.s of the *Call* and *Chronicle*. They slash away at each other in a manner most reckless and terrifying to behold. Meanwhile an interested community is anxiously looking on with bated breath, awaiting the result. Let all maintain a firm grip on their nasal appendages and hope for the best. The "P. of the *Chronicle*" seems to have been strongest thus far. *Dieu defend le droit!*

— Amos Bowman delivered an instructive lecture upon "The Fossil Man." Many attended under the belief that he was after Pickering.

The Effect of Gold Discoveries.

Since the days when the sons in the fable were rewarded for obeying their father's dying request to search for treasure in the garden, the precious metals and stones have been wonderful agents in advancing wealth, civilization and colonization. The utilitarian who regards personal adornment, when it assumes the shape of carrying metals and stones in one's ears or nose, or slave-like chains around one's neck, as remnants of gross barbarism must still admit that the artificial value placed upon precious metals and precious stones has been the chief cause of discovery and colonization. Without going back to the days when ships went from Palestine to Tarshis, we may touch upon some main incidents of which we have a complete history and glance at the influence of the precious metals on the history of the world. To tap the wealth of the Indies, to find the mines from which the gold for Solomon's temple was dug, was the object alike of the great father of discovery and the succession of bold Portugese navigators who spread along the Western Coast of Africa, doubled the Cape, and who have left their names in India. Love of gold was the origin of the demolition of human sacrifices and cannibalism among the Aztecs, and the cause of the fall of the Nica Power in Peru. But the effects of discovery of gold in our own age has been more wonderful than any which have preceded them. Some of us can recollect Texas and California when people were few and far between, when the population consisted in great measure of outlawed Yankees, of half-caste Roman Catholic priests and the most wretched and faithless semi-Christian Indians. The land was good and inviting, and, as in Italy, man seemed to be the only growth that dwindled there. But soon the cry of gold reached the uttermost parts of the earth, and drew people from the Old World and the new, from China and from Germany. Gambling and speculation spread the news. Every outrage rendered the place more famous. San Francisco, from being a wretched monastery, grew as few towns have ever grown. Its isolation was felt at Washington and New York. Hence the Pacific Railway, the steamers to Shanghai, Hongkong, Australia, Japan and New Zealand. Within our own recollection an exploring party went from Tasmania to Port Philip and returned with the impression that the time had not arrived for planting a colony there. A small one, however, was planted, but dwindled until the surplus population of California, enthusiasts from England, and the Chinese were drawn to the gold fields of Victoria. The new fields had attractions alike for the lovers of adventure and the lovers of gold. There grew into early maturity the fine town of Melbourne; there industries, common to all Australian Colonies, rapidly developed themselves, and next to the Dominion we may call Victoria the finest of our Colonies. The great wheat fields of North America remained the home of the buffalo and the Indian hunter until gold fields drew men from England and the States. The isolation of British Columbia from the rest of the world has, however, prevented such advances being made in prosperity as its mineral and agricultural wealth would justify us in expecting. But it is the parent of the North Pacific Railway, the future road from England to China. The land of the Griquas and the Free Orange State in South Africa have caused hundreds of blunders to be made in the Colonial Office and thousands of inconveniences to the Cape Government until the diamond fields were discovered and peopled by men who thought no more of a Griqua, a Dutch Boer or a Hottentot than of a plain English digger. Then the Colonial Office stepped in and gave to the diggers such liberty as they were prepared to fight for.

So far the gold fields have been found where they have done the most practical good. If we could have pointed out a place out of India where we should have liked the next gold field to be found, we should have said near Port Darwin. The South Australian Government has long endeavored to turn the northern territory to account. It was hoped that it would become the great horse-breeding colony for India, and that it might become a colony partly of natives of India and partly of Europeans, and thus the northern portion of the great continent of Australia, as well as the southern, would soon become settled. And now news comes to us that gold in large quantities has been found at this very place. Thus gold discoveries will speedily cause the far off and unknown portions of the world to fill up and become the prosperous homes of millions.—*Overland Athenæum and Daily News.*

—— Another of those insidious approaches toward the entire absorption of our city front has been made by the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and as usual the Board of Supervisors are made the ready instruments in aiding and abetting this new "grab." Governor Stanford has applied for permission to establish a fog bell at the head of Broadway wharf. This is another encroachment on the part of this ambitious monopoly. The obsequious Board, who are neither more nor less than the paid agents of this all-absorbing corporation, most readily granted the petition. Henceforward the Oakland and Alameda boats, heedless of fog or mist or driving rain, can over-ride all other ferry lines not belonging to this powerful combination, and another link is added to that chain which is binding the intereste, the welfare, the future, the existence, the vital energy, the heart's blood and the prosperity of this, our fair city, in its fatal coils. How long, O Lord! how long?

—— A young gentleman of twenty-five recently married a lady of forty-two in Minnesota, and now sues for a divorce because she "chastises" him.

How the Old Year Died.

Darkness had fallen and the world was night'e,
Death-like and soundless, and the tread of feet
Was hushed in silence, while the spectral lights
Revealed the shadows of the ghastly streets.
Slowly the hours crept on from chime to chime,
As fell the echoes of the heaving tongue—
Sad, solemn warnings of remorseless Time—
Out on the the silence and the darkness flung,
As one hour's death is tolled, another's birth was rung.

The night waned, and the closing hour was near;
The heavens were hung in draperies of cloud,
Dark'ning the earth so soon to be a bier;
And the white snow fast drifting wove a shroud
To cloak the body of the lifeless year;
While ghosts of years long dead, a shadowy crowd,
Gathered around Time's slowly-dying son,
Whose course was ended, yet seemed scarce begun.

The sands were out: no mighty power could stay
The hand of Fate when the decree was read.
And while the night clasped trembling hands with day
Above the body of the noble dead,
The midnight bells, with hoarse, uproarous clamor
Did all the ties of '72 dissever;
As if Old Time's reverberating hammer
Were spiking down his coffin-lid forever.

And thus the spirit of the old dead year
Passed from the earth to join its kindred dead.
We hardly learned to know it while 'twas here;
It walked among us, yet we heard no tread;
Unseen it came, and as it came it went.
And while we muse, regrets steal o'er the heart,
And sad remembrances of time misspent:
Something undone of our alotted part,
And farther are we from life's goal than at the start.

S. P. Davis.

The Royal Arches of Yosemite.

When Hill painted the "Great Canyon of the Sierras," we thought it must for years be peerless, but this "bit of Nature" tells of great wealth of resource, and versatility in its painter. The atmosphere in this picture seems to make our respiration through our organs of vision, so plainly do we feel the *out of door* effect. Hill is eminently an out-door painter. His pictures brace and refresh us. We "hold communion with Nature" through his genius, and feel his thoughts upon the penciled canvas. The beautiful sweep of shade down through this landscape, from its upper hights upon the right to its center and across, rising to the topmost cliff upon the left, surrounding and condensing the warm light in its center, is a good study for some of the little, shallow-brained, would-be painters, who have had the bad taste to maliciously animadvert upon that which they can never comprehend. In this picture the foreground objects hold their natural place; nor are those in the mid-distance flat upon the background, like the decolemaine of school-girls. The tree-boles and their leafy crowns stand in the airy landscape, with space about them, miles away from the dim, gray walls, awful and grand, seemingly Nature's mausoleum. There is no dull opacity of sky, but blue, illimitable space, intensified by the high-reaching horizon of rock on either side against the azure ether. When "Magilp," the *Call* art-critic, eight years since said Hill would, if he lived, become the greatest painter in America, it was no idle prophecy. We congratulate Mr. Ralston upon the possession of the best picture of landscape ever exhibited upon any gallery walls in California, and feel indebted to him for his recognition of a great painter, and for retaining his *chef d'œuvre* in our young State.

—Were we inclined to be profane—which we never are, be it specially observed—we would say that the Modocs are playing hell on their watch generally. Our troops had them all corralled in a lava bed and proposed to treat them with full shells from mountain howitzers; the Colonel commanding had prepared a regular plan of battle that knocked Bull Run into the shade; every man had his orders, and the result was—an inglorious defeat for "our boys," even our dead being left within reach of Shack-Nasty-Jim and Captain Jack. The Indians, we are told, were scattered along a distance of two miles. Being two hundred in number, it follows, as the day the sun, that the Indians were fifty-two feet apart, or thereabouts. And yet, whenever "our boys" made an attempt to storm any particular point of the lava bed, they were met with "a murderous fire from the Indians." Those Indians must have been nimble of foot to circulate at any point along a front of two miles. Meantime, being defeated, we have drawn off our forces, and reinforcements will be sent on. Defeat has convinced the officers that more men, more arms, more howitzers are needed. Pity a little common sense couldn't go on with the reinforcements.

—At a recent fashionable wedding in New York, the groom, after the ceremony, lifted the bride's vail and presented her to the clergyman to kiss.

"Jones" and Melbourne "Punch."

To the Editor of Melbourne Punch:—We have duly received the copy of *Punch* you sent, containing an article entitled, "Jones," which is addressed to us and signed by you. Courtesy perhaps requires that we should answer it, though we would much rather have been spared the task. As the *News Letter* is nothing if not polite, we should have been glad if this exchange of sentiment between us could have had reference to some more congenial subject. We desire to cultivate friendly relations with our cousins in Australia. We respect *Mr. Punch*, your venerable parent of Fleet street, and could have wished to have hailed you as a worthy scion of so noble a progenitor. But you are not. He has always been above dirty acts. The effusion we are replying to convinces us that you are a mean, cowardly scallawag. That's measureably polite, or otherwise we should have employed a phrase that would have more adequately expressed the loathing we have for a man who sends his malice to this far-off land to injure one of whom we know nothing except that he seems to be industriously, though not too successfully, engaged in the endeavor to get an honest livelihood. When your unmanly attack upon this "Jones" of yours is all boiled down, what does it amount to? Your first sneer is at the curvature of his legs, resulting, as you are careful to tell us, from his early employment as a tailor. We fear that the closest examination would fail to reveal about your body that or any other sign of having followed so honest an employployment. It is evident that you know nothing of the spirit which pervades men's minds in this country. Here, labor is above all things honorable. To bear upon your person the marks of industry is to carry about with you an indelible certificate of character. Our late President was a tailor; the martyr Lincoln was a rail-splitter, and the great soldier who is the present head of our nation was a tanner. The fact that you thought it worth your while to get off such a sneer would seem to indicate that you think such things effective with your people. We sincerely trust you are mistaken. If in a young country like yours you are not a working people, you can't be much else that amounts to any good.

You give us this piece of gratuitous advice: "Button up your pockets, don't believe anything he says, and pass him on as soon as you can—he's a bad egg." If this is true, we can only say that those who repeatedly selected this man to be the recipient of the highest honor that can be conferred by a free people must be a queer lot. This charge is a boomerang which comes back to injure him who hurled it. He's an ill bird who fouls his own nest. We have before us a volume of your publication for 1867-8, and certainly if the amount of space you thought fit to allot to particular public men bore any proportion to their relative merits, then indeed must this Jones have been the man of most consequence in your community. In one of your cartoons he is represented as a giant whose popularity is about to swallow up that of all his colleagues. In those days you seemed to enjoy "a bad egg." You tell us he was "expelled from Parliament," but why not let us know the whole truth? You might have mentioned the reason for this expulsion. If you had told us that it was for receiving £60 to aid him in an election contest from people who differed from him on certain political principles, we should have better understood the case. If you had told us that, our credulity would have been severely taxed, for we could hardly imagine such high-handed proceedings possible. In this country such a political contribution would not even have excited an unfavorable criticism from the press. Then why did you not tell us that this expelled member was immediately returned back to Parliament by one of the largest and most cosmopolitan constituencies in your country, and that, too, against a most popular Cabinet officer? You gave us a little advice. Accept a word or two in return: "Wash your dirty linen at home." This is not the first time you have flaunted your filthy rags in our face. We have no desire to judge of your people as harshly as you would lead us to do. Here men will be insured a fair field, and will be judged by the record they make amongst us. You tell us Jones has not provided for his family. No wonder, if the poor devil has long been hounded down after the style of your article. We have a practice in California which we have hitherto warred against: it is that of "putting holes in people." Henceforth our opinion is changed; you have converted us. We now see that the pistol, bad as it is, is necessary to make some men decent, and you are just one of those men. There, that is the opinion held of you, you mean, cowardly sneak, by

The News Letter.

— That one Russell is condemned to be hanged, we all know. But the fact does not appear to be as generally known as it might be which Russell it is that happens to be in that unfortunate predicament. Crotty's murderer seems to be mixed up in a strange kind of way with another Russell, who happens unfortunately to be in our midst. Several correspondents ask to be enlightened as to which is which. There ought to be no difficulty in distinguishing the two men. There is not the slightest similarity in their appearance. When Nature was serving out her favors the murderer had much the best of it. The one has a moderately open countenance, whilst the other has a sneaking, hang-dog look. If only one of the two Russells must be hanged, we know which would be most missed.

— At a recent marriage a novelty in the bridesmaid's gloves was introduced. To the back of the gloves a small, compactly-made rosette was attached.

The Flight of Youth.

Youth is gone away,
Cruel, cruel youth,
Full of gentleness and truth
Did we think him all his stay;
How had he the heart to wreak
Such a woe on us so weak,
He that was so tender-meek?
How could he be made to learn
To find pleasure in our pain?
Could he leave us to return
Never again!

Alas! we know not how he went,
We knew not how he was going,
For had our tears once found a vent,
We had stayed him with their flowing.
It was an earthquake, when
We awoke and found him gone,
We were miserable men,
We were hopeless, every one!
Yes, he must have gone away
In his guise of every day,
In his common dress the same
Perfect face and perfect frame;
For in feature, for in limb,
Who could be compared to him?

Now between us all and Him
There are rising mountains dim,
Forests of uncounted trees,
Spaces of unmeasured seas;
Think with him how gay of yore
We made sunshine out of shade—
Think with him how light we bore
All the burden sorrow laid;
All went happily about Him—
How shall we toil on without him?
How without his cheering eye
Constant strength embreathing ever?
How without Him standing by
Aiding every hard endeavor?
For when faintness or disease
Had usurped upon our knees,
If he deigned our lips to kiss
With those loving lips of his,
We were lightened of our pain,
We were up and hale again:
Now, without one blessing glance
From his rose-lit countenance,
We shall die; deserted men—
And not see him, even then!

We are cold, very cold—
All our blood is drying old,
And a terrible heart-dearth
Reigns for us in heaven and earth:
Forth we stretch our chilly fingers
In poor effort to attain
Tepid embers, where still lingers
Some preserving warmth, in vain.
Oh! if Love, the Sister dear
Of Youth that we have lost,
Come not in swift pity here,
Come not, with a host
Of Affections, strong and kind,
To hold to our sinking mind,
If She will not, of her grace,
Take her Brother's holy place,
And be to us, at least, a part
Of what he was, in Life and Heart,
The faintness that is on our breath
Can have no other end but death.

—*Lord Houghton.*

Little Jokes.

We receive communications of every name and nature, and a fair proportion of them are all about precocious little children, children who say quaint and sometimes wise and really witty things. One now before us tells all about a Sunday school scholar, only six years old, who was asked by his teacher "why they took St. Stephen outside the walls of the city to stone him to death?" The little fellow was silent for a moment, as though absorbed with the problem, when, brightening up suddenly, he replied: "So they could get a better crack at him." Charley Richards, one of our chattiest correspondents, sends us the sketch which follows: There lives near by here one of those nondescript characters commonly called old maids, Hannah Griswold by name. Hannah is not the most brilliant female that has ever stepped upon earth to make the heart of man rejoice, but still she has a destiny to fill, no doubt. This good maiden's ambition has always been to marry, but the fates have been adverse, and she has been obliged to play her little game thus far all alone. One of her neighbors, who knows full well Hannah's ambition, told her, if she could look away over to Farmer Sheldon's barn, some three miles off, and see a hen's egg on the gable end of it, she would be married within sixty days. Taking a commanding position Hannah commenced her gaze of love. After a long and earnest look, she was asked "if she could discover the egg?" "Well," said Hannah, "I can just make out the outlines of the egg, but I can't see the barn."—*London Mirror.*

— That most wonderful of modern lawyer detectives, Clark, has made another raid on the gamblers, and Judge Louderback has punished them according to their deserts. Meanwhile the Sunday Law remains a dead letter. Not that we favor the Sunday Law. We think it a fraud upon people who want to get religiously drunk on the Sabbath; but a law is a law, and being such, it ought to be enforced. The gamblers are God-fearing men, for in the halcyon days of their prosperous existence they always closed their doors and muzzled the tiger on the Sabbath. Now they ask that the dispensers of liquid comforts shall likewise observe the law. So, prithee, friend Clarke, as thou lovest us, let not our Christian streets be defiled by trafficking souls on the Sabbath.

— In St. Louis they license prostitutes. In Memphis they invite them to attend prayer-meetings. In Sacramento they not only tolerate their lectures, but listen to them. In San Francisco they are treated like women of the town. You pays your money and takes your choice.

Court Chat.

—— A good story has been told concerning a Q.C., well known on the Home Circuit. The wife of the aforesaid Q.C. lost a favorite poodle dog, and in her distress invoked the aid of her liege lord to recover the lost pet. Q.C. knew the head of the dog-stealing fraternity of London *professionally*, so he sent for him and told him of his loss. "Well, Mister Q.C. (was the reply), I knows your dorg well, and I think I knows how to get it. But it's a wery valuable dorg—will cost a lot of money." "How much?" "Well, £30." "Rubbish!" But after a deal of altercation Q.C. agreed to give £25, whereon his "friend" said, "You're a gen'elman," and the bargain was struck. "But (was the addendum) yer can't hev him for a few days." "Why not?" said Q.C. "Why, yer sees, Muster Q.C., yer dorg was only sold last Monday to a hold gent for twenty guineas, and as he's got to be darned fond of him, we feels bound to let him have him a few days afore we take him back agin; he must hev sumthing for his money." The dog came back in due course.

—— The *bonâ-fide* seamen serving in the Royal Navy on the 1st April, 1872, exclusive of pensioners, coastguard men, and men in the Indian troopships, numbered 17,785; the first-class boys, 4,099; and the second-class boys, 3,428, of whom 3,381 were in training ships. The number of first-class boys who entered for the first time in the preceding year was 137, and of second-class boys 3,038; while the total number of *bonâ-fide* seamen who entered was 514. Among 2,464 seamen who left the service there were 506 who deserted, and 660 who were invalided.

—— A Roman journal says: "The Prince of Naples' carriage has been run into a second time, and by all accounts it was purposely done. The coachman was driving through the Via della Umilla and saw a cart approaching. He was driving slowly, but the carter deliberately pulled his horse so that the cart should come into contact with the carriage. The carter was at once arrested, and we hope will meet with a punishment sufficiently severe to prevent other men of his kind from committing similar outrages on a defenseless child."

—— A telegram from Constantinople announces that the Sultan has authorized a loan of £25,000,000 for the completion of the railways in European Turkey and the extension of the Nicomedia line in Asia. The creation of these railways will be of so much importance to England in connection with her Eastern possessions, that there is no doubt the loan will be favorably received in this country.

—— A political Christmas tree was exhibited in Paris recently. It was a good-sized fir from the Vosges mountains, torn up by the roots, with a quantity of the native soil of Alsace still clinging to it. Around this tree, richly laden with toys and bonbons, were congregated 2,000 children of Alsace and Lorraine exiles. M. Gambetta and several other deputies were present.

—— The question which arose concerning the manner in which the foreign Representatives should enter the presence of the Emperor of China has been settled, the Chinese officials yielding to the demands of the foreigners. The Diplomatic Body of Pekin will be received by the Emperor on the first of the Chinese Moon.

—— Herr Kaulbach, having perhaps heard of the fears expressed in Vienna that even water may run short along with everything else during the Exhibition, is painting for the Vienna Exposition a monster picture of the Deluge. It should naturally, to be in artistic keeping, have been in water color.

—— The King of Portugal, in opening the Cortes, recently, said that means had been taken to punish the recent conspirators against the Throne. Measures had been adopted to cancel the floating debt. The prospects of the Treasury were good, and no additional taxation would be required.

—— The German Government, which appears resolved not to be brow-beaten by the Vatican, has given warning to the newspapers in Posen and Koenigsberg, that if they publish the utterances of the Pope against Germany in his recent allocution to the cardinals they will be immediately seized.

—— The aged Guizot is absolutely bringing out another work. The subject is *Monarchy, Imperialism and Republicanism*. This veteran statesman and author entered on his 86th year last October. He has seen three Monarchies, two Empires, and three Republics.

—— Mr. Gladstone completed the 63d year of his age last Sunday, having been born in Liverpool on the 29th December, 1809. Mr. Disraeli, who was born in London on the 31st December, 1805, entered his 68th year on Tuesday last.—*Court Journal of January 4th.*

—— The last piece of rock in the Anglo-Maltese Hydraulic Dock is being cut at the present moment, and the completed dock will be opened with all due ceremony next month by Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, who is on his way to Malta for the purpose.

—— About 135 blue-jackets are about to leave England for Australia, in order to man the colonial-built schooners destined to put down slave-dealing and kidnapping in the South Seas.

—— The fever of the Czarewitch is gradually subsiding, and the strength of the Grand Duke, though weakened through the fever, remains on the whole very satisfactory.

—— A new bishopric is proposed for the north of Europe, the seat of which will be at Heligoland; one for Rockhampton, Australia, and one for Lahore, India.

An Irreverend Parson.

The following contribution from a learned Unitarian minister we insert for its brightness whilst disagreeing with some of its sentiments:

DEAR NEWS LETTER:—The last ten days hath brought forth some of the most astounding developments in the shape of miracles that hath ever been witnessed by the prayerful souls of this or any other age. Knowing, as I do, the pious proclivities of the "NEWS LETTER Corps," and being well aware that your able sheet is the great exponent of the only true religion, I hasten to give you the experience and individual reports of the prayerful five in witnessing the miraculous phenomena which has occurred and is still transpiring in our midst, causing a profound sensation in the upper circles of our sceptical commonwealth.

Let the followers of the Nazarene take courage; let the ungodly stand aghast and quake before the disciples of the Man of Bethlehem; hang out the banner of the Lord; raise the standard of the Cross and let the sacred emblem wave once more in triumph over the head of the scoffing infidel. Glory to Alpha; three cheers for Omega; hurrah for the everlasting Three. Our prayers are answered; we have knocked and the door hath swung open; we have sought and struck it; we have not flopped down on our knees for eighteen hundred years for nothing; I knew it would come, it was only a question of time; we have swung around the circle and talked with God.

We have prayed for a sign, and behold, we have manifold signs showered upon us. Excuse my exuberance of spirits, dear NEWS LETTER, but my soul is filled with joy at the successful working of miracles in our midst in these degenerate days. But to my subject. At the close of the Evangelical week, we, the zealous five, closed the little chapel at the Oaks, organized ourselves into an army of the Lord, donned the uniform of our Redeemer, and as soldiers of the Cross took the field against the cohorts of Satan. Armed with twelve thousand copies of the patent Evangelical Prayer, "corresponding to the twelve tribes or Israel," we divided our army into three divisions and took up our separate lines of march.

The Blond Sister led on the right wing, her left resting on the *Bulletin* office, with the Coast of Barbary for her base of supplies; the Azure-eyed Girl commanded the extreme left, right resting on Dow's distillery, with open communication with the Young Men's Christian Association for a base. The Parson took the field in person, commanding the center and investing the city of Oakland, leaving a strong reserve, consisting of the Pet Lamb and Deacon Scott, lying in ambush behind Wilson's rum-mill. You will be enabled to see by the annexed reports from the corps commanders the effect of well-directed, persistent and determined prayer, offered in good faith and backed by a little judicious labor:

THE BLOND SISTER'S REPORT.

Sunday, in the Field near Barbary Coast.

Dear Parson—E're the sun arose
I sought the sinner in his lair,
And poured upon Emanuel's foes
A copious shower of patent prayer.
And when the day-god's burning eye [vail,
Came scorching through night's dusky
We saw our prayer inscribed on high
Athwart the heavens, a fiery trail.
No glorious morning sunbeam fell
On the accursed infidel;
Lord Pickering's hall in shadow lay,
And father on across the way
The *Chronicle* lies buried deep
Within Egyptian gloom asleep.
The wicked little *Morning Call*
Is hid by darkness' sable pall,
Vague and unreal as a ghost;
The *Alta* and the *Evening Post*
Are dimly seen behind a cloud,
Enveloped in a murky shroud.
A blighting, damp and darksome shade
Is on each Sunday paper laid,
And round the *Scientific Press*
It seems a howling wilderness.
But bathed in heaven's delicious dews,
That holy, transcendental *News*
Letter in golden sunlight lies,
And round its consecrated walls
A fadeless, mellow halo falls
Like day-beams over paradise.
The dwellers on the Barbary shore
Turn up to heaven affrighted gaze,
Note the red hell-mark circling o'er,
Then down each wanton falls and prays.
Through Rev. De Waverly I sent
A bomb-shell charged with patent prayer.
The Lords through fear refused their rent;
Oh, what a miracle was there!
Parson, where 'ere our effort goes
The desert blossoms like the rose.

REPORT OF THE AZURE-EYED GIRL.

Dear Parson, comforter of souls,
Onward, the glorious battle rolls,
And every hour, the death knell tolls,
For some departing sinner.
But thanks to God, and the sweet prayer,
We've snatched him from the devil's snare;
He now in heaven will have a share,
And eat with Christ his dinner.
Brother, this morning, for our Lord
To have the million over-awed,
I confess a pious fraud
Was played upon the people.
Before the dawn of early day,
I sought St. Mary's temple gray;
With stealthy step I took my way,
Far up its lofty steeple.
Where 'ere a holy missive stuck,
The sinner with remorse was struck:
And heavenward, like some dying duck,
He rolled his eyes on Jesus.
Then straight away, through a rifted cloud,
I saw a figure in his shroud,
And heard a voice as trumpet loud
Proclaim his second coming,
Dumb, and awe-stricken; not a word
Was uttered; not a pulse was stirred,
But through the silver rift we heard
The golden harp-strings humming.
The fight is o'er, the world is ours,
The cross floats over heathen towers.
Now in religion's sunny bowers
We'll revel unmolested.

Thus perched on high in middle air,
I scattered copies of our prayer,
They fell like snow-flakes everywhere;
What followed, sure, will please us.

This happy day had never come,
Dear Parson, had thy voice been dumb.
Thy wisdom, stopped the sale of rum,
And had the great prayer tested.

REPORT OF THE PARSON.

Head-Quarters, Army of Occupation, Sunday. Advance Guard in position on the shore of Merrit's Lake, near Blazes.

Dear Sisters—I've scattered, like fierce driving hail,
The great patent prayer on the wings of the gale;
It hath smitten the head of the sinner with fire,
And he trembles with fear of the Lord in his ire.
I met a big scoffer, weighing three hundred pounds;
I pass'd him a copy, he fell on the ground,
While the cold perspiration oozed out of each pore,
He said, he'd be d——d if he'd sin any more.
A wicked steam-engine swept over the road,
And a train of lost souls, it defiantly tow'd
Straight on to destruction; but on the track lay
A prayer that stopped travel on God's holy day.
Some hard-hearted boys, with no fear of a hell,
Had kettled a dog, who with many a yell
Came bounding along, where a worshiping few
Had fallen asleep in each soft-cushioned pew.
I caught the tin-kettle, and some of the hair,
And wraped them both up in a copy of prayer.
Since then, in that district, there's been no more noise;
It cured the dog's tail, and converted the boys.
Yet, alas! my dear Sisters, the truth must be told,
There is ever an old dusky ram in the fold.
Right here, in our midst, a lone widow, they say,
Plays poker each night with the meek Deacon Grey.
My lovely co-workers, farewell for a time;
We have fought, side by side, in a cause most sublime;
We've conquered; no shadow now clouds the bright day,
Except the lone game of that renegade Grey.

Yours to command,
THE PARSON.

The Oaks, January, 1873.

Long Live the King!

Hawaii is once more happy. "Drunken Bill" is elected to reign over her. Things are fixed, the wires have been judiciously pulled, and Sam Wilder is ahead. Henceforth a power in Honolulu is this same Sam. Married into the Judd family, he controls the missionaries and the natives. Having made the new King, he is now the chief adviser of Kammehameha the VI. He is the power behind the throne which is greater than the throne itself. When he opens his mouth, let no dog bark. Well, the power might be in worse hands. Sam is a pushing, active, shrewd American. The late King's chief adviser was an old sorceress. Sam is a good exchange for the old woman. A live man is better any time than a superstitious fortune teller. There is something wonderfully elastic in the capacity of an American to adapt himself to circumstances. One would have thought that being raised in Republican simplicity, Sam would not easily have fallen into the ways of Royalty. Quite a mistake! Nothing that ever fell from the lips of Louis the magnificent exceeded in appropriateness that pretty little speech which Sam the other day put into the mouth of the newly elected king. We salute the rising sun. Great is thy shadow, O, Samuel! All the powers of the earth doth acknowledge thee—to be the King's right bower.

—— Somebody has been trying to assassinate the President of Peru, whoever that unfortunate individual may be, and as usual upon such occasions, the attempt failed. This being a progressive age, we doubt not we shall soon be able to announce the complete success of the scheme, besides many others not yet attempted. We kindly invite to our midst a few friendly assassins to make way with Bro. Pickering, whose death by natural means is impossible. We have waited until perseverance has ceased to be a virtue. *P. S.*—All first-class assassins wanting a job, please apply to Mr. P., *Chronicle* office.

—— Ben. Butler has come out as a man and a soldier should, in favoring the resolution to restore to the pension list the veterans of 1812, who were unfortunate enough to fight for the "lost cause," and had their pensions cut off on that account. He remarked, with a manly spirit, that "they had won the right to be wrong once in their lives," and on the same principle we admit that Gen. Butler is now entitled to be considered "right for once in his life."

Special Brevities.

— John Smith—plain John Smith—is not very high sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in die-away novels; and yet it is good, strong, and honest. Transferred to other languages, it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus in Latin it is Johannes Smithus; the Italians smooth it off with Giovanni Smith; the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jean Smeet; and the Russian sneezes and barks Jonzoff Smittowski. When John gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes Jovan Shimmit; if he clambers about Mount the Icelanders say he is Johne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras he becomes Ton Qua Smittia; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmitittiwiski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains, they talk of Jihon Schmidd; when he goes to Mexico he is booked as Jantli F'Smitti; if of classic turn he lingers among Greek ruins, he turns to Ion Smikton; and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as yourself as Voe Self.

— The Odessa *Messenger* relates that the authorities of that town are on the track of a painful judicial error, committed eleven years ago. At that date a murder was perpetrated on the person of Mme. Doudovovitch, wife of a General, and suspicion fell on the lover of the victim's maid servant, a man named K.sselevitch. This person was tried by a Court Martial, condemned to be shot, and afterwards executed. It now appears that the real murderer of the lady has been discovered, and has confessed his crime in furnishing proofs of the truth of his statement.

— A new combination in the coal trade is likely to be formed. Should it be successful it will give the entire control of the coal mines in the Schuylkill region into the hands of the Reading Coal and Iron Company. During the past year this corporation expended, under the charter procured last session, no less than $60,000,000 in buying collieries. At present they have an interest over mines producing 2,700,000 tons per annum, and should their proposals to other companies be accepted they will have a full control over the sale of 51,942,000 tons of coal.

— A gentleman even more an explorer than Stanley is going to publish a book called "Another World," in which he will favor us with his experience in a planet of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, their laws, etc. We hope he will also give us the last theatrical news, literary *on dits*, and Court and fashionable movements. Next to the voyage of Babil and Bijou to the moon, this will be the most substantial proof of the planet being inhabited.

— The other evening, as the Rev. G. T. Valentine, Vicar of Holme Eden, was preaching in St. Mary's, in Carlisle, his hair caught fire by one of the gaslights which project from a pillar near the pulpit. The reverend gentleman had sufficient presence of mind to give no indication of being conscious of the fact, and quietly allowed the flame to expire of its own time.

— An artist who has painted a portrait of a gentleman noted for his frequent libations, invited the gentleman's friends to see it. One of them, who was rather near-sighted, approaching it too closely, the artist in alarm exclaimed, "Don't touch it; it isn't *dry*." "No use of looking at it then," replied the gentleman. "It can't be my friend."

— Wiesbaden gambling tables had a splendid financial year. After paying all expenses, which are enormous—5,000 francs a day, including the year's tax of 900,000 florins to the Prussian Government—the shareholders have received interest on their capital at the rate of 107 per cent. per annum. A nice little dividend this.

— The United States Government has instructed their representative at the Court of Madrid to warn the Spanish Government that unless a change of policy towards Cuba be adopted the friendly relations which have always existed between the Governments of Spain and the United States will be considerably endangered.

— A new Act prohibiting the exhibition of betting lists has just come into operation in Australia. It has checked a fast-growing nuisance, which made betting easy for boys, who occasionally backed certainties with other people's money, and went to jail when they did not come off.

— They dress well in China. On the the third day of the Emperor's marriage he and his young bride appeared in dresses valued at £360,000; it may be said of considerable "Worth."

— A famous rose tree in the Island of Ceylon is eighty feet in circumference and fifteen feet high. It has been known to bear two hundred roses in full bloom at one time.

— Writing on the late excessive rainfall, it is estimated from careful calculations that the fall in England last year amounted to 50,000,000,000 tons.

— Upon the marriage of Miss Wheat, of Virginia, an editor hoped that her path might be flowery, and that she might never be thrashed by her husband.

— A New York paper says that the sparrows imported into that city from England have grown several shades lighter in color since their arrival.

— Henry Ward Beecher says that more lies have been told about him, every year of his public life, than would shingle a cathedral.

— The people of Jasper County, Mississippi, recently voted against a railroad lest the locomotive should scare the deer out of the county.

Wayside Gushings.

BY MRS. HARRIS.

Oh, my poor 'ead! my 'apless 'ead! that gal will drive me wild
As I 'ave trained in wirtue's paths permiscuous from a child.
Did I hever tell you *Noos Letter*, as I bought 'er a pianner
As soon as she diskivered that 'er woice were a sopranner?
It were a old 'un, vunce a "Grand" by Weber, of New York,
And its ventral noises would prowoke the dead to up and valk,
Yet I 'ave stood it till my nerves is shook that hupside down
I've scarcely strength to 'ook my stays or get into my gown.
But 'Arris 'as a feelin' 'art, and, thinks I, should I denige 'er,
Sayrah might take to vicked vays and lead me to despige 'er,
So I consented she should learn to play, likeways to sing,
A little dreamin' as 'er woice would be constant on the wing.
But hever since the hopera 'ad sich a hinfluence on 'er
That gal's been fancyin' 'erself a famous prima donna;
Vot vith 'er woice and them there toons she plays upon the "Grand,"
'Tis wuss than a street horgan or Bosting Joobly band.
'Er dancin' is a noosance, a-skippin hup the stairs,
Upsettin' of vun's furnitur' and smashin' of vun's chairs;
But that's a trifle to 'er woice as keeps on hobbly-gait-oh,
Like a worn-out wheezy violin, from hearly dawn till late, oh!

This mornin', harter a bad night, in vich I dreamed of 'Arris,
Likeways the Hemperor, recent dead, as vunce did reign at Paris,
Halso a hexecution as I fancied that I see'd,
In vich the chap did kick that 'ard it made my vitals bleed,
Vich p'raps pork chops took late at night do hagitate the mind,
Leastways ven whisky and strong hale permiscuous is combined,
And vooden nutmegs do not haid a hoverwrought hinside,
Especially ven the brain is full of poetry beside.
But scarcely 'ad the horb of day 'is wisual rising shown,
And casual sunbeams played upon my wisage unbeknown,
Than I were startled by a woice as were a perfect scarer,
Vich 'ollered to an 'orrid toon, "The bells is a-ringin' for Sayrar,
Sayrar, Sayrar, the bells is a-ringin' for Sayrar,
Sayrar, Sayrar, the bells is a-ringin'"——
Hinstant I leapt into my clothes as hagile as a dancer,
And wowed with wengeance in my 'art I'd make the 'uzzy hanswer.
"Stop that there row, howdacious gal, you'll drive your missus vild."
Oh, sharper than a sarpint's tooth to 'ave a thankless child!
Vot do I 'ear? Can it be true she says she do not care a ——
But still keeps on that blessed song, "The bells is a-ringin' for Sayrar!"
'Ark, there's a knock at the front door! Sayrah, see who's a knockin',
And stop your noise, for your shrill woice do sound parfickly shockin'!

"'Tis my perliceman," Sayrah cried, "vith a paper in 'is 'and,
Look at 's vhiskers and moostarch; oh, Missus, ain't he grand"
"'Od rot the man," says I, "Sayrah, vot's vagon loads of 'air?
'Tis condick only as do make both men and vimmen fair.
Ask vot he vants, don't let 'im in but hopen the door slowly;
If he 'ave come a-sparkin' you I'll report 'im to Chief Crowley
And the Board of Superwisors, ven he'll werry soon get sacked
And lose 'is badge for doin' a unhofficer-like hact."
"La, missus," Sayrah says, says she, "'ow can you be so 'ard
Upon a poor perliceman as 'ave vhiskers like a pard?
Vot 'ave he done? He 'ave but said, 'Sayrah, my 'art is your'n,
And ven I'm Chief I'll marry you as sure as you is born.'"
"Vich is a breach of promise, for he never vill be Chief,
So don't be 'umbugged, Sayrah, he's no better than a thief,
To come at sich a 'our as this, ven your missus 'ave jest risen,
To court a gal as is my own and never can be 'is'n."

He knocked again and called quite loud, "'Arris, Matildar Jane."
"Say vot you vant at vunce," says I, "or houtside you remain;"
"'Ere is a summons," vos 'is vords, "to go before the Court
For playin' music at all 'ours and ven you didn't ought.
Spareríb, the pork butcher next door, 'ave hentered this 'ere suit,
And I'm werry sorry as the man is sich an 'artless brute."
"Let 'im in, Sayrah, oh, good 'evans, this comes of that pianner,
And your eternal screeching vith your 'orrid loud sopranner.
Pray, good perliceman, take a chair and tell me vot you'll take;"
"Vhisky," says he, "and this 'ere cause vill come before Judge Blake."
"Vot 'im with the gray vhiskers, as do shake 'is doubtin' 'ead
Like a old howl, vith a fearful scowl? I vish that I vos dead!
Sayrah, is this your gratitood for all my hanxious care,
As did take you ven a hinfant and no expense did spare
To bring you up respectable, as a credit to your sex,
As 'ave done nothink helse of late than my poor 'art to wex,
And now 'ave brought your missus to this most 'orrid end,
To be 'ad up as a noosance whom no lawyer vill defend."

'Ere Sayrah vept and on 'er knees cried, "Missus, please forgive,
I'll be your wassal and your slave as long as I do live,
And as for Sparerib, the wile wretch, I'll break 'is 'oggish 'ead,
As can't a-bear to 'ear my voice the soul of music shed
Over 'is 'orrid butcher's shop, where pigs is cruel slain,
And likeways 'osses and dead cats he deals in for 'is gain,
And turns 'em into sassige meat vich boardin' 'ouses buy—
Put me in court and I vill give that pork butcher the lie."

"Sayrah, dry up your tears," says I, "and give me an 'ot vhisky;
I'll face the brute in open court altho' the law is risky."
"Madam," says the perliceman, "if I might give a 'int,
You'd get a lawyer on your side like Tyler or Judge Quint."
"Them as defended Mrs Fair, as should 'ave 'ung in chains!
Not vile my name is 'Arris and conshuns yet remains;
But if you know a hable man, as can expound the laws,
Send 'im to me, I 'ave the fee, and he shall plead my cause."
Vith another drink and a hartful vink at Sayrah, that M. P.
Says, "I knows a lawyer, vich 'is name is Sawyer, as your hadvocate shall be!"

"Sayrah, the fatal morn is come ven we must go to Court,
For playin' toons and singin' songs at times you didn't ought;
Unfort'nit critter that you are, you'll bring my gray 'airs down
In sorrow to a hanxious grave, as once was reddish brown,
Me, as 'ave nussed you ven a babe as hif you'd been my own,
A little thinkin' I'd 'ave cause in hafter years to groan
Over sich condick as 'ave roused old Sparerib's hanimosity
And made 'im take a summins out to satiate 'is ferocity,
Vich that wile pork butcher vill swear he couldn't make 'is sassiges,
'Cos of your constant strummin' of them hoperatic passages.
A jury, more than 'alf of 'oom may p'raps be friends of 'is'n,
Vill try us, and if guilty found ve'll 'ave to go to prison;
But I vill not reproge you, for your conshuns must feel sore
At draggin' of me into Court, as was never there before,
And I'm much afeard that Sparerib may hinfluence Judge Blake
By sendin' of 'im sassiges, vich he is sure to take.
Not knowin' as they is composed of various hanimiles
As Sparerib catches after dark and then permiscuous biles."

"Missus," says Sayrah, "if I 'ave a voice as is sopranner
Am I to blame? nor yet for playin' toons on the pianner.
A young man told me as I sang like Adelina Patti
Ven he 'eard me through the vinder a-singin' "Batti, batti,"
As is the soul of melody and I know it all by 'art
Through 'earin' of it frequent in a hopera by Mozart."

"Your hargyments is good, Sayrah, but they won't do at law,
As forces hevery citizen at night to 'old 'is jaw
For fear of vakin' hinfants and disturbin' of the peace
Or hinterruptin' burglars and arousin' the perlice.
But it is time that we should start—give me my Russian muff,
And in its linin' don't forget my vhisky flask to stuff,
For I think it's more than likely as I may be taken faint,
For them law trials vould veary out the pashuns of a saint.
Likeways, we may get 'angry, so put in that pork pie,
And then ve'll vish this 'appy 'ome vot may prove a last good bye."

"Don't veep," says she, "dear missus," as my tears began to start,
"O, Sparerib, monster! you 'ave broke poor Mrs. 'Arris' 'art,
But wengeance, slow though it may be, shall 'over o'er your 'ead,
I'll stop your makin' sassiges from 'osses as is dead,
Vich you do buy up 'olesale and their corpses mix with spice,
To 'ide their 'oosy flavor and make people think 'em nice.
That tom-cat whose hexpirin' voice I heard in bed last night
Shall 'aunt you to your dyin' 'our, like an 'orrid ghost in vhite,
And various cats 'ave long been missed as all the neighbors say,
And I'll brand you as a murderer before the Court to-day.
But, missus, there's another pint about vich I've been thinkin',
Vot vill the Court say if they sees you from that bottle driukin'?"
"Leave that to me," says I, "Sayrah, I'll say it is root beer
The doctor gave me for to stop a chronic diarrhœa.
And before we sets out, Sayrah, ve'll take a vineglass neat,
As 'll 'elp to keep the cold out and purtect us from the 'eat!"

The Court, ven ve got there, was crammed halmost to suffocation
Vith a surgin' tide, from far and vide, of folks from hevery nation;
A vhisper thrilled upon my ear, as the perlice made vay,
Of "There she is; that's 'Arris: she's the WOMAN OF THE DAY,
And that's the famous Sayrah as drove old Sparerib vild,
And through 'er hopera music 'alf 'is sassige meat 'ave spiled;
My eye, ain't she a beauty? and they say she's a sopranner
As can be 'eard for miles round vith the haid of a pianner!"
Poor Sayrah blushed and I felt flushed, but 'er perliceman came

And took our harms and said, "Good day," and ve both vished 'im the same.
"Don't be afeard," says he, "I've fixed vith Sawyer, who's in Court,
'Im vith the dress-tail coat on and 'is breeches rather short.
Be sure that ven your name is called you 'oller it out loud,
For Judge Blake can't 'ear and he may turn queer at seein' sich a crowd.
Come in vith me, I'll find you both a seat beside Judge Sawyer,
And my hadvice to you is, just be guided by your lawyer."

Vith hanxious hoptics I looked round upon the mass of faces
As vos standin' by, their faces vild vith 'orrible grimaces,
Through heagerness to 'ear the case and catch a glimpse of me,
Known by my poems to the vorld, as is read from sea to sea.
In a far corner I be'eld, a-sittin' in a niche,
The sombre faces of two twins, as was Pickering and Fitch,
As is both of 'em proprietors of the *Bulletin* and the *Call*,
Both daily, and quite weakly, as do 'ave no veight at all,
And not far off I saw De Young a-standin' on 'is toes
To see my face, and near 'im were the shadow of a nose,
Lookin' as 'ooked against the wall as Ishmael's proboscis
Or the two noses rolled in one of Habraham and Moses.
"'Oo can that 'orrid monster be?" asked I of the perlice,
"Vith 'is curly 'air a shinin' vith 'og's lard or bear's grease?"
"Vell, he tried to be a heditor, but as he couldn't spell
He gave it hup, yet, though a fool, he thinks himself a swell.
'Is name is B–nn–tt, the vainest ass as ever 'eld a pen;
'Is nose do make the vimmen laugh and 'is hignorance the men."
Just then a female 'and was laid permiscuous on my shoulder,
And a small voman spoke, as might be forty but looked holder.
Says she, "Pitts Stevens is my name; Sister, give me your 'and;
Your cause is hours and that of hevery voman in the land.
I'll make it clear in the *Pioneer* that Sayrah's voice is free,
By Divine Right, to sing all night, tho' the clocks is strikin' three
Or four, or more, she's a right to roar in spite of ojous laws
As vould take avay our liberties and habrogate our jaws.
Vot next, I vonder, vill the laws ve're hunder forbid us for to do,
As vould stifle song in Sayrah and poetry in you?
Free speech, free song, free love ve'll 'ave, 'spite of the tyrant's ban;
Keep your 'art hup, Mrs. 'Arris, for ve're vith you to *a man*."
"Free love," says I, "I don't approve, but free speech, you shall see,
I'll give 'em ven the time do come to cross-hexamine me.
Sayrah, avake! 'ere comes Judge Blake; 'Silence in Court,' is cried,
And 'ere comes Sparerib, struttin' in vith 'is lawyer by 'is side.
It is Judge Tyler who vill bust 'is biler in a happleplectic fit
If he don't restrain 'is beloquence and curb 'is hangry vit.
'Ark! the Judge vinks and shakes 'is 'ead! Vot's that I 'ear 'im speak?
'I put off Sparerib *verus* 'Arris to the middle of next veek!'"

— There is nothing we like better than chivalry, of the right stamp; and we hold to the opinion that Don Quixote (if any one pronounces this Don Ke-ho-te, smite him on the mouth!) was the perfect type of chivalry. At first blush, there seems to be but slight resemblance between the Knight of the Woeful Countenance and Mr. P——, of the Board of Education. Nevertheless, there must be a resemblance; otherwise, how should we think of it? Mr. P—— has come forward as the champion of woman's right to equal pay for equal work; and this is well. All the papers praise thee, oh P——! To thee all journals cry aloud; and thy horn shall be exalted. But go to, let us speak quietly together. We suppose a case. There is an examination coming on, in all the public schools. Piles of papers are to be read over by the teachers or, let us say, by twenty-five of them, and all women. To pay for this extra labor, one thousand dollars are appropriated by the Board of Education. Gird up now thy loins like a man, for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me. These papers being equally divided among the twenty-five lady-teachers (we should call them women, if we dared), is it not according to the rules of equity that the thousand dollars also should be equally divided among the same lady-women? Is it quite fair that one of these should have three hundred and fifty dollars, and the other twenty-four put up each with one twenty-fourth part of six hundred and fifty dollars? Did you ever hear of such a case as this, Mr. P——? And if any should say that it really came to pass, at the examination last summer, Mr. P—— even directing this use of the appropriation, how would you feel disposed to regard such a statement? On the whole, we have curious thoughts about it, and venture to suggest that it would be well to introduce the following into the school instructions as the standard Rule of Proportion:—1 woman: 1 man:: 1 other woman: 12 women (lady-teachers.)

— Commend us to an honest rascal—for there are honest rascals in the world despite Pickering and Fitch. We don't want to describe an honest rascal; but to give our readers an idea of what he does *not* resemble, we say, look upon the pictures of the two individuals we have named.

Leaves from a Lady's Diary.

JANUARY 27.—Went to take a last look at Bierstadt's Lake Donner before it was taken away, and found out at last what it was that I felt incongruous about it. From the opposite side of the room you see the immense distance and range of country embraced in the painting, but you have to go near in order to note the highly finished portions. That is not so in nature. We are supposed to be standing upon an eminence commanding the lake, and the whole landscape to be spread before us; consequently that beautiful sedgy lake to the left ought not to require a close scrutiny to be appreciated. The work is a mosaic of several delicious but separate paintings. I think Hill's trees in the Yosemite Arches are the best he ever painted; they are perfect, but the glassy water is obtrusive, and then for the sake of effect he has mirrored too much. How is it possible, supposing the horse to be only six feet from the brink, that the under part of its body should be imaged in the water? Read Cardinal Wiseman's Fabbiola. It is a wonderful book, and the author, whilst displaying the wisdom of the serpent, yet is childlike in his simple faith and belief in miracles, as for instance, that of a man being cured of the gout because he became an iconoclast. With all that there is a subtle inculcation of the tenets and inviolable authority of the Catholic Church. Miss B—— called. She is envy personified. Henry says that envy is a tacit acknowledgment of inferiority. If so, it is involuntary modesty, and consequently a negative virtue.

JAN. 29.—Came home boiling with rage. Had gone with Mrs. C—— and her husband to the Chinese tabernacle to witness the celebration of that people's New Year. A crowd of ruffians poured in and began desecrating the temple, pulling the flowers and decorations off the walls and soiling the rich embroideries with their dirty hands. I thought within myself, what would we say if on Easter Sunday a horde of Chinese were to crowd into Trinity Church, with their hats on and cigars in their mouths, spitting on the pews and advancing to the altar to tear down the flowers and evergreens with which piety had decorated it? And yet this scene was being acted before my eyes. I could not contain myself, but faced the mob and gave them my mind. And they felt it, for they slunk out at the door, and I came home with a sick headache and ashamed of white men. I remember the fate of that drunken man who, in 1849, polluted the holy water in the Cathedral at Panama, and thought that this was but a continuation of the same wanton irreverence. Passed the evening at the W——'s. Always nice people there and quiet, social conversation. Miss T—— sang more for the sake of displaying her very contralto notes. Henry B—— whispered to me that it was a voice with a beard. Little X—— played dancing music, but indulged in so many runs and variations that we were all put out. It was St. Vitus Dance.

JAN. 30.—Mr. F. is going to build a house. He has had all his plans made and specifications drawn out, and yet is continually going round among his acquaintances to consult with them as to one particular or another. With him consultation means asking some one to agree with him in every point. Poor little man, he has nothing to do now but to attend to his hobby, and when it is finished he will be everlastingly peeking at it. Met Mary M. coming back from the confessional. She goes there as regularly as she sends her clothes to be washed, and looks upon both as a mechanical household duty. Walked with her to pay a visit of condolence to Mrs. C., whose aunt is at last dead, having been long a burden on her. It was hypocrisy, but we had to do it, and I thought, as I put on a serious look, that after all in many cases condolence is but a play of the features, it is only a complimentary lie and sometimes obligatory. Talking of Mrs. D.'s scandal, some one called it an amorous caprice, a make believe of love on the part of the gentleman, a make believe of yielding on the part of the lady, and a make believe of bliss for a week on both sides. George W. called to see Henry; I know it was to borrow some money. How different was the frank, merry boy I once knew him from that which he is now, hanging on the skirts of literature, a loafer who thinks that being tipsy is a sign of genius, mistakes his jingle for poetry and his idleness for contemplation or reverie, and calls himself a Bohemian.

— Never having placed much confidence in Schuyler Colfax, we never named any of our babies after him. It is needless to say we are glad we didn't, for we have a contempt bordering upon the infinite for any human being wearing the semblance of breeches who would sell himself out for a $1,200 check, then deny it, and finally have it found in his bank account. Had the check been for a million—or even a hundred thousand—we should have been proud of Colfax's acquaintance. But a paltry twelve hundred—not sufficient to pay dog Jack's board for a twelve month, bah! Colfax, get thee to the companionship of Pickering or Fitch, and repent.

— One after another the fables of history melt into thin air, and characters, besmirched for centuries with the hatred of mankind, come forth into the light, white as wool. The latest instance of tardy justice done is in the case of Peter the Great, hitherto falsely accused of having put to death his son Alexis. By a series of researches, which we brought to a close on the evening of January 28th, 1873, we have discovered that the untimely death of the Prince was due to Peter's unfortunate habit of dabbling in medicine. In one word, it was a case of Alexi-pharmacy.

Caprice.

She hung the cage at the window;
"If he goes by," she said,
"He will hear my robin singing,
And when he lifts his head,
I shall be sitting here to sew,
And he will bow to me, I know."

The robin sang a love-sweet song,
The young man raised his head;
The maiden turned away and blushed;
"I am a fool," she said,
And went on embroidering in silk,
A pink-eyed rabbit, white as milk.

The young man loitered slowly
By the house three times that day;
She took her bird from the window,
"He need not look this way."
She sat at her piano long,
And sighed and played a death-sad song.

But when the day was done, she said:
"I wish that he would come!
Remember, Mary, if he calls
To-night—I'm not at home."
So when he wrang, she went, the elf,
She went and let him in herself.

They sang full long together
Their songs love-sweet, death-sad!
The robin woke, from his slumber,
And sang out clear and glad.
"Now go," she coldly said; "'tis late;"
And followed him—to latch the gate.

He took the rosebud from her hair,
"While "You shall not!" she said;
He closed her hand within his own,
And while her tongue forbade,
Her way was darked in the eclipse
Of blinding love upon his lips.

Senator Cole and the Honor of the Government.

We are glad to see that Senator Cole has again succeeded in saving the country's honor. Senator Cole is always saving somebody's honor. It is a family peculiarity of the Coles to be anxious about honor, and they save it whenever there is the slightest pretext. We once read somewhere of a French king who got badly licked in battle, and who telegraphed back to his minister or mistress, convertable terms with French kings, that all was lost save *honor*. This has often proved to be true of the Cole family in their efforts to save honor, whether for themselves or the country. They have saved it, but nothing else. Captain Jack, and eighty half-starved Modocs in Siskiyou county, after being time out of mind bedevilled by settlers and robbed by agents, learned two months ago what was patent to everybody else any time these ten years, that a speedy death was better than a lingering one, and resolved to try it. So they declared war in the Indian way by stealing some cattle and killing the owners. White folks so situated would have been stealing them and killing their owners from the first. This done, they retreated to the lava beds and awaited the consequences. All the political contractors and border plunglies at once clamored for war. There was a splendid opportunity to gain cheap glory and much State scrip. Governor Booth saw the situation at a glance and the way out of it. The Indians, now badly frightened at the near approach of that speedy death which before had seemed so tempting compared with slow starvation, were willing to go on a reservation, provided one could be found with any pretense of food or show of existence. But to do this it was necessary that Government should consent that a reasonable reservation should be allotted them. The only fit one in the country having been taken from them to accommodate the whites, there was nothing to do but for the Government to give it back. But in doing this it appears the Government must in a manner admit that it had cheated the poor Indians, or at least that they had been cheated by somebody in its name. Now comes Senator Cole, the Savior of the nation's honor. It must not be. The position of the Government must be maintained whether right or wrong. To the Cole family honor goes before all things. Captain Jack must perish and the Government credit be sustained. Shack-Nasty-Jim must fall, or the glorious prestige gained for the nation by General Cole on many a battlefield, and preserved to it by the statesmanship of Senator Cole, must pass away, and the United States become a by-word and a scoff. So the wise and eloquent inventor of feathered paddle-wheels telegraphs that the war must go on, and the war does go on. It has gone on to a second battle, in which the United States and the Cole family have lost all, but saved their honor. But while they have been able to save their honor, forty men, soldiers good and true, and as brave and deserving as any of the Cole family, have not even saved that, for they have lost their lives, and to them all is vanity. We say that had Senator Cole been as wise in public affairs as he is skillful in the mechanic arts, evidenced by his feathered paddle-wheel, that these forty soldiers would to-day be drawing their pay and rations with both life and honor safe, and nobody the worse for it. But then anything to prevent Governor Booth from making the point of settling the Modoc war. For thereby a Senatorial point was to be made, and to that the Cole family has a word to say. Once a Senator, always a Senator, and has not the paddle-wheel maker worn the toga? Perhaps he may again, but we shall see.

— A Coroner's jury has just illustrated the average stupidity of such bodies by indicting an honest laborer for having kicked his wife to death. When will juries learn to respect the rights of husbands and the responsibilities of wives? What business have outsiders to interfere in the diurnal pastimes of happy families? If a husband shall not be permitted to kick the wife of his bosom, what is the use of being married?

— In Marseilles a hairdresser has been sued for $400 damages because he unfortunately dyed a lady's hair violet instead of red.

Oscar L. Shafter, Ob. Jan. 22, 1873, Aet. 61.

We find the chapter has been ended and "finis" written at the close, yet ere we shut forever the volume that, in all our experience of its pages, whether of sunshine, of mirth and of sweet wisdom, has given us so much good, we return on the wings of memory and glide slowly over the course again from the beginning to the end. It is the method of every thoughtful and grateful heart. Our lives are human books, yielding little or much good, and the close of every human volume bids us think and weigh, and, if worthy, speak. But yesterday he, whose life was a daily record and teacher of thoughtfulness, of wisdom, of patience, of courtesy, of gravity and mirthfulness, of singular tenderness, of modest benevolence and parental love, was here and speaking, and to-day the record is finished, and the volume closed forever. For twenty years among us, none ever knew him who did not gain from him more knowledge of himself, so contagious was his patient consideration, and so suggestive the fullness of his wisdom. For two decades he was here, an earnest and untiring worker in the rugged and arduous way of a profession of whose long and distant journey no man can know every step, but traveling over which none ever found more true, or surer, or more faithful guide. The way he went was always upward, with firm and eager step, and where his footsteps staid their onward march, who here traveling the same path could say, that they could find him save by looking upward and beyond them! There came a time when the people knew his wisdom, and sought him first and with united voice to take the highest seat in their human temple, where to guide our feet we look most for wisdom, dignity and truth. It was we that sought him, and not he any place the people could give. He did not need us to make him wise and true, or do him honor. From himself, from his earnest soul, his ceaseless labor and reverence for wisdom beyond himself, he was most honored. And raise him, as we half believed we did, he was himself always at a hight above the reach of our poor lever. But the strength given him had its human limit, and the large mind that half a century had never ceased to solve the problems of human circumstances, has worked its last lesson, and has been drawn aside (if so it be) into the society of the great thinkers who have gone before. His tender and considerate heart has ceased to beat; its deep emotions to move again only in sympathy with those of the "just men made perfect." The bell tolls and the widow weeps, and children listen in vain for that voice of affection, and the courts are silent for a day, and his brethren will not know again his logic or his philosophic speech. Every man who knew him remembers him as one wiser and better than himself, and at his new-made grave utters a *Requiescat* and farewell.

Large Diamond.

The discovery of a diamond of enormous weight is reported from the Cape. It is said to be of 288 carats, in color a light yellow, shape good, though slightly flawed on the surface. The actual value—or, perhaps we might say, rank—of this brilliant remains to be proved, and much may depend on the opinion of home experts. But in weight it surpasses all known stones. The great Russian diamond weighs only 193 carats, and the Pitt diamond only 136. The Koh-i-noor was originally enormous—800 carats—but was "cut down" by a Venetian jeweler to 279 carats, which was its weight when exhibited in London in 1851 at the Great Exhibition. It was recut the next year, and now weighs 102⅞ carats. The importation of Cape diamonds has tended to a great depreciation in the value of the inferior kinds, with which they more largely compete; yet we believe that there has been no falling off in the value of the higher qualities of precious stones.

— The Rev. Horatio Stebbins has received more than one call to break the bread of life to Eastern congregations. Call No 1, declined with thanks. (A poor $3,000 a year). Call No. 2, declined with Christian fortitude. (Something less than $5,000 a year). Call No. 3, his heart yearned toward those sheep in the East, without a shepherd; and his congregation are now deliberating whether they can stand an extra $1,000 a year to keep him here. It is a pleasing and a lovely sight to see two lunatics pulling vigorously at opposite ends of a gas-bag.

— Next to Pickering we admire Mortimer, the clever villain who willingly shoulders the crimes and misdeeds of others. Now whenever any sort of respectable man like unto Pickering is accused of murder, rape or robbery, let him not be sick and send for Maginnis, but simply ask Mortimer to step round. That which men dare do Mortimer has accomplished; that which other men have done and don't want to acknowledge, can be blamed elsewhere by applying to Mortimer, the modern scape-goat. *Vive* Mortimer.

— Pickering declares that he has always been opposed to Chinese immigration. We don't doubt it. We believe he would stone an inoffensive Chinaman just for the fun of it, knowing his victim wouldn't be able to return blow for blow. Write thyself down an ass once more, friend Pickering.

Earth's Journey.

Father, Thou knowest best,
This thought is all my stay;
I see but just the step ahead,
Thou knowest all the way.

To me, as on I walk,
The way seems all obscure,
But Thou wilt guide my trembling feet,
And make my footsteps sure.

E'en though the darkness falls,
And hides the path from view,
Thy rod and staff direct me still,
And will my strength renew.

Father, the way seems long,
My strength is very weak;
Support me still by Thy right hand
And words of comfort speak.

—*W. C. Bryant.*

Eastern Personalities.

Republicans of New York State have carried it, says a correspondent, with the name of Grant, and yet so demoralizing are they that they have surrendered, forelock, fetlock and cropper to "the party of Reform." The Legislature is to be run so as not to offend Controller Green, the colossal ignoramus. Yet what excuse have the Republicans? He is a Democrat, and a white-livered one at that—one of your awful nice Democrats, with qualmish stomachs and big pockets; not a vulgar thief, but only a what-you-call-'em. They take him in preference to bluff, practical, clear-headed old Chamberlain Palmer, who is a Republican. I can't get that through my head. They make an awful fuss about Palmer being appointed by Oakey Hall. But so was Green appointed by Oakey Hall! Palmer is to go out, and Green is to stay in! Then the Republicans palaver with Havemeyer, who is an out-and-out Democrat! But these fellows add to the word Democrat the word Reformer. Oh, d—— the Reformers! they are all thieves! The Republican Legislature is going to surrender to them. Havemeyer, who swears worse than I do, is going to make all the city appointments. Just you wait and see the appointments he makes, and then tell me whether or not the Republican politicians are sold. I suppose gold-pen John Foley will take Palmer's place as Chamberlain. A relative of Havemeyer and Green, who is a high-salaried clerk in the department of Parks (his name is Whittemore), is pushing for a seat as a Commissioner. Heaven save the mark! He is already a clerk at $5,000 a year; an Examining Clerk in Green's department at $3,000 a year; and clerk to the Board of Audit at $2,000 a year; and he has got Goldy's place in the Mayor's office, as Private Secretary, at about $3,500 a year, and small pickings; and yet they want him to have *more!* Oh, poor Oliver Twist! you'll twist Reform all out of shape. Young Peckham, who evidently takes after his mother, has already made ten thousand dollars out of the Oakey Hall suit, and what will he make out of the rest? John H. Strahan, a Scotchman, who has first declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and who don't know enough law to last him over night, has drawn $17,000 in one year as legal counsel to the Controller, who himself boasts of being a lawyer, and yet there is a Corporation Counsel whom Green might have had for nothing. This is Reform. They all hang their hats up on the law—say the law sustains them, and if it don't sustain them, it's a bad law. There is only one law book applicable to their case, and that is "Browne on Frauds." Then they talk about education on their side and ignorance on the other. Why, great heavens! their new Mayor writes his name, W. F. Havemeyer, with a small *f*, and I suppose that like Joe Lane, of Oregon, he spells God with a small *g*.

The Harpers Brothers have published Fred. Hudson's "History of American Journalism," and although Manton Marble published in the *World*, as a review, his flimsy lecture on journalism, which hardly refers to the book, and although Sielhamer praised the book in the *Herald*, as he was bound to do, Mr. Hudson has seriously disappointed those newspaper men who expected a work of genius and of power. The style is not good. It is full of French words, which, not being quotations, might have been as sensibly expressed in English. It is not dignified, and is boyish. There are many grammatical errors. The matter is in some instances interesting; but there are no theories and few explanations of the management of papers. The book is fearfully lacking in completeness. It does not mention some of the prominent journalists. Bundy, Ivory Chamberlain and D. G. Croly, of the *World*, two great journalists, and many others are forgotten. Whitelaw Reid is dismissed with the mere mention of his name, and W. F. G. Shanks, his city editor, is quoted as authority. Dana gets a chapter, as he ought to, but Amos C. Cummings does not get a word; nor George Alfred Townsend, nor Pop Mackenzie. J. C. Goldsmith is spoken of as a bright and able editor; but Charles Nordhoff, long time editor of the *Evening Post*, and S. S. Conant, once manager of the *Times*, are omitted. John Russell Young has pages given to him and to his praise, and G. W. Smalley is not regarded. Neither is John Hay. No wonder that the *Tribune* gave the book only a short and sarcastic notice. Reid was not even quoted once. According to Hudson, who ought to know, Young is Paris correspondent of the *Herald*.

A New York clergyman has delivered a sermon entitled "The Uses of Stokes." He discoursed in this style: "The man was not always what he is to-day. There was a time when he would have smitten you on the mouth if you had suggested the possibility that he should have become the tenth or twentieth hanger-on in the train of a depraved woman. He had too large a soul, too clean a taste, was too near his mother. But the dwarfing process sets in. His purity of taste is fouled, his holy love of woman destroyed. Base fires were lighted to burn and smoke

where the holy flames had illumined. The fearful change goes on till impossibilities become possible, and possibilities become actualities. Once he could not have been interested in the rivalries of such baseness; such companions would have nauseated him. But his taste changed, till he could struggle with the meanest man for the meanest woman. Once you would not have dared to suggest that he could do a murder. And *he could not*. But he has changed. He cannot only do it, but remain brazen-hearted, blasphemous and defiant when it is done. Go into the chambers of his soul, and you find the law that was written there by the finger of God all blackened over by the smoke of the lurid fires of lust. We have no reproaches to heap on his head. Very hard is the deprivation of liberty, very hard the condemnation of public sentiment. Very hard is the doom of death at the hands of law. Very hard to be sent out into eternity to be herded forever with his enemies and rivals in crime, for murder does not settle your relation with a foe; he is not out of the way by any means. Very hard to appear before God to be judged for privileges wasted, powers squandered, laws broken and deeds done in the body. Leave him with a prayer for mercy in the hands of his God. But use rightly his life ter an example to be shunned as to its object, development and end."

The *Mercury* gives the following report of a New York Police Court case: The first case called was that of The People *v.* Knpit Hhytcqnq, who, upon a scientific examination conducted by the Judge, replied to questions as follows:

Justice.—"Young man, who are you?"

Kupit Hhytcqnq. "Ching Ching ki yi vomans ish Chiuk hong badt vat Kum Kum."

Justice.—"What in the world does the man say!"

Officer Muldoon.—"He be one o' thim Chinemin, yer Honor."

Justice.—"O, ah, what is he charged with?"

Mary McGrath (of the apple-woman order).—"Be dad, the dirty whelp, he be the skunk that tould me he wad be me husband, and contribute to me support, and by the spurrits of all the Evangelist, he tells me now that he thought I was goin' to keep him. Since the thirty-first day of last April the divil hasn't given me a cint."

Justice. "You should have married him on the 1st of April, and then there would be some accounting for your foolishness."

Mary (wrathfully).—"Don't call me a fool, zur."

Court Officer.—"Silence!" Doorkeeper.—"Silence!"

Justice (to Chinaman). "Look here, young man, you don't appear to understand what is said to you; but I can't overturn the marriage law by presuming in my capacity as Judge that you didn't know what you were doing when you got married to this woman. I therefore, announce, as the judgment of this Court, that you take as affectionately as possible your worthy wife to her desolate home, and treat her in such a manner as will hereafter reflect with credit upon your countrymen."

[Exit Chinaman, looking much enlightened.]

Horace F. Clark, Vanderbilt's son-in-law and right bower, was one of the most eloquent lawyers in New York. One day, being poor, he went into Vanderbilt's office and said: "Commodore Vanderbilt, I like your daughter and she likes me, and I want your consent to my marrying her!" "Ah," said the old man cynical, "you want my money, do you?" Clark turned toward the door and said, "O, you and your daughter be damned!" "Say! young fellow!" shouted Vanderbilt, "come back here, you can have her!" So he married the girl, left law, went into Wall street, and is worth twelve to fifteen millions.

Colonel John Hay makes no bones of saying that things don't exactly suit him. He is a fine lecturer, the writer of foreign articles in the *Tribune*, and has one of the finest voices in the world. He came near going on the *Herald*. The first-class writers who have "come near" going on that paper are not a few, but they didn't go. The *Herald* has the most unintellectual crowd of pink-eyed Bohemians in America.

Congressman Phillips says he isn't behind the *Tribune*. It is whispered that Senator Sprague and S. P. Chase are. Whitelaw Reid sleeps with the life of Greeley under his head. August Belmont is behind the *World*. Croly's new illustrated paper offices are the most elegant in New York. The *World* misses Croly.

Tennie C. Claflin wears a blue sailor jacket, a jaunty cap, and is as pretty as a sunflower. She is too pretty to prosecute, but too pretty to help her sister print the nasty things in the *Weekly*. Woodhull has a Roman nose and a bad complexion, while Tennie is as ruddy as one of the rouge saucers the ladies buy at the druggists.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker wanted her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, to confess from the pulpit his *liaison* with Mrs. Tilton, and she wanted Mrs. Tilton to confess. Theodore told her his wife would confess, when she confessed to the something with somebody else, both of which confessions would be lies.

Willie Butler Duncan, who is giving his authority for opinions adverse to the financial management of the Government, is a banker, rich, high-toned, nearly ran for Mayor, but his high-tone'd was too much of ailment for Democracy, and he was on the Orange side in the great riots.

Theodore Tilton eats raw oysters, with ale, and takes his time at it. His sandy hair is as long as ever. When, years ago, he went on the *Independent*, he was about to become an editorial writer of the *Herald*.

Thurlow Weed was ready with $50,000 to put into the *Tribune* if it could be made Administration. He wanted to weed out Liberalism.

George Jones and E. B. Morgan, between them, own eighty shares of the *Times*.

The Dark-Eyed One.

[A REALISTIC POEM.]

I saw him, the proud and stately man,
We met in Montgomery street;
His eyes were dark, his brow was worn,
And he stepped as only a soldier can,
When he hears the war-drum beat.

With a fixed disdain he eyed the throng
As it hurried and fluttered around;
Stern on his way, with purpose strong,
And teeth close-clinched, he strode along,
And he gave not an inch of ground.

But woe! for a trembling seized his frame,
And his jaws relaxed and dropped:
He groaned; and, crushed with a load of shame,
He feebly withdrew the way he came——
His suspender button had popped.

Cheap Telegraphing.

Cheap telegraphing is one of the necessities of the times. The only certain means to secure that end is the adoption of a Government Postal Telegraph system similar to that which has worked such wonders elsewhere. Time was when America was far ahead of Great Britain in the use she made of the electric current. In 1859 the number of messages sent by its means in the United States exceeded those transmitted throughout Great Britain in the proportion of three to one. To-day the dispatches of the latter exceed those of the former by 70 per cent.; and as England is about to reduce her telegraphic rates one-half, the difference in the number of messages sent in the respective countries will soon be vastly increased. Why this change? If the reasons for it were not well known they would soon be made abundantly clear by a study of the English reports of the working of the Postal Telegraph system there. The English Government took over the telegraph wires on the 1st of April, 1870. By the end of the first year the following amazing results had been achieved. The charge to the public had been reduced one-half, business had increased 63 per cent. The length of wires was extended from 51,311 miles to 63,319 miles. The number of instruments was increased from 1,869 to 4,104; the receiving offices from 2,159 to 3,997; the messengers from 1,471 to 3,110; clerks and operators from 2,638 to 4,913, and further—hear this, ye gentlemen of the press, and give special heed to it, ye monopolists, Pickering and Fitch!—the newspapers were more liberally and cheaply supplied with news. In place of 6,090 words, sent before the change by monopolizing companies like the Western Union, there was a daily average of from 15,000 to 20,000 words sent to the press by the end of the first year, and the number of papers receiving telegraph news was increased from 176 to 467! In the face of so large a reduction in rates and so great an expenditure in extending the wires, creating new offices, etc., it might naturally be supposed that during the first year, at any rate, the pecuniary results would exhibit an indifferent showing. Not so, however. We find that after paying all expenses there was a net revenue amounting to $1,642,900, which not only paid the interest upon the high price which the Government had been obliged to pay for the lines, but left a considerable balance with which to extend the wires. We venture to assert that within the whole range of ascertained results in this country or any other it is not possible to name a reform whose success in every particular has been more complete. Yet even in England this reform is still only on the threshold of its triumphs. The intention was early formed to further reduce the rates. At present a message of twenty words, exclusive of the address and signature, can be sent throughout the United Kingdom for twenty-four cents. This charge it was proposed to reduce to twelve cents. It was, however, foreseen that the increase in business would be so great that not all the operators in England would suffice to get through with it. The manager set himself to overcome this difficulty by a very practical method. Soon he established free schools in which to teach telegraphy to both males and females, and in this way he has already trained over five hundred females, who have proved peculiarly expert in this growing and important branch of business. And now that he has about overtaken the probable needs of his department, it is proposed that the reduction to twelve cents per message of twenty words shall take place. Where these reductions are to stop or at what point telegraphic expansion is to cease, it would to-day be difficult to tell. Emancipated from the thraldom of private monopolists, the telegraphic system of England has exhibited results which can neither be talked away nor ignored. America will not long be content to lag behind in this great reform. We have said and written many pretty things about Morse, who won for himself and the United States the credit of inventing the electric telegraph, but we should better honor the memory of the dead genius by extending to their utmost limits the blessings of the great invention which he gave the world.

—— Sheriff Adams' first neck-tie party will come off, the weather, Governor and Supreme Court permitting, on the 21st day of March. Laura Fair has been specially invited to be present, so that she can appreciate how great is her debt to the stupid jurymen who let her loose upon the community. We would prefer to see Laura hang in place of Russell. Comparatively, he is a lamb led to the sacrifice.

A Japanese Sketch of Sheffield.--Extraordinary Document.

The Sheffield *Independent* publishes a "careful translation" of a letter written by an *attaché* of the Japanese Embassy, the chief members of which recently visited Sheffield, and were present at the Cutlers' Feast. The document is a most extraordinary one, as will be seen from the following extracts:

From ——, in the train of Shonin Tanomi Imakura, Ambassador in England, to ——, his father, in Miako, Dai Niphon:

I am mindful, O, my father! of the command laid upon me to send you a careful account of my wanderings in this island, which is so small that a prince of our empire would not think it too great for his sole dominion. . . . Confused as my mind is by the influx of hasty impressions, I am incapable of generalizing the information thus procured, or I would place it before you compactly. I shall, therefore, describe what I saw in one city in which manufactures are carried on in every street, and, as it seemed to me, in every house. . . . You have been to Ohosaka, our rich commercial center, and doubtless remember its opulent merchants, skilful artisans, comfortable laborers, clean streets, well-built houses, and splendid temples. The English city of which I would speak is richer than Ohosaka and as populous; the comparison ends here. Its name is Sheffield, and we reached it late in the evening, after a weary journey in one of the wonderful machines of which you have heard, and which cleave the air with the swiftness of a dragon, and the strength of a god. As we had been treated elsewhere, so we were treated here; grave, solemn gentlemen, arrayed in the quaint, and, to me, fantastic costume of the country, awaited us, and one, who may have been the Daïomi of the district, read a scroll writ in his own tongue, which he then handed to my master, who added it to a vast collection of similar documents, given us since our arrival in England. These men, my father, are as unlike us as the Tartar is unlike the inhabitants of Than: their stature is unequal—sometimes small, sometimes large, but oftener an ungainly mixture of size and breadth, which presents the oddest contrast imaginable with our pure ideal of manly beauty and physical grace. Their faces are still more diverse than their persons, for no two are alike—indeed, a native whom I questioned on this point gave me to understand that so various are the features of the race that many wear two faces, and some more than two. I marveled at this, and hesitated to believe him; yet why, my father, should he tell a stranger aught but the truth? . . . We were led into the street, where jenrikshahs, drawn by four-footed beasts called "horses," instead of by men, were in waiting. Into these vehicles we ascended, and were conducted through busy streets full of men and women—these latter without veils or other face-covering—who turned to examine us as we passed, and pointed at us in wonder. In the thoroughfare where there seemed to be most noise and commerce, a man, clad meanly, and with a heavy, miserable face, staggered wildly, as though afflicted with sudden pain, and fell against an adjacent wall. "Look, look!" I cried, pulling the Englishman who sat near me. "Poor wretch, the sickness of death is upon him. Help, help, if ye be human!" But my companion laughed loudly, instead of rushing to the assistance of the stricken brother; he said something about "drink" and "police;" but I know not what he meant, and am grieved to find that in a land which boasts of its polished civilization the common kindness of savage to savage does not pass for a necessary virtue. Our destination was the palace of the great man who erected to be our entertainer; and truly, after his fashion, he was hospitable in the extreme. Their houses are not like ours, but much more cumbrous, and are built as though they were meant to last forever. Adornment is a passion with them, and scarce anything can be more incongruous than the collection of knick-knacks to be found in their principal rooms. Of their domestic life I can speak but little, for I did not closely examine that into which I was not entitled to look.

Our stay in this city of Sheffield was one in which we saw much, and learnt not a little; hour by hour we flitted from factory to factory, observing now an artisan making a sharp knife or a rough file, and now a band of workmen casting a gigantic gun, which may hereafter send with one breath a thousand human beings to destruction. Everywhere we saw men busy, but nowhere did we see them happy. In the face of each laborer there was that which told of a life devoid of the higher pleasures; they eat, sleep, and work, 'tis true—so does the beast of burden. Our guides spoke of there being countless thousands of these toilers in the city; and when I asked what they did with their leisure—whether they spent it in worship at the shrines, of which there are many, or in viewing the beauties of nature beyond their gloomy dwellings—he laughed—these Englishmen laugh in a stranger's face—and pointed to a grand building, painted gaudily, and having a profusion of lamps not unlike those in the great temple of Hunganji. Again I failed to understand his meaning, but politeness forbade me troubling him for an explanation. The houses of the poorer sort are wretched for the most part, and are shockingly unclean; the streets are paved with stone, and are much more disagreeable than the public walks of Miako. But what struck me most forcibly was the want of nobility or manliness in the bearing of the inhabitants. Many walk with their backs bent and with eyes fixed on the ground, as if, like Tartars, they worshiped the sun, and were fearful to look at their god. . . . The women are ugly beyond my dreams. O, my father, conceive a creature who walks on her feet! Impossible! you will say. Yet have I seen the wives and daughters of the English in this city of Sheffield perform this horrid wonder. And my amazement heightened into disgust when I found that the practice was common; and that, while in our country the ladies are most sedulous to prevent the growth or expansion of the feet, these strange people take no thought of the matter, and allow the toes to en-

large without let or hindrance. The first lady into whose presence I was brought bestowed upon me a welcoming smile, and in doing this her lips were parted, and her mouth was revealed. O agony! I could have fainted as I beheld an even row of small teeth, the color of which was a beastly white. Even the gums were not dyed our beautiful black, and not a single tooth had been broken—though how female loveliness can be supposed complete with a natural set is more than my brain can imagine. Alas! I ceased to wonder when I had seen English women more frequently; they are heaps of flesh, blood, and bone, without shape or form—creatures on whom the hand of Ka-tha-pa, the avenging god, has been laid in anger. Will you believe it, my father, the eyebrows are allowed to remain even when the maiden becomes mature; the lips are of a sickening red, instead of being of the golden hue peculiar to the beautiful damsels of Miako. And the countenance and complexion! How shall I ask you to credit me when I say that the one is sharp and pointed and the other white, except in rare instances? Our own women love to give grace and expression to their faces by painting them a gorgeous red, and depicting on the cheeks some pretty device of a bird or a fish. But English women when they paint—and only a few are polished enough to do so—lack taste and skill to increase their attractions; it is like putting a laced sleeve on one arm and a ragged one on the other—the poverty of the last overshadows the richness of the first.

A rich feast was given during our stay by the merchants of the city, and we must needs gratify the hospitable Daimio by attending. Head of Confucius, was there ever a scene of such eating and drinking!—such noise, rattle, and talk! Had a feast so horrid been held in Miako, the guests, O, my father! would have been thought mad, and the hosts madder still. In the place of our temperate dish of tea and light platter of fish or rice, there rose huge mounds of the flesh of filthy beasts which sent forth a sickening smell, but which these wonderful people ate in incalculable quantities. And as they ate so did they drink—not the saki of our prudent banquets, but colored water containing the essence of stupefying drugs, which they swallowed in huge draughts, as though their thirst could never be quenched.

This island interests me; its people are problems and I would solve them. Magnificent abroad, they are insignificant at home; they are brave yet timorous, hospitable yet rude and discourteous, benevolent yet harsh and cruel, and—wildest paradox of all—Christians, yet good men. Farewell!

News From the Zoological Gardens.

Mr. Frank Buckland writes in *Land and Water*: "I think it is now about one or two and twenty years ago since the old father hippopotamus first arrived in this country, and I believe it is to this hippopotamus that the society owes much of its well-earned and increasing reputation and popularity. It is therefore very interesting to observe how that the third son of this veteran animal has, like his father, gained so much popularity in all circles of society. I am happy to be able to report that little "Guy Fawkes" remains in a perfect state of health; he has grown amazingly, and is becoming quite tame; he allows Prescott, the keeper, to tickle his ears, and he often opens his great mouth quite wide, and delights in having his gums rubbed, especially at the point where his tusks are just coming through; will nobody give him an ivory or India-rubber ring? He does not seem to mind the crowd a bit, and looks at them as impudently as possible. When there is nobody in the house he hops and plays about as lively as a kitten. Although I have such good news to report about the young hippopotamus, I am sorry to say that the baby rhinoceros is dead. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Rice did not deposit it at the Zoological Gardens, where it would have had the benefit of Mr. Bartlett's great experience and care. It was, unfortunately, allowed to remain in a portion of an ordinary stable, very roughly arranged for its reception. Somehow or other the clumsy old parent rinoceros managed to lie upon the young one, and killed it. This is much to be regretted for many reasons, though of course the comparative anatomists will not be sorry having such a chance of a rare dissection. I understand the price of the two rhinoceri together was £1,300. It is a very interesting fact that a young hippopotamus and young rhinoceros should be born in a few days of each other, in the middle of winter, in London. Giraffes breed in this country; so do elands. If, therefore, the above inhabitants of tropical climates breed here, and now that we know their habits and wants so well, may we not live in hopes that it may yet be possible that a young elephant may come as a Christmas box to the naturalist public for 1873?"

— Our breakfasts have become nauseous to us, our dinner likewise. A newspaper is a necessary adjunct to a good meal, but it is decidedly unpleasant, while discussing one's steak, to come across a paragraph describing how the bone of a man's nose rotted from catarrh, or to learn that the fragrance therefrom did not altogether resemble the odors of Araby the Blest. To read through half the paper that any little obstruction we may discern in our throat or head is the incipiency of that loathsome disease, and that we may shortly expect to exude a like odor. It is not agreeable, while glancing over that evening paper in the pause after soup, to be obliged to read the details of John Smith's or Daniel Dickinson's rupture, and we are obliged to read them if we read anything. Even in our literary weekly we are regaled with the biography of a mountebank, whose advertisement fills several columns, in the nastiness of which he seems fairly to revel.

The Navigator Islands.

We have before us the prospectus of the Central Polynesian Land and Commercial Company, which describes, as it seems to us, one of the most promising enterprises that have been started in our midst for many a day. Much has already been done by the Company, but much more yet remains to be accomplished. Three hundred thousand acres of the finest cotton and sugar lands in the world have been purchased, six cargoes of goods have been disposed of, and trading depots have been formed among the islands. To extend these operations more capital is needed. The promoters fairly meet the important question as to

WHERE FUTURE PROFITS ARE TO COME FROM.

Business men, before investing their capital in an enterprise, are entitled to ask what they are to get for their money. It is submitted with much confidence, that this is one of those legitimate commercial adventures which it would be well for the interests of San Francisco if our business men would take hold of to the exclusion of a few such schemes as "wild-cat mines," etc.

It is by seizing just such advantages through a long series of years as are herein described, that the merchants of London and Liverpool have made their respective cities the entrepots they now are. The first trading post in the East Indies did not amount to as much as does this Company's depot at the Navigators to-day. In this case there is the guarantee of *bona fides* shown by the fact that the present shareholders, who are all practical men and well-known citizens, intend to hold every dollar of interest they now possess in the Company, and some of them propose to increase it. No premium is asked, but the new shareholders come in on an equal footing with those who have done so much to secure the advantages the Company now enjoy. Then there is the fact that the Company owns 300,000 acres of land of unsurpassed fertility, producing, as it will, Cotton, Sugar, Coffee, Rice, Arrowroot, Indigo, Nutmeg, Ginger, Banana, Oranges, Olives, Lime, etc. That this land has an *immediate* and *certain* value will be evident from the following report, which appears in the London *Civil Service Gazette* for October last, and describes the result of cotton planting in the Fijis, which adjoins the Navigators, but where the natives are not so docile and useful, and where the land is admitted not to be so good, but where nevertheless the success of the planters has been unprecedented. The names given and the source whence the quotation is taken, show that the statement is thoroughly reliable. The *Gazette* says:

"That these islands possess a magnificent climate, a highly fertile soil, and abundance of labor, and that the combination of these elements must produce a certain result, viz: success both to the small and large capitalist, few will endeavor to controvert. The capacity of these islands to produce every tropical fruit, flower and vegetable, tobacco, coffee and sugar, tapioca, indigo, and arrowroot, has often been proved beyond denial; while the *Sea Island cotton* raised throughout the group is the most superior of its kind. It is of that peculiar fine quality, long in the staple and silky in the texture, which even in the vast cotton district of America could not be produced to perfection, except in a very limited quantity on some small islands off the coast. The prices obtained for this variety show that the Fijian produce is superior to that grown in the most favored district in the Southern States of America. A sale in London is quoted of ten bales of Sea Island cotton from the island of Mango (the plantation of Messrs. Ryder Brothers). The price obtained for those ten bales was 4s. 2d. (₹1) per ℔. For six bales from the Nanann Estate (the plantation of Messrs. R. B. Leefe & Co.), which were sent to Brussels for lace making, 5s. 9d. (₹1 38) per ℔ was remitted to this firm by their London agents. The cotton grown on Dr. Brower's (United States Consul) estate has fetched 3s. 11d. per ℔; and while 2s. 6d. may be taken as a fair average, it gives a return of equal to £47 10s. (₹237) per acre. In 1869 the value of the cotton exported, exclusive of other productions, reached the sum of £50,000. For 1870 it was estimated at £90,000, while the present year's crop (1872) will exceed £120,000.

"There is no sophistry which can be successfully arrayed against facts and figures, and these statistics undeniably prove that cotton planting in Fiji is not only a success, but must continue to be the mainstay of the group, the prop of its settlers, and the ready means of peopling and civilizing the islands. Again, let us remember that Sea Island is almost unknown in India, except in one very favored district, and what little is produced there has a local consumption for the manufacture of the famous Indian fabrics. The consumption in Europe has widely extended the Sea Island variety, being employed not only in the manufacture of the finest laces and fabrics, but is largely mixed with silk in the continental looms. Further still, the consumption is also vastly increasing, and while the short staple cotton has fallen to much less than half the price paid during the civil war in America, Sea Island has shown a decline comparatively inappreciable. The production and exportation of this staple from Fiji having assumed such proportions, and its quality being so fully appreciated, it is claiming public attention."

From these facts it is apparent that land capable of producing cotton of such excellent quality must possess a substantial value. It is confidently believed that within a year from this time, when the steamer connections contemplated are effected, these lands will realize from intending settlers an average of ₹10 per acre upon terms extending over three years. Thus it would come that if the company sold 200,000 acres of its property, it would realize ₹2,000,000, which would amount to twice its nominal capital, or eight times as much as it is expected the shareholders will ever be called upon to pay, and in addition 100,000 acres would remain to the company, and would include the shores of the harbor of Pango Pango, upon which the great future city of the South Pacific must soon arise. These one hund-

red thousand acres, carefully selected, would early attain a special and ever increasing value. The unrivaled excellence of the company's harbor, as well as its central situation ensure for it a great future. Thus in return for their investment, shareholders will receive the most substantial of all securities, namely: real estate capable of producing with unprecedented success one of the most valuable staples known to commerce.

Then as to the profits upon goods sold to the natives and planters of the various groups, and upon the articles taken in exchange for the same. What the profits under this head would amount to will of course depend upon the extent to which the company may hereafter be inclined to operate. It is unquestionable that the company's steamer would soon open up a large and rapidly increasing trade. The present shareholders being familiar with the course events are now taking in the Pacific, have large ideas as to the commerce that may be built up by a company owning the best and most central harbor there, and connecting there with the steam line which for some years must largely influence the direction trade shall take in those waters. The cultivation of sea island cotton is proving a great success, and the various groups (especially that of Fiji) are being rapidly filled-up by planters. The planters have cotton for sale, which would be collected by the company's steamer, and brought to their central depot at the harbor of Pango Pango. In exchange for manufactured goods the company would receive Cotton, Cocoa-nut Oil, Beech le mer, Sandal Wood, and all the other productions of these fertile islands, thus imitating, though on a moderate scale, the operations which built up the East India Company and won for England an empire. The present shareholders point out these things as possible. How far such policy shall be carried out will, of course, depend upon the ideas that may hereafter be held by the majority of the new shareholders.

THE RESULT OF ANNEXATION TO THE UNITED STATES.

Then there are possibilities and probabilities which, though not put forward as absolute certainties, are nevertheless very fair elements for consideration in entering into a speculation of this kind. The High Chiefs, Consuls, missionaries, planters, white residents and natives have unanimously petitioned in favor of annexation, and such representatives of the press of this country as have dealt with the subject have invariably supported it. The attainment of so desirable an end—so strongly supported, and opposed in no quarter—is likely to be realized. That result once achieved, the Company's lands would, for many reasons, be immediately doubled and trebled in value. The most prominent of these reasons is to be found in the fact that sugars, for the growth of which the Company's lands are so admirably adapted, would be admitted here duty free.

Taking all these considerations together, it is submitted with much confidence that this is one of those *bona fide* practical enterprises which deserve to be fostered, offering as it does to the individual shareholder substantial security for his money, and calculated as it is to bring trade and commerce to San Francisco.

We understand that many of our leading merchants are taking much interest in this enterprise, and that already names have been added to the Company that afford guarantees for its success.

—It is a beautiful business, this in the Broadway School. The Principal, so called because he furnished the pupils with most of their sport, hustled about by the girls, laughed at, pulled by the coat-tail, and pithily described, in blackboard epigrams, as "Chow-chow True;" the Vice-Principal meanwhile winking, as a woman may, at the lively maidens. Our Common School system is, indeed, the foundation of the State and the sure bulwark of our liberties. It is the proud boast of America that here liberty and education go hand in hand, the children of the poorest drinking at the spring of knowledge side by side with the sons and daughters of the wealthy, and tearing, with no unequal hand, the coat-tails of teachers. Glorious thought! That in this happy land the spontaneous fingers of childhood abstain not, in their playful glee, from the Chinaman's depending pig-tail, nor yet from the nether garments of the Caucasian. But one thing is wanting: A field day, with the Board of Education turned loose, and the children in full cry after them—a fair field and no favor!

—There is no disputing the fact that California wheat is equaled by few other wheats, and excelled by none. In the London market it always fetches the highest price, not only on account of its fine outer skin and extreme dryness, but also for the finences of its flour. Having the best of materials at our disposal, the question naturally arises, "Why do not our home-made biscuits not only rival, but excel all others?" That England should buy so much of her wheat from us, and using it for the manufacture of her finest breadstuffs, should send us her commonest kind of flour made up in the shape of "biscuit," seems absurd. We have stood this thing quite long enough, and before another year has passed our "California Cracker Company" shall supply not only America with its goods, but also Europe. The machinery now at work on the premises is the best that is used in the trade, and the biscuit made is not only cheaper, but better than any other. Let us encourage home enterprise, especially when we get more than an equivalent for our money.

Special Brevities.

— The *Sporting Gazette* thinks the following extraordinary incident will equally interest hunting men and the students of natural history: During the last cub-hunting season of the Badminton hounds, Mr. Charles Minett, of Chalkley Farm, in the Parish of Horton, Gloucestershire, was called out of bed very early on the morning of the 7th October by his cowman to see a fox sucking a cow. On his reaching the spot the cow was lying down and the fox gone; but the two upper quarters of her udder, the only ones getatable from her position, were empty and the teats wet, as if a cat had sucked her. It appears that the cow, when there is much keep and grass, does not retain her milk well. As it had trickled down the hair the fox first lapped it, and then traced it to its source. The cow was constantly watched subsequently, and the fox frequently seen to suck her. So constant was he at one time that Mr Minett shut up the cow and preserved her milk, when the fox turned his attention to some of the others, who, however would not stand it.

— Special services were held in many of the principal London churches on December 31, in connection with a rapidly-growing practice of "seeing the old year out and the new year in." It is believed that the system was first adopted by the Wesleyan Methodists, who called the last few hours of the old year "Watch Night," but now Dissenters of all sorts follow out the plan; and Churchmen—high, low and broad—have their special midnight services. In the churches in connection with the Establishment the proceedings, as a rule, began at eleven o'clock with the Litany, or what is now popularly known as "the shortened service," then came a brief sermon. In the Wesleyan chapels the services were of a similar character, except that no set form of prayer was used. Deep silence was observed during the passing away of the year, and in all cases a joyous hymn was sung before the congregation dispersed.

— At a late meeting of the Russian Society for the Encouragement of Commerce and Industry, a report was read by M. Boutine upon the opening up of a new route from Russia, through Tartary, to China. Two expeditions were sent out, the second being at the worst period of the year, and having to travel through a desert covered with snow. Twenty-five men and 150 camels were sent, and 1,500 pounds of Chinese merchandise were brought back. It is expected that the proof thus given of the possibility of traversing the Mongolian steppes will give a new spur to the trade with China, although some fresh arrangements will, it seems, have to be entered into with the Chinese authorities, who at present insist on all caravans passing by way of Ourga and Kiakhta.

— Some gentlemen of an Aberdeen Bible Association, calling upon an old woman to see if she had a Bible, were severely reproved with the spiritual reply, "Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a heathen, that you should ask me such a question?" Then, addressing a little girl, she said, "Run and fetch the Bible out of my drawyer, that I may show it to the gentlemen." The gentlemen declined giving her the trouble, but she insisted on giving them ocular demonstration. Accordingly the Bible was brought, nicely covered, and on opening it, the old Aberdeen lady exclaimed, "Well, how glad I am you have come! Here are my spectacles that I have been looking for these three years, and didn't know where to find 'em!"

— The Swiss *Times* says it is announced that within a short time a butcher's shop will be opened in Geneva for the sale of horseflesh. The Department of Justice and Police have taken every precaution to ensure nothing but the best and healthiest meat being offered to the public. The slaughtering of the animals will take place under the surveillance of a veterinary surgeon appointed by the Department, and only such as bear his mark will be allowed to be sold. There will be two prices—fifty cents per pound for the choice pieces and forty cents for the rest.

— A charcoal pedlar, not far from Hartford, had a Newfoundland dog, which he taught to jump into his basket and lie while he filled in the charcoal. When the pedlar carried the basket very full into the cellar, the purchaser, looking out of the window and checking the basket, was quite satisfied. The dog, well trained, walked out with his master as if nothing had happened.

— The circulation of the New York *Herald* is usually 100,000, but on the day when the returns of the election were given 152,000 copies were sold without satisfying the demand. The only time when the *Herald* had previously approached this circulation was at the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, which was the end of the war, it reaching then upwards of 140,000.

— A correspondent of the Indian *Daily News* inquires whether it is in accordance with native etiquette for females to parade the public streets dressed in one fold of cloth of the lightest and most transparent material, which quite fails, as it is evidently intended to do, to hide the figure which is so distinctly visible through the dress!

— The German Government have made inquiries at the various ports, and have ascertained that the shipping interest is fully prepared to adopt the English system of pilot and alarm signals at sea, and orders are about to be issued for the assimilation of the German to the English code.

— It is falsely reported that an organization of Know Nothings has been formed in this city to prevent Catholics from holding office. Better go to New York, where there would be a field to labor in. Here the Irish Catholics are driven to the polls and get the smell of a greasy rag for their votes.

A Sea Song.

Come, make for me a little song—
'Twas so a spirit said to me—
And make it just four verses long,
And make it sweet as sweet can be,
And make it all about the sea.

Sing me about the wild waste shore,
Where, long and long ago, with me
You watched the silver sails that bore
The great, strong ships across the sea—
The blue, the bright, the boundless sea.

Sing me about the plans we planned:
How one of those good ships should be
My way to find some flowery land
Away beyond the misty sea,
Where, alway, you should live with me.

Sing, lastly, how our hearts were caught
Up into heaven, because that we
Knew not the flowery land we sought
Lay all beyond that other sea—
That soundless, sailless, solemn sea.

The Colonial Question.

A correspondent writing for Australia says this important question has occupied some attention during the past year. The *Times* thinks English statesmen so local and so unreliable that colonists must seek safety in flight, and must avoid trusting the British Cabinet. As some think, a much more satisfactory solution of the difficulty was suggested by Mr. Haliburton to make the Cabinet a safe arbiter of imperial interests, by the introduction of a few accredited colonial representatives. "Colonial representation in the Cabinet," he said, "seems likely to be the result of our discussions and difficulties." All the other schemes, though ingenious, do too much or too little. Let us recall them *seriatim*—1. Representation in the British Parliament. The objection to this is that it is impracticable and undesirable. Parliament has already more than it can attend to, and Canadians and Australians have already their own Parliaments, and do not need another. Besides this, we must remember representation and taxation must go together. The scheme is too cumbersome, expensive and impracticable to be thought of. 2. A Colonial Council of Advice. This scheme of Mr. Macfee, the indefatigable member for Leith, is also thought to be impracticable, or at least cumbersome and useless; for, it is argued, what use would there be in having fifty or a hundred retired colonists and ex-governors, or even deputies from all the colonies to give advice to Lord Kimberley? Advice is unavailing without influence to back it, and such a body would be practically useless. 3. Colonial Envoys. Sir Robert Torrens scheme has much to recommend it. He wishes to put the principal colonies on the same footing as foreign countries, and to have their ambassadors to represent them. The objection to his scheme is that ambassadors and envoys come from foreigners, and their appointment would practically end in our looking upon colonists as aliens. 4. Representation in the Cabinet. Mr. Haliburton's scheme is said to meet all the difficulties in a very simple way. I do not bind myself to it, but here is a summary of his views: The United Kingdom with its House of Peers and House of Commons rules the Empire by a Cabinet of 15 members, who are responsible to Parliament and to the people. The great Canadian Confederation has also its Parliament; why should not they be able to send one member to the Council of the Empire—a "Home Secretary of State for Canada," paid by Canadians, and representing, with suitable rank and status, a great country? He, as representing the people, would have a proper position and weight, and would have a voice in everything except in local questions, or subjects connected with taxation. In time the Australian Colonies, he argues, will cease to be mere colonies, and could, when confederated, claim their right to be represented by a "Home Secretary of State for Australia and the Pacific Colonies." South Africa, and perhaps the West Indies, might in time earn a similar rank and privilege. This would make four Secretaries of State out of a Cabinet of nineteen or twenty; so there would be no danger of our controling English legislation. But four of the ablest colonists, having the rank of Secretaries of State, could protect colonial interests most amply, by being able to advise and to vote in the cabinet; and this system would serve us until some great changes yet unknown may suggest a grander and a more intimate union of the Empire. All we need do is to utilize our present Constitutional machinery, and to enable colonial parliaments to have a small share in Cabinet-making. Perhaps it would be advisable that every five years a reappointment or a new nomination might be made, so that party changes in a colony would not disturb the tenure of their Secretary of State. There would be no need for the colonial representatives in the Cabinet, however, to be affected in any way by the state of parties in the British Parliament. The one advantage of this scheme is that it would hold out a new inducement for our colonies to cordially adopt the principle of confederation, as by so doing they would not, as they fear, be drifting away, but would be more closely incorporated with the Empire. This scheme of Mr. Haliburton's savors somewhat of that proposed some time since by Mr. Eddy. This gentleman contends "for a real committee for the colonies, composed of Privy Councillors, and, in its relations to the colonies, corresponding to the Cabinet in its relations to the British Islands." The time may perhaps come, however, when the Agents-General, who are the legal and responsible agents of the colonies, may be accommodated with a seat in the Cabinet, and so bring about a solution of this "vexed colonial question."

— In about three months it is fully anticipated that a splendid new line of steamers will commence to run between Liverpool and Philadelphia.

Bogus Mormons Fooling President Thiers.

For some time past a most impudent gang of swindlers has infested Paris and victimized hundreds of people in that great city, under the pretext that they were distinguished representatives of the Mormon Society of Utah. The grossest ignorance concerning American affairs is still prevalent, even among the more educated classes in France, and, in consequence of this fact, the swindlers, whose movements were directed and inspired by two shrewd Yankees—Charlie Dibdin, an ex-convict of the Charlestown State Prison, and William Aldrich, an almost white mulatto, born in Springfield, Massachusetts, and known to the criminal authorities of that State as an unscrupulous rogue—were successful beyond expectation. They hired a splendid suite of apartments in the Rue Castiglione, where they gave regular seances, according to the Mormon faith. Aldrich has a good-looking mistress, and the latter, together with a number of prepossessing English-women of bad character, attended the seances in the capacity of the wives of the two Mormon elders. Dibdin, who is a very sanctimonious looking fellow, officiated in conducting the services in a gorgeously fitted up chapel. Invitations, printed in golden letters, on the finest paper, and adorned with mystic emblems, were sent to large numbers of such wealthy inhabitants of the French metropolis as were known to be interested in American affairs and in curious social and religious movements. Many of the latter attended regularly and manifested a profound interest in the services of the bogus Mormons.

About four months ago the two swindlers became associated with several Frenchmen and two Italians, and resolved with them to make a bold push for enlarging their operations. They had printed certificates of membership, which were to be had for the sum of fifty francs, and which, according to the assertions of Dibdin and his accomplices, were intended to pay off the public debt of the Mormons. These certificates were signed by Brigham Young, and they were reimbursable in five years, at an annual interest of fifteen per cent., the latter to be paid either at the Paris office of Dibdin and his confederates, in the Rue Castiglione, or at 65½ Cheapside, London, at the office of two of the accomplices of the Parisian bogus Mormons. They were also to be good for immediate investment in real estate in Salt Lake City or at other Mormon settlements in Utah. The swindlers obtained six hundred and fifty thousand francs upon these ridiculously fraudulent certificates. When the traffic in the latter, toward the close of November, began to flag somewhat, the swindlers, of whose doings Brigham Young and his crowd were probably utterly ignorant, prepared another sensation destined to stimulate the interest of the foolish Parisians in the cause which they pretended to represent, and to turn their gullibility to account. For this purpose they caused to be inserted in the *Petit Journal* and other Parisian papers, which are rarely read by the foreign residents of that great city, advertisements to the effect that Brigham Young had died on the 15th of October, 1872, at his "Palace" in Salt Lake City, and that the "one hundred and twenty thousand Mormons of Utah," by universal suffrage, had chosen one "John Smith" as his successor. On the 25th of November a bogus funeral service was held in honor of Brigham Young at the chapel in the Rue Castiglione, in the presence of a large number of invited guests; and, on this mournful occasion, Elder Dibdin delivered a soul-stirring oration, in which he dwelt in the most eloquent terms upon the high talents and fervent piety of the deceased Brigham.

This curious solemnity was followed by the emission of another circular soliciting subscriptions to the second series of the "Mormon loan." In order to help on the cause and encourage subscriptions, the newspapers were furnished with the information that "His Excellency John Smith, the new Mormon President," was on his way to Paris. That excellent man, who was no other than an old English scoundrel named Furbisher, whose principal stock in trade was a highly respectable appearance, and who for the occasion had been dressed in a splendid suit of black broadcloth, made his appearance in Paris about the middle of last month. With unparalleled audacity the swindlers introduced the "Mormon President" to numerous prominent men, some of whom manifested the deepest interest in his voluble statements concerning the condition of the Mormons, which he reported as flourishing in the highest degree.

To crown all this tissue of the most barefaced effrontery, "President" Smith was formally presented, on the 24th of December, to M. Adolphe Thiers, the President of the French Republic. Next day the announcement of their interview, unfortunately for the bogus Mormon, appeared in *Galignani's Messenger*. A real Mormon emissary, who has long lived in Paris, and who is known there as Elder Funchard, rushed to the office of the Prefect of Police. In a few hours Dibdin and Aldrich, with nine of their women, were arrested. Furbisher succeeded in making his escape to England; but it is probable that his extradition will be demanded by the French authorities.

— Wonders will never cease. The Chaplain of the Mare Island Navy Yard has resigned "on account of ill health." Clergymen are like officeholders, and never resign when they have a good thing. It is easier, as a general rule, to preach Christ crucified than it is to work honestly for a living. In the case of the Mare Island man, we'll bet our next baby against some Bank of California stock that ill health had nothing to do with his throwing up the sponge. He has something better elsewhere.

— The product of the Mount Diablo mines for January was 13,907 tons, against 14,671 tons for the same month last year.

In Winter.

Oh, Robin, why dost sing?
Are not the last poor blossoms of the rose
Sodden and dead? and all the lilies, too,
Which, like tall angel sentinels, have stood
Guarding a plot of green the summer thro'?
Even the leaves drop down,
Withen and brown,
As if they died in agony; red beech,
And tawny chestnut fans, scorched by the breath
Of Autumn's burning kisses laid on each.

Oh, winter sun, why shine?
Are not the deepest bowers laid dead and bare
Where thou was wont to peep? and o'er, alas!
Is all thy pretty play of hide and seek,
Among the nodding leaves and bearded grass!
Over the hoary wood
In angry mood
Thou gazest with a red and sullen eye,
Touching the barren boughs with scornful fire,
While with long gathering moan the wind sweeps by.

Oh, violet, why bloom?
False prophet of the spring, thou venturest forth
Telling the heart of fitful April hours!
Scentless, thou droopest to the ice-bound earth,
A pallid ghost among the blackened flowers.
The very pool lies dead
While overhead
Gray, misty snow-clouds darken all the air
And spectre birds flit noiselcss through the sky,
Seeking their frozen nests in dumb despair. —*London Society.*

United States and English Representation Compared.

The laws of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with its population of thirty-two millions, are made by a Parliament of 658 members, who not only serve without pay, but who defray the expenses of their own elections, and consequently cost the taxpayers nothing. But the laws of the Republic of the United States, with their population of thirty-nine millions, are framed by the labors of about 6,000 legislators—constituting Congress, thirty-seven State Legislatures, and ten Territorial and District Legislatures—whose annual pay and mileage amounts to about $7,775,000, or £1,555,000, whose election expenses are paid by the State, and who are furnished, at the public cost, with fabulous quantities of books, stationery, writing-desks, portfolios, and other articles theoretically necessary for the discharge of their public duties. It is a moderate estimate to place the annual pay and emoluments of these 6,000 patriots at two millions sterling, and an examination of some American statistics now before us lead to the belief that the expense is really much in excess of this sum. Taking it, however, at this figure, and adding to it the very small estimate of half a million sterling as the expenses of elections in the 34,000 voting precincts which make up the United States, we have two and a half millions sterling as the annual cost of the election, pay, and emoluments of the American law-making power, against which we have to set in our own case—nothing. Here, then, is a startling contrast between the two systems of "Home Rule" and Imperial Government. Here are facts worthy the attention of those who prate to us of Republican simplicity and economy, and who ask us to Americanize our institutions.—*European Mail.*

— It thunders everywhere. No sooner is one Congressional lame duck nabbed in connection with Credit Mobilier stock than another appears. No sooner is the Caldwell bribery case exposed than Pomeroy—saintly old Pom.—puts in an appearance: and no sooner is the popular clamor silenced about Pomeroy, than his successful competitor, Ingalls, is accused of the same little manipulation. We had an insane idea that the world was becoming more honest. This idea was obtained after hearing Stone, Stebbins, Hemphill, Cunningham and other well-paid parsons discourse on passing events. Thank God, none of these ministers have been accused of owning any Credit Mobilier stock. They are too far from temptation, and therefore we rejoice. Had they been in Colfax's place would they have sold out their dividends for $1,200? We hope not, for the reputation of California. It was too cheap.

— There is a man in Philadelphia who belongs to 343 different secret lodges, circles, etc., and knows 1,377 signs, grips and passwords. He must understand the rule of permutation thoroughly.—*Boston Post.*

Russia in Central Asia.

At present neither Russia nor India has any actual "frontier" whatever; and the scheme of preserving a belt of neutral territory as a line of demarcation between the two Powers is about as feasible as separating two fires by a wall of paper. Never once in the whole range of history has such a project succeeded, except by the intervention of a third Power. Rome and Carthage guaranteed the neutrality of Tarentum, and the result was that after the "neutral" city had been thrice sacked by its protectors Rome devoured it and Carthage together. France and Spain guaranteed the neutrality of Navarre; and where is Navarre now? Burgundy and France guaranteed the neutrality of Provence, and Louis XI. swallowed it at a mouthful, with the best part of Burgundy along with it. Russia and Austria guaranteed the neutrality of the clipped-down "kingdom of Poland"—with what result we all know. The neutrality of the Danubian Principalities, as guaranteed by Turkey and Russia, would not have endured for a single generation had it not been for the counterpoise of Austria. In a word, our present position is one of uncertainty, and any uncertainty is simply fatal in playing against such antagonists. We cannot—it is impossible to insist too strongly upon this—we *cannot* be too explicit with Russia. So long as she merely prosecutes her just quarrel with Asiatic barbarism she merits our hearty approval, but beyond this she must not go. The possibility of her invading India is indeed chimerical, but the possibility of her hemming in Asiatic Turkey, making Persia her obedient vassal, and interrupting our communications with the East, is not so. We have committed a great error, and that error must be repaired promptly, if at all. A correspondent adds: "One word more before I quit the subject—a subject which, to me at least thinking as highly as I do of Russia *per se*) is anything but a pleasant one to dwell upon. It has been urged by many of Russia's supporters that her conquests in Central Asia are so many victories of civilization over barbarism, and to be rejoiced over accordingly. But what is this civilization by which Asiatic barbarism is to be purified? The question is fully answered by a few extracts from a letter written by a Russian resident at Samarcand, which (how reluctantly I will not attempt to say) I have just read and believed. 'The three classes of the Russian population—military, officials, and merchants—are at constant feud among themselves, each party attempting to secure all the best things for itself, as was made abundantly manifest when the question of choosing a site for the building of the "European Quarter" came under consideration last September. The ground thus chosen was valued in a very arbitrary manner, and the native occupants, with their wives and families, were simply driven out of their dwellings and bidden to go elsewhere. One of the members of the Commission of Survey (which consisted of two representatives from each class) obtained permission to appropriate several costly marble tombstones to his own use; whereupon the president resigned, and was succeeded by a person who is not likely to quit his post from any fear of condemnation. The morality of the Russian population is indescribably low, and has fallen even lower since the permission recently given to the soldiers to establish their wives and families in one of the suburbs of the town. It is no exaggeration to say that almost every soldier's wife is a prostitute, the husbands themselves conniving at this degradation; while drunkenness and debauchery prevail to an incredible degree. Many of the Russians have established harems, while a still larger number have abandoned themselves to the hideous vices prevalent among the brutalized Orientals. In a word, numbers of educated men, reared in the great centers of European civilization, have sunk to the level of the Sart and Dhouwana.'"

"Divines."

The present age is very "rough" on the clergy, and a man, to succeed and make an independence, requires to be more than a mere annointed outrage. It is, however, a poor and mean business at the best, and only suited for cunning and feeble-minded men with a disposition to beg, and an inclination for "humming." We always feel sad when we meet an incipient priest or parson—their position is so unnatural and ridiculous. This they feel acutely, and their little attempts at being facetious ill conceals the uneasiness it is intended to divert. A little fat pup-priest, with a pimply face, is a very sad object to contemplate. We have often, in Europe, marked that simpering look of sublime insignificance that characterizes the "superior clergy;" when with comical hats, apron, and gaitors, or with red stockings and other holy toggery, they prance through the streets, making the idiotic rabble stare; and have always recognized the indications that grow out of the consciousness that a soul-saver is a sham and a make-believe. We have got rid of soothsayers, prophets, and witches—when are we to get rid of these sacerdotal imposters? The Quakers gave them the boot long since, and are they anything the worse of getting rid of such pernicious vermin?

— Because pedagogue True cuts his bread with a jack-knife and prefers jam on a newspaper plate, the female sub-teachers turn up their Grecian noses and say, in classic parlance, "he ain't well bred, and don't eat with a cultivated appetite." Here we see verified the old saying: Give 'em an inch and they'll want six—females will. And it all comes of Brother Plunkett's wanting to put the women on an equality with men. It can't be. Nature has otherwise decided.

Cuttings from "Punch."

Too late: Middle-aged Customer: "Mr. Bassbridge, my musical education has been utterly neglected, but I've a strong desire to practice some instrument. What should you advise me to take up?" Conscientious Tradesman: "Well, sir, I should recommend the triangle—or—yes—I think a musical snuff-box, sir, would be the best!"——People you expect to meet: Mr. Smith, who speaks his native English with a slight foreign accent, whenever he returns from a week upon the Continent. Mr. Brown, who can't appreciate Beethoven, but dotes upon the bagpipes. Mr. Jones, who, when he shares a hansom with you, somehow never has small change about him. Mr. Robinson, who carefully abstains from volunteering a political opinion until he has consulted half a dozen newspapers. Mr. Cruiser, who keeps a schooner yacht, but, except in a dead calm, never ventures out of harbor. Mr. Sharpe, who, when he drops his money into the collection plate, can make a sixpence sound as though it were a sovereign. Mrs. Snobbington, who calls her little knife-boy a page, and when she hires a fly talks of taking carriage exercise. Mr. Tyttle Tattle, who, from some official source of information, always brings the latest news of the intentions of the Government. Mr. Hodger, who considers Tupper far superior to Milton, and goes ready primed with arguments to prove it. Mr. Dodger, who invariably takes an old umbrella to a party, in the hope, by lucky accident, to change it for a new one. Miss Sniveller, who keeps a sentimental diary and bullies her small brothers. Mr. Funniman, who cannot cut a tongue without cutting a stale joke about it.——Paddy (the loser): "Arrah, g'along wid yer! I said I'd lay you foive to wan, but I wasn't goin' to bet my ha'f crown agin your fathrin' little sixpence!"——Contingent Advantages: Emily: "What has made you take to those great gloves, Gertrude? They make your hands look gigantic!" Gertrude (engaged): "O, my dear, my hand is disposed of; and when that's the case, one can give up appearances and go in for comfort.——Fine Art Gossip: We understand that an eminent equity draughtsman is engaged on a work of art, which he hopes to finish painting in time to be able to send it to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.——"A Bank of England note is practically a Mint Certificate," said the *Times*. It speaks well for the good sense of our young ladies that a man wants a good many of such things to get a marriage certificate.——"'Tis not a day or two shows us a man," remarks Mrs. Emily Iago. Or a woman. I know a family in which there was an old maiden lady, who, by the united voice of everybody, was declared the "sweetest old lady in the world." Yet the family did nothing but quarrel. When she became extinct, so did all the quarreling.——There is rather a good picture in the *Charivari*. A ruffianly prisoner brought before the Judge, takes off his cap with exquisite politeness, and observes, "Ah, M'sieu, I have not seen you for at least two months. I trust that Madame is quite well."——Anecdotes of High Life: Mr. Swellington (who is fond of letting people know he is acquainted with the aristocracy): "I assure you, my dear fellah, I was staying at a country house the other day, and the master (most intimate friend of mine) rang for the *chef* and asked him why the dooce they all objected to Australian beef? 'Well, my lord,' says the *chef*, 'I really can't give any precise reason for it.'" Mr. Griggsby (who is fond of chaffing Mr. Swellington): "Ah! very interesting story! I was staying at a country house, too. The Missus (reg'lar old pal o' mine) rang for the sub-vice-deputy-assistant groom of the chambers, and put the very same question to him. 'Well, yer Grace,' says he, 'I'm blowed if I know!'"——Tobias, here is Christmas upon us again! Did you ever see such weather? The *Daily Telegraph* boldly declarges that we have had "twelve months of atmospheric mismanagement," and utterly declines to be grateful for the same. But this is not my view of the case. I think of the lesson which George Herbert tells us to extract from every sermon, however bad:

"When all wants sense,
Heaven takes a text, and preaches—Patience."

Probably a good many folks will be the better for remembering these lines on Christmas Day.——A Juvenile Offender: A small boy on the Upper First Form was heard to remark that the best Sanskrit grammarians were the Parsees. Didn't he catch it?

The Lost Soul.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

DEAR NEWS LETTER:—I am fully aware of the lofty eminence your widely circulated journal has attained. I am also aware that your able, entertaining and truthful medium of conversation with the universal world has reached its present position, the dizzy apex of literary fame and renown, by striving in your well-directed efforts persistently for the public good; having ever a fostering care for the civil and religious liberties of the people, never descending to the narrow circle and consideration of individual's plaints or complaints, unless by so doing you might confer some great benefit upon the entire human family. I am constrained to offer the foregoing just tribute to your dignified conveyance of thought as an apology for presenting to your notice so often the individual members of the congregation of the little Chapel at the Oaks. I should never have placed the humble five in the front ranks in the onward tramp of progress, and made them standard-bearers in the great march of mind were it not that through them a great moral and religious lesson is to be taught to this and succeeding generations.

The services at the little chapel last Sabbath were unusually solemn and impres-

sive in consequence of the misdirected ambition of a young man who attends the Mission Sunday School. He had lately experienced a change of heart by reading the pathetic account of our Savior's walk on the waves of Galilee. He was fully convinced that he had sufficient faith within himself to counteract the earth's gravitating force, and relying implicitly on the precepts inculcated at his Sabbath School, he sought to emulate the noble example of his great prototype, the man of Nazareth, and make the trip from San Francisco to Goat Island on foot. The result was most disastrous to the young convert s friends. His relatives were left with a large income on their hands, which he had been in the habit of scattering broadcast over a Christian community, and the Parson, aided by the humble five, was called upon to offer the consolation of religion to a sorrowing family and pay the last melancholy tribute to budding greatness. We had just brought the somber service to a close by the Judge singing, in a most impassioned manner, that beautiful and touching Hebrew melody,

"Thou art gone from my gaze
Like a beautiful dream,"

when a wild-looking wet nurse rushed into our temple and said a neighbor of ours, by the name of Buren, a notorious Swedenborgian, was dying; would the Parson come and see him? Here was a chance for the devoted five to distinguish themselves; to snatch a brand from the burning; to jerk a soul from the jaws of hell; to yank a rich morsel from the very mouth of the arch fiend. We girded up our loins and sought out the poor victim of this modern delusion. We found on our arrival he had not sent for us at all; it was the mistaken zeal of a Christian servant girl that had brought us there. When we entered the room he seemed composed and happy, and was muttering to imaginary beings something about the Summer land, the golden shore, the silver portal, the gates ajar, the opeline splendor of crystaline clouds, and other vapory nonsense of like character. Here was a sad spectacle -a human soul forever lost, in the mist surrounding the church of the new Jerusalem; he must be saved at any cost. Leaving the Pet Lamb, to write the epitaph of the young man who was drown'd, the Blond Sister, Azure-eyed Girl, the Judge, Deacon Scott, and the Parson went for the unfortunate sinner, to save him. But plain prose can never do justice to our efforts, and I must chronicle them in soul-stiring verse:

BUREN'S DEATH BED.

Prone on his couch the lost sinner was lying,
The red tide of life was fast ebbing away,
While five pious friends were unitedly trying
To capture his soul ere it oozed through the clay.

In tears the Blond Sister knelt down on his pillow
And said death was stealing o'er him like a frost;
She told him that hell, with its red roaring billow,
Was yawning for sinners like him, who were lost.

Deacon Scott spoke to him of a suffering Savior,
Who died for his kind upon Calvary's hill.
No matter, he said, what hast been his behavior,
If he'd only love Christ there was luck for him still.

The Judge kissed the Cross, and then told him a story,
Of how an old sinner, who died at four-score,
Was raised by a whirlwind straight up into glory,
Because in his bosom a Bible he bore.

The Azure-eyed girl flung her white arms around him,
And begged he would think ere too late of his soul,
Or soon the arch fiend would eternally drown'd him
Beneath the hot waves of the bo'tomless hole.

In a low soothing strain the Parson was singing
(While holding a small silver cross to his eyes)
Of the words of our Lord to the thieves with him swinging,
Ere night you'll be with me at home in the skies.

With a confident smile he replied, I have trusted
Through life's rugged journey to reason alone;
I've learned that all creeds are but worm-out and rusted
Old rubbish that out of past ages were thrown.

The why he was here he had no means of knowing;
In his coming he said he had never a voice,
And little he recked of the road he was going;
Where Fate had forced legions, should he have a choice?

He had walk'd the same road of earth's millions uncumbered,
Had trod the same footprints of those gone before,
Whose wisdom should say where the vanish'd ones slumbered,
Or tell if the dark stream of time had a shore?

Life's curtain was droping, the final scene shifting;
His last dying words were, "I've counted the cost;
To a long dreamless rest I am quietly drifting;
If this is *not heaven*, oh! let me be lost."

Yours, in crape, THE PARSON.

THE OAKS, February, 1873.

Leaves from a Lady's Diary.

FEBRUARY 3.—I was thinking to-day that while this last century has very much simplified men's dress, women's costumes on the contrary have become more gaudy and extravagant. Slashed doublets, long waistcoats embroidered with lace, diamond shoe buckles, etc., are now only seen on the stage, whilst women have made no sacrifices to the philosophy of dress, excepting in those rare instances such as Mrs. Dr. Walker, which are only subjects for derision, especially by men. Called on Mrs. B., to be presented to her sister, who has just arrived from the East. A quiet, lady-like girl; but when she opens her mouth to speak, a great row of large prominent white teeth flashes on one, almost startling like the sudden drawing of a sword. Talking of Mrs. W., she said: She is like many women, she doesn't actually love her husband, but it suited her to have some one to love her. These sort of women believe in the superiority of man and would fain be surrounded with them as a sovereign by his court. Went to see Pygmalion and Galatea and was to a certain extent disappointed. I had enjoyed the Palace of Truth very much, and it was bruited abroad by the management that this piece, by the same author, was superior to his preceding effort. And yet Miss Graham acted Galatea with graceful talent and Pygmalion was very good, but Raymond was too broad and the others too tame, and so I didn't like the piece.

FEB. 4.—Old Mrs. L., whose charity is as active as her tongue, called upon me to-day for a subscription to a poor family. By way of ingratiating herself she launched into a violent tirade against my religion. I let her run on till she paused for breath, and then told her. She wasn't in the least discomposed, but only said: "Well, my dear, why didn't you stop me when I began." Had to go to the dentist to-day, and he was poking about my mouth. I meditated that we begin to die sooner than we care about acknowledging. Decay sets in with the first tooth that falls, or the first white hair. Some folks die gradually, beginning at the exterior. Life attacked from without, after defending it outwards, takes refuge behind its walls, until at length the heart, which is the citadel, is forced to surrender. Others, on the contrary, begin by dying at the heart, and walk this world some thirty or forty years, death in a living carcass. Speaking of the F.'s party the other night, Fanny B., who is barely twenty, said: "Oh, there were only old creatures there." It's always so: a woman of twenty calls twenty-five and thirty old; thirty looks down on forty, and so on. Upon my word, to see how the young people of to-day look down on their seniors is like the ancient distinction between white people and niggers.

FEB. 5.—Read Ruskin's last work and didn't like it at all. He has changed his former earnest style, that brought conviction with it, to a mannerism which is an affectation of Carlyle. Like Carlyle, he clothes his meaning in obscurity, and would be like the Delphic Oracle to his disciples. Professing to address working men, he simply tells them they are foolish and wrong-headed in logic, which is beyond their comprehension. Nor would it apply in this country, which is the paradise of the laborer. And these men are happier in their households than many who live in better houses and wear better clothes. A blacksmith or a carpenter earns good wages, marries a wife who becomes his cook, washerwoman, etc., and he finds that he lives better and his expenses are less than when he was a bachelor. How different from the small merchant or clerk, who marries and has to keep up appearances. His income is double or treble that of the working man, but his expenses keep him always in debt. A man in this position who marries a girl without money, is like one who buys a horse and feeds it with emeralds and garnets instead of oats. Very different from the newly married Mrs. M., just returned from her bridal trip, with money in both pockets. Of course everybody called on her, and I among the rest. While I was there three other ladies came, and after paying the usual compliments and two of them kissing her, we went away, stopping for a moment before we got into our carriages. "What a little dumpy thing," said Mrs. B., who is tall and commanding. "Did you see her hands how large and coarse?" said Mrs. L., who has a little bit of a hand and foot, while Mrs. McF., who prides herself on her pert *répartée*, pronounced her dull. A woman always draws attention to what she considers her points by abusing those of others. Now Mrs. M. is a very pretty, sufficiently tall woman, perfectly well bred. Found our servant girl in tears; she had been to see a fortune teller who had frightened her without in the least shaking her faith; she wanted me to go, and spoke so strongly about him that I felt half inclined to go from curiosity, so I asked Henry. He laughed at me and said: "These astrologers are humbugs, who look upon you as an idiot unless you look upon them as impostors." Went shopping to the White House, where they are disposing of their splendid stock at a cheaper rate than ever.

— Everybody has had his say about our boys, and the way to bring them up to usefulness; and, naturally enough, no one has struck the right path. We proceed to open it. There are nine or ten thousand of these boys, according to Col. Barnes, now growing up as Hoodlums. All that is wanted is to make them moral; and the way is as plain as a pikestaff. It all depends upon Col. Barnes. Let him appoint stated hours, say from two to five o'clock P. M., to receive "Our Boys" at his office, and repeat to them, *gratis*, the admirable lecture which he so happily *conveyed* from Mr. Scott Russell's "Systematic Technical Education." In two hundred days he would have reformed, by the magnetism of his presence and the magic of his eloquence, the whole unruly herd. He might afterwards take the Trades' Unions in small doses. This is business.

How to Stop Crime in California.

The framers of the Constitution and legal system of California were extraordinary men. Everything Californian is extraordinary, but our law makers seem to have possessed a gift of foreknowledge that was little short of miraculous. Among other things, they appear to have foreseen that no dishonest person would ever be elected to office in this State, and sure enough it has come out just as they had provided it should come out. They argued to themselves, "Why provide tribunals with jurisdiction reaching official misfeasance, when no official is ever going to 'misfease'" (no pun intended). So none such were provided. In the older States and in Europe it is admitted that the tendency of irresponsible official systems is rather towards corruption than towards purity, but in California it is altogether the other way. The fact that there is no court competent to try a certain class of offenders is enough of itself to quite eliminate them from the category of criminals. It is difficult to explain why this should be the case, but it is nevertheless indisputable. Where there is no law to punish a particular crime, nobody seems willing to commit that crime. Perhaps it may be the result of that manliness of character so peculiar to Californians that makes them, as it were, above the perpetration of an offense that stands in law completely without risk. This we shrewdly suspect to be the view taken by the courts of this State, when they decide that John J. Marks is not removable from office. The Judges wish to appeal to that nobility of soul for which our people are so famous, and to call that element into operation as a preventive of official wrong-doing. If so, it is highly creditable to their knowledge of the character of our people, and we look for the best of results should this ingenious system be carried into other departments of life. If Judge Blake, of the Criminal Court, has a fault, it is that of being over cautious. And we do much fear that he will be slow to adopt the system we herein suggest. But we can say to him that it is our firm conviction that, if he would only just decide that there is no jurisdiction whereby a Californian can be tried for any offense, that crime would at once and forever cease in this State. True, there might be some trifling chicken stealing by Chinamen, and occasionally a beggar might, in desperation, nip a coat or a pair of shoes from an unwatched hallway, but all gentlemen and persons of breeding would turn honest in a week. Judge Louderback could alone attend to the entire criminal discipline of the city of San Francisco. Stealing would become so unfashionable that a man of any sort of position might as well go to Coventry at once as to think of such a thing. The clubs would blackball him. The churches would refuse to let him serve on vestries, or genteel committees of any sort. Bankers would no longer invite him to their town houses or country villas. Members of the Stock Exchange would decline to receive his orders, to deal with him, to sell him short or long, to recognize his checks, or to client him in any gentlemanly manner whatever. It is this feeling that has kept the Harbor Commission so pure and so clean ever since it was created. The members have felt that there was no law to call them to account for any official act, and so, out of true Californian State pride, they have been as spotless as the driven snow. It is our sincere conviction that if there had been any tribunal in this State competent to try John J. Marks, that he would not have proved the splendid specimen of the Californian office-holder that he now appears to be. But he has all the time felt that it would be cowardly to take advantage of a too confiding constituency of an over-trusting people, who had from the first resolved that they would not believe ill of any member of the community, no matter how much appearances might be against him; in short, that they would rely so solely upon the inherent purity of human nature, and not even look for a possible remedy for an impossible evil. This is noble, and it is Californian! But it should be by all means attended in every direction. Let all the Courts act upon this idea, if possible, and if the law is too plainly against such a view, then let the Legislature be immediately convened, and let the criminal statutes that now only annoy gentlemanly delinquents be abrogated at once, and let every citizen whose taxable property is shown to be over, say $50,000, be put upon honor. Keep the penitentiary for such contemptible fellows as are known to be poor, or who are otherwise unfit to associate with respectable people, and our word for it, we shall have, not one, but a hundred thousand men not only in office, but in any walk of genteel life, any one of whom shall be as pure and as upright, as rich and as respectable as John J. Marks, by the Grace of God and the Nineteenth District Court, State Harbor Commissioner.

"Raining Sheep."

Seldom has a simple story been told in more touching language than the account given by the Toronto *Globe* of a lamentable accident which lately befel a flock of sheep when passing over a bridge in Upper Canada. "There is," says the *Globe*, "a covered bridge at Peoria 500 feet above high-water mark. A drover recently attempted to drive 1,000 sheep across it. When about half-way over, the bell-wether noticed an open window, and, recognizing his destiny, made a strike for glory and the grave. When he reached the sunlight he at once appreciated his critical situation, and, with a leg stretched towards each cardinal point of the compass, he uttered a plaintive 'Ma-a!' and descended to his fate. The next sheep and the next followed, imitating the gesture and the remark of the leader. For hours it rained sheep. The crew while placid stream was incarnadine with the life-blood of moribund mutton, and not until the brief tail of the last sheep, as it disappeared through the window, waved adieu to the wicked world, did this movement cease."

The New Creed.

This thing that I write is a poem,
Composed with astonishing ease;
It will do for a sermon, with proem,
Or hymn, if you please.

It tells you the beach loves the ocean,
The sun burns with love in the sky,
And all that has life, or has motion,
Must last till it die.

It tells, with a mild melancholy,
Not less than old-fashioned to you,
That only what's hot can be holy,
What's fleshly be true.

All else is the dream of a dreamer,
Who stirs in a feverish sleep;
The flush of a Northern-light streamer,
That dies on the deep.

For what, in the endless progression
Of time, with its numberless wrecks,
Survives for a certain possession?
The marvel of sex.

Stand up, then, and let the rest perish!
The madmen, who worship the pure,
The ideal, the spotless! We cherish
The faith that is sure.

Who loosens the bands of Orion
We know not. Man is but a clod,
And so, we take Cyprus for Zion,
Priapus for God.

—*C. C. Hurlbut.*

"Mother's Come Home."

A circumstance occurred a few days ago, in the neighborhood of the Old Kent Road, which caused a great deal of excitement and amusement. Some three or four weeks ago the wife of a beershop-keeper eloped with the barman of a neighboring public-house, and having been away for about eighteen or twenty days, she returned to her liege lord and master, who received her with open arms. In a few days the news got whispered about that the fair runaway had returned to console her disconsolate partner, and some of the neighbors determined to let the fact be known publicly. They accordingly made an effigy of the lady, and painted a mask that was a tolerably good likeness of her. With this they marched through the streets in procession, and when they got into the quiet turnings near the beershop, a bellman rang his bell loud and long, until every one came out of their houses to see what was the matter. The bellman then, in a set speech and with stentorian lungs, announced the important fact that "Mother's come home." By this time there were several hundreds of people present, among whom were a large number of the roughs of Peckham. They then marched the effigy to the front of the beershop, and fixing it on a prop in a field opposite, applied a light to its mouth, which instantly took fire, being saturated with paraffin for the purpose. In a few minutes there was a tremendous explosion and blaze, the body being filled with fireworks, which went off in every direction, while the fragments of the effigy blazed away on the prop, illuminating all the neighborhood. In a very short time a steam fire engine from the Kent Road station dashed down the street, thinking there was a house on fire, and about the same time a considerable body of police had been drawn to the spot by the explosion and blaze. When the matter was explained the police were amused at the joke and refused to interfere, and the fire engine returned to the station. The husband and wife took these proceedings as a compliment, and came out in front of their house and made their acknowledgments for it, after which the husband drew four gallons of ale, which he took out to the crowd. It was eagerly seized upon by the roughs, who, with hearty cheers, drank the health of "Mother's come home."

Too Late for Explanation.

Lord Mark Kerr, who distinguished himself at the battle of Fontenoy, was a good but eccentric officer, and a terrible duelist. His *debut* was remarkable. He was a lad of slight, effeminate appearance, apparently void of spirit. His father, the Marquis of Lothian, when he brought him to London to join his regiment (the Coldstream Guards) requested the Colonel, who was his particular friend, to watch over him and see that he submitted to no improper liberties, and to instruct him in the way he should go in case he should have the misfortune to be insulted. These were the days of hard drinking, prodigious swearing and brutal manners. This scion pacific of nobility soon became the butt at mess, and a peg to hang practical jokes upon, until at a year's standing a Captain threw a glass of wine in his face. He still said nothing, but wiped his face with his handkerchief and invited him to breakfast *tete-a-tete* on the following morning at nine o'clock. Lord Mark arrived punctually, ate his breakfast with perfect composure and spoke but little. At length the commanding officer broke ground. "Lord Mark," said he, "I must speak to you on a rather delicate subject; but, as your father's friend, I am compelled to waive ceremony. Captain L. yesterday morning publicly passed an affront on you, which your honor and the credit of the regiment require you to notice." / "What do you think, sir, I ought to do?" inquired Lord Mark. "Call on him for a full explanation," rejoined the Colonel. "It is, I fear, too late for that," replied the young ensign; "I shot him at eight this morning, and if you take the trouble to look out of the front window you will see him on a shutter."

— A French statistician, who vouches for the facts, states that Paris contains 1,450 hunchbacks, 1,224 individuals with only one arm, 1,145 with one leg, 110 cripples, 17 without noses, and three without either arms or legs.

"The Phœbes."

A number of High Church ladies have formed themselves into a society called "The Phœbes," whose self-imposed duty it is to clean out the churches which they frequent. A correspondent of a contemporary thus humorously describes their operations: Just at first it is considered well to undertake the charge of but one church until the society shall be fully organized; so one fabric has been selected as the first for the Phœbes to commence operations upon. The work is done on Friday and Saturday afternoons, and as soon as the daily service on Friday morning is over the Phœbes muster in the church. Lady A.'s carriage sets her down at the door, and the brougham of the Hon. Misses B. comes next. The humbler cab brings Miss C., and Mrs. D. is seen hurrying round the corner on foot; and so on until the number of Phœbes is complete. Then the church doors are locked, that profane eyes may not gaze on what is being done. From the hour when the doors are closed upon the workers, rank vanishes and perfect equality reigns; the Phœbes are then only known by their numbers. The Phœbe No. 1 goes on her knees to polish the tiles of the chancel floor; Phœbe No. 2, carefully g oved, attacks, with blacklead brushes, the stove; Phœbes Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7 are sweeping out the pews and beating up the hassocks; while Phœbe No. 8 has taken the brass eagle of the lectern in hand, and, under her vigorous exertions, its youth seems to be renewed. The society has only been in working order for a few weeks, and has had some difficulties to encounter, chief amongst which is the utter ignorance of the Phœbes or how the work ought to be done. As one lady describes their difficulties: "I always thought," she said, "that a housemaid has the easiest life in the world, but it is quite a mistake. You have no idea how hard it is to polish a stove; and scouring a floor is painfully dreadful. As to beating the dust out of the hassocks, it is not to be thought of; and if you just take my advice you will leave it for the present, and some day I will get a woman in to do it. I know it is against the rules, but I would sooner send a furniture-van and have them done at home than break my back, as I have been doing."

— The cars will soon run from Jaffa to Jerusalem, where once David and Solomon traveled on horses and camels. Why not? Has not the Holy Land endured the presence of swapping Yankees, full of "hoows" and dollars, of snobbish Britons, crammed with Murray and mutton, of frisky and frivolous Frenchmen, geometrical, guttural Germans, and all the baser sort from the four corners of the world, gone out to see? And also, if it please you, why *the* Holy Land? If the supreme event which consecrates that soil means anything, it means that all the earth was from that great day *one* Holy Land, wherever men gathered together. And certainly the railway will be for Jerusalem what it has been elsewhere. It will multiply the good a little, and the rascals immensely. It will be fine to see a Jaffa Goat Island fight, and a Jerusalem Sargent going it tooth and nail; when the site of the Temple shall be occupied by an Exchange, and a Syrian Friedlander shall buy up the Mount of Olives; when the valley of Jehosaphat shall be turned into a park, and the Place of Wailing into an Industrial School. In those days a man shall fall among thieves, and the good Samaritan shall keep his corn and wine to himself; and as for the wells, they will be monopolized by the Brook Kedron Water Company. The people, in whose heads these are the only familiar ideas, run in and out of Jerusalem every day or two; why not as well their locomotives?

— We have the very highest opinion of Parson Stebbins' intellectual powers. We don't believe that Cardinal Wiseman, or even the Pope, could match theological ten cent pieces with him. We are willing to concede that he comes as near being incomprehensible as any man of his size and weight in the world, and yet we are perfectly willing, in the generosity of our hearts, that Cambridge should have him. So we say: Parson Stebbins stand not upon the order of accepting the Cambridge call, but accept it at once. You may never have another such chance so long as we both shall live.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Thursday, December 12th.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
J C Duncan to Marie A Thorne....	Lots 5 6 7 8 blk Z, R R H'd As'n.....	$ 160
A Rosenfeld to Henry Levy	Hayes w Gough, 24:6x120	2,500
C F Hamilton to John F Clough ..	Jackson w Maple, 29:6x127:8¾.....	500
J Dunkerley to Rich'd Kent.....	Larkin s Beach, 40x68:9.....	1
John Harrison to same.....	Larkin s Beach, 7:6x68:9.....	1
City and County S F to J Harrison.	Larkin n North Point, 7:6x68:9	prem
Pt Lobos Av & Pk H'd to J Clough	Lot 44 blk 226	275
Same to Franklin W Gough.....	Lot 43 blk 326	275
Bay View H'd to Esther Trisley...	Lot 3 blk 485	500
Paul Tract H'd As'n to F Bonn....	Lot 1 blk 56	500
Bay View H'd to John F Clough..	Lot 16 blk 560	320
Geary St Ex H'd to Pat'k Griffin ..	Lot 28 blk 262	350
City and County S F to F Farwell.	Beach and Larkin sw cor, 137:6x68:9; also E ½ 50-vara 1339	prem
John L Smith to Michael Hogan ..	Laguna s Geary, 43x137;6; also, O'Farrell e Webster, 138:6x55	1,210
Mission View H'd to P H Doncks	Lot 7 blk 11	1
P H Doncks to Wm Monahan	Same; also, lot 44 blk 302, 32 blk 334, H T	5
John T McLean to Clinton Gurnee	Broadway and Buchanan, 137:6x137:6...	6,250
G Wittmann to City and County S F	Union e Powell, e 34:4½ s 56:7½, etc....	10,496
J R Carrick to J M Richardson ...	Shotwell n 18th, 25x122:6.....	1,000
John Enright to Ann Shannon	Minna sw 3d, 21:10¼x70	2,250
Sam'l Crim to Thos Magee	Howard s 20th, 25x122:6	1
Sam'l Gilmore to Mary J Fulton..	28th av and J w cor, 50x100.....	720
Jonas Barman to Jas L King	Cal'a av and Powhattan, w 1085:6, etc...	5
Same to same.....	Por Barman Tract, on Bernal Rancho ..	7,000

Friday, December 13th.

Bay View H'd to J B Scotchler....	Lots 1 2 15 and 16, blk 531	$2,000
Henry Harlock to Marg Harlock ..	Undiv ½ Bryant s 23d, 26x120	5
Mary A Harlock to same	Undiv ½ of same.....	5
Benj P Avery to Sarah Lambert ...	Lots 1 2 3 4 blk 367, Great Park H'd.....	1
College H'd Ass'n to H Thomsen..	Lot 11 blk 6.....	300
O J Preston to Alfred A Fisher....	Fulton and Broderick se cor, e 137:6, etc, lots 2 3 4 blk 513, W A.....	21,000
E I Sawyer to P M S S Co.....	Bluxome w 1st, 120x45:10.....	500
Marg't Gurrioch to same	Water lot 164 165 and 166	5
W K Van Alen to C A Crowell	Clay e New Cemetery av, 38:11x127:8¾..	250
Milo Hoadley to A J Morrell	Cal'a and Lyon, 100x132:7½.....	3,000
Nicolas Larco to Tiburcio Parrott.	Conveys all his estate to 2d party for benefit of creditors	....
E L Sullivan to Smith Brown.....	Undivided 5 acres of tract of 250 acres of Outside Lands	3,000
Kate A Bulkley to Wm R Wheaton	Capp 175 n 17th, n 50x105.....	5
Chas Worner to Philip Goldsmith.	Undivided one-third Minnesota s Nevada, 100x100	1,000
Pt Lobos Av H'd to W Richardson	Lots 27, 35 blk 338, 60 blk 241, 64 blk 242.	$1,150
Same to same.....	Lots blk 425, 8 blk 424, 23 24 blk 437, etc	1,455
Market St H'd to Almira Bemis....	Lots 10 blk 11, 6 7 12 blk 19, 7 10 blk 22..	2,500
Mary L Fitch to same.....	Lots 13 14 blk 501, Occidental H'd	500
Paul Tract H'd As'n to S Mechan..	Lot 14 blk 9.....	500
Same to Ann Flannigan.....	Lot 1 blk 37	500
Henry Levy to R J Eagan	Shipley sw 5th, 25x75	3,500
T P Riordan to James T Haynes ..	Carolina s Nevada, 33:4x100	110
Tide Land Com'rs to C Sutro.....	Lots 12 and 13 blk 35	333
Same to same.....	Lot 20 blk 19	135
Same to same.....	Lot 21 blk 19	125
Same to same.....	Lots 9 10 19 and 20 blk 34	520

Saturday, December 14th.

Henry F Williams to H Roseknans	16th w H, 100x200	$2,000
Wm Sharon to S F Butterworth	Bush e Montg'y, 68:9x137:6	5
E W Taylor to same	Same	5
Henry Christie to C W Elliott	Lot 47, Gift Map 1	100
Same to Geo A Morse	Lot 45, same	140
Sam'l Gilmore to Jas B Casey	28th av se K, 25x100	360
Cath Seaver to Rose A McKinley	½ of lots 1289 to 1301 inc, Gift Map 3	5
Geary St Ex H'd to A I Sanborn	Lots 14 and 17 blk 165	700
John Rosenfeld to T M O'Connor	Turk e Pierce, 25x137:6	1
Paul Tract H'd to Geo B Ward	Lots 12 and 13 blk 1202	340
H M Newhall to Wm Hayes	Kearney and St Charles, 57:6x68:9	1
A J Ellis to same	Kearney s Charles, 38:6x34:4½	1
J D Fry to same	Same	1
Adolph Weiner to S Heilbrun	Lot 9 blk 210, Gardenville H'd Ass'n	100
Chas F Brown to Eliz'th E Griffin	Sutter w Baker, 25x137:6	700
Wm Macy to Chas F Brown	Same	500
I Soloman to H M Newhall	Kearny s Broadway, s 49 w 137:6 n 60 e 7s s 11 e 62:6; also, Kearny n Pacific, 57.6x69:8	2,000

Monday, December 16th.

S I C Swezey to Westminster P Ch	Fell w Octavia, 82.6x120	$ 1
W J Gunn to Cath Muldowney	Lot 122 blk 23, Mis'n & 30th St H'd Un.	230
James Christy to August Schultze	Illinois s Napa, 25x100	1,000
Wm H Gawley to Geo Brown	McAllister and Lyon, 137:6x137:6	3,500
A Hemme to A Bannister	Com 76:4½ fr sw cor Sac and Van Ness av, th along Van Ness av 51:4½, etc.	10,000
J B Montgomery to Benj A Cotton	Broadway e Powell, 34x65	[illegible]
Orchard H'd Ass'n to Jos Henry	Lot 33, Hudson Garden and Orchard Tct	[illegible]
Pt Lobos Av and Pk H to J Martin	Lot 21, blk 423	[illegible]
H C Benzen to Edw McGary	Geary and Jones, 38:9x58:9	5
Bay View H'd to J C Zabriskie	Lot 3 blk 487	500
Henry Scammon to E S Swan	Arkansas n Sierra, 25x100	10
Edw Barry to F W Vanreynegom	Lots 20 28, and e ½ 13 blk 27, Fairm't H; also, e por 103 blk 165, Central P'k Hd	1,500
John McCombe to W R Barnes	Treat av s 21st, 30x122:6, sub to mor $800	300

Tuesday, December 17th.

Pt Lobos A and P H to J Brannan	Lots 17 18 and 19 blk 423	$ 870
Paul Tract H'd to Isaac Nathan	Lot 6 blk 59	500
City Land Ass'n to S Schreiber	Lots 10 11 12 and 13, blk 23	360
F Berard to P Merle	Channel ne 7th, 45:10x120	250
V M Foucault to John Conley	Lot 3 blk 333, Golden City H'd	750
Felix Uri to V M Foucault	Same	[illegible]
Sam'l E Oakley to J B Watson	Folsom w Hawthorne, s 98 w 18:4	3,000
M Quigley to M Conway	Sac'to e Leav'th, 20x70	1,350
Mary Widman to Ann McElaney	Howard e 4th, 50x80	5
J B Houghton to J M Caldwell	Dorland w Church, n 115, etc, subject to a mortgage of $1,500	500

Wednesday, December 18th.

Paul Tract H'd to Elias Schubart	Lots 1 and 2 blk 28	$1,000
City Land Ass'n to Kate Mitchell	Lots 11 and 12 blk 45	180
E T Bowen to L D Slocum	Und ½ lot on which the Excelsior Livery Stable stands; also, lot adjoining	1
M A Sieberlich to Ellen Lynch	Jones n Turk, 30x107:6	[illegible]
S H Dwinelle to F P Cottle	Lots 1189 to 1209 inc, 1583, 1441, Gift Map 8; also, lots 2325, 2528, 2542, 2541	1
Timothy Gleason to B Gleason	24th and Folsom, 40x122:6	[illegible]

Thursday, December 19th.

Chas R Bond to H Eastman	Clay e Taylor, e 23:8 s 60, etc	$ 60
Paul Tract H'd to Jas Lamont	Lot 7 blk 53	[illegible]
A K P Glidden to N P T Co	Com 212:6 ne of Stewart, and 137:6 nw fr Folsom, nw 149 n 112, etc	1,000
Buena Vista H'd to Emily Burk	Lot 9 blk 109	645
John W Trainer to Jos W Wesson	Tehama e 3d, 25x80	1,000
E L Sullivan to Bridget Daly	West 11th s Pt Lobos Av, 25x125	[illegible]
A W Whitney to F Montealegre	Sutter w Powell, 27:6x87:6	14,000
M S Latham to A W Whitney	Same	10,000
Geary St Ex H'd to E Hogan	Lot 7 blk 261; 3 blk 262	700
Mary T Walsh to Edward Cahill	Lot 6 blk 15, Paul Tract H'd	5
W Morrison to Isadore Eisenberg	Free use of well on premises of party of 2d part; also, passage way	150
James O'Neill to Michael Ryan	Hayes w Laguna, 27.6x120	1,850
M Dore to John Deimer	Jackson w Powell, 46x62:6	4,500
City Land Ass'n to A McDonald	Lot 21 blk 9	[illegible]

Friday, December 20th.

Henry M Scudder to S I C Sweezey	Dow Pl sw 2d, 28x110:6, subject to mortgage of $4,200	$ 2
J F C Beythien to J J Schoen	Post e Dupont, 22x62	2
B P Avery to John Curley	Potrero av and 22d, 100x25	1,400
J B Bidleman to R C Hopkins	Old Road n San Souci Road, n 92:6, etc.	5
Wm L Higgins to A J Morrell	Turk and Pierce, 87:6x31:3	1,500
R S Randall to Thos Byrne	17th e Church, 53x100	2,500
M W Hewings to Eliza J Haggin	Clay e Taylor, e 43 n 137:6, etc; also, 50 vara 627	400
E H Hammer to Wm Enright	Ellis e Larkin, 26:10x87:6	6,200
L M Felker to City and Co S F	Greenwich e Mason, e 25:8, etc	2,498
M Dore to S A Fridley	Por Outside Lands	5
C Anderson to Julius Osiander	Texas n Nevada, 50x100	600
H A Buttner to Wm Noethig	Guerrero s Corbett, 30x96:9; also, 6th av e H, 25x100; also, 32d av w G, 25x100	1,200
H B Platt to Maurice Dore	Und 1-20 blks 6 10 16; 50 v 1510 1526, N B	2,900

Saturday, December 21st.

T Tunstead to Chas S Tilton	Union e Octavia, 137:6x27	1,000
Rob't F Morrison to Thos Tuttle	Same	5
Jos Tuttle to Jane Tuttle	17th se K, 75x100	Gift
A Himmelmann to A J Gladding	Polk s Sacramento, 9:8¼x1	2
Paul Tract H'd As'n to N J Aiken	Lots 2 and 3 blk 36	1,000
C Kirk to City and County S F	Com 57:6 e fr Scotland, and 1:10 s from Greenwich, s 125:6 se 13:10, etc	4,573
F S Spring to P B Lewis	Sub 11 blk 20, H'ds on Univ'ty M Survey	400
W Hawxhurst to D P Belknap	14th w Valencia, 155:6x70	5
Philip Wolf to Lewis Toher	Lots 3 4 blk 412; 9 blk 415; 4 blk 416, Potrero and Tide Land Survey	3,000
F S Spring to Philip Wolf	Same	1

Monday, December 23d.

B Kliegel to Wm Noethig	Tehama ne 9th, 24x80	$3,175
Paul Tract H'd to Wm C Ralston	Lot 2 blk 48; 4 5 blk 53; 1 2 blk 55; 4 blk 35; 15 blk 4; 10 blk 9; 4 5 6 7 blk 33; 6 12 blk 3; 1 2 7 8 9 blk 8; 5 10 blk 2; 1 3 6 7 blk 7; 2 blk 6	12,500
Bay View H'd to same	Lots 13 14 blk 538; 3 4 5 12 13 14 15 blk 511	5,000
Pleasant Valley H'd to W Danforth	Lot 74 blk 367	1
James Lough to Dora Healy	11th av se G, 25x100	100
V Wackenreuder to Thos Jones	Sub lot 25, Precita Valley L'ds—Adam s Precita av, 25:7x78:8	400
J C Coleman to John C Pelton	Pine e Van Ness av, 2:6x137:6	140
S C E Thayer to R Est Associates	Clipper w Noe, 80x114	800
Paul Tract H'd Ass'n to R S Floyd	Lot 4 blk 24	100
Pollard, Carville & Co. to W Mills	Kate se Bryant, 25x50	1,000
B S Brooks to Geo J Harris	24 acres Outside Lands	23
Pacific Sav and H'd to S C Thayer	Lot 11 blk K	prem
J F Hastings to A McGuire	Lot 21 blk 4, College H'd	300
O McMahon to L Gottig	Howard ne 9th, 50x90	1
Paul Tract H'd to E W Burr	Sundry lots in Paul Tract n'r Bay View	82,000
Buena Vista H'd to Edw Weiselg	Lot 2 blk 92, and lot 29 blk 108	1,100
J Richardson to Eliza J Ross	Shotwell n 18th, 25x122:6	Gift
Peter Craig to Eliz'th Robinson	Filbert w Kearny, 20x57:6	3,00

Tuesday, December 24th.

H Doscher to N Ohlandt	Valencia s 25th, 65x117:6	$1,500
Wm B Latham, Jr, to A Fitzgerald	Tay s Clay, 22x56	1,000
W Sherman to Merchants' M M I Co	Sherman and 18th, 125x75	5
Tide Land Com'rs to Edw Doyle	Lots 1 2 23 and 24 blk 66	580
Noe Garden H'd U to E R Chase	Lot 2 blk 14	500
College H'd As'n to F Bruns	Lot 2 blk 5	300
Univ'ty Ex H'd to same	Lots 4 and 5 blk 158	800
Edward Whitsted to Wm White	Edds w Buchanan, 25: 1x120	1,200
John B Miller to Marg't Ryan	Clementina sw 5th, 25x75, subject to mortgage of $500	1,000
Paul Tract H'd Ass'n to H A Crane	Lot 2 blk 46; 16 blk 52; 5 blk 46; 15 16 blk 50; 1 blk 51	2,500
Same to same	Lots 5 6 7 8 blk 57; 7 blk 59; 1 4 blk 609; 2 to 5 blk 624; 1 blk 625	6,000
S S Bruckes to David L Phillips	Bush and Battery, 30x77:6	47,500
Miss'n & 30th St Ex H to O B King	Lot 54 blk 4	420
Tide Land Com'rs to A Roger	Lots 3 to 6 inc blk 552	688
Willows Land Ass'n to W Bradley	Lot 35 blk 69	675
Ann Hart to A Levy	6th se Tehama, 25x75	6,000
Savings and Loan Soc to F S Smith	Broadway e Scott, 50x87:6	950

Wednesday, December 25th.

Fred k Mason to Louise D Sweezy	Lot 13 blk 190, Golden G to H'd	$ 250
John MacPherson to Chas E Grubbe	Valley n Douglass, 100 10x114	500
H S Huntington to F N Huntington	1st nw Harrison, 25x67 6	6100
Augusta Hauck to David F Schmee	Lot 198 blk 186, Central Park H'd	500
College H'd Ass'n to Jacob Peiser	Lot 5 blk 12	300
Isaac Hecht to Lewis Hecht	Und ⅛ Haight and Gough 137 6x120, also und ⅛ 16th av and Q 325x100	12,000
M Kearns to Timothy Flynn	Vancouver s Filbert, 10x80	1
Same to Emma Mitchell	Lot 20 blk 9	95
F Vassault to Wm C Ralston	Jones and Chestnut, 17 x137 6	5
Mary F Wood to John Diemer	Jackson w Powell, 46 11½ x62 9½	5
Wm C Ralston to John Skae	Jones and Chestnut, 17 5x137 6	12,000
John Hunter to Wm J Gorman	Sub 2 and 3 in lot 16 blk 302, Hunter's T	500

Thursday, December 26th.

Chas L Bache to Thos J Grotjan	Und ⅛ Wash'n & Wash'n Pl, 30 3x16 8; also und ⅛ Wash n Pl n Wash n, 23 x30	1
H F Williams to Maurice Dore	Guerrero and 16th, n 137 6, etc; also 16th and Harrett, n 150, e 93 6, etc; also pt 100 n fr n l 16th and 97 6 e fr e l Harrett, etc; also 16th e Guerrero, 68x100	10,000
Albert Gallatin to Leland Stanford	5th and Townsend, 85 9x137 6, also, numerous other pieces of property in the City and County of S F	132680
S P R R Co to Cont and Fin'ce Co	Mission sw Potrero sw 100 4x, etc, also, other pieces of property in the City and County of San Francisco	400000
Isaac E Gates to Leland Stanford	Kentucky s Napa, 100x200, also, other pieces in City and County of S F	40,140
S P R R Co to Cont & Finance Co	Por Potrero Lots 6 7 20 21 23 24 43, P N	25,300
Same to same	Por blk 20, P L, etc, also, por blk 19 P N	17,000
N T Smith to Leland Stanford	Illinois n Napa, 200x(ist), also, other pieces in City and County of S F	19,300
J C Walsh to Chas Ackerman	Jessie n 5th, 25x75	3,600
Geo Frost to Emelie D F Hanlon	Vermont s Yosp, 50x100	1,300
A S Tyler to Amelia Nachtigall	Sutter e Pierce, 27 6x100	850
Andrew Cook to Wm B Anderson	Lot 6 blk 22, City Land Ass n	50
Hyam Joseph to Wm Hayes	Kearny n Pacific, n 25, e 68 9, etc	55,000

Friday, December 27th.

John Center to Agnes B McClay	Harrison s 20th, 40x20	$1,100
Pt Lobos Av H'd to M O Keefe	Lots 32 and 33 blk 642	500
T F Riordan to Annie Walsh	D Haro s Noveal, 66 8x100	1,400
John J Gallfoyle to H C Hyde	Lot 4 blk 47, Univ'y H'd, also, Bowdoin n Dwight, 120x100	950
Thos Berry to David Dodge	15th av e Q, 25x120	350
J C Duncan to Mary E Bowers	Lot 8 blk B, Railroad H'd Ass'n No 2	65
John J Gallfoyle to H C Hyde	Hill w Church, 30 11x114	400
Wm Jacob's to Wm R H Dodson	Lots 5 to 17 blk 12, Junction H'd	1,200
G P Cummings to M J O Neil	Dupont and Lombard, 20x80	10
Buena Vista H'd to Helen Smith	Lot 27 blk 108	800
Same to	Same	100
J R Smith to Jas Ambrose	Und ¼ of und ½ Van Ness av and Francisco, n 275 w 384 9, etc	500
James L Kane to Joseph H Moore	Sycamore s Turk, 25x80	1,600

Saturday, December 28th.

Marian Hill to R C Harrison	Taylor s Sac'to, 24x68 9	$2,800
Laura Hill Com As n to A Kimball	Lot 1087	120
Wm R Swain to Chas H Kelsey	Broadway w Laguna, 68 9x137 6	3,500
T Quackenbush to A Himmelmann	Lot 8 blk 403, Golden City H'd Ass'n	250
S F Sutcliffe to Edw Heringhi	Lot 570 828 829, Gift Map 3, 1750, G M 4	200
Edw Heringhi to Thos J Baker	Same	400
Frank Cullan to Thos Connolly	Courtland av w Churubusco, 25x77	160
C P Duane to E J Baldwin	Scott and Grove, 137 6x275	1
City Land Ass'n to C A M Grisch	Lots 26 and 27 blk 42	180
M Berghofer to Conrad Berghofer	Stuart se Howard, 22 11x68 10, also Folsom sw 1st, 25x75, also, 3d s Perry, 25 x75, also, Tehama w 1st, 80x25	610
Paul Tract H'd to Mary Quinn	Lots 8 6 13 14 15 blk 32	2,500
Mis'n & 30th St Ex H to W Scott	Lot 2 blk 7	350
John McGrath to Wm B Swain	Sanchez and Vale, 26 8x100	300
Wm Hayes to Real Mens Hall Ass	Post w Stockton, 50x137 6	20,000
Wm L Booker to Jas D Riddle	Montg'y n Commercial, 29 6x50	27,500
Geary St Ex H'd to Anna Jewett	Lot 18 blk 282	350
Cath Seaver to Bridget Markey	Howard n 24th, 301x92 6	6,800
Sav and Loan Soc'y to L J Ewell	21st and Folsom, 125x122 6	14,500

Monday, December 30th.

A B Grogan to Mont'gy St R E Co.	Market sw 2d, 68:9x50	....
Mis'n & 30th St E H to D Driscoll.	Lot 17 blk 5	$ 350
Bay City H'd to J A Thompson....	Lots 33 34 and 35, blk 483	907
Same to same	Lots 78 74 75 76, blk 496	1,210
R E Associates to Wm Hollis	Steiner s Waller, nw 25 e fr Scott, and 275 s fr Waller, w 25, n 262, etc; also, blk 291 W A	1
M G Upton to A Harpending.....	Hawthorne nw Harrison, 25x112:6	1
A Harpending to Mont'y St R E Co	Same	5
Hugh Mullen to May Mullen	Jackson w Leav'th, 137:6x25	Gift
Geary St Ex H'd to E P Hardwick.	Lots 16 and 12 blk 665	700
Montg'y Real Estate to M Dore....	Market sw 2d, 68:9x219	250000
L L Robinson to Market & 14th St H	Mission blk 80 ne cor, w along s l Reservoir st, and the continuations thereof, until it reaches a pt 125 w of where the w l Church, if extended n, would intersect the same, s 25, etc	280000
C Sheltberger to H M Jones.....	Lot 5 blk 325 W A	250
K Fleig to F Cooper	Und ½ Folsom se, sw 410, 25x90	1,900
J S Polack to R E Associates.....	Steiner s Waller, nw 25, etc; also, blk bd by Waller, Steiner, Ridley and Scott st	10
A Hayward to Montg'y St R E Co .	Montg'y St South se Market, 24x68:9	1
G D Nagle to H M Newhall.....	Por blks of Outside Lands	3,500
E W Walker to P H Sumner	Und ¼ S B blk 2; also, und ¼ Harrison ne Spear, 309:2x137:6	5,000 10,000
John Hicks to same	All int in same	
R P Clement to A J Shrader.....	Por blk 382 Outside Lands	900
L Trennan to Thos Young	Cal'a and Cushman, 30x100	3,400
E A Stacy to same	Same	1
Geo W Chapin to Antoine Borel ..	24th and Vicksburg, 50x90	1,200
T B Valentine to John Treat.....	1-50 of Treat Tract	3
Same to G A Lynch.....	½ of an acre of Treat Tract	1
Paul Tract H'd to F B Wilde.....	Lots 2 6 7 8 14 15 16, blk 51	3,500
E L Sullivan to T Dineen.....	Por Outside Land blk 273	800
W M Fletcher to C Hutchinson....	Eddy e Pierce, 60x75	1,900
G W Frink to Timothy Ellsworth..	Lots in O'Neil and Haley Tract	1

Tuesday, December 31st.

Chas Keyser to F Bellinger	Lots 25 26 27 28, Hudson Garen & O T'ct	$1,600
Paul Tract H'd to C D Wheat	Lots 10 and 12 blk 51	1,000
Same to Henry M Collins.....	Lots 9 and 10 blk 25	1,000
C Hutchinson to E J Robineon ...	Eddy e Pierce, 27:6x75	750
John F English to John Morrison.	Noe n 20th, 28:6x105	350
David Hewes to H L Hutchinson..	10th nw Mission, 25x132	1,000
Geary St Ex H'd to Thos Brown ..	Lots 3 and 4 blk 261	700
C W Dieclenschod to Thos Taylor .	California e Larkin, 70:10x35	7,000

Thursday, January 2d.

J Godchaux to Julius Oslander....	Und 1 acre of tract of 9 acres O Lands ..	500
Daniel Goldberg to J Godchaux ...	Same	500
Bay View H'd to J M Thurber	Lot 10 blk 433	500
E J Foster to Mary R Harris.....	Buchan s Jackson, 25:6x80	3,000
Stephen Payran to Wm Agate.....	Spear n Mission, 22:11x137:6	1
Wm K Doherty to Maurice Dore ..	Parker Av n Fulton, s 80 deg, etc; also, Parker Av n Fulton, n 272:3, etc	5
Z W Deas to W S Redding	Jackson e Leav'th, 27:6x137:6	3,500
John Parnell to Jas Byrnes.....	19th and Valencia, 35x80; also, 19th e Valencia, 30x85: also, lots 12 to 36 inc, blk 213, O'Neill and Haley Tract	10,000
Martha B Hunt to John Parnell ...	19th and Valencia, 80x35	650
Wm R Gunn to J R Prevost.....	Sutter e Franklin, 40x120	6,000
Francis Doughbette to D Spencer..	Folsom ne 7th, 25x100	4,500

Friday, January 3d.

Wm A Cory to J Cunningham	21th w Bryant, 50x104	$1,400
B F Jellison to Frances I Jellison.	18th e Shotwell, 24x100	Gift
Wm Monahan to Martin Luger....	Vermont s Sierra, 33:4x100	1,055
Marg't O'Brien to Pat'k Daly	Hampshire s 22d, 50x100	1,500
J S Polack to City and County S F.	All interest in and to any public squares, reservations, etc., in W A, excepting lot known as Hospital Lot	1
Silas E Bent to Nathan Atkinson..	24th e Douglass, 114x51:8	Gift
F S Spring to Mary J Thorpe	Sub 25 and w ½ 30, blk 11, Univ'ty M S'y	450
Wm H Bell to same	Same	1
City and Co S F to Wm Irwin.....	Capp n 24th, 35x122:6	prem
John Nuttall to Carl Lutz.....	Und ¼ McAllister w Laguna, 27:6x120..	1,500

Saturday, January 4th.

Eunice Saillot to Paul Ronsset	Stockton s Green, 25x107.6	$7,250
Edward Ewald to Henry Kraft	Fract'l nw ¼ of Sec 31, T 1 S, R 5 W; also, n ½ of e ½ of se ¼ of Sec 22, T 2 S, R 6 W	100
Henry Kraft to C Senkenberg	Por T 1 S, R 6 W	500
Edward Ewald to A N Drown	Por b'ks 1079 1080 1082 1083, Outside Lds	1,500
Paul Malloy to Eliz'th Ewald	Por b'ks 1079 081 1080 1082 1083 1141 1142 and 1143, Outside Lands	Gift
City and Co S F to C Senkenberg	Por Outside Lands	prem
Paul Tract H'd to J Monaghan	Lot 2, blk 7	500
Bay View H'd to same	Lot 1, blk 492	300
Miss'n & 30th st H'd to T Daily	Lot 13, blk 7	350

Monday, January 6th.

Felton Tract H'd to Peter H Smith	Lots 3 and 4, blk 1202	345
A Tillman to John Lynch	Minna sw 4th; 25x65	1
Wm Purdy to B B Williams	O'Farrell and Franklin, 137.6x137.6	1,000
B B Williams to M G Drummond	Same	500
Paul Molloy to John P Shine	Und 25 acs of ne ¼ of Sec 27, T 2 S, R 6 W	100
Edw Ewald to Paul Molloy	Ne ¼ of Sec 27, T 2 S, R 6 W	5
J G Eastland to Julia C Tyler	50 vara 2, b'k 163, W A	300

Tuesday, January 7th.

O H'd Ass'n to sundry parties	1 mile north from Oakland—4 lots	20
T Harris to D M Davis	7 miles se from Livermore—160 acres	2,000
H L Farrier to L Edmonds	Lynn 50x100	150
J J Scotchler to T F Yeager	Oakland—Regent St Homestead—Lot 25	70
A Theysohn to T H Ranizaw	Same ⅛ int 45 Davis and 125	400
J S & J Scribner to C J Shipman	Union City Portion blk 35	150
C Knittle to Musser & McClure	Mission San Jose—One-third acre	1
Musser & McClure to First & Bauer	Same	2,500

Wednesday, January 8th.

S B L'd Ass'n to C A Mathieu	Indiana s Napa, w to e 1 Hampshire, s to pt 100 s of 24th, etc	$ 75
David Dick to S W Dick	Howard e 4th, 80x25	5
Paul Neumann to Julius Jacobs	Jackson w Leav'th, 137.6x34.4½	1,200
Felton Tract H d to E K McNeil	Lots 46 and 47, blk 1201	340
F S Spring to Chas D Young	Lot 21 blk 5, H'ds on Univ'y M'd Surv'y	300
Carl Lutz to John Suttal	McAllister w Laguna, 120x137.6	1,500
J S Alemany to Henderson Bros	Pt Lobos Av w Boyce, 25x125	471

Thursday, January 9th.

L Goodwin to Catalina P de Noe	23d e Guerrero, 228x50; also, 23d and Guerrero ne cor, n 232, etc	5
A Gonzales de Noe to L Goodwin	Elizabeth e Guerrero, s 94:6, etc; also, Eliz'th e Guerrero, n 114, etc; also, 23d e Guerrero, 113x50	5
City Land Ass'n to E Loeven	Lots 5 6 7 and 8 blk 11	360
Jos Marks to B L Brandt	Und 5 acs of tct of 10 acres Outside Lds	1,250
Julius Finck to E F Hall, Jr	Lot 23 blk 118, Hillside H'd	800
Catalina P de Noe to A G de Noe	E liz th e Guerrero, 94:6x94:8; also, 23d e Guerrero, s 114, etc; also, Eliz'th e Guerrero, 114x50	5
Pt Lobos Av & P H to F Cosgrove	Lot 48 b'k 326	280
City and County S F to T Gleason	24th and Folsom, 40x122:6	prem

Friday, January 10th.

R C Chandler to T J Winship	Near Berkeley: 150x600	2,500
F D Atherton to W Camacho	Haywood: 40x150	150
Hays & Caperton to A S Barber	Alameda: 3 acres, ⅔ acres, 17⅓ acres, near Alameda Station	1
J H Gardner to C A Reiners	Turk e Franklin, 120x27.6	3,000
A de Leo de Laguna to J K Latham	Union and Jones se cor, 23:1x120	1,000
S Dickinson to John McKenna	S Prospect Pl w Columbia, 46:9x75, lots 192 to 193, P V L'ds	275

Saturday, January 11th.

B F Dunnam to Chas G Wilkins	Sac to e Polk, 30x118, subject to mort'g of $3,000	7,100
Paul Tract H'd to E P Heald	Lot 7 blk 25	500
Geary St Ex H'd to E Bangsen	Lots 12 and 45, blk 166	700
J C Duncan to C C Keene	Lots 1 and 2 blk J, R R H'd No 2	130
Tide Land Com'rs to W Meblop	Lot 17 blk 800	50
Same to B M Hartshorne	Lots 1 to 10 blk 516	2,128
Same to A Goldsmith	Lots 1 to 10 blk 531	2,396

Monday, January 13th.

A Caldwell to M H Caldwell	Por lot 3 blk 5, Excelsior H'd	$ 500
A Drucker to John A Russell	Lot 863, Gift Map 3	50
J S Friedman to August Drucker	Lots 863 and 868, Gift Map 3	100
Timothy Flynn to C H Gwynn	Varrenne s Filbert, 20x60	1,800
J S Friedman to August Drucker	Fulton w Broderick, 40x137:6	5
Chas Jost to Erustina Jost	Post w Polk, 68:9x120	Gift
W B Cummings to M Vulicevich	Hyde s O'Farrell, 30x137:6	4,700
Paul Tract H'd to H Oppenheimer	Lot 6 blk 29; 5 blk 36	1,000

Tuesday, January 14th.

Jas Heron to Jas H Latham	Webster and Broadway, 275x137:6	$ 5
Jos R Corwin to Lenora Hinkle	Broadway and Fillmore, 100x30	500
B McDermott to F Hufschmidt	Cal'a w Hyde, 27x137:6	2,000
Henry Moffatt to A J Shrader	Por Outside Land blks 343 and 419	800
Martha B Hunt to J A Holman	19th e Valencia, 50x85	250
John Goulding to Ellen Goulding	50-vara 1134 e Leav'th, 50x23	Gift
Geo I W Gilbert to M E Gilbert	Vallejo w Hyde, 22:11x91:8	Gift
John Crummey to J McM Shafter	Francisco and Polk sw cor, w 143:6, etc	100

Wednesday, January 15th.

Bay City H'd to Wm Walsh	Lot 59 blk 496	$ 309
Same to E W Burke	Lots 11 15 13 blk 483	927
Same to Rob't White	Lots 15 to 20 inc, blk 483	1,895
Same to Wm J Gibson	Lot 60 blk 496	342
Same to Chas A McLellan	Lot 14 blk 483	309
Same to Thos R Gibson	Lot 65 blk 496	301
Same to Henry M Gibson	Lot 64 blk 496	301
Same to James Brady	Lot 53 blk 496	303
G T Crowther to Adolf Eberhart	Und ½ 16th e Bryant, 150x150	2,000
E A Fargo to Mary A Solomon	Glover w Jones, 23x60	350
Bay City H'd to E L Dickens	Lots 42 and 43 blk 496	624
Fred'k Bohme to Ernst Tittle	Vallejo and Kearny se cor, s 68:9, etc	Gift
Maria Baker to City and Co S F	Interest in and to all public reservat'ns, squares, etc	prem
John C Pelton to same	Same	prem
Pat'k Kennedy to Mich'l Kennedy	Vermont s Sierra, 33:4x100	900

Thursday, January 16th.

G Wetzler to A de Bendeleben	Lots 64 65 and 66, Ben Franklin H'd	$ 10
Same to P Dohrmann	Lot 1397, Gift Map 2	10
Tide Land Com'rs to J S Friedman	Lots 13 14 15 and 16, blk 34	664
Jos S Friedman to John L Ubhaus	Lots 15 and 16 blk 34, Tide Lands	100
City Land As'n to John Bush	Lots 33 and 24, blk 32	180
H A Mayhew to J Stratton	Lot 564, Lone Mountain Cemetery	250
Louis Schultz to J Freudehberg	Scott s Green, 68:9x40	525
John Bush to Julia E Bush	Lots 33 34 blk 32, City Land As'n; also, Green e Kearny, 57:6x29	Gift
John B Overton to Elisha T Peck	24th and Shotwell, 32x90	6,000
Orchard H'd As'n to Cæsar Dorr	Lots 29 and 30, Hudson Garden & O Tct	800
Daniel Ryan to John Duff	Broadway and Cherry, n 160, etc	1,200
City and County S F to same	Folsom s 22d, n 60, etc	prem
W A S Holt to Timothy Lynch	Wash'n av s Precita Pl, 25x40	350
Same to B Kennedy	Wash'n av s Precita Pl, 25x110	350
Marg't J Braly to Thos Knight	Tyler and Leav'th, 187:6x137:6	14,500
M A T Peze to Geo Robins	Commercial e Sansome, 20x73:8	3,200
Bay City H'd to Chas D Cushing	Lots 8 and 28, blk 483	618
Same to same	Lots 62 and 63 blk 496	611
Same to H S King	Lots 9 10 29 30 21 22 and 33, blk 483	2,240
Same to same	Lots 46 47 48 66 67 and 68, blk 496	1,833

Friday, January 17th.

Bruce McDonald to G W Chapin	Lot 431, Gift Map 1	$ 50
Geo W Chapin to L S B Sawyer	Same	75
Benj F Swan to Jas Thaxter	50-vara 6 and 3, blk 456, W A	1
Isaac Levy to M Levy	Green w Stockton, 30:6x130	Gift
Cath L Arnold to Honora Kerr	Bush e Devisc, 27x137:6	Gift
Dan'l Sweeney to Thos Knight	Ellis w Laguna, 25:9x120	1,500
Alonzo Green to Peter H Burnett	Lot 5 blk 537, Bay View H'd; 1 blk 4, Noe Garden H'd; 4 blk 25, Paul Tract H'd, and 6 blk D, Oakland View H'd	....
M Moritz to S Steiner	Lots 5 and 6 blk 21, Paul Tract	500
S V Leadner to C B Martin	Lot 16 blk 149. S S F H'd	700
John G Myers to W H L Barnes	Geary e Van Ness Av, 55x120	1,700
Geary St Ex H'd to M Griffith	Lot 8 blk 166	100
Mis'n & 30th st H to J Monkhouse	Lots 19 and 20 blk 6	700
W H L Barnes to Tabitha Myers	Geary e Van Ness Av, 55x120	1
City and County S F to J C Pelton	Pine and Polk, 137:6x156	prem

Saturday, January 18th.

Ernest Buser to Jules Mayer	Lot 7 blk 6, College H'd	$ 150
Geary St Ex H'd to J M Quay	Lot 27 blk 262	250
City and County S F to M Bradley	Harrison s 22d, 51x100	prem
Francis Kance to A M Kance	Geary w Powell, 25x137:6	Gift
Tide Land Com'rs to D Nostrand	N ½ lot 6 blk 419	500
Thos Gallagher to Susan Bradley	Lots 1541 and 1542, Gift Map 4	300
Garden Tract H'd to Edw Coffin	Lots 26 and 27 blk 1	700
Henry Grotheer to Claus Sprockles	8th and Bryant, 50x85	12,000
E R Carpenter to S H Brodie	Und ½ blk 368 W A	15,000
John Hahn to Susan R Burge	Grove w Octavia, 1¼x120	2
Fred'k Cooper to J F Strobel	Und ¼ Folsom sw 7th, 25x90	2,500
Rob't H Burge to Wm J Stoddart	Grove w Octavia, 76:3x120	....

Monday, January 20th.

Paul Tract H'd to B Harvey	Lot 1 blk 69	$ 500
W W Stow to C F Exmann	Lots 260 and 261, Precitia Valley Lands	1
Thos Bell to Julia Hastings	Blk 642, Thos. Bell's Tract	2,000
John Bell to Wm W Young	Turk and Gough, 137.6x120	100
J W Owen to Frank Cunningham	Ripley Tract se cor, n 30 deg e 660, etc.	1
Frank Cunningham to A Jacobs	Same	1
L H Bonestell to J T Bonestell	Shotwell s 25th, 65x115	3,000
P Lobos A & P H As to F Cosgrove	Lot 47 blk 326	270
Wm J McConnell to G Ralston	Lots 1478 to 1482 inc and 1492 to 1496 inc, Gift Map 3; also, und ¾ lots 1923 to 1927 inc and 1943 to 1947 inc, G Map 4	5
Same to same	Lot 8 blk 130; 7 blk 155; 5 blk 165, University Mound Survey	5
W H Steiger to Alex Steiger	Lots 7478 to 1482 inc, 1492 to 1496 inc, Gift Map 3; also, und ¾ 1923 to 1927 inc, 1943 to 1947 inc, Gift Map 4	5
Same to same	Lot 8 blk 55; 6 blk 152; 3 blk 155, University Mound Survey	5
Bay City H'd to John V Nachtel	Lot 72 blk 496	301
Same to John Dunn	Lot 61 blk 496	380
Same to Annie Winter	Lots 31 and 32 blk 483	620
S S F H d & R R As to Peter Stock	Lots 8 and 9 blk 196	111
Same to same	Lot 8 blk 333	40
Felton Tract H to J Crowninshield	Lot 6 blk 1202	17
G Rotenkolber to S Lecher	Clipper e Noe, 25:5¾x114	Gift
E L Sullivan to R Springer	West 11th av s Point Lobos Av, 23x120	400
W H Gawley to Geo A Meigs	Harrison ne 1st, 22:11x68:9	1

Tuesday, January 21st.

Paul Tract H'd to J D Croxall	Lots 7 and 8 blk 4	$1,000
S Dickinson to Wm Shepster	Sub lot 9 blk 19, Fairmount Tract	525
Geary St Ex H'd to Frank Kelly	Lots 46 and 49 blk 166	700
A G A I Eymann to H N Bolander	Lots 260 and 261, Precitia Valley Lands	4,000
Donald McDonald to H Garwood	50-vara 6 blk 484, W A	1
Sam'l Crim to Wm Welch	Capp n 24th, 52x122:6	120
Wm Welch to Sam'l Crim	Capp s 23d, 58x122:6	10
Tyler Curtis to John M English	20th and Shotwell, 47:6x95	12,000
I Lankershim to G H Winterburn	Gough and Austin, 60x84:6	12,000
Tide Land Com'rs to S A Wormser	Lots 1 to 6 inc, and 15 and 16 blk 529	1,800
Same to same	Lots 7 to 16 inc, and 1 and 6 blk 526	3,651
H Whittell to City and County S F	Utah s Yolo, 100x200; also, one other lot adjoining on S, fronting on Nebraska and Utah, having a width of 33 feet in the shape of a parallelogram	380
College H'd Ass'n to J M Haskell	Lot 18 blk 3	200
Cath Eakins to Mary Bensinger	Lots 39 and 40 blk 52, City Land Ass'n	100
Bernardo Perata to G Cuneo	Dupont n Union, 40x90	7,000
Giovanni Cuneo to S Garbini	Dupont n Union, 20x90	5
B Perata to Nicola Marini	Dupont n Union, 60x90	11,000
Nicola Marini to B Perata	Union and Dupont nw cor, 187:6x90	100
S Garbini to Giovanni Cuneo	Dupont n Union, 20x90	5
B Persta to Michele Perata	Union and Dupont nw cor, 37:6x90	12,000

Wednesday, January 22d.

Richard Harris to Oliver Dale	Kentucky n Solano, 50x100	$2,500
A Himmelmann to H P Merrifield	Sac'to w Steiner, 25:10x120	700
Bay View H'd to Jos Bassett	Lots 2 and 3 blk 466	1,000
City Land Ass'n to R P B Wood	Lots 27 and 28 blk 35	180
A H Rose to W F Davison	E ½ Potrero blk 462	7,800
A A Jennings to Chas Ruppel	Church n Park, 150x114	2,000
D Cuneo to Lee Leong	Spofford s Wash'n, 18:4x47:8	2,500
Felton Tract H'd to Jos Boardman	Lots 25 26 and 27, blk 1205	515
D C Van Nostrand to Mary Wood	Illinois n Alameda, 55x100	1
A J Moon to John R Jarboe	Valencia s Hermann, 50x80	5,000

Thursday, January 23d.

City and Co S F to D McCarthy, Jr	Capp s 22d, 40x122:6	prem
Spring Valley H'd to H Lange	Lots 32 and 33	421
T H Holt to J W Gashwiler	Und ½ Laguna and Lombard, 110x30; also, 50 v 4 blk 186 W A; also, Chestnut e Laguna, 68:9x137:6	1,500
Eugene Voit to Sing Man	Commercial w Kearny, 20x60	12,500
T G Kohler to City & County S F	Mason n Greenwich, n 87, etc	5,992
Bay Park H'd to Wm M Stoddard	Lot 33 blk 552	360
Edward Barry to R Goodhody	Lot 122 blk 122, Central Park H'd; also, 24th e Bryant, 25x100; also, Webster s O'Farrell, 25x90, subject to mortgage	1,500
Bay City H'd to C M Yates	Lots 77 78 79 and 80, blk 496	1,250
C C Crittenden to D O Mills	Sundry lots in southern por of city; also, und 20 acres of land in San Mateo Co.	34,005

Friday, January 24th.

Thos C Flynn to Henry Dillon	Lot 21 blk 38, Nucleus H'd	$ 750
Paul Tract H to Board of Educat'n	Lot 7 blk 26	prem
Peter Toner to James P Coleman	Godeus e Mission, 30x60	1,250
S E Shaw to M L Bassett	Church n Jersey, 34x100	660
H S Dorland to John Barry	Church Lane e Church, s 77 e 7:6	420
S J Taylor to Wm L Hutchinson	Deviso s Sac'to, 27x110	650
J F Glover to E A Fargo	Glover w Jones, 23x60; also, Jones s Glover, 40x68:6; also, Glover w Jones, 46x60; also, Jones n Glover, 20x68:6	2,285
Frank H Taylor to A A Louderback	50 v 1154; also, Polk and Hayes, 168x171; also, Virginia s Jackson, 76x75	6,000
Carl H Hain to Carl Ruppel	Same	2
City Land Ass'n to C D Morrison	Lot 6 blk 29	95
S W Holladay to John Johnston	50 varas 3 blk 325, 4 blk 261, 3 4 blk 246, 6 blk 248, and por 3 blk 261, por 1 2 blk 170, por 1 blk 248, W A, being port'n Rickett Tract	250
Thos Schoelich to C Teckelnburg	Lots 37 and 38 blk 97, Columbia H'd	600
John Johnston to R J Harrison	Sundry lots in Western Addition	15,500
Bay View H'd to Geo H Powers	Lot 9 blk 536	500
Max Conheim to Elise Conheim	Howard sw 7th, 25x90	Gift
E L Sullivan to Ann Grylous	Por Outside Land blk 273	800

Saturday, January 25th.

J C Luncan to Mary G Stewart	Lot 3 blk O, R R H'd No 2	65
Same to Amelia B Hutton	Lot 18 blk C, same	65
S Bergerot to James Demartini	Vallejo e Powell, 23:4½x68:9	3,750
E A Fargo to John McCarthy	Glover w Jones, 23x60	350
Peter Clement to C W Lemperle	20th e Church, 25x114	600
A J Louderback to F M Taylor	Virginia n Jackson, 25x56	1
Geo W Frink to City and Co S F	Conveys all lots, etc, heretofore conv'd by 2d pty to 1st pty by a grant or deed	....
Wm M Noyes to Louisa V Stone	25th e Diamond, 80x114	700
H W Fortune to Wm Brooks	Und ¼ blk 119 W A	1
Wm M Pierson to same	Same	....
Myer Mansfield to C H Leavitt	Marshall w Cranf, s 110, etc	450
James Neill to Sarah Neill	Bush and Powell, 45x67:6	Gift
D McDonald to J W Bucklin	1 acre of McDonald Tract	250
Geary St Ex H'd to T W Mulford	Lot 6 blk 262	350

Monday, January 27th.

John Cleland to E S Winning	Bernard e Leav'th, 23x60	$1,400
D Martin to August Herrmann	5th av w A, 20x100	1,500
Thos Mooney to Dan'l Martin	Same	1
John Bucklin to O D Baldwin	1 acre of McDonald Tract	100
Cal Ave H'd As'n to B F Hedges	Lot 28 blk 90	300
Paul Tract H'd to E B Wright	Lot 2 blk 53	500
Eliz'th H West to G H Wells	Fair av n 125 e Mission, 25x100	300
Same to Silas G Chever	Fair av n 110 e Mission, 25x100	300
G A E Muecke to Anna C Muecke	Lombard e Stockton, 41:3x137:6	Gift
Mary Bensigner to Rob't Hall	Lots 39 and 40 blk 52, City Land As'n	150
John McLean to Henry G Hanks	Francisco e Mason, 22:11x120	2,200
Pt Lobos Av H'd to Pat'k Griffin	Lot 17 blk 641	350
H C Lohmann to David Hunter	McAllister e Van Ness av, 38:4½x120	7,000
E R Carpenter to Peter Spreckles	Howard and 12th sw cor, w 189:6, etc., thence 100 to beg; also, 13th w Howard, 50x120	22,500
O Livermore to T J L Smiley	Und ⅓ Valparaiso and Mason, 68:3x60	200
T J L Smiley to Bernhard Trieat	Und ⅓ same	....
Same to same	Und ⅓ same	....
O Livermore to T J L Smiley	Und ⅓ same	200
John McCarthy to A Van Bergen	Capp s 22d, 40x122:6	2,000

Tuesday, January 28th.

M H Averill to J L Averill	Franklin s Oak, 50x97.9	Gift
James Clark to Peter J McGovern	Shipley ne 9th, 25x75	1,400
City and Co S F to M A Kennedy	York and 23d, 100x32.6	prem
M A Kennedy to City and Co S F	All public lands in City and County, etc.	prem
John Hill to A McMahon	Perry ne 3d, 70x50	2,400
P Funkenstein to Morris Silver	Leav'th s Sac to, 37.6x56	4,000
Jas Curley to Rich'd O'Neil	11th Av e Q, 50x100; also, Paris s Russia av, 100x150	1,000
F de St Germain to J N Burnett	Union w Stockton, 100x22	...
Bernard Tyrrell to Mary B Whitney	Harrison av se Folsom, 25x75	Gift
Bay View H'd to M L Citron	Lot 1 blk 488	500
Wm C Ralston to Mary T Loveland	Greenwich and Larkin, 45x100	2,500
L F Loveland to Farmer's & M B k	Greenwich and Larkin, 100x91.3½	2,000
Wm Schoelle to W Fleisher	Post e Hyde, 68.9x137.6	10,000
John Burcham to Avyette Taylor	Lot 7 blk 76, University H'd Ass'n	200
City and County S F to J Gray	For blks 111 and 102, Outside Lands	prem
E L Sullivan to City and Co S F	Jackson e Kearny, e 68.5, etc	8,000
John B Smith to Lilly A Broad	Hyde n Pine, 25x60	325
Chas E Broad to Chas Broad	Hyde n Pine, 60x25	500
Chas Broad to Chas E Broad	Hyde n Pine, 25x60	500
Same to John B Smith	Hyde and Pine, 60x87.6	500
Eliz'th O Brien to James Locke	22d e Guerrero, 25x114	800
John B Smith to Chas E Broad	Hyde n Pine, 25x60	325
Chas Moneypenn to C Montgomery	Lots 690 692 694 693 695, Gift Map 2	5
A J Bowie to Wm S Clark	Sutter and Stockton, 137.6x137.6	60,000

Wednesday, January 29th.

Chas Kohler to D Cuneo	Jasper Lane s Filbert, 50x60	$2,800
J C Duncan to Martin Weaver	Lot 3 blk R, R R H'd Ass'n	65
G B Mussante to Celeste Mussante	Vincent s Union, 20x58.9	610
Wm Hooke to Wm B Bourne	Guy Pl and 1st, 75x25	7,500
Jos Galloway to Martin Morrison	Clay e Devisa, 25x127.8½	...
Lydia A Smith to Thos McInerney	Cal av and Eugenia, 100x300	4,000
Bay View H'd to M Sav & L'n B'k	Lot 6 blk 533, 12 blk 48	1,000
T Pennimann to David E Dickerson	Howard sw 5th, 45x80	4,000
David E Dickerson to Patk Carro'l	Same	7,000
T Pennimann to David E Dickerson	Same	25
Tide Land Com'rs to C H Hooper	Lots 3 4 5 1 2 6 7 16, blk 574	1,505
D Mulrein to Emma Bortschards	Grove and Webster, 30x97.6	2,600
Paul Tract H Ass'n to M E Willis	Lot 7 blk 52	$ 500
City Land Ass'n to Thos Rooney	Lots 19 and 13 blk 38	180
Matt Tarpy to Chas McLaughlin	15th w Market, w 95:1½, etc	4,000
E L Sullivan to John Dineen	West 11th av 275 s Pt Lobos av, 25x120	700
J G Klumpke to Rudolph Herman	Greenwich w Baker, w 123 n 137, etc	700
R Herman to Fred Weisenborn	Same	750
C Hutchinson to Edwin Lord	Harriett nw Folsom, 25x60	1,600
Jas McCoy to Carrie A Beach	2d se Howard, 50x80; also, Howard and 18th, 100x122.6; also, Fair Oaks s 18th, 42x135.10	...
Eugene Lies to E L Sullivan	Jackson e Kearny, 137.6x137.6	5
		5

Thursday, January 30th.

Louis Jaffe to Samuel Merritt	Pacific and Jones, e 275, etc	12,076
Heinrich Boradt to H C Olsen	Lot 19 blk 18, Noe Garden H'd	1,000
Perry Stinson to Gustave Erlin	Langton nw Folsom, 25x75	3,500
H Hartman to City and Co S F	Hartman Pl s Lombard, s 35:1, etc; also, Lombard w Hartman Place, w 54.8, etc	7,653
J F Dean to Henry Cromer	Hayward se Folsom, 60x57.6	2,400
V B Post to R Stone	Lombard w Dupont, 20x90	2,700
F Garibaldi to N Ferogiari	50 vara 374, 20x58; also, Rock Alley e Union, 20x60	4,200
Wm Striby to John O'Neil	Lots 10 and 10¾ blk 266, O'Neil & H Tct	1,400
John O'Neil to Ann O'Neil	Same	Gift
Tide L'd Com'rs to M P Jones	Lots 10 to 19 inc, S 9 20 blk 558	3,204
Same to same	Lots 1 to 24 inc, blk 428	945
M Bradley to City and County S F	All interest in public reservations, etc	...
Wm Gafney to Alex'r Watt	McAllister s 75 e Octavia, 25x137.6	2,000
Same to Rob't Currie	McAllister s 100 e Octavia, 25x137.6	2,000
Tide Land Com'rs to Jno Morrisey	Tehama sw 5th, 37.6x80	10
S B Houghton to J Spaulding	1 ac Outside Lands	1
Chas A Calhoun to Geo Brown	Lot 4 blk I, R R H'd Ass'n	$ 270
Paul Tract H'd to Albin Kuhn	Lots 1 and 6 blk 53	1,000
G Wallenrod to E F Holl, Jr	Lots 22 and 23 blk N, R R H'd No 2	270
E E Koch to Leonard Scheu	Fulton w Fulton, 137.6x137.6	3,500
Bay City H'd to Henry W Guess	Lot 71 blk 496	301

Friday, January 31st.

Felton Tract H'd to Maurice Dore	Lots 1 to 10 inc, blk 1204	$1,700
C Hillbrandt to Henry Brandt	Lot 15 blk 525, Haley Purchase	500
Sarah Morrow to A Maraschi	Clary e 4th, 20x75	2,000
Jno H McInnes to Andrew McLane	Fillmore s Bay, 60x100	500
A H Rose to Josiah Gundry	Lots 2 15 blk 248; 2 blk 389. S S F H'd	3,000
T B Bishop to Geary St Ex Ass'n	Portion sundry lots in blk 261	1,000
J N Risdon to Ris Iron & L Works	Howard and Beale, se corner	2,500
John Center et al to J Bensley et al	Kansas n Center, 81:9 se 68:2	10
J Cullen to A McBean	Same—150x150 sw cor Jackson and 10th	350
A McBean to J Cullen	Brooklyn—150x150 cor Webster & Taylor	8,000
M M Tompkins to L M Tompkins	Same—Sundry lots and blocks	2,190
P S Peck to L Jenks	Alameda—150x140:6 se cor Clement Ave	Gift
Koppel Heller to Jacob Radston	Moss Pl nw Folsom, 50x75	$6,000
Wheeler Martin to L S B Sawyer	Lots 10 15 16 19 52 blk 116, Hillside H As	100
D Callaghan to John Wade	Fair Oaks s 22d, 32x117:6	500
Thos Doolin to Jas Ambrose	Gould n Salinas av, 25x100	50
W Dohany to Hibernia S & L Socy	20th w Dolores, 50x114	1,530
Mary E Sherman to Benj Currier	Bryant e 4th, 40x97	3,000
G Ruttledge to A A Jennings	19th e Noe, 50x114	2,000
Carl Ruppel to same	Church n 24th, 150x114	2,000
Garden Tract H'd to W T Bradbury	Lot 34 blk 2	350
Hamilton & Greenwood to same	Wash'n e Cherry, 29:6x127:8¼	500
Same to John Hutchinson	Lots 1 and 2 blk 45; 3 blk 37	1,000
Pt Lobos Av H'd to J J Porter	Lot 28 blk 642	400
F'm & Howd P U to W Harrington	Lot 33	1,000
S Gilmore to Hannah Flannagan	K and 28th av s cor, 25x100; also, 29th av se K, 25x100	720
H Menke to Fred'k Mason	Mississippi n Colusa, 83x100	750
Wm A Piper to O C Pratt	Und ½ lots 8 9 10 11 12 13, blk 518; also, 1 to 16, blk 520, Tide Lands	1,937
Paul Tract H'd As'n to M T Walsh	Lot 6 blk 15	500
Same to Edw Cahill	Lots 3 4 5 blk 12	1,500
Same to Cath F Walsh	Lot 7 blk 15	500
W P Merriam to Jas McMackin	Jackson e Leav'th, 22:6x92:6	2,700
E Coughlin to Wm P Merriam	Same	2,200
Dan'l Goldberg to J Renault	Und 1 acre of tract of 18 acres of O L'ds	700
G D Bliss to Rob't Halleck	9th av se L, 25x100	311
J J Kenny to E E Gould	Lots 15 16 blk 151, 2 blk 311, S S F H'd	1,350
City Land Ass'n to John Straub	Lots 22 23, blk 46	180
M Riordan to Philip Cosgrove	Lots 22 23 24, blk 38, Tide Lands	900
City Land Ass'n to A Patturel	Lots 9 10 blk 12	180

Saturday, February 1st.

G W Frink to Wm Hollis	Noe and Jersey, 75x114	$ 764
J Frankenberg to Albert Isaacs	Green e Dupont, 5¼x68:9	1
Edw Barry to Eliz Putnam	Polk and Cal'a, 88:9x103	10
P Campbell to John McCombe	20th and Shotwell, 95x122:6	30
L M Burson to Austin Wiley	E ½ blk 197 P N	500
L Hill Cem'ty As'n to A Patten	Lot 2006	1,080
John Keeney to James Pennie	Union e Mason, 17x65	1,800
J B Overton to Rob't Murdoch	Lots 203 224 327, Mission & 30th St H'd	800
J W Hamilton to Nicola Cavano	Union P'n Union, 20x60	1,050
M Bateman to John Molloy	Pacific and Gough, 255:4½x137:6	1,100
Orchard H'd Ass'n to D H Brown	Lots 31 32, Hudson Garden & O Tract	800
Thos Doolin to John F Kennedy	Lot 11 blk 3, Garden Tract H'd	200
M Bock to E W Burr	Clay e Dupont, 25x68:9	6,700
Chas Wilkey to Geo Blucher	Broadway w Larkin, 42-9x137:6	1,947
Marten Mangels to City & Co S F	Filbert w Gaven, e 14:2, etc	13,747
P S Weaver to J W Shanklin	Lots 3 and 4 and ne ¼ of se ¼ of Sec 34; lot 9, Sec 35, T 2 S, R 6 W	1
J W Shanklin to W B Swain	Lot 4 in Sec 34, T 2 S, R 6 W, 39.90 acs	1,500
Geo I Foster to J M Ahom	19th av and D, 100x32:6	250
Frank O'Connor to J J Crowley	18th e Guerrero, e 37:6, etc	1,500
R Croskey to Wm Monahan	Lot 29 blk 122; 13 blk 111; 18 blk 123; 29 and 2 blk 123, P N	3,500
Bay City H'd to A V Wakeman	Lot 44 blk 496	310
Same to L R Townsend	Lot 45 blk 496	310
Laurel H Cem As'n to A Hathaway	Lot 1982	105
C W Evans to James McDaniel	Park and Chattanooga, 65x117	4,500
Garden Tract H'd to E O Capprise	Lots 12 and 13 blk 3	700
Lyda M Carter to P G Partridge	Sundry lots in various homesteads and Outside Lands	12,081
Felton Tract H'd to P L Haynes	Lot 4 blk 1201	170
Albert Miller to J G Partridge	Austin e Franklin, 25x60	950
Bay City H'd to J Fisher Smith	Lots 4 5 6 7 24 25 26 and 27, blk 483	2,530
Same to Emile Bauer	Lots 1 2 and 3 blk 483	1,050
Same to same	Lots 49 50 51 and 52, blk 496	1,212

Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.

Reported by G. W. McKeand, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. and San Leandro.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
H Leonhardt to J M Curtis	Oakland—N line R R av 50 e fr Union, thence e 50x127:11	$1,000
M A Kelly to Z Kelly	Same 75x100 se cor 8th and Brush	100
B F Mann to V L Eastland	Same—75x100 sw cor 6th and Grove	4,800
F Warner to C Stoel	Same—E line Linden 100 s from 30th, s 50x125	1,000
J B Scotchler to M West	Same 32.3x104:9 nw corner 17th and Kirkham	450
W Power to J T Moran	Same—W line Filbert 219 s from Third, thence s 25x125	600
J Baker to E Bigelow	Same—W line Filbert 94 s from Third, thence s 50x125	1,000
D S Sutton to M Jolly	Same—N line Laurel 217 e from Telegraph av, thence e 50x118:6	800
Marshall Curtis to M Curtis	Same—200x100 b'd e by Curtis, n and s by 20th and 21st	500
A J Gladding to J M Gladding	Same—81x102:6 se cor Taylor & Willow	1,750
F H Blanchard to J Hampton	Same—87x103 ne cor Telegraph av and Walnut	2,500
C Carl to O Merrill	Same—146 feet on San Pablo av	11,000
M Goley to F H Blanchard	Same—37x133 ne cor Walnut and Telegraph av	2,500
A S Baker to J M Winslow	Same—50x150 sw cor 11th and Brush	2,175
A Milton to L Schaffer	Same: W line San Pablo av on 50 s fr 26th, thence s 50x100	416
J L Fernandez to J R Moraga	Same: 75 Alden av near San Pablo by 25	200
J A Snook to J F Smith	Same: 51:10x110 sw cor Brush & 17th	1,300
G W Dam to L D Mason	Same: S line Chase 155 w from Willow, thence w 45x97:5	1,000
J de Fremery to P S Wilcox	Same: E line Broadway 200 n from 13th, thence n 180x330	5
E & E to M & M Goley	Same: N line Walnut 90 e from Telegraph av, thence e 60x87	....
E Tompkins to Regent Univ of Cal	½ mile n fr Oakland: 47 acs on B'dway	1
Woods & Booll to M Stevens	Oakland Point—15 miles wide by 115 ft long on Division st	10
Same to same	Same—15 inches by 80 ft long on same	48
J V Webster to S S Jameson	Brooklyn—Nw 1 Pierce 75 sw from Monroe, thence sw 75x150	2,500
J Cullen to J S Jameson	Same—150x150 e cor Webster & Taylor	2,500
Capital H'd Ass'n to H A Sanders	Same 58.1x119.8 near Lake Merritt	420
Same to F Redington	Same—40x125 same locality	360
Same to E Hanify	Same: 80x125 same locality	740
O P H'd Ass'n to M J Daly	Same: 100x50 same locality	300
Same to T J Purdon	Same	300
J Willington to Hays & Caperton	Alameda: The Hays & Caperton 140 ac tract less exception	5
E Trenor to J G Wittmeir	Same: 120x117:6 se cor Central av and Park st	4,600
C R Bowen to J McGowan	Same: A slip near High st	1
E J Blanding to M B Russell	Same: E line Park 300 s from Buena Vista av, thence s 84:1x140:6	1
M B Russell to M Wahl	Same	500
W Hayward to F B Sprague	Haywood: The Haywood cottage lot	2,000
W Hayward to P McKeever	Haywood: 1¾ acs on San Lorenzo C'k	680
N Rose to A Enos	Near Alvarado: 8 acres	1,400
P Matthews to W F Brangan	6 miles e fr Mission San Jose—154 acres	3,500
A Menges to J Simpson	Near Mount Eden: 1 acre	700
J Simpson to H Meininger	Same: ½ of the preceding 1 acre	400
Smith & Cannon to A K Anderson	Pleasanton: 390x390	5
G E Smith to D S Turner	Same: 6 acres	1,100
A M Sylva to J Mendos	Near San Leandro: 4 acres and a tract Road Wick's Landing	1,900
J Hafennegger to G W Oakes	4 miles n from Oakland city limits: 1 ac	1
T Le Loy to M Fitzgerald	San Leandro: Lot G in blk 20	250
M Johnson to W J Thomson	Near Haywood: 5 acres	2,100
T S U H'd Ass'n to S S Jamison	Near Berkeley: 120x270	625
S U H'd Ass'n to J D Wilcox	Same: 120x135	550
A Descalzo to R Demoro	Near Sousal Creek and San Leandro Old Road: 88:9x230	350
O H'd Ass'n to P H McKeown	1 mile n from Oakland: Various lots	5
Forbes & Wilkinson to A Selbach	Livermore: A lot	150
A Selbach to W Gibbons	Same	200

J Baker, Jr, to W Kelly	Oakland—S line 3d st 54 e fr Chestnut, e 156x94	$3,000
P Tierney to J Tierney	Same—N line Delger 125 e from Broadway, thence e 25x100	400
F H Blanchard to J & M Hampton	Same—N line Walnut 103 e from Telegraph av, thence e 15x87	50
S Porter to P Pinkham	Same—N line 18th 100 w from Castro, thence w 50x100	1,050
G W Howe to W Turner	Same—N line Seward 58:1 w from Wood, thence w 27:6x100	600
J Flood to A Galey	Same—N line Laurel 270 e from San Pablo av, thence e 50x100	650
M E Mason to P & M Considino	Same—N line 6th 100 e from Alice, thence e 25x100	600
H Trembley to J E Johnson	Oakland Point—100:4x301:2, 100:4x250, 75x100:4	8,000
O H'd Ass'n to O Hawes	Brooklyn (now Oakland)—97x142, 82x125 near Lake Merritt	1,490
Same to G T Brown	Same—200x120, 80x125, n'r Lake Merritt	2,160
G T Brown to J E Gordon	Same—Same	2,500
H C Grigsby to C T Smith	San Leandro—60 ft Cullan av by 150	975
M R Johnson to F Johnson	Near Haywood—6 ac's San Lorenzo C'k	1
M Hopkins to A Anspncker	Livermore—48 by 130 ft	2,200
A J Gladdino to G W Dam	Brooklyn T'p—12½ acres San Leandro and Redwood Road	500
J L Smith to A Menges	Near Mount Eden—A tract	11,000
G Chbpman to T&Floyd	5 miles se from Livermore—160 acres	500
E K Miller to G H Tay	Alvarado—102x200	150
F D Atherton to M Ross	Haywood—35x241	150
B Kenfield to same	Same—75x241	300
T Collins to M Rogan	3 miles e from Mission San Jose—149 acs	2,700
A H Rowan to N Crow	5 miles se from Dublin—160 acs	1,200
O H'd Ass'n to J Green	1 mile n from Oakland—90x165	5
P G Buchanan to E Mack	Berkeley—About 175:9x139	1,500
B H'd Ass'n to G T Brown	Near Berkeley—184x102 and 61:6x102:5	1,345
G T Brown to J E Gordon	Same—Same	1,500
E McLean to J W Crawford	Oakland: W line Broadway 93 s from 20th, thence s 93x150	$5,000
J Tynell to C A Tuttle	Same: 100 Charter av by 129:4	5
F C Coggeshall to D Farwell	Same: 184:3 Wallace av near San Pablo av by 182:3	1,700
J J Scotchler to E M McGrade	Same: Lot 3 Regent St H'd	70
A N T Schmidt to C P H Schmidt	Same: S line Railroad av 76 e from Bay, thence e 75x88	3,000
H P Meader to A J Moore	Same: 100x100 se cor West and 20th sts.	1,600
F L Taylor to B McManus	Same: S line 17th 45 w from Jefferson, thence w 45x50	700
Same to P Ahern	Same: 45x50 sw cor 17th and Jefferson	800
P Thomson to H Fassett	Same: W line Filbert 175 s from 10th, thence s 85x125	10,500
A Bennett to S D Herrick	Same: E line Hannath 100 s from 32d, thence s 100x133	500
W Kelly to E Fitzmaurice	Same: S line 15th 133:10 e from Brush, thence e 26:6x103:9	1,200
E Bigelow to W Kelly	Same: S line 15th 158 e from Brush, thence e 2:4x103:9	70
McCabe & McGrath to C L Parish	Same: 93x100 ne cor Chestnut and 21st	1,850
D G Barnes to E C Dunning	Same: 100x75 nw cor Castro and 1st sts; also, n line 14th 140 w from Jefferson, thence w 40x103:9	2,500
C F Bijasson to P N Remillard	Same, late Brooklyn: 3 lots	8,000
P N Remillard to H & E Remillard	Same: ⅓ interest in various lots	5
H Remillard to P N Remillard	Same	5
C H'd As'n to N P Copp	Same: 55:1x120:6 near Lake Merritt	415
F Buel to C C Caldwell	Same: Sw line Washington 75 nw from Fremont, thence nw 75x150	2,162
W C Wallace to Hogarty & Gilardin	Same: 50 Polk at s cor Polk and Jackson	2,200
W Atkinson to F A Ingalls	Same: Ne line Madison 25 se from Taylor, thence se 25x90	2,000
O H'd Ass'n to J L Beard	1 mile n from Oakland: 243:4x90:4	5
Same to L Guarini	Same: 310x100	5
C Emslie to A H Jayne	4 miles n from same: 7¼ acres, 30 acres and 315 acres	1,651
J McDonald to B Sargent	3 miles nw fr Livermore: 160 acres and 180 acres	3,000
B Sargent to E Darken	Same	6,260
R Allamerano to J D Payareno	Near Livermore: 72 acres	1
J Joseph to J Morton	Near Mayhew's Landing: 2 acres	10
P Bernal to C P R R Co	Near Pleasanton: A strip of 2 acres	20
W Morrison to Tyson & Morrison	Near Mission San Jose: 170 acres	1,000
J Stratton to F Johnson	Near Haywood: 6¼ acres	5

T W Brooks to J G Behrens	Oakland: 100x75 ne cor Clay and 2d	$1,200
J De Fremery to J Rappold	Same: S line 12th 60 w from Campbell, thence w 67:6x135	1,437
Linden H'd Ass'n to M Andreold	Same: 52x110 near San Pablo Av	350
E Bigelow to W Quinn	Same: S line 15th 70 w from Castro, th w 40x97:6	1,200
Same to C L Taylor	Same: S line 15th 110 w from Castro, thence w 30x97:6	900
M A Bassett to J Toohig	Same: S line 13th 150 w from West st, thence w 50x100	1,025
J J Scotchler to P Peterson	Same: Lot 85, Regent St H'd	70
Same to J Nelson	Same: Lot 85, same locality	70
A Dam to T G Spear	Same: W line Magnolia 300 n from 28th, thence n 100x143:3	900
F Warner to J Baxter	Same: E line Linden 100 n from 28th, thence n 50x125	600
H P Stanley to M Curtis	Same: 100x100 nw cor 30th and Castro	2,000
C F McDermot to F B McDermot	Same: 3 acres Center and 7th sts	5
E Bigelow to Ladies Relief Soc'y	Same: 3 acres Telegraph av	Gift
T B Bigelow to C Schreiber	Same: E line Linden 105:6 s from 14th, thence s 96x125	5,000
A T Ruthrouff to J A Ruthrouff	Same: Lot 29, Regent St H'd	400
W Patten to R F Patten	Oakland, late in Brooklyn: 150x150 s cor Jackson and Benton	1,000
C H'd Ass'n to T Derby	Same: 125:6x80 near Lake Merritt	380
Same to J Hoole	Same: About 90x138 same locality	722
Same to P Hartigan	Same: About 57:1x122:6 same locality	425
C H Crowell to Kohler & Chase	Same: 50x100 same locality	200
W Atkinson to C P Williams	Same: Ne line Madison 100 se from Taylor, thence se 44x120	1,700
A Borel to F Franks	Alameda: N line Encinal 400 w fr Walnut, thence w 50x150	350
B Benedict to P A McDowell	Same: 83½ acres Bay Farm Island	5
F Coy to G F M Glover	Same: Lot 9 in blk 22, Fitch Tract	1
P A McDowell to H Bowman	Same: 34 acres, Bay Farm Island	1,500
P A McDonald to A Cleveland	Same: 59½ acres, same	5
N Porter to J J Winant	Same: A tract tide land at same	100
O H'd Ass'n to J Kester	1 mile n from Oakland: 155x300	5
G M Blake to E W Steele	2 miles n from Oakland: 9½ acres	6,671
H Grigsby to M J Cordoza	San Leandro: 50x143:4	125
Same to J Lynch	Same: 100x143:4	220
J Lynch to J Davis	Same: same	320
J Dabner to S Pavarn	Same: 53x150	200
A Perez to H Masher	Centreville: 2 acres	600
W Charlton to W Meek	Near Haywood: 639¾ acres	7,000
J Blondin to S Zimmerman	9 miles ne from Livermore: 160 acres	710
S Zimmerman to W Sivan	Same: same	1,210
E Storrs to W E Still	5 miles se from Livermore: 160 acres	1,000
G Cannon to F L John	Pleasanton: Lot 7 in blk J	225
Same to H J Tillotts	Same: Lot 4 in blk J	225
Same to G F Gilson	Same: Block C	700
E Bigelow to W Power	Oakland: 130x103:9 se cor Clay and 15th	$6,000
E Kelly to A Cottle	Same: E line Telegraph av 94:8 s from Bay Place, thence s 47:4x118:2	Gift
H P Watkins to Benson & Watkins	Same: N l Caledonia 129:4 e fr Grove, thence e 100x143:2	Gift
M Cohnheim to W Buschmann	Same: E line San Pablo 111 s fr Locust, thence s 55:6x114	825
J D Chaplin to A Francis	Same: 56:3 Grove by 84 near 26th	Gift
M P Caswell to J Welch	Same: N line Lydia 75 e from Market, thence e 70:7x80	1,900
H H Watson to E M Crowell	Same: E line Filbert 182 s from 10th, th s 43x125	5,000
Jas E Tompkins to D C Thompson	Same: W line Webster 174 n from Locust, thence n 87x147:6	3,700
D S Sutton to G H Smith	Same: N line Sycamore 600 w from Telegraph, thence w 100x186:4	4,500
B F Ferris to J B Gagnon	Same: N line Water 75 w fr Franklin, thence w 50x100	50
B Graham to J B Dixon	Same (late Brooklyn): Nw l Clay 50 sw from Harrison, thence sw 25x100	1,000
F C Coggeshall to J McKeown	½ mile n fr Oakl'd: 151:2 San Pablo x 200	1,700
Regent St H'd Ass'n to M A Smith	Same: 75:3x120	300
J J Scotchler to M A Smith	Same: Lot 92, Regent St H'd	70
Same to S E Dutton	Same: Lot 44, same	70
O H'd Ass'n to N Boyd	1 mile from same: 155x100	5
Same to G Sinch	Same: 90x155	5
Oakland Paving Co to I W Knox	Same: 21 acres	21,000
O H'd Ass'n to H Craig	Same: 155x190	5
E Bigelow to F H Blanchard	Oakland Point: Various lots	4,000
W H Mills to L E Smith	Alameda: N l Washington 332:7 w from	

B H'd Ass'n to E J Edwards	Same: 61:6x102:5	340
S Merritt to J B Van Anken	Oakland: W line Valley 163 n from Locust, thence n 54:6x130	1,400
J B Woolsey to C T Bacon	Same: 96x100 near Telegraph Av	900
T J Murphy to C M Allen	Same: 57:3x100 se cor 14th and West	4,000
J J Scotchler to C Weller	Same: Lots 102 and 103, Regent St H'd	141
E McLean to E Cloeren	Same: 65x75 near Telegraph Av	400
D McDougall to C Nolan	Same: N 1 27th 140 e fr West, th e 50x100	450
Same to A Cain	Same: N 1 27th 90 e fr West, th e 50x100	450
M Cohnheim to H Allis	Same: E line Franklin 62:6 n from 19th, thence n 75x 00	4,750
E Bigelow to M Marble Co	Same: E line Linden 244 s from 34, th s 185:1x251:5	4,300
H Killey to W B Swain	Same: B'd 24th, 26th, Kirkham, Peralta	2,000
G W Dam to C Taylor	Same: 64x100 ne cor 13th and Brush	8,800
E Bigelow to T B Bigelow	Same: 103:9x180 sw cor 16th & Jefferson	5,400
J H Kester to L B Kester	Same: 50:7x80:7 ne cor Wood & Atlantic, also, 104:7x100:7 se cor Wood & Wil'm	5,000
A Heyman to H Heyman	Same: 50x75 nw cor Wash'ton and 5th; also, n 1 5th 75 w fr Washn, th w 25x100	5
W Sherman to M M Marine Ins Co	Same: Various lots	5
O P H'd Ass'n to W P Davidson	Same: 100x100 near Lake Merritt	600
Capital H'd Ass'n to J D Coughlin	Same: 50x110, 55x110, 40x130, near same	1,505
Same to J Dunn	Same: 108 by about 80	1,185
J H Kester to L B Kester	1 mile n fr Oakland: 155x300	1,500
T LeRoy to J S Alemany	Eden Township: 7½ acres	341
C E Palmer to W Haslehurst	San Leandro: 5 acres Ward av	2,600
W W Ward to M Enos	Same: 50 Watkins st by 100 ft	700
J E Caldwell to J Fraser	R'd Mowry's L'ding to Vallejo Mills: 5 ac	1,000
J Chadbourne to L Pierce	Near Mission San Jose: 144 acs	1
L Pieree to T J Chadbourne	Same	13,000
W Mendenhall to H Harrington	Livermore: Lot 4 in blk 17	75
T J Edmondson to D Mulverhill	Haywood: 200x212	533
D Scanlan to M Chinman	Near Alvarado: 30 acres	2,000
B Benedict to A Green	Alameda: 10 acres Bay Farm Island	2,000
P H'd Ass'n to W P Davidson	Same: 50x150 sw cor San Antonio and Willow	500
F Glas to J Bolhoeter	Same: 3 lots near Alameda Station	5
J Bolhoeter to F Glass	Same: 2 lots near Alameda Station	5
J D Brower to C P Gailey	Bay, w Fitch Tract	31,200
	Same: 128 s l R R av by 312 fr near Bay street station	3,000
T LeRoy to M F Ferra	San Leandro: Lots 13 and 14 in blk 2	242
J Martinez to F Peralta	Near same: 1-6th int in 349 acres	450
W S Moss to M B Moss	Road San Leandro to Oakland: 12 acres	Gift
W Mendedhall to W Brooks	Near Livermore: A Tract	300
B H'd Ass'n to C E Davison	Near Berkeley: 123x102:5	795
C R Edwards to E Marks	Same: 61:6x102:5	325
W B Boyden to L G Cole	Same: 100x200	600
P M Batchelder to A Galeney	Oakland: S line 3d 25 e Lewis e 25x100	$ 450
R Gibbons to C Burke	Same: E line Henry 100 s from 8th th s 52:3x125	875
Same to P Tuchs	Same: N line R R Ave 50 w from Henry thence w 50x100	775
Same to M K Thornburgh	Same: 86:8 Chester 9:10 Center 263 of Railroad Avenue	3,000
Same to C Wrede	Same: 100x100 ne cor Peralta & R R Av	1,850
Same to T C Banks	Same: Various lots, Henry and R R Ass'n	10,125
Same to E D Sawyer	Same: Lots 5 and 10 in blk 528 and lots 1 and 2 in blk 529	4,025
E D Sawyer to T C Banks	Same—Same	4,025
E Bigelow to G W. Armes	Same: E Harrison 154 n from 14th th n 234x150	7,500
E Tompkins to G W Armes	Same: E line of Harrison 388 n from 14th thence n 78x150	2,500
L D Reynolds to S A Johnson	Same: 164:6x188:9 near San Pablo Ave	1,500
G M Condie to M J S Farrington	Same: Eastern line Myrtle 219 n from 8th thence n 65x125	6,000
C H Haile to W H Harden	Same: 102:6x280 bound by Saunders, Antonio and Hepburn	10
Toland Tract Ass'n to Toland L Co	Same: Various lots in Toland Tract	12,000
A H Jayne to J D Marks	4 miles n from same—30 acres	5
J D Marks to A H Jayne	Same	5
C F Brown to Est of H Haile	Alameda: 31:2 Court 86x100	100
G B Moore to L Reichcrath	Same: 97 s line Santa Clara x 150, Mastick's Station	150
J J Hall to S Gracey	Brooklyn Tp: 3½ acres Fruit Vale Ave	8,000
S U H'd Ass'n to R Maguire	Near Berkeley—120x135	550
Same to Meyer & Landers	Same: Lot 3 in blk J	500
A & P L Anspecker to A J McLeod	Near Pleasanton: A tract	3,500

E Bigelow to J Baker Jr	Oakland: 63 1st st 320 e Filbert	$5,000
S Merritt to T W Fenn	Same—75x150 bet Jackson and Oak on Lake Merritt	8,000
T W Fenn to W Hayes	Same: Same	5,000
W Hayes et al to G H Wheaton	Same: Same	....
S Merritt to T W Fenn	Same: 25x150 same locality	1,250
T W Fenn to W Hayes	Same: 25x150 same locality	1,000
W Hayes et al to G H Wheaton	Same: Same	3,447
B V Merle to J Wingate	Same: 25x75 nw cor Washington & 3rd	25
E Carwin to J W Pearson	Same: N Seward 90 e from Willow th e 100x135	4,500
W Harvey to J W Pearson	Same: N Seward 190 e from Willow th e 37:6x135	900
M D Townsend to same	Same: 27 Division x 130	500
J W Pearson to L Pearson	Same: Same	5,000
T J Murphy to J M Murphy	Same: 50 e Telegraph Ave x 122:8	3,600
J M Murphy to T J Murphy	Same: 155:2 e Telegraph Ave x 150	....
P T Seminary to S A Moore	Same: 100x125 near Telegraph Avenue	1,400
W J Gurnett to H M Ames	Same: W Webster 466 n from 14th th n 40x150	4,250
A L Warner to E Tripp	Same: 46x100 se cor Castro and 5th	3,500
E M Hall to S S Dunmire	Same: W Franklin 100 n from Birney th n 50x150	1,875
M Curtis to H W Barnes	East Oakland: Ne Adams 100 se Pierce thence se 50x150	2,000
J F Steen to F M Osbourn	Same: 225x150 e cor Pierce and Webster	2,650
J A Underwood to H D Underwood	Oakland Pt: S Lincoln 165 e from Wood thence e 12:6x135	400
H D Underwood to A A Underwood	Same: S Lincoln 140 e from Wood th e 37:6x135	Gift
J S Jennings to M H Hein	One mile n from Oakland: 75:3x120	500
O H'd Ass'n to M A Stewart	Same: 155x100	5
Same to J McKeown	Same: 140:6x123:4	5
J D Doyle to J A Peabody	Same: 2 acres on San Francisco Bay	800
W B Clement to Alameda Town	Alameda: S Webb Av 149:4 e from Park thence e 50x100	600
J P G Garcia to M G Cobb	An interest in Rancho San Antonio	1
T Phillips to H J Woodruff	San Leandro: 100 Watkins street and Haywood Road	2,000
C P R R Co to A Belina	8 miles ne from San Leandro: 80 acres	200
S U H'd to M Goldman	Near Berkeley: 120x135	550
W Mendenhall to E Aubury	Livermore: 50x100	75
W B Holcomb to W Smith	Oakland: 75x100 se cor 3d and Castro	2,10
P Thomson to J H McAllister	Same: E line Linden 230 s from 10th, thence s 70x125	8,250
P T Seminary to T J Murphy	Same: 250 e l Telegraph av by abt 130 ft	3,500
W Shaw to W Dakin	Same: E San Pablo 55:6 s from Sycamore, thence e 55:6x120	850
C Barlow to J F Haley	Same: S 9th 120 w fr J'kson, th w 30x100	4,500
J F Haley to C Barlow	Same: 100x150 se cor 10th & Madison	7,000
P Thompson to R F Clark	Same: W Webster 100 n from Durant, thence n 100x150	3,600
J Flynn to J M Curtis	Same: S 12th 260 e from Center, thence e 52x100	1,000
Bigelow & Durant to M D Walsh	Same: S Railroad av 100 w from Henry, thence w 25x100	600
R Gibbons to J R Hite	Same: 150x100 ne cor Henry and R R av; also, n R R av 100 e fr Henry, e 50x100	2,100

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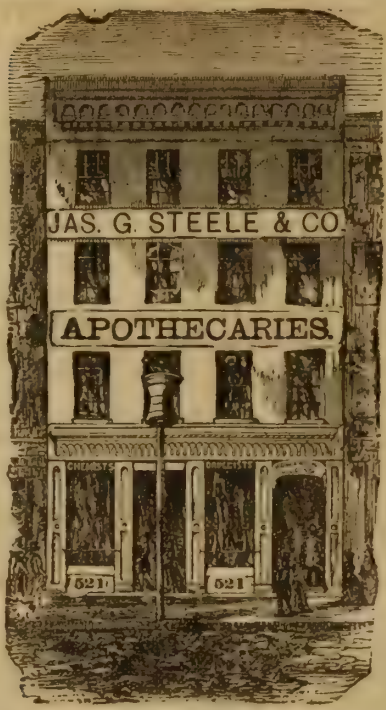

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Rare Chemicals, Selected Drugs,

PURE ESSENTIAL OILS, ENGLISH EXTRACTS,

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The NEWS LETTER is the most reliable organ representing the moneyed and substantial interests of the City of San Francisco and State of California; its Banking, Real Estate, Commerce, Insurance, Mining and other Stocks. It reflects the times as they pass: men, manners, literature, theatricals and follies. It is piquant and pungent by turns—

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Capital, : : : $5,000,000

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Secretary, JAMES M. STREETEN.

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The Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business, in London and San Francisco, and between said Cities and all parts of the world. The San Francisco Office is authorized to draw Bills of Exchange or issue Letters of Credit upon either of the undernamed Founders and Proprietors of the Bank, or (at the option of the buyer) upon the following Houses, with whom the Bank has established credits, viz: LONDON The London Joint Stock Bank, No. 5 Princess Street; Messrs. Bischoffsheim, Goldschmidt & Co.; Messrs. Frubling & Goschen; Messrs. Frederick Huth & Co.; Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co. (successors to Messrs. George Peabody & Co.); Messrs. Stern Brothers. NEW YORK CITY—Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co., 56 Exchange Place. BOSTON Third National Bank. PHILADELPHIA Messrs. Drexel & Co. PARIS Drexel & Co.; Bischoffsheim, Goldschmidt & Co.; Messrs. A. J. Stern & Co. FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN—Mr. Gebruder Sulzbach; A. J. Stern & Co. GERMANY—Bank of Saxe Meiningen. AMSTERDAM - Banque de Credit und de Depot des Pays Bas. ANTWERP.—Nottebohm Brothers; F. R. Bischoffsheim. HAMBURG John Berenberg, Gossler & Co. BERLIN—Deutsche Bank Actien Gesellschaft. GENOA- Dapples & Co. NAPLES and FLORENCE—Anglo-Italian Bank. VALPARAISO and LIMA Fred. Huth, Gruning & Co. MANILA- Russell & Sturgis. CHINA and JAPAN- Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation. AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND Union Bank of Australia; Bank of New South Wales. IRELAND—Provincial Bank of Ireland, and all its branches, viz: Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Clonmel, Londonderry, Sligo, Wexford, Belfast, Waterford, Galway, Armagh, Athlone, Coleraine, Kilkenny, Ballina, Tralee, Youghal, Enniskillen, Monaghan, Banbridge, Ballymena, Parsonstown, Cavan, Omagh, Dungannon, Bandon, Ennis, Ballyshannon, Strabane, Dungarvan, Mallow, Cootehill, Kilrush, Skibbereen, Enniscorthy, Fermoy, Newry, Drogheda, Nenagh, Templemore, Carrick-on-Suir, Carrick-on-Shannon, Clogheen, Newcastle, County Limerick.

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CHINA MAIL
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Insurance Company,

OF CALIFORNIA.

433 California St., Merchants' Exchange Building

Fire & Marine Insurance

CAPITAL, $650,000.

CAPITAL, $650,000.

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C. R. STORY, Secretary. **N. B. EDDY**, Marine Secretary.
H. H. BIGELOW, General Manager.

NORTHERN
Assurance Company

OF LONDON AND ABERDEEN.

Subscribed Capital. : : : : :	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, : : : : :	5,000,000
Annual Fire Premiums, : : : : :	950,000

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E. R. CARPENTIER,
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A. OTTO, Superintendent of Factory.

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Leave Wharf, Corner First and Brannan Streets,

ON THE

1st of every Month, at Noon,

FOR

YOKOHAMA & HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with the Company's Branch Line for SHANGHAI, via Hiogo and Nagasaki.

March 1st--Stmr JAPAN,
Capt. FREEMAN.

There will be no departure February 16th or March 16th.

FOR NEW YORK via PANAMA.

Leave at 12 o'clock noon on the

7th, 17th and 27th of Each Month,

For PANAMA, and connecting, via PANAMA RAILROAD, with one of the Company's Splendid Steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

Steamers of the 17th and 27th,

Will call at

MAZATLAN, MANZANILLO,

AND

AND ACAPULCO.

Steamers of the 7th and 17th connect at Acapulco for all Central American Ports.

February 17--COSTA RICA,

Capt. LAPIDGE.

February 27--MOHONGO,

Captain . . . .

Both calling at San Diego.

☞Through Tickets sold to and from Liverpool, Queenstown, Southampton, Bremen, Brest, Havre, Hamburg, Stettin, Copenhagen and Norway.

☞When the sailing date of China or Panama steamers falls on Sunday, the steamer will sail on the preceding Saturday.

For Santa Barbara, San Pedro and San Diego.

INCREASED SERVICE.

Steamers will leave at 9 A. M., as follows:

Steamer ORIZABA, Captain Johnston, Friday, February 14th, and Wednesday, February 26th. PACIFIC, Captain Douglass, Saturday, February 8th, and Thursday, February 20th.

For Monterey, San Simeon, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara and San Pedro.

Steamers will leave at 3 P. M., as follows:

Steamer SENATOR, Capt. Harloe, Monday, February 10th, and Friday, February 21st.

Through bills of lading, signed, and through tickets sold from and to all ports on the San Diego route to and from New York, Europe, Mexico and Central America at *SAN FRANCISCO TARIFF RATES.*

GUAYMAS BRANCH.

The Steamship CALIFORNIA, Capt. Metzger, will leave at 12 o'clock noon, March 4th,

For Cape San Lucas, San Blas, Mazatlan, Guaymas and La Paz.

No freight received or bills of lading signed after 3 o'clock P. M. the 3d.

Apply at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Office, at their wharf, corner First and Brannan streets.

S. K. HOLMAN, Agent.

GRAND HOTEL.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Capital, $1,000,000, Gold.—N. W. corner Sacramento and Montgomery.

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Shipping, Commission and Forwarding Merchants. Agents of the Hawaiian Islands and Oregon Packet Lines.

Particular attention paid to the sale or transhipment of merchandise, and all business connected with the Pacific Whaling Fleet. Liberal advances made on consignments.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

San Francisco.

Capital, - - - $5,000,000

D. O. MILLS, PRESIDENT. | W. C. RALSTON, CASHIER.

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IN NEW YORK.....MESSRS. LEES & WALLER.
IN BOSTON.....TREMONT NATIONAL BANK.
IN LONDON.....ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION.

☞ The Bank has Agencies at VIRGINIA CITY, GOLD HILL, WHITE PINE, and Correspondents at all the principal Mining Districts and Interior Towns of he Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit Issued

Available for the purchase of Merchandise throughout the United States, Europe, India, China, Japan and Australia.

Exchange For Sale on Atlantic Cities.

Draw Direct on

London, Dublin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Bremen, Vienna, Leipsic, Frankfort-on-Main, Auckland, Melbourne, Yokohama, Shanghai, Hongkong, Sydney.

QUICK TIME AND CHEAP FARES,

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—TO—

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THE GREAT TRANS-CONTINENTAL

ALL RAIL ROUTE,

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Central and Union Pac. R. R. Line,

Is now in complete running order from

SAN FRANCISCO TO THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD.

THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO DAILY,

Making prompt connection with the several Railway Lines in the Eastern States, for all the Cities of the

United States and Canada,

Connecting at NEW YORK with the Steamer Lines to

ENGLAND, FRANCE,

AND ALL

EUROPEAN PORTS.

Through Time Going East.

From San Francisco to Omaha, 4 days and 6 hours; to Chicago, 5 days and 6 hours; to New York, 6 days and 20 hours.

Silver Palace Sleeping Coaches,

Second to none in the world, are run daily from San Francisco to New York and intermediate points. These Drawing Room Cars by day, and Sleeping Cars by night, are unexcelled for comfort and convenience to the Passenger while en route—combining the elegance of a private parlor, and all accommodations pertaining to a well-furnished chamber, with comfortable couches, clean bedding, etc. A competent Porter accompanies each Car, to attend to the wants of our patrons.

Children not over Twelve Years of Age, Half-Fare—Under Five Years of Age, Free. 100 Pounds of Baggage per full Passenger, Free. Fifty Pounds of Baggage per half Passenger, Free.

Through Ticket Office: 2 New Montgomery st., San Francisco

T. E. SICKLES, Gen. Supt. U. P. R. R.
A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Supt. C. P. R. R.
T. L. KIMBALL, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Omaha, Neb.
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GIRARD F. & M. INSURANCE COMPANY,

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

NORTH MISSOURI INSURANCE COMPANY,

MACON, MISSOURI.

AMAZON INSURANCE COMPANY,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

TRIUMPH INSURANCE COMPANY,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF U. S. A., OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

CAPITAL REPRESENTED,

THREE MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

AGGREGATE ASSETS - - - - - $6,700,000

Policies Issued on Desirable Property at Fair Rates.
Losses Equitably Adjusted and Promptly Paid.

HUTCHINSON, MANN & SMITH,
General Agents,

Oct. 19.] **314 California Street, San Francisco.**

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

No. 433 California St., Merchants Exchange Building. Fire and Marine Insurance Company. Capital, $750,000. OFFICERS:—John H. Redington President; George H. Howard, Vice-President; Charles K. Story, Secretary; N. B. Eddy, Marine Secretary. H. H. BIGELOW, General Manager. DIRECTORS.—San Francisco—Geo. H. Howard, F. D. Atherton, H. F. Teschemacher, A. B. Grogan, John H. Redington, A. W. Bowman, C. S. Hobbs, B. M. Harrishorne, D. Conrad, Wm. H. Moor, Geo. S. Johnson, H. N. Tilden, W M. Greenwood, S. L. Jones, Geo. S. Mann Cyrus Wilson, W. H. Foster, Jr., Jos. Galloway, W. T. Garratt, C. Waterhouse, A P. Hotaling, Oregon Branch—P. Wasserman, B. Goldsmith, L. F. Grover, D. Macleay, C. H. Lewis, Lloyd Brooke, J. A. Crawford, D. M. French, J. Lowenberg, Hamilton Boyd, Manager, W. L. Ladd, Treasurer. Marysville—D. E. Knight. San Diego—A. H. Wilcox. Sacramento Branch—Charles Crocker, A. Redington, Mark Hopkins, Jas. Carolan, J. F. Houghton, D. W. Earl, Isaac Louman, Julius Wetzlar, Julius Wetzlar, Manager, I. Lonman, Secretary. Stockton Branch—H. H. Hewlett, Geo. S. Evans, J. D. Peters, N. M. Orr, W. F. McKee, A. W. Simpson, A. T. Hudson, H. M. Fanning, H. H. Hewlett, Manager, N. M. Orr, Secretary. San Jose Branch—T. Ellard Beane, Josiah Belden, A. Pfister, J. S. Carter, Jackson Lewis, N. Hayes, Noah Palmer, B. D. Murphy, J. J. Denny, Manager, A. L. Moody, Secretary. Grass Valley —William Watt, Robert Watt. Nevada—T. W. Sigourney. Feb. 17.

THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital Stock, One Million Dollars. Levi Stevens, President; R. N. Van Brunt, Cashier. Banking House, 415 California street. July 2.

COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

Office in San Francisco, No. 435 California street.—Fire, Marine and Inland Navigation Risks. Capital: $2[illegible],000. DIRECTORS: W W Dodge, Claus Spreckles, Selden S Wright, W B Cummings, C F MacDermot, James M Barney, C W Kellogg, A W Jee, Peter Dean, John H Wise, Chas J Deering, Levi Stevens, James Gamble, E T Gile, Charles Main, W B Hooper, G L Bradley, James Phelan, D H Haskell. Sacramento: H S Crocker, N D Thayer, F S Freeman.

C. W. KELLOGG, President.
H. G. HORNER, Secretary. Jan. 18.

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF BOSTON.

Has transacted the business of Life Insurance for over a quarter of a century. Its assets amount to over NINE MILLION DOLLARS. The law of Massachusetts makes all its Policies nonforfeitable. It is a Purely Mutual Company, dividing every cent of surplus among Policy-holders. This is the ONLY Company on the Pacific Coast governed by the Massachusetts Lapse Law.

WALLACE EVELETH, General Agent,
April 23.] N. E. cor. California and Sansome sts., opposite Bank of California.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, OF LONDON AND ABERDEEN.

Subscribed Capital, $10,000,000: Accumulated Funds, upwards of $6, 750,000: Annual Fire Premiums, less re-insurance, $1,150,000. Losses Promptly Paid in U. S. Gold Coin.

W. L. BOOKER, Agent,
Jan. 13.] No. 319 California street, San Francisco.

☞ The Policies of this Company are not only guaranteed by the Capital but by the unlimited personal responsibility of fully seven hundred Shareholders.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION,

(ESTABLISHED A. D. 1720.)

Cash Assets.....$13,000,000.

☞ Fire Risks at current rates. [Nov. 16.] CROSS & CO., Agents.

S. T. SUIT & CO.'S

CELEBRATED KENTUCKY WHISKIES!

Congress Bourbon,	**National Bourbon,**
Capital Bourbon,	**Breckenridge B. B. B. Rye.**

None of the above brands are UNDER THREE YEARS OLD. Quality Guaranteed

BOOTH & CO., Sacramento. W. W. DODGE & CO., San Francisco.
Dec. 9.] Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Groceries and Provisions,

Corner Front and Clay streets, SAN FRANCISCO.

NEWTON BOOTH,	J. T. GLOVER,
C. T. WHEELER,	W. W. DODGE,
Sacramento.	San Francisco.

Dec. 9.]

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, $3,000,000. D. O. Mills, President: W. C. Ralston, Cashier. AGENTS—In New York, MESSRS. LEES & WALKER; in Boston, TREMONT NATIONAL BANK; in London, ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION. Letters of Credit issued, available for the purchase of Merchandise throughout the United States, Europe, India, China, Japan and Australia. EXCHANGE for sale on the Atlantic Cities. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, St. Petersburgh, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Bremen, Vienna, Leipsic, Sydney, Melbourne, Yokohama, Shanghai, Hongkong, Frankfort on-the-Main. March 28.

AGENCY OF THE BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA,

322 California street. Commercial credits issued for use in Eu- rope, China, Japan, the East Indies, South America and Australia. Circular Letters of Credit for Travelers available in all parts of the world. Demand and Time Bills of Exchange, payable in London and elsewhere, bought and sold at current rates; also, Telegraphic Transfers. Demand Drafts on Scotland and Ireland, also on Canada, British Columbia and New York. Bills collected and other banking business transacted.

Oct. 2.] A. McKINLAY, {Agents.} A. S. FINNIE.

MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK.

Guaranteed Capital, $150,000. Office, No. 6 Post street, Masonic Temple, San Francisco, California.

LEONIDAS E. PRATT,
GEO. ROBINS, Secretary. [April 16.] President.

THE LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK (Limited).

Sell Drafts on Yokohama, Hongkong, Shanghai and Manila, at sight or on time, in sums to suit. July 4.

J. SELIGMAN & CO.,

Bankers, No. 412 California street.—Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers for sale, payable in Gold or Currency, in sums to suit, on all principal cities of the United States. Also, Bills of Exchange on the principal cities of Europe. Dec. 24.

GIANT POWDER COMPANY.

The Giant Powder Company, Bandmann, Nielsen & Co., General Agents, 210 Front street. Nov. 21.

FRENCH MUTUAL PROVIDENT SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

Twenty-sixth Semi-Annual Dividend.---A Dividend of nine per ct. per annum net (9 per cent.) upon the operations of the French Savings and Loan Society, for the six months ending December 31st, 1872, has, in conformity with the Report of the Committee of Verification appointed by the members of the Society, been declared by the Board of Administration, at the Semi-Annual Meeting held on the 16th inst. This dividend will be payable on and after the eighteenth instant, at the office of the Society, 411 Bush street. GUSTAVE MAHE,
Jan. 25. Director of French Savings Bank.

OFFICE OF THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,

526 **California street. December 31, 1872. Dividend Notice. The** GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.—The Board of Directors have declared a dividend of nine per cent. (9) per annum on Term Deposits, and seven and one-half per cent. (7½) per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free from Federal Tax, for the six months ending December 31, 1872, payable on and after January 15th, 1873. By order, GEO. LETTE, Secretary.
San Francisco, December 31, 1872. Jan. 4.

GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

Guarantee Capital, $200,000. --- Office 526 California street, North side, bet. Montgomery and Kearny streets. Office hours, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. Extra hour on Saturdays from 7 to 8 P.M., for receiving of Deposits only. Loans made on Real Estate and other collateral securities, at current rates of interest.
GEORGE LETTE, Secretary. [Feb. 1.] L. GOTTIG, President.

ODD FELLOWS' SAVINGS BANK.

Dividend Notice.---At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Odd Fellows' Savings Bank, held this day, a dividend was declared at the rate of nine 83-100 (9 83-100) per cent. per annum on permanent deposits, and at the rate of eight 03-100 (8 03-100) per cent. per annum on short deposits, for the semi-annual term ending December 31, 1872, payable on and after the 30th inst.
JAMES BENSON, Secretary.
San Francisco, January 8, 1873. Jan. 18.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,

Northeast corner of Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco, January 25, 1873.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Society, held this day, a Dividend was declared on all deposits, at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, for the six months ending with January 21, 1873, payable immediately, and free from Federal tax. [Feb. 1.] EDWARD MARTIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Savings, No. 225 Sansome street, declared a dividend for the half year, ending December 31, 1872, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum on Term, eight per cent. per annum on Class One, Ordinary, and six per cent. per annum on Class Two, Ordinary Deposits, free of Federal tax, payable on and after January 10th, 1873. By order,
Jan. 18. G. M. CONDEE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Savings and Loan Society, No. 619 Clay street.---The Board of Direct- ors have this day declared a dividend for the six months ending December 31, 1872, of nine per cent. per annum on ALL deposits, payable on and after the 15th inst.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.
San Francisco, January 10, 1873. Jan. 18.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union, No. 532 California st., corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 31st December, 1872, a dividend has been declared at the rate of nine and six-tenths (9 6-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and eight (8) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free from Federal tax—payable on and after the 15th January, 1873. By order,
Jan. 4. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

MORRIS SPEYER & CO.,

Importers and Commission Merchants, No. 13 Merch. Exchange. Hamburg-Bremen Fire Insurance Company. Office, 13 Merchants' Exchange. Policies issued against loss or damage by fire on brick and frame buildings, stores and dwellings, furniture and merchandise, warehouse and contents. Premiums as low as in any other responsible company. ☞ All losses paid in U. S. Gold Coin.
Jan 29. MORRIS SPEYER & CO., General Agents.

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

Our spring importations being now complete, we can offer superior inducements to the trade in Ladies', Childrens' and Mens' Hosiery, Vests, Shirts and Drawers, Suspenders, Ties, etc. Furnishing Goods of all kinds, Lisle Gloves, Veuve Jouvin, and other makes of Kid Gloves.
March 30. MURPHY, GRANT & CO, Sansome cor. Bush, S. F.

G. W. CHESLEY.] **G. W. CHESLEY & CO.,** [J. S. JONES.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Fine Wines and Liquors. Sole Proprietors of CONDURANGO BITTERS. 414 Front street, San Francisco. 51 Front street, Sacramento. August 17.

THE OFFICE OF THE CEDERBERG GOLD MINING CO.,

And Manhattan Marble Co., of California, is removed to No. 310 PINE STREET. [Feb. 1.] D. M. BOKEE, Secretary.

YEAST POWDER.—A CARD.

To the Merchants, Grocers, Housekeepers, Miners, and People of California Generally.

I take this opportunity of stating to the public, that my connection with Daniel Callaghan, 124 Front street, San Francisco, in the manufacture of DONNOLLY'S YEAST POWDERS, has now expired by limitation. The public are hereby notified that none of Thomas Donnolly's Improved Genuine Yeast Powders are manufactured unless at his Factory, 315 and 317 Clay street, between Battery and Front, where Thomas Donnolly's Improved Genuine Yeast Powders are manufactured by himself—the only original manufacturer of Thomas Donnolly's Yeast Powders, Thomas Donnolly's Genuine Pure Cream of Tartar, his Pure Unadulterated Salaratus, and his Unadulterated, Unequaled Bicarbonate of Soda, are for sale at his Factory, 315 and 317 Clay street, between Battery and Front, and all manufactured and put up from the best and purest materials. Thankful to his friends and the public generally for the very liberal patronage received since his commencement in the business, now seventeen years ago, he hopes for a continuance of their favor. All orders promptly attended to. Look out for his signature, plainly written on every can, box or package. Give him a call, and you will find his goods as represented—superior to any now in use here or elsewhere.

THOMAS DONNOLLY.

San Francisco, January 25, 1873. Feb. 1.

FOR COLORADO RIVER, BY STEAM.

The Staunch and Favorite Steamship "Newbern," A. N. McDonough, Master, will sail on her next regular trip on .....at 12 o'clock M., from Front-street wharf, connecting at the mouth of the Colorado with the Steamboats and Barges of the Colorado Steam Navigation Company for all points on the Colorado River. Freight will be delivered at Fort Yuma in Twelve Days, and to this cheap and rapid means of communication with all parts of Arizona, the attention of shippers is particularly called. Through Bills of Lading will be furnished, and none others signed. For freight or passage, having superior accommodations, apply to EDWARD NORTON, Agent.

August 8. 610 Front street.

FOR VICTORIA, DIRECT,

Carrying her Majesty's Mails, connecting with Steamers for Puget Sound. The Clyde-built Steamship PRINCE ALFRED. Leaves Folsom-street wharf on the 5th and 20th of each month at 4 P. M. For freight or passage apply at the corner of Folsom and Spear streets. [Oct. 19.] JOHN ROSENFELD, Agt.

"SPIERS & POND,"

239 Kearny street, cor. of Bush, San Francisco. Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Tea and Coffee. Lunch at the usual hours, and Refreshments at all times. The comfort of the domestic fireside, the graces and courtesies of the drawing room, the freedom of the

CLUB.

Refreshments at all times, and Lunch at the usual hours. Tea and Coffee, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, 239 Kearny street, corner of Bush, San Francisco.

Feb. 1. "SPIERS & POND."

NOTICE.

All Property-Owners to whom damages have been awarded for lands and improvements taken for the opening of Montgomery Avenue, will take notice that they are entitled to bid for Montgomery Avenue Bonds in amounts equal to their awards. All bids must be sent to the Mayor, Auditor or Treasurer, on or before MONDAY, February 3, 1873, at 12 o'clock noon.

WM. ALVORD, ALEX. AUSTIN, R. H. STRETCH,

Feb. 1. Board of Public Works.

NOBLE & GALLAGHER,

Importers and Dealers in Painters' Materials, House, Sign, and FRESCO PAINTERS, Plain and Decorative PAPER-HANGERS, and GLAZIERS, No. 437 Jackson street, between Sansome and Montgomery, San Francisco.

Ceilings and Walls Kalsomined, Whitened and Colored. Jobbing promptly attended to. Jan. 25.

BRITISH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA.

Attendance, daily, from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., by the undersigned, to receive subscriptions and donations, and to furnish all information relating to the Society. [Oct. 23.] J. P. McCURRIE, Sec'y, 730 Montgomery street.

C. MAIN. **MAIN & WINCHESTER.** E. H. WINCHESTER.

Manufacturers and Importers of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, Saddlery Ware, etc., Nos. 211 and 216 Battery street, San Francisco. N. B.—A good assortment of Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand. Sept. 12.

C. W. GILBERT.] **GILBERT & MOORE.** [H. A. MOORE.

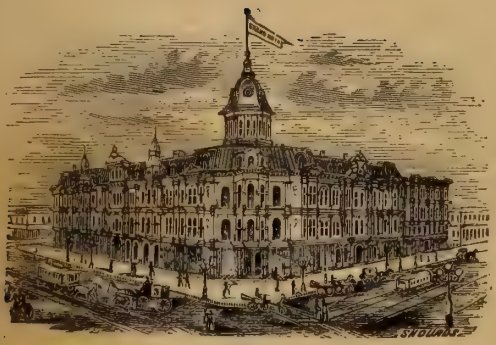
Manufacturers of Office, School Furniture, and Settees. — Sales- room, 219 Bush street. Factory, 415 Brannan street. Feb. 1.

JAMES G. STEELE & CO.,

Chemists and Apothecaries, 521 Montgomery street, between Clay and Commercial, San Francisco, California. Dec. 24.

NOTICE.

For the very best Photographs go to Bradley & Rulofson's in an Elevator, 429 Montgomery street. Oct. 29



AND HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JOHNSON & CO., Proprietors.

"The New World shall redress the wrongs of the Old"—Canning

Vol. 3.] FOR PRESERVATION AND REFERENCE. [*No. 3.*

CALIFORNIA

MAIL BAG.

MAY, 1873.

Illustrating the Wealth, Progress and Development of the Material Interests of the Pacific Coast, together with a complete Resume of all Items of Interest gathered from the Weekly Issues of the

SAN FRANCISCO

NEWS LETTER

AND CALIFORNIA ADVERTISER.

DISPATCHED ONCE A MONTH WITH

LATEST NEWS from all parts of the World

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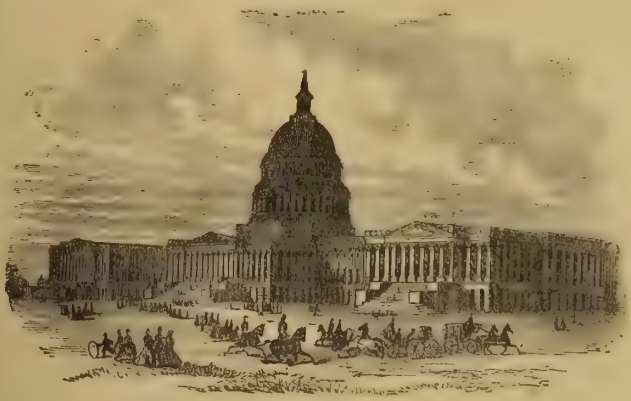
☞NOTICE!—All back numbers of the California Mail Bag will be charged 35 cents per copy after the expira of 30 days from issue.

☞The offices of the CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG, S. F. NEWS LETTER and CAL. PLACARD EXCHAN were removed January 1st, 1873, to Nos. 605 to 615 Merchant Street.

Vol. 3.] [No. 3.

THE CALIFORNIA



MAIL BAG.

MAY, 1873.

SAN FRANCISCO:

Published by F. MARRIOTT, 607 to 615 Merchant Street.

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Advertising Rates:—$30 a page; $15 a half page; $8 a qr. page; per month.

Henry Ward Beecher.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Just as Litchfield in England is celebrated as the birthplace of the great lexicographer Johnson, so is Litchfield, Connecticut, celebrated as the birthplace of the most successful and most sensible of modern preachers, Henry Ward Beecher. He was born late in June, the 24th, we believe, 1813, being the eighth blessing to Lyman and Roxana Beecher. His father's salary being but eight hundred dollars a year, and this often sadly in arrears, how to feed, clothe and educate the octave of little Beechers was at times a social problem rather difficult to solve. The family was always in a bustle, and when to rise, when to feed and when to sleep depended more upon the force of circumstances than any fixed household code. Henry Ward's mother gave up her troubles and worries when he was three years old, her place being taken by a gentle, clever lady, who, with a moral heroism not too frequently displayed, undertook the care of the poor minister's family affairs. The new mother-in-law was a woman afflicted with a most intense, positive religious and moral frame of mind. But she lacked the power of molding a child's life with sympathetic fingers, and being often an invalid and at all times serious, impressed the three little ones with the natural belief that religion was something sad, mysterious, very quiet and rather awful. 'Twas rather a dreary time for children in those days. There was no children's literature, no children's days of presents and *fetes*, no Xmas or New-Year's festivals, and the Sunday School was but a rather failing experiment. It is to be recorded as a fact that Henry Ward never possessed a toy. Early in life, however, he had his share, more than his share perhaps, of home work, being the hewer of wood and drawer of water for the family. This naturally produced a healthy development of muscle, which, together with a solid organization of brain, brought him up a boy mentally and bodily vigorous and self-reliant. Litchfield is away up in the mountains, where the Winter holds half the year as its own and scarcely gives up the moiety to the more genial seasons. The family supply of water was drawn from a well three miles over the top of the town hill. It was Henry Ward's thoroughly enjoyed duty to brave the icy winds and snow drifts *en route* and bring home the barrel of water from the distant spring. Another step towards hardihood, or hardy manhood rather.

An old lady named Kilbourn, being the proprietress of an educational establishment at a convenient distance from the the Beecher mansion, thither went the subject of this memoir and tried to get up the ladder of learning by kicking his heels over a small bench during the long intervals between the recitation of his letters. Then a district school house being established still nearer the parsonage, Henry Ward, together with nearly all the children of the neighborhood, graduated there. He struck no one as being a genius; had a poor, in fact a wretched memory and a thick, indistinct utterance. His aunt once likened the boy's speech to that of a Choctaw. He wore a dazed, heavy look, no boots, and trotted to and from the unpainted temple of learning with a brown towel or a blue checked apron under his arm, to be mended or hemmed between lessons, not exactly uncared for, and certainly not spoiled by petting.

But under this rough, homely, unpromising exterior, there was a deep, passionate nature-loving nature, which, *perdu* then, only waited the ripening effects of years and more genial surroundings to open into that brilliant fancy and language which now astonishes, pleases and often thrills the world. When the first decade of his years had passed, he was a stout, obedient boy, with a reputation for being a good worker, but a poor writer and a worse speller. One might even venture to say that he seemed stolidly stupid. About this time occurred his first theological debate. A forward school boy had got hold of Paine's "Age of Reason," and sucking out a few bald objections to the truth of the Bible, gained the reputation of being a clever free-thinker by parroting Paine's arguments. Beecher studied "Watson's Apology," challenged the unbeliever and floored him with Watsonian-Beecher common sense. His progress in book learning was still slow, his study of nature deep and appreciative. At eleven he was placed under the care of his elder sister, who was keeping a lady's boarding school in Hartford. Here he received the character of being an indifferent scholar, but an inveterate joker. One of his quaint views of philosophical subjects may perhaps well illustrate the then mental twist of his character. A class in Natural Philosophy, not too well prepared, was stumbling through the theory of the tides. "I can explain that," said Henry. "Well, you see, the sun he catches hold of the moon and pulls her, and she catches hold of the sea and pulls that, and this makes the spring tides."

"But what makes the neap tides?"

"Oh, that's when the sun stops to spit on his hands," was the quick, apt rejoinder.

When twelve, his father removed to Boston, a change by no means rejoiced at by Henry, who found no compensation for the pure, free country in the close, strait city life. Here the boy was put to the Boston Latin School, where learning a dead language was supposed to constitute a live education. After a year's terrible struggle he mastered the Latin Grammar, but with the acquisition of a knowledge of the declensions came a decline of his vigor. He grew gloomy, morose, irritable, began to read Cook and Nelson's biographies, and one day, gathering his clothes in a bundle, walked the wharves, determined to go to sea if the "good-bye" had not stood in the way. At last he wrote a letter to a distant brother, in it declared his intention to go to sea, and purposely dropped it where his father should pick it up. The plot was successful, and the Doctor, under the assumption of allowing him to study mathematics and navigation, preparatory to entering the Navy, sent him to Mount Pleasant Academy, Amherst.

The change was most beneficial. Here he studied mathematics with a will, and went through a strict drill in elocution under the tuition of Prof. John E. Lovell. This training was of the utmost vital importance to him, and it may safely be said that he could never have attained success as an orator without it. Whilst here one of those revival waves that do so much harm and good swept over the Academy, and Henry, with several others, became "converted." This was the death blow to the naval scheme, and the father, who was an enthusiast in religion, felt his prophecy, that the boy would surely enter the ministry, to be near its fulfillment. Henry remained at Amherst two years more, continuing his classical education with a view to entering college. At Amherst his love of Nature, of flowers chiefly, was always prominent, too prominent in fact for the chaplain of the Institute, who, in his narrow wisdom, re-

proved the lad for yielding to a love which he judged as one "unworthy to occupy the attention of a man who has an immortal soul." Well might the divine have been told that the soul-maker was the flower-maker too. After three years in Amherst he entered college as a Freshman and as a reformer. Full of rollicking, fun and comicality, he and his associates nevertheless sided with law and order. They voted down as absurd and wicked, gambling and intemperance, and, whilst hailed as a jolly good fellow by every one, was by every one respected as a sincere Christian student. His mode of studying was characteristic. He had made a round table with a hole cut in the center and a seat fixed there. Into this hole he crawled, and, with all his books literally around him, sat secure. As a first-class, religious young man, he did not take high rank. To be "good" and "jolly" at the same time was an incompatability of demeanor ahead of his masters and teachers. He seemed to live by laughing. His laughing and humor were so dreadfully contagious that the tempestuous fun of himself and companions grew to be a little too much for the college dignitaries. At last Beecher was warned that the head tutor proposed paying him a grave visit of exhortation. This tutor was nearly seven feet high, lank visaged and grave as a pelican. On learning of the visit, the student pitched every chair into the wood closet with the exception of one, which he sawed off at the second joint, and waited the advent. A knock, and a very solemn "come in" from Beecher. Entered the lengthy man of learning. The student made a movement to come out of his hole, but was waved back by the tutor. He had but come to talk seriously for a few minutes. Offer of the chair accepted, and the descent begun. Down, down, down, and still no bottom reached. The tutor straightened himself to see where the chair was. Spotting it, he lowered himself until his legs doubled up like a grasshopper and his head peered through them. In this dignified position he looked up and caught the twinkle in Beecher's eye, whereat the two laughed loud and long, and the exhortation was given up. The chair was ever after known as the "Tutor's Delight," Beecher, it is suspected, being known as the "Tutor's Terror."

It was during his sophomore year that Beecher was introduced to the science of bumps, and to it he became a decided convert. A phrenological and physiological course was started, which led, in Mr. Beecher's case, to deep study and inquiry into the science, and this study, together with those of metaphysics, theology and Nature, have colored all his life. Again he was overwhelmed by the flood of a revival; this time the noise of the water floods was overpowering indeed. A sense of utter and unmanly abjectness took possession of him, and a blank despair was the climax. After a period of hopeless prayer there came a light; he gave up moping, took to hoping and put on that buoyancy of religious feeling which has marked him ever since. During Mr. Beecher's last two years of college life he, in common with other students, taught rural schools, gave temperance lectures and lent a helping hand to push forward any reformatory work. In the slave controversy Mr. Beecher, from the first, took the position of an Abolitionist, the heroic element of his nature taking arms for the defence of the weak. He graduated in 1834 and followed his father to Cincinnati, who had moved there in '32.

Whilst going through his course at Lane Seminary he held for four or five months the position of editor of the Cincinnati *Journal*, the organ of the N. S. Presbyterian Church. Whilst holding this post the pro-slavery riots occurred, and Beecher entered on the defence of the persecuted

negroes with thorough spirit, writing persistently in their favor and going about the troubled streets armed for action. When Lane Seminary was left, he immediately married and settled in Laurenceburg, accepting the first offer made him. His parish was a little town on the Ohio, and here he worked with a vengeance, doing everything about the church except going to hear himself preach. From Laurenceburg he was invited to Indianapolis, where he labored assiduously for eight years—cows, pigs and sermons occupying about equal attention. His preaching, original, deep-thoughted and practical, began to attract attention; the grog-shops were abandoned for the church, and the old apostolic days seemed to be renewed. He was invited to Brooklyn to take charge of a new enterprise. Plymouth Church was founded by some fifteen or twenty gentlemen as a New Congregational Church, and Henry Ward Beecher was installed as pastor. During the battle inaugurated by Mr. Webster's speech of the 7th March and the Fugitive Slave Law, Mr. Beecher labored with his heart, soul and body, carrying the subject throughout New England and New York in lectures, and beginning the celebrated "star" papers in the *Independent*.

Through all this warfare of principles, the Plymouth Church went steadily ahead, and the so-called inconsistency of the church's fitting out each Kansas emigrant with a Bible and rifle is now pointed out as one of its brightest actions. During the war Mr. Beecher took the editorship of the *Independent*, but the burden of the civil conflict on his spirit, his cares of writing, speaking, etc., broke down his health. His voice failed him and he went to Europe for a temporary respite. England, Wales, Switzerland, Italy and Germany were all visited, collecting a store of pictures and paintings and gaining a new lease of life. On his return from the continent to England he at length gave way to the entreaties of such men as Baptist Noel and Newman Hall, and in a series of meetings pleaded the cause of his country before the bar of the civilized world. Only his physical vigor, good temper and sound lungs enabled him to outscream the roar and fury of the emissaries of the South.

But Mr. Beecher is no politician, as a politician. He views everything from the moral and ministerial point of view. At present the conducting of that wonderful institution, the Plymouth Church, and the *Christian Union* engage his attention. This paper, which is deservedly the most successful religious journal of the continent, surpasses all others in the beautifully neat arrangement and good quality of its matter and the size of its circulation. Plymouth Church is, to a considerable degree, a realization of Mr. Beecher's idea of what a Protestant church should be, and those who have watched the thousands of attentive listeners in the enormous building, and enjoyed the persuasive eloquence of the preacher, must have acknowledged them to be both the right man and the right place. Mr. Beecher's style of preaching is essentially his own. He brings all the ways and usages of society to the test of his standard. He is full of fervid eloquence, and he shows such a free and perfect knowledge of "poor humanity," that one feels it is to a man knowing the ins and outs of the world, to one who, with no pity for humbug and cant, is yet a kind-hearted, whole-souled sympathizer with every sorrower that one listens. Mr. Beecher's peculiar social talent, his convivial powers and his habits of close Shaksperian observation, have given him the key to the hearts of the people. Not only does he possess that "one touch of nature making the whole world kin," but, to quote his own words, he "looks, waits and longs for that day when all Christians shall love and recognize each other."

CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

LEAVES FROM A LADY'S DIARY.

April 6th.---Being Palm Sunday, went to the Roman Catholic Church, and was pleased with the service, but thought it strange that sprigs of the Eucalyptus should be distributed to the faithful, instead of the traditional palm. Only fancy an Australian version of the Bible, for the benefit of the natives or Maoris reading, "And they strewed branches of gum trees by the way." I like this day, however, and its associations, for it is the first evidence in the New Testament of the mob power as a mass. It was the tribute to the "awful goodness" of Jesus and its great power, which was in reality the cause of his crucifixion. It was his last earthly triumph, and how well he knew the people, when in bitter sarcasm he predicted their hootings at the cross. Spent the evening agreeably; the M——s and N——s came in, and we began to play at metaphysics, finally settling down to my favorite doctrine of a mundane Nemesis. William M—— truly said, "I defy you to name a case, either in past history or even among the living, where a bad man, however apparently happy his life is, has not had to suffer from the consequences of his villainy, and, on the other hand, however unfortunate a good man may be, some compensation will arise out of his very goodness. It is the secret history of these men that we should know." Another idea came to my mind this evening. They were talking of some great crime, and I thought how many crimes are committed for the sake of self interest, but how very few good actions are practiced from the like motive. By self interest I don't mean hypocrisy, but the pleasure of doing what is right, and the feeling of mental and moral health and enjoyment which springs from such.

April 7th.---Emma B—— returned from the country, where her chief occupation, as she tells me, has been to feed chickens. She is looking so fat and well that I think there must have been a reciprocity in the matter. Was amused to-day reading in the papers that some one or other holding an official position was allowed to send in his resignation, the alternative being dismissal. It's the same when one reads of abdication, which is simply renouncing a throne which is no longer tenable. W—— came with his usual feverish manner, which, in the morning, is shattered nerves; a victim to absinthe, which may be said to give intellect to those who have none, and destroy it in those who possess it. Drove in the afternoon to the new University at Berkeley. Very prettily situated, and may possibly in time have a standing and actual utility. Could not but think, as I looked at the undergraduates, that they were boys without gracefulness and men without strength, the unhappy medium of malehood called hobble de hoy.

April 8th.---Mr. C. has brought an adopted son home, of whom both he and his wife will soon be heartily tired. Henry B. says he does so in order to be positively certain that he is not the father. Went to an afternoon exhibition, by Dr. L., of his new microscope to a few friends. Two foreigners were there, and the various interesting objects as they were shown were regarded with indifference. One of them, turning over the various subjects, at last found one which lighted up his countenance. He passed it to his friend, who became also animated and begged that it might be put under the glass. It was a little flat insect called *pou* in French. They had met with an acquaintance, perhaps. Our servants continually going out to church this week. They say they must follow their religion. I think religion of that nature is like crutches for weak ankles.

April 10th.---Called on Mrs. E. and found her in what she calls low spirits, but which I soon discovered to be a bad temper, arising from Lenten fasting. A good beefsteak and a glass of wine would make her household much more agreeable. Why do people say I've missed the rail, when they never say I've missed the county road? Language is apt to become slip-shod. Found Julia, as usual, making voluminous extracts from books, which she forgets as soon as written. She is like a person who swallows down the most delicious drink without tasting it, even without knowing its flavor. Met H. and his wife, who looked heartily bored with one another. They are a couple who never make a pair; he with his pompous wisdom, which in truth reconciles me to my ignorance, and she with her ceaseless babble that would make one hardly deem deafness a privation, they are as ill-matched as they possibly can be. Young M. returned from college certainly improved, but never will he what his mother fondly hopes. Education is like a plane which polishes and smoothes wood, but can never change a deal board to a mahogany table. I think I shall give up keeping a journal; it has become monotonous, and so will say *Finis*, a word delightful to an author to write, and frequently not unpleasant to the reader.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

It's only a little grave, they said,
Only a little child that is dead,
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day.
Ah! they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in our home had made.

I know the coffin was narrow and small,
One yard would have served for an ample pall;
And one man in his arms could have borne away
The rosebud and its freight of clay.
But I know what dashing hopes were hid
Beneath that coffin lid.

I know that a mother had stood that day
With folded hands by that form of clay;
I know that burning tears were hid
'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;
And I knew her lip, and cheek, and brow,
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I knew that some things were hid away,
The crimson dress, and the wrapping gay;
The little sack, and the half-worn shoe,
The cap with its plumes, and tassel blue;
And the empty crib with its cover spread,
As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little grave, but, O, beware!
For the world-wide hopes are buried there,
And ye, perhaps, in coming years,
May see like her, through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy
Is buried up with an only boy.

MRS. G. W. BURKE, Virginia.

VERY CHEAP SCIENCE.

Professor Carr, of the University of California, is not a learned man; neither is he a wise man; but there is no reason why he should expose his own deficiencies, by undertaking to lecture the public on matters manifestly beyond his comprehension. He is popular as a lecturer, for several reasons. He is thick-set and heavy-headed, and clearly able to carry an immense weight of thought. The expression of his face is perfect; no man is half as wise as Prof. Carr looks. He has complete self-possession. Once before his audience, he goes on without a break in the flow of his easy, conversational talk, explaining, to the delight of all, that chloride of sodium is common salt, or that air is necessary to most of us, or that without a knowledge of agriculture man would be a miserable creature, and most probably unable to till the ground. The gravity with which these and similar truths are laid down, in a half-confidential way, as revelations of the latest and severest science, never fails to win the applause of his hearers; and the announcement of a lecture by Prof. Carr is sure to fill the Hall. Men will do anything and go anywhere rather than sit with their own thoughts for an hour or two; and this terror of themselves it is which drives them to chess-rooms and bar-rooms, billiard-rooms and clubs, and lectures. They know that a man has nothing to say, that he will say it fluently and with illustrations, and that they read the very thing itself in a magazine six weeks before; but they go and take their seats, and cheer the grinder till he ceases from very weariness.

Prof. Carr's latest exercitation was on Saturday last, on the moderately wide field of "Man and Climate."

He agreed with the "wise ancients" that "man is a miniature universe;" and naturally proceeded to turn him into a "Jacob's ladder, on which angels descend and ascend, with God at the top, the earth at the bottom, and man the great audience." We lost our way at first in the gorgeous imagery of this noble passage, where God seems to slide up and down on top of the angels: man, the great audience of himself, being the Jacob's ladder which just before was the miniature universe. A little study cleared up the mist; and we recognized, with pleasure, in the Jacob's ladder our friend Prof. Carr, up and down whose person angels do continually trot, while God sits up above, and on the earth at the bottom is man, the great audience of the greater Professor.

"Climate, soil and wood give character to the inhabitants of a country," we are told, "but the principal material to support a large family of men must depend on the climate." This is not very clearly put, but it seems to mean that a large family of men may do without soil and wood, but they must have a commodity of air to support them; and there is some truth in the proposition. We never met with a large family that did not consume a good deal of air, and so far as we know the custom is general throughout the world. We do not defend it; but how is it possible to condemn unreservedly a practice seemingly essential to the moral well-being of a numerous family!

Having comfortably settled his large family, Prof. Carr showed by the example of the United States that 40,000,000 of people would in thirty-six years increase to 120,000,000, mainly by the influence of climate. If this be true, as we hope it is, we cannot understand why other countries, which have lasted a good while, such as France or England, for instance, have not been filled up with population; for, if the United States have climate, so have England and France. It is true that the climate of the United States is an American climate, and, therefore, more productive than that of other countries; but how, then, is it that the United States, two hundred years ago, had only a few hundred thousand inhabitants, when the same

productive climate had been at work for thousands of years? Is not Professor Carr's reasoning a good deal like filling one's belly with the east wind?

Heat, says the Professor, impairs the physical strength of man; and he points to the negro as a proof of his assertion; the fact being that the physical strength of the negro is remarkably great, greater, there can be no doubt, than that of the white man. The superiority of the temperate regions is proved by the fact that Greece was more advanced in the arts than Southern Asia or Northern Africa, while "England, the home of Shakspeare, is superior to all." In the next paragraph we are told that the Scotch are superior to the English, and the Irish to the Scotch; which seems to be an Irish way of accounting for the superiority of England. The inevitable California comes in for her share: "With proper care we can establish here a race superior to any in the world, because there is no climate more favorable to physical development." With all our heart; but why did this wonderful climate give us the splendidly developed Digger Indian? The descendants of the Portuguese settlers in Papua have degenerated in color and form, for a very simple reason. They had no European women to marry, but took native wives. Under similar circumstances there would be very little of Dr. Carr's physical and mental perfections visible in his descendants of the fourth generation. "With different climates," says the man of science, "we have different customs and manners, and hence an empire extending east and west must be the greater one. This, I believe, was the cause of the great prosperity of the Roman Empire." It used to be thought that the character of the Roman people, and their organization, social, political and military, had more than a little to do with their prosperity as a nation; but this was a short-sighted and vulgar way of reasoning, now happily abolished. It was, however, consistent with itself; and we cannot say as much for Prof. Carr's theories, which seem to be made to contradict each other. If an empire extending east and west must be prosperous, why did the Arabian Empire vanish so rapidly from the sight of men? Why did the Egyptian Empire persist in enduring for thousands of years, in flagrant violation of the "great cause" of imperial prosperity? Or how is it that "England, superior to all," lies north and south, and has done so for some time?

It is pleasant for Americans to think that they have a country lying east and west, and sure, on that account, of a glorious future; but they must be mortified to learn that, when they have the whole continent, they will go to pot, because their extension will be north and south. Nothing goes so directly east and west as a parallel of latitude; and unheard-of power awaits the people, who are sagacious enough to string out their whole population, one behind the other, exactly on, let us say, the thirty-seventh parallel of north latitude. And yet we are bound to say that this pleasant theory seems to find favor in the eyes of Dr. Carr, from the ebullitions of a personal spite against degrees of longitude; his lectures showing that while he requires the utmost latitude in his subjects, he frets at being obliged to recognize any limits in length.

SPAIN.

Spain is advancing nearer and nearer to anarchy. Notwithstanding that the Cortes has now definitely declared its own dissolution, and new elections are ordered for the 10th prox., the Federals grow ominously turbulent, various provinces talk of declaring their own independence, and what portion of the army has not been corrupted by the Carlists is utterly demoralized by Democratic demagogues. The troops are not noisily mutinous, they simply refuse to obey obnoxious orders. They will parade, mount guard, and turn out of barracks when requested, but coolly and deliberately refuse to march northward against the Carlists, and when remonstrated with, remind their mentors that the Republic exists, and therefore they are no longer bound to serve. The navy also is as disorganized as the army. In the North the troops are somewhat more tractable, and great care is exercised by their officers to keep them always on the move, and, if possible, out of all towns. The Carlists appear to be prospering, though no attempt at any important move seems to have been made, and their favorite occupations of burning railway stations, tearing up lines, destroying tunnels, plundering diligences, making inroads on defenceless villages, and writing threatening letters to provincial magnates, are pursued with increased ardor. The army makes but little headway against the innumerable bands, which are now formidably recruited by deserters from the South. Combined together, and under able leaders, the Carlist leaders would prove a match for any army the Republic could at present muster, and great surprise is manifested that Don Carlos and his brother are absent from the scene of action at such an important moment. It is difficult to get at the real opinion of the generality of the people in this crisis; but the feeling apparently predominant is eminently Republican, and Senor Figueras was enthusiastically received by the various towns on his way to Barcelona.

The Daughter of George Sand, it is stated, is going to be married to a former Catholic priest, named Touanne. The bridegroom is now, despite his clerical antecedents, proprietor of a livery stable at Tours, and is reputed to be quite wealthy.

"THE LOST LOCKET."

'Tis only a little locket,
And its case has worn so thin,
The greediest child of Israel
Would hardly take it in: [look
And none would guess from its meager
That all I loved was therein.

'Tis only a little locket,
Yet what visions it brings to me,
Of those bygone days—too happy,
And methinks once more I see
Her fond gentle smile, and feel her head
Once more upon my knee.

'Tis only a simple locket,
Yet sooner would I miss
Each hope in life, each joy above
Than part with, aye with this:
For the one who gave it, ere I went,
Hallowed it with her kiss.

'Tis found, 'tis found, and with what joy
Its presence do I greet,
How fondly press to this lone heart,
That image cold, yet sweet:
O, would that in life, too, thou wert here,
My own loved Marguerite.

W. L. E.

MORE MINERAL DISCOVERIES---BORAX AND OTHERS.

The Resources of California seem literally to be unlimited. Every week, almost every day, we read of new natural discoveries, all of an undoubtedly useful character. In good faith, the question will shortly have to be put, not, What does California produce? but, What does California not produce? Last week we considered the extreme riches of its market products, and this week we intend rapidly mentioning what new mineral productions have been discovered within the past few days. It is really impossible to embrace a longer period without having to consider a series of discoveries needing an article of inordinate length. The most important recent discovery is that of the immense deposits of borax in Kern and San Bernardino counties. One of the principal depoeits is that found by Mr. J. H. Lent on the Owens River road, about 120 miles from San Diego. The entire flat is already taken up. The borate is found in spots, and does not cover the entire flat. They are, however, quite extensive, and ought to furnish employment to a considerable number of men. Mr. Lent has a couple of men at work shoveling up the borate crust into piles, resembling hay ricks, so that it may become dry and ready for working. Several other parties are on the ground, prospecting for the largest depdeits. The deposits on Slate Lake Range are more extensive. They lie about 200 miles northeasterly from San Diego in San Bernardino County. The "lake" is a dry one, about eighteen miles long and twelve wide. The borax is found all around the border of the lake, in crustations of from two to eighteen inches. The centre of the lake is a body of salt, resembling ice in its appearance. A number of men are there prospecting for the thickest deposits. These borax fields only require the extension of the San Joaquin Valley branch of the Central Pacific road southward from Tipton, to render them far more favorably situated for the California market than those of Nevada, where those interested in the deposits are coining money at the rate of something like $5,000 a month clear profit. The present market value of borax, in New York, is about $600 a ton, our home market saving $200 a ton imposed by the tariff on the import of foreign borax. No considerable capital is required to work these fields, and bi-borate of soda fever may shortly be expected as an epidemic. To skip now to Calaveras County, where, in addition to the richest iron ores in the world, immense quantities of the finest soapstone have been found. (Timber enough there, by the bye, to supply sufficient charcoal to keep a hundred furnaces running day and night for three generations.) To sharpen our enterprise, for it needs it, a whetstone quarry has been opened in Sierra County, one mile above Downieville. This is an addition to the astonishing variety of California's resources which may possess considerable value. Whether it will surpass the manufactured scythe stone of Vermont and Massachusetts sold here in wholesale at $6 or $7 per gross, or equal the rare siliceous stone that makes the German razor hone, fetching from 50 cents to $2 each, remains to be seen. It is stated that the grain is very fine, and for putting a good edge upon a razor or tool equal to the best Turkish stone. But at all events the newly discovered California stone is only another evidence that home manufactures and home resources are all that we need. To conclude a necessarily imperfect list, the already famous neighborhood of Gilroy has added another to its discoveries. In addition to coal, asphaltum, lead and silicon, three cinnabar chimneys have now been discovered in close proximity to the town. Five ounces of the ore were exhibited in Gilroy, in which the presence of quicksilver was unmistakable. Let our capitalists give up gambling, turn their attention to and use their influence in the development of these discoveries, and the brightness of our future is decided.

V.

The Vienna Exhibition.—The number of exhibitors to the American section is 645, which, however, may be increased before the exhibition is closed. Alabama has 3 exhibitors, California 2, Colorado 2, Connecticut 23, District of Columbia 8, Florida 1, Illinois 18, Indiana 3, Kentucky 9, Kansas 1, Louisiana 61, Maine 1, Massachusetts 51, Michigan 3, Missouri 30, Mississippi 2, Minnesota 1, Maryland 4, New York 228, New Jersey 16, Nevada 1, Ohio 86, Pennsylvania 44, Rhode Island 12, Texas 1, Tennessee 3, Vermont 11, Virginia 2, West Virginia 1, Wisconsin 1; to this is to be added 5 from England.

LETTER FROM THE DEVIL TO THE S. F. NEWS LETTER.

—— HELL, April 1st, 1873.

Editor News Letter:—As the *News Letter* has for some time past taken a commendable interest in my section of the country, I have taken the liberty to write to you upon a subject which has occupied my mind for a long time. I am not in the habit of indulging very often in exercises of a literary character, or boring newspapers with communications upon topics of which I know nothing. Upon the condition of affairs in Hell I feel qualified to write understandingly, knowing whereof I speak. To tell the truth, it is badly out of repair. It needs renovating. It is nearly if not entirely played out. My dominions are entirely overrun by a set of audacious scamps, who seem to imagine that the place belongs to them—and it does. Impotent to govern, powerless to command, I sit amid the ruins of a once mighty kingdom, now given over entirely to shrewd politicians, who have assumed the prerogative of self-government and grasping monopolists, who control the brimstone market. I have, after some labor, written a poem describing the real state of affairs and dispatched it by a *News Letter* reporter, who occasionally calls here. Please print it and oblige your humble and obedient servant, THE DEVIL.

The Devil sat there in his easy chair and rocked himself to and fro,
Heaving a sigh with a wistful eye at his furnace smoldering low,
When he suddenly rose and rent his clothes and rattled the scales of his tail,
And then he sat down with a terrible frown to curse and blaspheme and rail.

Many a year I've been toiling here, pegging away at souls,
Keeping the light of my furnace bright and raking these hellish coals.
There was a time when I in my prime ruled the old roost supreme,
When the flames of my pit had a sulphurous flit and burned with a ghastly gleam.
Then the devils sang till the chambers rang and rattled their tails in glee,
And my gleaming glance saw a broad expanse of liquid burning sea;
Then human souls came here in shoals, and every pit was crammed,
And the old place shook in every nook with the wail of spirits damned.

And higer rose the fire, for fuel was good and cheap,
Till the shrieks of woe, from the depths below, made my old pulses leap,
But now I look back on the beaten track of the good old days gone by,
When I fed my ghouls on human souls 'mid the red flames leaping high;
How the spirits took fright at the dreadful sight and shrank from the horrid roar,
And tried to flee from the liquid sea of fire and human gore;
How my senses burn for a swift return of those good old days of yore,
But another race has usurped the place of those who have gone before.

But now my hell isn't doing well, and business is mighty slow,
My devils have struck, and damn the luck, finances are getting low;
While those who come here just laugh and jeer and call me a miserable sell,
And throw in my face that this old place is a poor excuse for hell.
They fool with my fire and call me a liar, and make no bones of chaffing,
And if I command this cheeky band they worry their sides with laughing.
It makes me feel bad and troubled and sad, this terrible truth to tell;
'Tis rough to relate or to contemplate, but they've lost their respect for hell.
Now why is it thus that they don't care a cuss for the terrors of sulphur and fire?
In order to face the true facts of the case I have taken the pains to inquire.
You see, years ago, these regions below were a terror in every zone,
Now I actually find that most of mankind have terresterial hells of their own;
They've concocted a liquor that's fouler and thicker than the scum on the bottomless pit,
And direst inventions with fullest intentions to baffle the devil's wit.
Their terresterial tortures are really such scorchers that they don't care a damn for this pit,
And if they affect it I fail to detect it. That my hell is a fraud I admit.

THE DEVIL.

A Manchester Tragedy.—An extraordinary case of self-destruction occurred on March 4th at the lead mills of Messrs. Winder and Harrop. It appears that three of the clerks employed in the establishment, who are volunteers, were practicing blank firing in the chandelier store room, as was their custom, when one of them, named Alfred Roberts, passed his rifle to a fellow-clerk named Thos. Walter, and told him to aim at his breast. It appears, however, that Roberts had, unperceived by his companions, loaded the rifle with ball cartridge. Walter took aim, as desired, and to his horror Roberts fell dead at his feet, the bullet having passed through his breast. In his hand was found the following letter: "March 4, 1873. I am very glad you have saved me the trouble of shooting myself. I know you are anxious to become a marksman in the corps; perhaps I will be of service to you by making a target of myself. Wishing you success to your first shot, I remain, yours respectfully, ALFRED ROBERTS.—Mr. Tom Walter." It has since transpired that Roberts, who was a young man living in lodgings, had burned a number of papers in his bedroom in the morning, the nature of which is not known. Walter gave himself into the custody of the police. At the coroner's inquest, Frances Howarth, a lady to whom the deceased was engaged, said he had been depressed in spirits of late, and had said he could not tell her what was the matter with him. The jury exonerated Walter from all blame, and returned a verdict of "Suicide while in a state of unsound mind."

Court Chat.

On March 7th the Pope received what is called an international deputation, consisting of 160 persons, for whom Prince Lichtenstein was spokesman. The Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Denbigh, Lord St. Asaph and other well-known English Roman Catholics were included in the deputation. The language used is characterized by the Roman correspondent of the *Times* as extremely violent. The invasion of Rome was treated as an execrable crime, and Italian unity as a pretext for reducing the Church to a state of slavery—an attack made with infernal astuteness and violence. The special object of the deputation was to attest solmenly the horror inspired by the new movement against religious orders.

The First Levee of the season was held by the Prince of Wales on behalf of Her Majesty at St. James's Palace on March 3d. The members of the royal family present were the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian and the Duke of Teck. In the diplomatic circle, after the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers had been introduced in the order of precedence, the Turkish Charge d'Affaires presented to the Prince of Wales Rear-Admiral Fedrigo Pacha, of the Turkish Imperial Navy, now on a mission for His Highness the Khedive of Egypt. About one hundred and fifty gentlemen were presented to His Royal Highness.

The Will of Napoleon III. has been proved in England. His personal property is sworn at under £120,000, and this he leaves to the Empress without reserve. To the Prince Imperial there is only one bequest, we are told the Imperial Crown. If this be true, we have here a certain violation of the *idée Napoleonienne*, according to which any Bonaparte may govern who is called by the voice of the people, and the Emperor's will is in this respect an important manifesto to the Imperialists. It is a message to the friends of Prince Napoleon.

Prince Louis Napoleon visited the Queen at Windsor on March 4th, and lunched with Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice. His Imperial Highness was accompanied from London by Viscount Sydney, and in returning from the Castle to the railway station he was also accompanied by Prince Christian. A demonstration—which seemed to gratify the young Prince—was accorded him on the platform, where many ladies and gentlemen had assembled.

The Queen returned to Windsor Castle from Buckingham Palace March 1st. Before leaving London the Queen, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Churchill, visited the Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. Her Majesty was received and conducted through the Academy by Sir Francis Grant, R. A. The Court is expected to remain at Windsor until Easter.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Major-General Probyn, left Marlborough House on March 4th for Belvoir Castle, on a visit to the Duke of Rutland. His Royal Highness traveled by the great Northern line, and reached Grantham at half-past five, where he was received by Lord John Manners, and an address was presented by the Corporation. The castle was reached by road at a quarter past six.

The Senior Member of the French Academy has just died at the age of ninety-three—General Conte de Segur, so well known for his history of the Russian campaign, in which he bore part as a General of Brigade. He is the last surviving General of that terrible retreat from Moscow. He has lived in retirement since 1848.

The Duke of Argyll has, by desire of Her Majesty the Queen, sent a letter to the eldest son of Dr. Guthrie, expressing "to the bereaved widow and family of Dr. Guthrie Her Majesty's sincere sympathy with them, as well as Her Majesty's very true sorrow for the loss of one so good and so useful."

Information Has Been Received from Cannes of a carriage accident having happened to Lord de Grey, son of Lord Ripon, the Lord President of the Council, on March 2d. Lord de Grey, who only attained his majority in January last, has received, it is feared, very serious injuries.

It is Authoritatively Reported from Berne (the *Swiss Times* says) that Monsignor Mermillod has been raised to the dignity of Cardinal. It is well known that the Pope has the right of nominating Cardinals *in petto* without calling a Consistory.

The Viscountess de Vicherey was recently knocked down by the carriage of a horse dealer in Paris. Receiving a violent blow in the chest from the pole of the vehicle, the young lady shortly expired.

The Sultan of Zanzibar obstinately declines to assist in the suppression of the East African slave trade.

The Duke of Teck left Kensington Palace recently for Stuttgardt to attend the funeral of his aunt, the late Queen-Dowager of Wurtemburg.

In a Recent Auction at Paris was sold an album containing sixty-three drawings by the Duke de Berry, and which fetched £16.

The Earl and Countess of Derby arrived in Geneva recently from Aix les Bains, and are staying at the Hotel de la Paix.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorn have arrived at their residence in Belgrave Square from Scotland.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Eyes so black and shining hair,
And a sweet face in a frown,
Bosom ripe and full and bare,
With the sunlight leaping down
In kisses on its golden brown.

Why should beauty run to waste?
Swinging in a lotus shade,
From a hammock interlaced—
Slender vines in curious braid—
Leans the lover of the maid;

In a swarth of fragrant turf,
Pliant limbs that naked lie,
Pearl drops of the warm sea-surf,
That a zephyr dares not dry,
Clinging to their symetry.

Meeting her with constant gaze,
Watching her with zealous care,
Wishing all the sensuous days
She were lying, half as fair,
He were guarding beauties lair!

* * * * * * *

Lovers cannot all agree!
Love is sudden, strong and brief!
Under a banana tree
Lo! two lovers come to grief—
Under a banana leaf!

Tortuilla Lamo, South Pacific. CHAS. WARREN STODDARD.

SPIRITUALISM EXTRAORDINARY.

A Novel Entertainment has been produced at the Crystal Palace by Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, who in an amusing farcical sketch introduce some of the marvelous "manifestations," so well known in connection with "spirit" *seances*. Sir Hugh Credant (Mr. Hasarde) being a determined Spiritualist, his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson (Mr. and Mrs. Maskelyne) do all they can to convince him that the startling effects which he attributes to supernatural agency, can be produced by mere human skill. They touch a table lightly with their fingers, and it not only "tilts," but moves bodily up above their heads, and is turned upside down. A walking-stick dances gleefully about the stage, while a bouquet floats gently through the air and presents itself to the lady, who is herself raised some three feet above the carpet, without any visible means of support. Mr. Maskelyne then performs an elegant and dexterous feat with six China plates, which, by skillful manipulation alone, he causes to waltz and whirl about in a wonderful fashion. This is succeeded by the Davenport Cabinet *seance*, in which Mr. Maskelyne and Mr. Cooke perform all the feats of the celebrated brothers. They are bound securely with ropes and placed in the cabinet, the doors of which are scarcely shut before music is heard within, bells are thrown out, and "spirit" hands appear at the apertures in the doors, the re-opening of which shows both performers bound as tightly as ever. The knots of the cords are then sealed, but this does not prevent them from taking off their coats and putting them on again as quickly as any ordinary men could do if perfectly free. While still bound, their hands are filled with flour, the doors are shut for a moment, and then they appear at liberty, the ropes lying at their feet, and the flour still in their hands. The concluding feat, however, is justly called "The Mystery of Mysteries." Mr. Maskelyne is placed behind a screen with a box, a canvas cover, and some cord. In less than ten minutes the screen is removed, and we see the box completely covered and elaborately corded; these being taken off, and the box unlocked, Mr. Maskelyne is discovered inside in a very cramped position, the box being only just large enough to contain him when doubled up "knees and nose together." The whole performance is of a most wonderful character, and although every facility is given for examining the apparatus, both before and after each feat, one comes away completely puzzled as to the *modus operandi* by which the results are achieved.

STORIES ABOUT BEADLES.

A Church in the North Country which needed a pastor had a beadle who took an active interest in all proceedings taken to fill up the vacancy. One of the candidates, after the afternoon service was over, put off the cloak in the vestry and stepped into the church, in which our worthy was just putting things to right. "I was just taking a look at the church," said the minister. "Ay, tak' a guid look at it," said the beadle, "for it's no likely ye'll ever see't again." At a country church, a young minister from the West, and a great swell, came to do duty one Sabbath. Entering the vestry, he doffed his coat and vest previous to donning the cassock and cloak, and looked round for the looking-glass, which generally forms a part of the vestry furniture. He searched, however, in vain. At last, losing patience, he cried out, "Church offi*saw*, church offi*saw*!" After calling for some time, the head of a gray-haired man peered in at the door, and a stentorian voice demanded, "What's yer wull?" "Where's the mir*raw*?" demanded the minister. "Sir?" said the other. "The mir*raw*—the looking-glass," said the minister impatiently. "O, the lookin'-glass. Ye see, oor minister's sic a handsum man naterally, that he doesna need a lookin'-glass; but I'll bring ye a pail o' watter, if ye like!"

It is Telegraphed from Constantinople that Safvet Pasha is appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs in the place of Khalil Cherif Pasha.

Special Brevities.

In the International Exhibition of 1871 there was an electrical machine exhibited in the west corridor invented by a Frenchman which may possibly have been used in manufacturing the forged bills. It consisted of two revolving cylinders, each about two inches in diameter, and four inches in length, placed vertically; these were set in motion by clockwork, and connected as regards the electrical current, both being under the control of an attendant; and though only a foot apart, would have worked just as effectively with the Atlantic between them. The machines being intended to print facsimile, a thin sheet of "foil," its length equal to the circumference of one of the cylinders, was written upon by prepared ink, this was then placed round the cylinder, and its two edges secured by gum; on the other cylinder was placed prepared "paper," similar in size to the "foil," in like manner. The cylinders being then set in motion, and the electrical current connected, there was drawn on the paper an exact copy of what had been written on the foil.

The Faith of President Grant in a blessed future, and in his power, with the aid of Congress, to assist, form rather a remarkable feature in his recent Message. People have talked about it, as well they may. "I rather believe," he says, "that the Great Maker is preparing the world to become one nation, speaking one language: a consummation which will render armies and navies no longer necessary. I will encourage and support any recommendations of Congress tending towards such ends." It is not often that messages to Parliament or Congress take so comprehensive a view. Why should not the first American citizen be the first to go out, as it were, to meet the millennium, which, though nine-tenths of mankind believe in, they put a very long way off?

How a Secret was Discovered.—In his early life the late Mr. Gillott worked privately as the *employé* of half a dozen different penmakers. One day the manufacturers met together at dinner, and each backed himself to be the possessor of the best workman. They severally wrote down the name of the special artisan who could make more pens in a day than any other man. "Gillott" was written on every master's paper. This led to the discovery that Gillott had invented and was using a machine for making pens, which enabled him to do the work of a dozen men with one pair of hands.

If not this Year, by this Time Next Year, Sir Henry Rawlinson says we may hope to see Dr. Livingstone, when we suppose he will enliven us with all about "How I Found Stanley." By the way, it may be useful to note that the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, referred to recently by Sir Henry Rawlinson, in which the history of the spurious maps of Central Asia was first detailed, and the true frontier of Afghanistan described, is a paper on Yule's edition of Marco Polo, *Edinburgh Review*, No. 275 (January, 1872)

At the Half-Yearly General Court of the governors and proprietors of the Bank of England, recently, attention was drawn by one of the speakers to the facility with which the recent extensive forgeries upon that institution had been perpetrated. The chairman, Mr. George Lyall, remarked that frauds of this description were extremely rare, and that even the directors of the Bank of England were not infallible. All possible precautions would, however, be taken in future.

A Butcher Named Stanbridge, residing in Coventry, has been killed by a sheep. He had succeeded without assistance in placing the animal upon the block and sticking it, but immediately this was done the sheep kicked violently and struck Stanbridge in the stomach, which caused him to reel and fall. After some rest he was enabled with great difficulty to reach home, where he died from the effects of the injuries about two hours afterwards.

Earl Russell's long-promised book on Christianity is, it is said, to appear in the course of March. Its full title is, "The Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe, from the Reign of Tiberius to the End of the Council of Trent." Is it possible that the noble Earl has managed to compress what he has to say on this comprehensive theme within the compass of a single octave volume?

At a Recent Meeting of the Royal Institution, Professor Tyndall was present for the first time since his return from America. A resolution was unanimously adopted congratulating the Professor upon his safe arrival in England, expressing satisfaction that the people of the United States had shared in the advantages of his teaching, cordially welcoming him on his return to his own scientific home, and wishing him continued health and prosperity.

Lord Lytton's Will (the *Illustrated News* states) contains special directions as to the examination of his body, in order to provide against the possibility of his being buried while in a trance, and directs that he should be interred in the family mausoleum at Knebworth, that any epitaph should be written in the English language, and that the cost of his funeral should be limited to the modest expenses usual in the interment of a private gentleman.

The London Lancet lately published a case of a man who for nine days followed his occupation with a needle fixed and embedded in his heart. On the ninth day a surgical operation was performed and the needle extracted. The patient recovered without exhibiting any unfavorable symptom.

HALL v. TAYLOR.---BREACH OF PROMISE.

At Oxford (Eng.) on Feb. 28, before Mr. Justice Honyman, an amusing breach of promise case was tried. According to Mr. Hill's statement of the case, the plaintiff was a spinster about thirty years old, living with her mother, a farmer's widow, at Grimsbury; and the defendant was a young tenant farmer, of the same age, and of a poetical turn of mind, at Shipston-on-Stour. In the latter part of 1867 the parties met and made acquaintance at a penny reading; an attachment sprang up between them, which ripened into an engagement in January of the following year. The defendant wrote to the plaintiff in the warmest terms, assuring her that "he was an isolated being, and felt himself a lonely wanderer over the face of nature; he now for the first time found himself a miserable man." Mr. Huddleston, who appeared for the defendant, remarked that every man was miserable till he married. His lordship said Mr. Huddleston was a leading authority on the subject: in fact, he was the most recent case. In another letter of the defendant's came the following poetical effusion:

Remember me, my dearest Nellie,
In love remember me,
For till this fleeting life shall end
I will remember thee.

I've loved thee short, I've loved thee much,
And till this frame shall be
Laid in the silence of the grave
I will remember thee.

Forget thee I Sooner shall the waves
Forget and leave the sea,
Sooner the stars forget to shine,
Than thou forgot shall be.

From your deeply-attached JOE.

Unfortunately, before the defendant's frame had been laid in the silence of the grave, or the stars had forgotten to shine, he was exposed to the dangerous attractions of a cousin, and though, as Mr. Huddleston assured the Court, he still well remembered the plaintiff, he inadvertently married the cousin. After amusing speeches from the counsel on both sides, a verdict for the plaintiff was taken by consent for £200.

THE DOG'S FACULTY OF SCENT.

A Writer in Land and Water claims for each variety of dog the faculty of special scent: The collie can hunt his master's footsteps, or smell the sheep beneath a snow-drift. The truffle-dog scents the smell of edible fungi covered with four or five inches of soil. And if a setter could make himself intelligible, he would be able to make us acquainted with the difference between the scent of a partridge and that of a hare. Perhaps that information which we cannot obtain by direct mental intercourse, may be gained by watching the expression and gesture attendant on the change of game. A neighbor of mine told me that some years ago, when he was a snipe-shooter, he had a pointer which knew the difference, by scent alone, between a jack-snipe and a common snipe. Whenever he came upon a "Jack," the dog wagged his tail, but when it was a "Jenny," his setting was stiff and motionless. The same sporting friend informed me that a few of the best hounds in a pack would follow the scent of a hare through snow, the hare having run to her seat before the snow had fallen. Mongrels throw light on this subject. I have seen a handsome dog, bred between a pointer and a hound, proclaim her descent by acting a double character in the same field. If a covey of partridge were winded, she would hunt up cautiously to them and set steadily till the shooter came up. But if she caught scent of a hare, no correction could make her stand; she would run in and start the hare and follow it closely by nose. Another sporting friend gives me a somewhat similar instance. One of their pack was a half-bred dog, between a hound and a pointer. When running in full cry with the hounds, if it came upon partridges, the mongrel would stop and point, then put up the partridges, and again join the hounds.

An Important Decision was rendered by Commissioner Drummond in the Land Office, Washington, on Monday last. It was in the case of a tract of land in Mendocino County, California, known as the Albion Rancho, comprising 130,000 acres. The survey of these lands as public lands was made and approved prior to the rejection of an alleged Mexican grant which covered them, and plans of this survey were filed in the local Land Office. After the rejection of the grant, J. W. Shanklin, as attorney for many parties interested as pre-emptionists, etc., in opposition to the State claim for a large portion of the tract which has been listed to it as school lands based on this survey, applied to Surveyor-General Hardenbergh for the withdrawal of the plats from the local office and an order for a new survey, on the ground that the United States had no right to survey land while an alleged Mexican title to it was still in controversy. Surveyor-General Hardenbergh refused, and the case was appealed. The Commissioner-General of the Land Office now sustains the Surveyor-General, deciding that the mechanical and topographical work of survey and its approval were not void, and that the plats are now legally filed in the Land Office. In this conclusion Commissioner Drummond is sustained by Secretary Delano in the California case of Grnell v. Haltabaugh, an alleged Mexican grant, where a large tract of land was rejected by the United States District Court in 1867, and by the Supreme Court last November.

OPENING OF WESTERN CHINA.

The Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom have presented a memorial in favor of the completion of the survey of the proposed line for Captain Spyre's scheme of direct overland communication between British Burmah and the West of China. It is a document entitled to respectful consideration on account of the facts it sets forth. Whether Captain Spyre's plan be feasible—and whether, if feasible, it is likely to be better promoted by the operations of an engineer or the negotiations of a diplomatist—may be matter of doubt. But it is a question which should be set at rest, for there can be no doubt of the advantages that would accrue from the proposed line, unless some unsuspected obstacle should be discovered. To substitute a road of 300 miles for a voyage of 2,400 would, no doubt, be an achievement of such vast benefit as to be second only to the Overland Route to India, which it cost the late Lieut. Waghorn so many years to induce the Government of his day to take up. M. Louis de Carne, the explorer, seems to have established the fact that Shanghai, the most central and important of the open ports, is distant, by river or road, 2,400 miles from the western inland frontier of China; and Captain Spyre tells us that the distance between that and the northeast frontier of British Burmah is no more than 300 miles. In the face of such a declaration—much of which was confirmed by the survey begun under the auspices of Earl Derby and Lord Salisbury six years ago—it seems unlikely that Mr. Gladstone will feel justified in withholding his sanction from the completion of the investigation.

The Story of How the Rabagas Hat, now so fashionable in Paris, was invented, is a most curious one. For a long time it was a mystery, but the narrative of its origin has recently been told. As it may in time work its way to our side of the ocean, it will probably interest those who may chance to wear it to know that that notorious creature, Cora Pearl, was the inventor of the chapeau. Miss Pearl, as the story runs, attended a brilliant supper at the Maison Doree after witnessing M. Sardou's play of *Rabagas*. While at the table the whim seized her to manufacture a new sort of hat, which she predicted would soon become the fashion. Carrying out her caprice she took a hat of one of the gentlemen present, cut the rim off with a table-knife, and requested the owner of the hat to crush it in with his fist with all the force he could give the blow. This was done, and the result was a nondescript head-covering, round in shape, and with a most uproarious turn. She then called for a green vail and a ribbon, and declared that she would wear that hat for the rest of the season in the Champs Elysees and elsewhere. She was as good as her word, and, after a while, a fashionable modiste took up the idea, and ladies who neither knew nor cared whence the hat originated adopted the fashion as an exquisite novelty. This eccentric bonnet is not only curious in shape, but it is worn curiously. It is covered with a vail, and is placed on the back of the head, as if it were going to fall at every moment.

"Poetry as It Is."—There is enough of truth in what follows to give it satiric point: "Poetry, like free thought, was first a work of inspiration, secondly of science, and lastly now of trick. At its first stage it was open to only here and there a genius; at its next to all intelligent men; and at its third to all the human race. Thus, just as there is no boy now but can throw stones at the windows which Bishop Colenso has broken, so there is scarcely even a young lady but can raise flowers from the seed stolen out of Mr. Tennyson's garden. And surely, whatever, in this its course of change, poetry may have lost in quality, is more than made up for by what it has gained in quantity. For in the first place it is far pleasanter to the tastes of a scientific generation to understand how to make bad poetry than to wonder at good; and secondly, as the end of poetry is pleasure, that we should make it each for ourselves is the very utmost that we can desire, since it is a fact in which we all agree, that no man's verses please him so much as his own."

Why Women dress in styles that men do not admire, while always struggling to win the admiration of men, is a problem that we often find people puzzling over. Women dress for each other, says one writer; men never notice the details of their dress, the pattern of their silks, the color of their ribbons; they merely take in the general effect, and quite as often detest as admire it. What the woman thinks of when she purchases an article of apparel, so we are told, is the admiration or envy it will create in the minds of her rivals. These are sometimes the motives, but it is always a misplaced expectation, for if men dislike women's fashions, women are merciless in their criticisms of each other's taste. The truth, we apprehend, is this: women dress to gratify their natural instincts; they have love of color, of display, of ornamentation, and they experience delight in decorating themselves in styles that tickles their own fancy, and no doubt they are perplexed to find their efforts so little appreciated by the other sex.

A New American Poet, W. M. Carleton, is said to have made his reputation in a flash by the publication of "Betsy and I are Out." The title is not promising.

HOW TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a Fast, to keep
Thy larder leane,
And cleane,
From fat of veales and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to faste an houre,
Or rag'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and soure?

No, 'tis a Fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat,
Unto the hungry soule.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent,
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy lent.—*Herrick.*

BRITISH COLUMBIA---FREE LAND GRANTS TO ACTUAL SETTLERS.

The Government of British Columbia is offering splendid inducements to actual settlers—250 acres for nothing! Under the provisions of the Land Act assented to February 21st, 1873, it is stated that: "The Lieutenant-Governor in Council may appropriate any public lands considered suitable for settlement and cultivation, and not being mineral lands, as free grants to actual settlers, under such regulations as shall from time to time be made by Order in Council. Such grants or appropriations shall include lands surveyed or hereafter to be surveyed. No land located as aforesaid, nor any interest therein, shall in any event be or become liable to the satisfaction of any debt or liability contracted or incurred by the locatee, his widow, heirs or devisees, before the issuing of the Crown grant for such land. After the issuing of the Crown grant for any such land, and while such land or any part thereof, or any interest therein, is owned by the locatee, or his widow, heirs or devisees, such land, part or interest shall, during twenty years next after the date of such location, be exempt from attachment, levy under execution, or sale for payment of debts, and shall not be or become liable to the satisfaction of any debt or liability contracted or incurred before or during that period, save and except any debt secured by a valid mortgage or pledge of such land made subsequently to the issuing of the Crown grant therefor." We believe that neither the United States nor any British colony has ever offered such thoroughly liberal terms to actual settlers. Further details may be learned from the Government Agent, Mr. W. R. H. Adamson, 315 California street. We understand that a number of Californians familiar with British Columbia have already taken up land under the provisions of the new land ordinance.

IN MEMORIAM.

Drowned, on board steamship *Atlantic*, April 1st, Anne Scuymser, of New York.

In its terrible, overwhelming and reckless loss of life, the wreck of the steamship *Atlantic* has brought weeping and wailing into many homes. Homes that were bright and happy in the expectation of returning ones, have been desolated; grief has taken the place of joy, and all the fond anticipations of family re-unions are now but the wailings for departed ones.

In a time so near the safe and happy ending of a boisterous voyage—so near the fond embrace of loved ones—the fatal judgment of a reckless man has severed the earthly ties which bound so many hearts, spreading desolation so broadcast, that one shudders at the contemplation of how slight the tenure of life is, and the uncertainty of all sublunary things. "Man proposes, and God disposes."

So far away as we are from the immediate scene of this cruel disaster and its surroundings, we cannot realize its mournful extent; but to those of us here whose pleasure it was, in life, to love one of its brightest, truest and kindliest victims, our hearts go out in their fullest sorrow to the memory of our lost friend, clinging fondly to all the treasured memories of her happy past in California.

To the stricken family and relatives, in the irreparable loss they have sustained, we can but offer our mutual grief and sorrow to the cherished memory of the brightest, kindliest of women. A. S.

South American Telegraphy.—That is a remarkable statement which comes to us from the Inspector-General of Telegraphs in Chile. Telegrams are transmitted at the uniform rate of thirty cents for fifteen words. The average charge in the United States for 1871 was seventy cents. Two years ago in England it was thirty-eight cents for twenty words (a trifle under the Chile rate), but the Post Office Department runs the wires at a profit, charging twenty-four cents, and is about to reduce the rate to twelve cents, or nearly one cent per word. Clearly, we do *not* want a postal telegraph in the United States. We want to wait and see how it will work in Japan.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

We Wish it were written upon the door of every theater in the land: "Ladies required to remove their bonnets." It is impossible for all to sit in the front row, and how much more attractive would these temples of the muses become if the occupants of back seats could view the stage without waging a war with Madame Modiste's latest *chef d'oeuvre*. A fortnight since, while attending a representation of *Coriolanus*, we were kept in a fever heat of annoyance and rendered perfectly miserable by a blue feather and a pink rose. The blue feather was ensconced between two friends, to whom it constantly addressed itself. If we leaned to the right, the blue feather instantly inclined that way; if to the left, it whisked to that point of the compass with marvelous celerity. For one half hour, that blessed feather and ourselves dodged with a dodging to which the sparring of Jem Mace and Mr. Bennett was a mere trifle. Once we peeped under the young lady's ear, and saw a fragment of a red toga, and thought we recognized McCullough's legs. Besides this we had a tolerable view of Virginia's hair, which one couldn't very well help if he had his eyesight at all. And once, once only, we had a full length view of the Roman patrician who stood with a very disgusted expression saying "Phee-ew" to a citizen with a red wax nose exceedingly *retrousse*, which we take it was not altogether the best tableau in the play. We underwent a similar affliction in another theater, different only in that it was a black feather and a red rose. Miss Ella Chapman was regaling the audience with a clog dance, when to our thinking a view of her feet would have been desirable. Instead, her blonde head came bobbing over the black feather at intervals in the most tantalizing manner, and that, and a rattle of clogs, was all we knew of the dance. We went to one theater to see heads, and we didn't see them; and to another to see—well, to see legs—and we didn't see them, although we feel bound in honor to state that it was not at all the little actress' fault. A request to one of these ladies would be provocative only of a look of indignation and horror, and a higher toss of the obnoxious *chapeau*. Truth to say, however, we have one honorable exception to record. A little old woman sat in front of us on one memorable evening enjoying the performance with all her happy old soul. Chancing to look around she caught us dodging and disfiguring our countenance with a hideous scowl. In an instant off came a little old flat bonnet that had been made Heaven knows where or how long ago, and with a cordial nod she invited us to participate in the fun. She had a chocolate colored skin seamed with wrinkles of every shape known in geometry, and she sported but one visible tooth. Her thin gray hair was covered with a cap of rusty lace and a ribbon that had once been lilac. She had a bald spot on the top of her head, and her body was so short that she couldn't have been much in the way anyhow. Yet, as the smile of heart politeness twinkled in her eyes, she seemed to us in that brilliantly lighted circle of beauty and fashion to be the fairest there. With supremest satisfaction we sat calmly back and enjoyed the play with an unction which even a front seat has not given since.

Yes, we knew how it would be. Let the women alone and the devil himself can't make them agree. Those hell cats who presume to represent women's rights in this State have proven what a nice mess we should be in if women's suffrage did come in force. It is a compliment to our intelligent women to know that Victoria Timberstern, the notorious courtesan and black-mailer, has sent a delegate here in Mrs. Kimball, who carried confusion into the camp of women's suffrage, and did more to show the people its utter folly, shallowness and petty spite than ten leading articles ever could do. She spoke in tender and touching terms of that "noblest of God's women," Victoria Timberstern. If Victoria is the noblest, we can only say we pity the rest. We should prefer calling her the "vilest of hell hags," and a disgrace to her sex. Mrs. Kimball also referred to that "grand, good man, George Francis Train." Now that Train is mad no one can deny, but that he was ever mad enough to champion these upholders of prostitution, the Free Lovers, we could hardly believe. No doubt there are many respectable women who uphold the woman's suffrage question. How shocked and mortified these must have been when the flag of promiscuous intercourse was unfurled in their midst and borne triumphantly. All sensible women who attended the Convention (and we presume there were a few) must have come away with the impression that a death blow had been given to their cause by the introduction of the Free Love element, which, like garlic, fouls all it comes in contact with.

Old Mrs. Alta is one of the most weak-minded creatures we ever knew. Some of her enemies call her mindless. This is wrong. It is not so, for sometimes the old lady has had attacks of tetchy opinionativeness, and memories of thimble pie!—isn't she cross and ugly then? But these spasms always leave her weaker than ever, a victim to extreme mental debility, and incapable of uttering anything but the vaguest nonsense. "Perhaps," "It may be," "If," etc.," are indulged in freely by the venerable female, and if out of her ramblings—which she speaks of as "non-committal"—one can gather what she means, "I faith he is wiser than" the *Town Crier*. This is something like her usual distressing vacuity: "It may be that the C. P. R. R. is a failure, but whether it has been proved so, cannot affect our opinion if we could form it as to its success. To this idea we adhere, but only if our endorsement of what cannot be helped is otherwise than tenable. If so, and why not? This we consider proved." Babbledom, babbledom, and windy nothingness, old lady. Prithee get cross rather than so abominably "non-committal," which is but an euphemism for dead, utter foolishness.

Last Saturday, at the Saucelito wharf, a happy party might have been seen who were evidently bent upon a fishing expedition. From their get up one could tell that they were bank clerks out for a holiday. Among this happy crowd was one whose face did not wear the smile of anticipated pleasure. No, dismal and melancholy glances shot from under his spectacles in the direction of a most docile and cow-like looking horse, whose bridle he held. The rest of the party got into a wagon, and seemed bent on having a good time. But the poor youth who was to do the horseback business, seemed ill at ease. Evidently too proud to inquire, he scanned the horse over from head to tail, and seemed rather inclined to think that the tail was the ladder by which he was to mount his nag. The stirrups he eyed with much suspicion, holding them off by the leathers as if they were rat traps and might spring. The party started, but alas, our adventurous horseman (in embryo) gave it up as a bad job, led the beast to the stable and took a seat in the buggy. We have since heard that if not a success as an equestrian he is quite a sharp at fishing. He filled his basket with fine young tadpoles in half a day, and came home the proudest man you ever saw. He wears magnifying spectacles, and so mistook them for trout. He has since purchased a fiery Arab steed, and six fishing rods, and adopted for his motto "*Nil desperandum.*"

At an Early Hour Yesterday the rotund form of a "blarsted Britisher" might have been seen hurrying from street to street, and from store to store, with a haggard, uneasy face. He evidently was looking for some one or something. Being naturally curious, we interviewed him: *T. C.*—"You seem to be looking for something, sir, can I be of any service?" *B. B.*—"Ah, thanks, ya'as; I never saw such a blarsted country; I've been looking for a shop that sells 'hot cross buns' ever since four this morning." Not being able to give him any information, the *T. C.* went on his way and wondered why he wanted hot cross buns. Suddenly a light beamed in upon his brain; it was Good Friday. Now had we not met this Britisher, we should in all probability have eaten meat, and so imperiled our immortal soul. As it was, we took three light meals, as follows: Breakfast, cup of tea and one shrimp; lunch, a smell at a piece of "Boomerang cheese"; dinner, we took off the recollection of that cheese, and woke this morning quoting Moore, viz:

"You may break, you may shatter me up if you will,
But the smell of that cheese will hang round me still."

The *T. C.* now feels that he is on the road to Heaven, and has invested the greater part of his stupendous wealth in backing "Ajax," knowing that there is no need of the "great medium" above.

More Murders, More Murders; what are we coming to? and where is this thing to stop? How many murderers have we now in our jails? who, if they have money, get the best of food, etc., and need never fear the halter. No man worth $10,000 will ever be hung here, unless he slips up on it and gets lynched. What has become of Stokes? whose cowardly murder of Fisk, is still fresh in our minds. Foster certainly was hung, but what is one among so many? We say hang them up like dogs, and stop this open daylight murder. Those sentimental maudlin fools who oppose capital punishment should be strung up too. They have done more toward the increasing of murders than they ever could expiate by giving up their wretched lives. Had we our way a convicted murderer should only have a week to live, from the day of his conviction, then up with him. This is the only way to stop this fearful mania for murder that has taken possession of our people. Again we say, hang them all.

Propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those cold faces of their infamy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass;
To steep their brows in slumber's holy balm
And hearken while the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm."

Let them fall asleep in bliss, and wake to find themselves forever with the devil, on the other side of Jordan—yea, packed, like Rabelais' monks, hard and fast, head and heels together, under the foul fiend's tail, and Prof. Wilder the deepest man in.

A Charming Little Domestic Tragedy has taken place in the romantic neighborhood of Clementina street. Mr. Kennedy had just got over a spree, and, feeling in a somewhat morose humor, amused himself by chopping his wife and daughter on the head with an axe. When tired of this exhilarating fun, and supposing them to be dead, he tied a clothes-line around his neck, fastened the other end to a door-knob and jumped out of the window. Now Kennedy was a cute cuss; he knew there was little chance of the law ever hanging him, so undertook the job himself. He succeeded admirably, and was cut down a splendid corpse an hour after. We commend this example to all who meditate murder. It saves trouble and expense, is quick and effective, and does'nt make a mess about the house like throat-cutting, shooting, etc.

Bachelors and Others will be pleased to hear that the enterprising Laura Fair is about to let furnished rooms. We fancy those roomers who don't cash up when due will have a hot time. Perhaps the little memento will again be brought into requisition.

> **Tears in his Eyes**, distraction in his aspect,
> A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
> With forms to his conceit! And all for nothing!
> For Hecuba! What's Hecuba to him,

Or he to Hecuba, that he should plead for her—without a fee? O monstrous! Our Hecuba, our *dame au pistolet*, our much-broken tablet of commandments sixth and seventh, our Laura who kept "the fold" so well against "the wolf," has refused to pay his fee to the halter-averting Quint. Her soul from hell he saved (*pro. tem.*), and her neck from the Pantagruelion herb; yet she would not pay her bond. O fell ingratitude! O thankless client! the spotted hand, what mossy gums are thine to hide the serpent's tooth! But Themis recovered Quint his little fee—or part thereof; and the fair one of the gory locks bowed down her head and wept—think of it! over "that little hand." Give her an ounce of civet, good apothecary, and tell her, tell the Hecuba from us, that her "Cynossema," "her tomb of a dog" (female) yawns for her; and that we, we all yawn to see her in. For Quint, let him take Edgar's words to heart: "Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman; keep thy foot out of brothel business, thy pen from harlots' briefs, and defy the foul fiend." As it was in the beginning, etc.

The Nice Little Boys of our nice little town have for some time past been very bad with the balloon fever. They get their keynd parients to give them a quarter, purchase some tissue paper, a sponge, and then set to work. Gum the paper into a shape as nearly like a balloon as possible, soak the sponge in coal oil, fix it at the mouth of the arrangement, and then in the gentle Summer twilight set the thing a flaring and let it go up. This is very pretty, "a nice amusement for the children you know," but how about its coming down? A blazing sponge on a roof top is, we should think, rather apt to set the house on fire. But it cannot be so, or the said keynd parients and those who have charge of the city's safety would not allow it.

Bailiff Englander, whose handsome Hebrew visage has adorned the Police Court for some years, and whose urbane manner to those over whom he has had temporary control (especially if they have "no monish") has made him such a general favorite (?), got into the witness box to say what he knew about cards. He enlightened the Court wonderfully on the subject of poker, and his elegant language, and perfect English, caused a profound sensation. Next to bullying a moneyless drunk, poker-playing seems to be the bailiff's pet pastime. He is a wonderful man, and an ornament to society.

Mr. Marchant, the gentleman who met with such a serious accident on Thursday, besides being a good collector, must have possessed a wonderful talent for letter writing. His letter of twenty-six pages to Miss Samuel must have been a masterpiece. It is to be hoped that the public will be favored with its contents. 'Tis an ill wind that blows no one any good, and this little breeze may give us a wrinkle in love letter writing. Any man with Mr. M.'s experience ought to manage to get something good into such a small space.

Prof. G. D. Wilder, of Ithaca, writing to the New York *Tribune*, wants us to dose off our murderers with chloroform, instead of hanging them. Oh, the poor murderers! Good people, pity the poor murderers. Let us build them a quiet retreat—a little home in some secluded, sunny vale, far from the toil and turmoil of this cold world and its rude aversions to hacked axes and smoking pistols. There let us send our mild-eyed, melancholy Thugs; let us keep them in one long lotus-eater's swoon.

With what Venom the *Barnacle* pursues Wilkinson, and how great an interest that journal must take in the deaf, dumb and blind. Besides being of no interest to the public at large, its coarse allusions and vile insinuations are so palpably prejudiced and unfair, that we turn away in disgust from their perusal, and think that Mr. Wilkinson is quite right in treating them with the silent contempt they deserve.

Every Day some new abomination in our national administration is brought to light. It has just leaked out that the coinage at the Branch Mint in this city this year has been very light, and this is owing, as we learn with shame from a commercial contemporary, to the want of bullion! More unblushing infamy never was more cynically advertised. Language fails to do it justice.

The Intelligent Agriculturalists of our State have met in solemn conclave, and have settled many most important questions. They have decided that we are to have currency. How kind of them? They have also arrived at the conclusion that they lack brains. In this we concur heartily, and on that account won't quote any more of their gassy emanations.

One by One the Classic Nuisances who rendered our infant career a life of blasphemy and woe, evaporate before the march of civilization. Two English sailors have swam the Hellespont, and Leander, supple Greek, now a sorry commonplace, may go drown him in the Styx, while Hero shall bemoan her adultery no longer glorified by a glamour of romance.

Mrs. Pitts-Stevens objects to being classed among the free lovers. Poor old girl, could you not see that the *Barnacle's* reporter meant it for satire? Look in the glass, and if you can find anything approaching the loveable in your angular old mug, why, we'll swallow the looking-glass.

"WHAT IS THE PLACARD EXCHANGE?"

'Tis a Place where a man, if he likes to, can find
Anything he requires, both for body and mind;
If you're going a trip by the overland route,
You can there find the roads and the time that best suit;
If you want a new house, or a nice piece of land,
Or to draw up a bill to be paid on demand,
If you want a new hat, if you want some old wine,
If you want to inspect sample ore from a mine,
If you want some new linen, a necktie, or socks,
If you want a safe broker to buy you some stocks,
If you want some good ribbons, or rare kinds of lace,
If you want a good lawyer to fight out your case,
If you're anxious to buy a good watch or a chain,
If you've wants for the body or wants for the brain,
If you want a good photograph, taken like life,
Or begad, I believe, if you wanted a wife,
If you want a good doctor to cure all your ills,
If you want a good druggist to make up your pills,
If you want to know what are the new city laws,
You will find them all there, with each chapter and clause;
If you want some new matting to put on your floor,
If you want to know aught that concerneth this shore,
You can know it right there, at the Placard Exchange.
You can find what you want, and your business arrange,
Not only advertisements there you will see,
But things of great interest, from land and from sea;
Canary birds sing in their cages around,
And a fountain's soft ripple adds beauty to sound.
In fact, in a word, all these matters to tell,
It's the whole of the State in a simple nutshell;
For the man in whose brain this idea had its birth,
Has wandered all over the face of the earth,
And now to the world he says, "Come in and see,"
For you've nothing to pay, the admittance is free.

THE SILENT GIFT OF MICHAEL REESE.

We are So much Accustomed in this Community to see charity paraded and munificence coupled with ostentation, that when it was reported that Michael Reese had quietly donated a valuable library to the University of California, we confess that we doubted the fact, and, as is our wont, treated it as a joke. BUT IT IS TRUE, and to our prior opinion of Mr. Reese, as one of our shrewdest and farthest-seeing money magnates, must now be added that of a judicious giver, and, as is often the case with true generosity, a most liberal and unpretending donor. His clear judgment in business matters extends itself to the domain of intellectual culture, and the professors of the University are fully alive to the value of his gift. Therefore it is that we rejoice in our error and wish that we had many more like Michael Reese to help our young college, for there is a bright future for the University of the Pacific. It is a rising sun before which, may be ere long, the lights of Harvard, Cooper, Cambridge, etc., will wane and wax pale.

A Gigantic Waterfall.—A letter in the *Times* states that C. B. Brown, the surveyor to the British colony of Guiana, has, in the last of his adventurous series of journeys to the sources of the great rivers of British Guiana, discovered, from a spot near the head waters of the Massarund, what at thirty miles distance appeared to be an immense river descending bodily from the northwestern face of the great precipice of Reraima mountain, "the attic story of the world." This extraordinary cliff is known to be 2,000 feet in hight, and appears inaccessible on all sides yet surveyed. The summit is flat and of great extent. The fall is believed, on Indian authority, to belong to the Caruni river, a tributary of the Orinoco; and will be, therefore, in the territory of Venezuela. After tumbling sheer down that astonishing wall, the water rushes down a glacis of (perhaps) 3,000 feet more, at an angle which cannot be less steep than 45 degrees.

American Girls are certainly more independent than ours are; more accustomed to take care of themselves, think for themselves, decide for themselves; not less really domestic in their hearts, but less tied to their mother's apron-strings; franker in their speech, and more ready to tell you about themselves, their circumstances, their families. There is a kind of French verve and force about them, but there is also a Teutonic truthfulness. Then there is a nimbleness and versatility of mind, as well as a self-possession of manner, which puts a stranger at his ease from the first. Where an English girl throws the weight of the conversation on her partner, an American girl takes it up, draws him out, and perhaps chaffs him in a genial fashion, and expresses her opinion freely on all the topics that turn up.

[*From the San Francisco News Letter of April 12th.*]

THE NEWS LETTER AND THE "BOARD OF REGENTS."

It is Seldom we have to apologize for anything said in the *News Letter* editorially. We are a true, independent journalist, and stick to what we say, right or wrong. But last week's issue brought us trouble from a quarter where we least expected it. We pride ourselves upon being a friend of Education, and especially of "higher education," Greek and Latin, and that sort of thing. The University of California almost owes its existence to the *News Letter*. In our last issue we said Michael Reese was insane because he gave Dr. Lager's books to the University. If we had thought that the statement would damage the cause of education on this coast so much as a hair's weight, nothing could have torn the fact from our lips, though it were a thousand times true. Yet strange as it may seem, such was the result. Within half an hour after the appearance of the paper, Ralston rushed into our sanctum, his eyes almost starting from his head. "Good Heavens," he cried, speaking as usual with the Regents in Greek, "do you wish to destroy education and revive the dark ages?" We swore in Chaldo-Syriac that we didn't. "Then go slow on Michael Reese. How are we to get money out of all of these rich old curmudgeons if you go after them in the *News Letter*?" We were flabbergasted, and protested in all the languages living and dead that we never meant it. "Then swear to do so no more." We swore, and he took us over to Frank's. We took gin and bitters. We next met Felton. "Oh, oh," he began, in the language of Oc, which comes perfectly natural to him, "how could you, and you an educated, a scientific, a literary man? The whole coast must suffer for this. No more benefactions from the wealthy; the University is ruined." We burst into tears, and protested again in the language of ancient Mesopotamia. "Swear," said the stern and unrelenting Felton in Arabic. We swore again, this time in Coptic, and then had more gin. While we were drinking, in came Butterworth and Dwinelle, conversing together in Sanscrit, and reading the unlucky article on the insanity of Michael Reese, and both sobbing as if their hearts would break. They called for spirits before seeing us, but without hesitation we joined them—as we always do when we see a party of friends partaking of refreshments. It is a habit we contracted in early times. They turned their backs to avoid us, but we were resolved not to be avoided. We called for gin in the vernacular, as the bar-keeper was uneducated, and, with an apologetic air, drank the health in Chinook, or higher education, saluting both Regents at the same time, one in Greek and the other in Modoc. Butterworth answered in Hindoo, declaring that he was crushed with the injury that had just been inflicted upon the cause of education. We fell upon our knees, and besought them, in ancient Scandinavian, to slay us at once. This Dwinelle, using the Welsh tongue, declined to do, and Butterworth, being now far gone in a state of melancholy intoxication, was unable. While we remained kneeling and beseeching to be put out of misery, Hammond and Dr. Bowie entered, and addressing the bar-keeper in Irish, called for whisky punches. This was our opportunity. Springing lightly to our feet, we addressed the two in a brilliant quotation from Juvenal, translating it into Pottowottamee as we proceeded. Bowie dearly loves that elegant author, and though angry to desperation, he forgave us at once, and we all drank together. We kept up the festivities till a late hour, and not wishing to disturb our families, all went to the Station House together in the same wheelbarrow, where we found the rest of the Regents spending the night in discussing the cause of higher education, and the probabilities of more benefaction from wealthy capitalists. For our part, all that we have said we retract. Michael Reese is not only sane, but sound in every respect. He is an educationalist and a philanthropist, and the more he gives to the University the more the *News Letter* will praise him. "Good boy, Michael. Do it again."

Canadian Finances.—The public statement of the Canadian national finances for the year 1872 has just been made, showing receipts of $20,714,813 68, and expenditures of $17,589,468 82, showing a surplus of about $3,000,000. The surplus, however, is only apparent, each Minister of Finance making it a point to exhibit a surplus at the end of the fiscal year. Since the confederation the Government has had a surplus every year, the whole amounting to over $9,000,000, all of which has been expended, and over $6,000,000 was added to the national debt. To this debt there is yet to be added the Pacific Railway loan, the canal improvement loans and miscellaneous liabilities of the treasury, which will give Canada a very respectable national debt.

At First Sight one does not award *Smith's Magazine* the attention it deserves. It looks, at a casual glance, like a seedsman's circular, issued by one Smith. But an inspection of its contents affords an extremely agreeable disappointment. It is full of bright articles on every subject that could possibly interest those whose taste has not been vitiated by the rotten rubbish circulated with such shameful freedom among us. Then one comes to the conclusion that the periodical is uncommonly neat from a printer's point of view. The size, too, one allows, is handier than the usual bulkier mags, whilst the price, one dollar a year, is as reasonable as the brochure is worthy of success.

Mr. Arthur Arnold, the editor of the *Echo*, has been invested by the King of Greece with the Golden Cross of the Royal Order of the Savior, as a token of his Majesty's appreciation of Mr. Arnold's book, "From the Levant."

THE BRITISH BUDGET.

That Great Financier, Robert Lowe, has exceeded himself. The financial exhibit of Great Britain for the past year is most flattering and satisfactory. Most flattering to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's able keeping of the public chest and most satisfactory to the people, who, although they have established a prestige for general grumbling, belong to the most uncomplaining nation (in the matter of taxation) on the face of the earth. Occasionally a very heavy straw is kicked at by that patient camel, the English people, but so used are they to taxes on this and taxes on that, that if the "other thing" escapes taxation there is joy in the insular camp. At present both Houses are in high good humor, and the people furnish a jovial reflex, which even the *Alabama* claims or the late rains cannot dim. On Monday, the 7th, the floors of the House of Commons were crammed with members and their friends, while standing room was at a premium in the spectators' gallery. More than a whisper had gone abroad that the budget was tied with rose-colored ribbon, and this, coupled with the knowledge that members were to enjoy the Easter holidays after the reading was over, threw a perceptible air of general good will towards man over the benches, which extended even along those of the Opposition. At last the red and white head of the Chancellor rose above his fellows. A great cheer went through the House, and in a clear, high pitched voice, the reading of the Budget was begun. Of it, these are the principal items: Finances for the year ending March 31, 1873—grants by Parliament, £71,881,000, and expenditures, £70,714,000; estimated revenue, £71,846,000; actual revenue, £76,608,775: present national debt, £785,800,000; reduction of debt during the year, £6,861,000. Estimates for the year ending March 31, 1874—Expenditures, £71,871,000, being a decrease from last year, notwithstanding the enhanced price of coal, £10,000; estimated revenue, £76,617,000. The balance on hand at the end of the year was close upon £12,000,000. So much for actual statements, which, it is needless to say, were received with the loudest acclamations. But Mr. Lowe had kept the good wine until the last. The House was actually taken by storm, and quiet, sleepy old stagers even, tilted their hats back from the bridges of their noses to see what Bobby was after now. This same Bobby coolly informed "honorable members" that the Government was enabled to propose a reduction of 50 per cent. in the duty on sugar, and to take off a penny from the tax on incomes. These proposals, if adopted by Parliament, would change the estimates to the following figures: Revenue, £73,762,000; expenditure, £73,471,000. Thus a heavy payment would be met by a large reduction made in the taxes, and a satisfactory surplus shown. These proposals were punctuated in an arbitrary manner by the frequent bursts of applause which went at it *crescendo*, when he moved, in accordance with the recommendation contained in the Budget, that the income tax be reduced one penny on the pound. Of course there was a ripple and swish of criticism from the discontents, chief among which were the remarks of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who said that the Government held on to the malt and spirit taxes, and it was evident that habitual drunkards were the sheet anchor of the British constitution, while tetchy Mr. Fawcett complained of what he termed the cowardly way of Parliament paying the *Alabama* claims by borrowing from the income tax, and from the sugar and other duties. It is hardly necessary, however, to state that the Budget was approved *pro forma*, and the House individually and collectively crushed its hat over its beaming face, and were home for the holidays, with the happy consciousness that John Bull was not yet bankrupt, gave *the* penny indiscriminately to beggars, and allowed, with a true parliamentary qualification, that worse men than Robert Lowe, Esq., had kept the strings of John Bull's purse.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jack---Our dog, your namesake, was, as you state, given to us by the late Emperor of China, as some slight recognition of our services to the world at large. You are wrong, however, in his pedigree. He was not sired by an elephant out of an aligator, but by a lion out of a dromedary. He is only forty years old.

English Vet.---A first-class man, a regularly educated English Vet, would do well here, but if you are doing well where you are, stay.

Sophy---Of course we have a reporter from Hades, but he doesn't as you suppose, light his cigar with the tip of his tail. He uses pure pump water for that purpose.

Paul Pry---You are wrong. Bishop Kip did not write those clever articles signed "The Parson," that appeared in this paper.

The Journal Officiel announces that a sum of 279,000,000 francs has recently been paid to the German Government by France. Of this amount 129,000,000 francs were for interest from March 1, 1872, to March 1, 1873, and 150,000,000 francs on account of the fourth milliard of the indemnity. The total sum now paid towards the fourth milliard is 500,000,000 francs.

In New York Glass-Lined Iron Pipes are being used to convey water. The friction is lessened, the pipes are always clean, and the water is kept pure. Between the glass and iron is a layer of plaster of Paris, which, being a non-conductor of heat, prevents the water from freezing in the winter.

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

[BY THE LATE DR. MACLEOD.]

Never did a kinder mother
Nurse a child upon her knee:
Yet I knew some how or other
That she always feared for me.

When at school my teacher told her
I was busy as a bee—
Learning more than others older—
She was pleased—yet feared for me.

All the summer woods were ringing
With my shouts of joyous glee,
Through the house she heard me singing,
Yet she always feared for me.

Was she whimsical, or fretted?
That the dear one could not be!
Was I selfish, false, or petted?
That she always feared for me.

Did she think I did not love her,
Nor at heart with her agree?
Vain such question to discover
Why she always feared for me!

But one morn in anguish waking
With a dreadful agony,
She said, in hers my small hand taking,
"He was drowned this day at sea."

And she told how but one other
Branch grew from her household tree,
And lest I, the best, should wither,
That was why she feared for me!

Then convulsively she snatched me,
Setting me upon her knee—
To her beating heart she clasped me,
While I sobbed, "Why fear for me!

For you told me I must walk, too,
In the path my father trod,
And that he, with none to,
On the ocean walked with God.

Often did you tell me, mother,
That our Father's God was near—
That his Saviour was my brother—
Therefore I should never fear."

LETTER FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

London, March 30th.—You will doubtless be aware, long before you receive this, that we are just now in the throes of what is known as a political crisis; but telegraphic communication will hardly give you an idea of how we actually feel in the matter. It would be strange, indeed, if it did, considering that no one on the spot seems to know what to make of the situation, or to realize anything like definite opinions on the subject. Those Liberals, who were loudest in their scorn and contempt for Mr. Gladstone, and who, in the interests of liberalism, cried aloud for his removal from office, now regret their precipitancy; and those Conservatives who have for long been howling the howl of conservative reaction, find that this same reaction is but another name for Liberal inertness, and that the pæans which were to have celebrated Disraeli's triumph will not be required. Mr. Gladstone has, to use his own expression, "reconsidered his vocabulary," and, according to the official announcement made by him on Tuesday night, will, if his Cabinet can be reformed, resume office this (Thursday) night. It may seem strange, but is true, that the folk who are most satisfied with this arrangement are those who have been declaiming most against the premier lately. Mr. Gladstone's failure resulted from the old cause, trying to please too many people. Had he but framed the Irish Education Bill with a view to pleasing any one moderately powerful section of the community, he would doubtless have succeeded. Instead of which he followed the example of that other old man with the ass, and, like him, came a "cropper." The failure of the Conservatives is mainly owing to the fear that is felt by them, that should Lord Derby be made Prime Minister, the stories of his youthful indiscretions and kleptomaniac vagaries, which are now allowed to rest in peace, would be exhumed in the interests of political capital. Altogether, I'm very glad I'm not a great man.

From Irish education to the want of it is but a step, and that step brings me to the great Hibernian procession which paraded London last Sunday in honor of St. Patrick. In a manner worthy the occasion, Sunday was chosen for the St. Patrick march and Fenian demonstration, because it was *not* St. Patrick's day. The processionists were not a cheerful lot. They were rather dump, more than rather dirty, and altogether were very suggestive of cold gin and shag tobacco. This was nothing of a procession compared with one I saw in Dublin about about eighteen months ago. There the trades walked in detachments, each with its separate banner. I was very much struck with that of the Grocers' Assistants. It had a large figure of the Virgin Mary, and the motto informed the world at large that the grocers' assistants, i. e., dispensers of whisky, were "gentle when stroked, fierce when provoked." Fancy stroking a grocer's assistant the wrong way! Black tom-cat concentrated essence would be nothing to it.

I am not at all sure which attracts the most attention just now, the political crisis or the eight-oared race between Oxford and Cambridge. I think I might safely name the latter, as its devotees number most of the people who are interested in politics, as well as most of those who are not. In fact, just now is the one time per annum when London allows itself to run mad without exactly knowing why. March hares are as nothing compared with March Londoners in the matter of madness. The crews of both Universities have arrived at Putney, and though the weather is awfully backward, thousands attend daily on the towpath to witness the rivals' practice. Now, as ninety-nine per cent. of the spectators know nothing whatever about rowing, as they can't tell the Oxford from the Cambridge, or either from a scratch crew of a fourth-rate club, it is rather remarkable that they should subject themselves to all manner of annoyances without the remotest prospect of an adequate return. I saw an elderly and short-sighted gentleman, the other

day, piloting his wife and three daughters along the path, every one of them ready to faint with delight whenever a streak of blue, light or dark was seen, and ready to believe that anything, from a coal-barge to a wherry, was the Oxford or Cambridge boat. Blue was certainly the prevailing color the day I was at Putney, a stiff nor-easter tinting the noses of all present fashionably and impartially. I wonder why people will go, and stand about a cold river bank for hours, in hopes of seeing something or other, they don't exactly know what. For the matter of that, though, I wonder why I went myself, and as I must plead guilty of being as big a fool as any one else there, I'd better get on to another subject.

You have of course all heard how Mr. Plimsoll, M. P., has exploded the rotten-ship dodge, and how Parliamentary committees are some day going to prevent our sailors from being insured for the express purpose of drowning. There can be no doubt that many ship-owners in Liverpool are bitterly disappointed when their ships weather the gale; and what to them are the lives of a few miserable, common sailors? But the most remarkable part of the arrangement is that the underwriters, who are, next to the sailors, the greatest ostensible victims, are most annoyed at Mr. Plimsoll's interference. One of them said to me the other day, "We're perfectly aware of all this, and we speculate accordingly. You don't suppose, do you, that there would be a quarter the present underwriting if none but sound ships were allowed to go to sea. The present system pays us both." And I suppose we must all live—all but the sailors. I mean.

City circles have been rather lively lately, Messrs. Lizardi, Warren & Co. having in their several ways done much to promote interesting conversation. It must not be told in Gath—which for the nonce will represent Threadneedle street—but there can be little doubt that the £12,000 sterling bail of Lizardi was arranged to the satisfaction of the bailees. Lizardi is said to be a nephew of the widow of Marshal Prim, and it is also said that this lady will square all defalcations. I might with some little persuasion and a pinch or two of salt be brought to believe the first part of the rumor, but when it comes to the second, I must say, with Mr. Samuel Weller, "Valker!" The Warren forgeries are marvelous specimens of imitative caligraphy. Regarding the escape of the forgers from the police, I need say nothing, no ability being necessary to put our officers off the scent, unless, indeed, they are on that of the wrong man.

Talking of American smartness reminds me that we have here a rumor of a novelty that could only have its origin over your side. That is, if it is true. I allude to the Placard Exchange, where everybody is to find, or find the way to, everything he or she may want; where customers will find advertisements, and advertisers customers; where every one will meet every one else, and talk about everything; where all the news of the world will be summarized, to the delight of the lazy, the rapture of the busy, and the stimulus of the industrious reader; where any one requiring information of any kind will be sure to get it; and where, in short, all people going into the town of San Francisco will find whatever they will want while there, and all people leaving the same town will find whatever they may be likely to want while away. All this seems so possible and so easy to do with good management, and it also offers such great advantages to the public within its reach, that I'm bound to believe it's a delusion. For here, the mere fact of anything being at once necessary, good and easy of accomplishment, is sufficient to stop it at once.

All who read anything about England are possibly aware that Herbert Crellin, a well-known London actor, is awaiting his trial on a charge of stealing jewelry, though nothing appears in the indictment about his also stealing Mrs. Brown, who wore the jewelry. The law under which this amorous youth will be tried seems expressly framed in the interests of husbands. It would hardly be possible to elope with a lady in the costume which the law allows her in her own right, and to take her otherwise involves prosecution. This may be very virtuous, but it seems rather mean. Mrs. Brown was possibly, owing to the plethora of Browns, also a Miss Brown, and her father is the Brown who is the proprietor of a large silk and linen drapery establishment—perhaps the largest in London—known as Shoolbred's. She is young and pretty, and, what is more, has £4,000 in her own right, with expectations. Some years ago she had, when quite a child, an adventure with that brilliant and original humorist, Mr. Howard Paul, who, however, wriggled out of the mess with characteristic alertness. Crellin is one of three brothers, two of whom are singers, and all three were known in "the profession" as the lady-killers. They were, I believe, warranted to ensnare at dress-circle distance. Their family name is Stanley, but Herbert became Crellin; Frank adopted the Italian patronymic of Celli, under which he now warbles at the Alhambra, and the other flourishes aristocratically as Carlton. Should Crellin be found guilty, it will be hot for him, as it is rumored that old Bodkin will sit on purpose to make a fearful example, as the teetotalers say. And while Crellin is picking oakum, the poor lady will be making love to some more fortunate actor.

The advent of Mark Twain and Bret Harte is anxiously anticipated here, and in Liverpool publishers' touts and lecture-hall messengers are lying actively in wait—if the contradictory term is admissable—for the great San Franciscan. I believe they board every incoming ship like pirates, each armed with a portrait of Bret Harte and an unsigned agreement. Twain is not in such great demand, many people here being under the impression, since Mr. Howard Paul published "The Jumping Frog" as his own, that Samuel Clemens is a delusion and a sham. I think so, too, for though I met Twain several times when he was here last year, and talked much to him, I never heard him say anything I couldn't have said myself, if I had only happened to think of it.

SINGULAR BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

The Most Curious Love Letter Ever Penned.—At the Manchester (Eng.) Assizes, recently, Miss Elizabeth Roocroft, sought to recover from a Mr. Charles Wood damages for breach of promise of marriage. Mr. Addison appeared for plaintiff; defendant was not present either in person or by counsel. Plaintiff, who is thirty-one years of age, was forewoman to Mr. Abraham Marshall, pickle manufacturer, Hulme, and was introduced to defendant, who is manager of the Bury Brewery Company, in July. Defendant is forty-one years of age, and in August he proposed marriage to plaintiff. He was accepted, and the wedding day was fixed for October 22d. The ring was bought and the banns put up, and a day was appointed when plaintiff and defendant should go together to buy the wedding dress. Defendant, however, did not appear on the day named, and plaintiff subsequently went to see him, when he showed her a letter which he said was from a lady who had been proposed to him as his wife by the friends of his late wife, he being a widower. He added that he did not care for this lady, and wanted nobody but plaintiff. The letter was as follows:

MANCHESTER. *My Dear Charles:* At last, after considering the matter over, and gathering the fragments of my heart together, I once more sit down to write to you. I said I should see you this week, but I know full well you do not care whether you see me or not. Alas, for man's love, how soon it can change! What a few short weeks can bring forth! Do you think for a moment that I shall shrink from you? No; I shall stand true to the last. I have too much womanly pride in me for that; and see you again I will if it costs me my life, for what is life when hopes are blighted! I can very well repeat the words of the old play where it says—

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

You men say more, swear more, prove much in your words, but very, very little in your love. I fancy to myself when you get this note you will wish the devil had me; but, on the other hand, it is not so with me. I am longing to see you, to hear of your welfare, and proud I shall be to hear of one whom I hope and pray may study your happiness in all things; but, my dear fellow, don't be in too big a hurry. Remember the old saying, that nothing ought to be done in a hurry, only catching fleas. Take care, you are on the top of the mountain now, and your foot might slip, and you might come down with a tremendous crash. There are cleverer men than you are have done so, and repented a lifetime, all through the heat of a moment. Beware, beware. But, good heavens! what am I talking about? You may at this present time be married. I have no doubt you think me mad, but if so I hope I shall have sense enough left at least to guide me to Bury on Sunday, as I think it will be the best day. If you have another engagement, put it off; you can surely disappoint your lady-love for once. What better is she than me to bear a disappointment? Am I something beneath her, the woman whom you have known for so many years and profess to respect and love, and can't make it convenient to see her for fear of offending the new one? But, good God, what have I brought myself to, to bend as I am doing! But I suppose it is my fate, and I must submit. All things worketh together for our own good to them that believe, if so, it is heaven's dispensation, and I must submit. I shall come by bus that leaves here at 11. If this does not meet your approbation, your son can drop me a line. You once told me he wrote all your business letters; if so, regard this as such. But I shall take it for granted if you keep silent; but use your pleasure; if your love will not let you come, let not my letter. Bury will be there, so will Whyndham-street; but your presence is all I require. My best love for your health and happiness is the wish of your discarded lady-love,

POLLY.

Can I forget the hours of bliss
That I have spent with thee?
Can I forget the parting kiss
That sealed my faith to thee?

Can I forget that fond, fond sigh,
That breathed my last adieu?
My hand, my heart was all alone
But for the thought of you.

The next that plaintiff heard of defendant was that he had furnished a house and married the writer of this letter. Plaintiff was called, and stated that defendant had told her his salary was £2 per week. It was well known amongst the workpeople at the place where she was employed that she was engaged to defendant, and she had suffered much in body and mind from the comments which had been made on the breaking off of the marriage.

Mr. Addison contended that the promise and the breach of it had been clearly proved, and that defendant had treated plaintiff with heartless cruelty. The judge, in summing up, said the only question for the jury was the amount of damages. The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff—damages £80.

The Wine Trade Review says that the number of houses and drinking booths for the sale of spirituous liquors having of late years increased in a most alarming degree at St. Petersburg—from 800 in 1862 to more than 5,000 in 1872—the Russian Government are now considering the best means of preventing the further spreading of this social evil; and it is proposed to place the public-houses under control of the police, and sensibly diminish their number.

Court Chat.

The Duke of Hamilton's Birthday.---The twenty-eighth anniversary of the birthday of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton was, as usual, celebrated at Chatelherhault recently with much *éclat*. The weather was of the most auspicious nature, and tended greatly to the success of the day's proceedings. There was a very large assemblage of the keepers and other persons employed on the estate, along with their friends. Shortly before mid-day, Stewart S. Robertson, Esq., junior, of Lawhead, chamberlain to his grace, appeared on the ground, and in a few appropriate remarks proposed the health of the Duke. A salute of twenty-eight guns was fired from the hights above Chatelherhault, and then, after a short interval, another gun as a welcome-in to his grace's twenty-ninth year. Field and national sports were then gone into and kept up during the afternoon with great spirit. Dancing to the strains of the pipes was kept up till evening, when the sports were also ended. Altogether, the day's enjoyments were of a high order, and will long be remembered.

The Lords Commissioners of the Admirality have given notice to such Lieutenants in Her Majesty's Navy, and to such Lieutenants of the Royal Navy, retired with the rank of Commander, as are desirous of being recommended for the appointment of Naval Knights of Windsor, under the will of the late Samuel Travers, Esq., that they must apply at the office, either personally or by letter, on or before the 30th day of April, when they will be informed of the nature of the certificates and testimonials which are required to show that they come within the meaning of the will, an extract from which is herewith appended: "These gentlemen are to be superannuated or disabled Lieutenants of English men-of-war, single men, without children, inclined to lead a virtuous, studious and devout life. To be removed if they give occasion of scandal. By the Act 30 and 31 Vic., cap. 100, widowers are deemed single men within the meaning of the will in question."

Lord Yarmouth has definitely yielded to the general request that he would become one of the Conservative candidates for the Southern Division of Warwick. It will be remembered that at the Stratford banquet his lordship expressed his willingness to contest the seat if an available candidate was forthcoming for the county of Antrim, which he has now the honor of representing. All obstacles to his lordship's candidature are now removed, and Lord Yarmouth and Sir J. E. Eardley Wilmot, Bart., will be the Conservative candidates for South Warwickshire, and from the strength of the party there is the best reason for believing that they will be returned by a decisive majority.

The Cabinet of the new King of the Sandwich Islands consists of four gentlemen. Mr. Bishop, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, head of a banking house, was born in the State of New York, but has been twenty-five years in the islands. Mr. Hall, the Minister of the Interior, is also a New Yorker, but has been in the island thirty-seven years. Mr. Sterling, the Minister of Finance, is a native of Scotland; he came from Vancouver Island to Honolulu in 1862, and is the only member of the late King's Cabinet continued in office. Mr. Judd, the Attorney-General, the only "native" in the Cabinet, is of American parentage, and went to Yale College and Cambridge Law School, returning to Honolulu in 1863.

Cardinal Mazarin was dictating one day a letter to his Secretary. The latter, overcome with incessant work, fell asleep, and the Cardinal continued dictating while pacing up and down his study. When he had come to the conclusion, he turned toward his Secretary saying, "End as usual." He then perceived that the first lines of the letter only were written. The Cardinal was very partial to that Secretary, and treated him as a father. To wake him he gave him a box on the ear. The Secretary, in a fury, returned the blow. The Cardinal, without showing the least emotion, said coolly, "Now, sir, as we are both wide awake, let us proceed with the letter."

The Following Witty Bit has been revived and placed to the credit of the Marquis of Hartington, while discussing his political claims, *apropos* of the late embroglio. At the banquet celebrating the laying of the foundation stone of the new Northern Counties Asylum, at Lancaster, Lord de Tabley and a host of people were present. The Marquis of Hartington replied to the toast of the House of Commons, and said: "I have heard the House of Commons associated with many singular institutions in this country, but the present is the first occasion on which I have heard of its being connected with an asylum for the protection of imbeciles and idiots."

A Worthy English Baronet was lately returning home in the evening from a visit, and found his seat in the dog-cart rather colder than he expected. His coachman, being attired in his livery greatcoat, was desired by his master to let him put it on and to take his lighter one, as he would not feel the cold so much. On the baronet's arrival at home and ringing the bell, the footman on opening the door, and without looking to see who was in the greatcoat, says: "So you have left the old Devil behind?" "No," exclaims the baronet; "the old Devil is here, and he gives you a month's warning!"

A Novel, by the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, entitled La Dame a la Rubine," will shortly be published. This novel, it is said, was laid before M. Prosper Merimée some time before his decease.

March 22d being the anniversary of the birthday of her Royal Highness Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the band of the Royal Horse Guards, under the direction of Mr. Charles Godfrey, serenaded under the windows of her Royal Highness in the morning, and performed the following selection of music: "The Crown Diamonds," Auber; Waltzer, "Morning Leaves," Strauss; Selection, "Don Pasquale," Donizetti; Waltz, "Princess Louise," C. Godfrey (dedicated by special permission to her Royal Highness); "God Save the Queen."

Cabinet Government in Persia! Such is the burden of a firman published in the *Official Teheran Gazette* and telegraphed from Constantinople. The Shah orders his Grand Vizier, who is henceforth to be the Prime Minister of Persia, to commence without delay the formation of a responsible Ministry, who, in the absence as yet of a Parliament, are to meet twice a week in Cabinet Council and to discuss regularly-drawn-up orders of the day. The Ministry is to consist of nine members, the head of departments being responsible to the Grand Vizier, and he to the Shah.

Senor Castelar has published a decree abolishing the Order *Hijos-dalgo* of the nobility of Madrid. To-day, he says, there are no distinctions of families or castes. All men are born in the plenitude of their rights, and enter at their birth a society which recognizes these rights, and a State which assures them with all its authority and strength. Consequently, all institutions which do not faithfully represent the democratic spirit of the times fall of themselves.

The Journal des Debats recently contained an article from the pen of M. John Lemoinne on the ministerial crisis in England, in which the writer states that the defeat of Mr. Gladstone is due principally to the influence of the Pope. "From the palace," says M. Lemoinne, "which he calls a prison, the Pope has just shaken the most solid Government in Europe and overthrown the greatest Minister England ever had."

We Understand that the Committee of the Reform Club, acting under the rule which empowers them to elect annually two distinguished members of the Liberal party as honorary members, have this year unanimously elected as one of these members Lord Odo Russell, Her Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin.

A Daring Lady Traveler.—Intelligence has reached Gibraltar from Malaga, that Lord and Lady Frances Conyngham, traveling overland from Mogador to Tangier, arrived safely at Azimr on the 24th March. Lady Francis is said to be the first lady who has undertaken such a journey in Morocco.

The Death is announced of Albert, Count of Bernstorff, German Ambassador to the Court of Great Britain. The Count was born March 22d, 1809, and after studying at the celebrated universities of Gottingen and Berlin, adopted the diplomatic profession, and represented Prussia at all the Courts of Europe successively.

The Withdrawal of "the three right honorables" from the fairy scene at the Court Theater, at the instigation of the Lord Chamberlain, was rather ominous. It has very prettily preceded, by a few hours, the withdrawal of the same gentlemen from the theater of the House of Commons. Whatever attractions there were in Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe and Mr. Ayrton at the Court Theater, it does not appear from the crowded State of the theater that their appearance with appropriate "get up" is very much missed. How will it be at the other place? Will any one weep for the return of the First Commissioner of Works or the Chancellor of the Exchequer? For them, at least, it must be unfortunate, for they can hardly expect to play the same parts again. Mr. Gladstone is, perhaps, not likely to be discarded as leader until he withdraws himself. We may be sure, however, that all three will appear in new "make-up" to the left instead of the right of the Speaker. This might suggest a change at the Court Theater that would not be offensive to the Lord Chamberlain.

A Landlord's Ten Commandments.—The proprietor of a hotel at Dennison, a town at the southern terminus of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, thus makes a new and irreverent edition of the Ten Commandments:

1. Thou shalt drink and eat at no house but mine, lest thou be called a barbarian.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thyself any bitters, or any likeness to anything that is spiritual, for I am a jealous man, visiting all sorts of iniquity upon those who never visit me, but treating kindly those that love me and keep my commandments.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of my house in vain.
4. Six times a day shalt thou drink. 5. Three times a day shalt thou eat.
6. Thou shalt use no profane language in my house.
7. Thou shalt not steal off and eat or drink in any house but mine.
8. Honor the best hotel in the city, that thy days may be long in this land.
9. I will not credit. 10. Thou shalt not bear false witness against the proprietor, but "smile" with him and pay for all you get.

A State of Happiness—before marriage. A state of misery—after marriage.

ARISE!

Arise, dear maid, the sun has flushed
The east with rosy light;
The birds are now no longer hushed,
As in the starry night.
Thou mayst be dreaming of the past,
Or joys long dead and gone;
Too rare and beautiful to last,
My own, my lovely one!
But sleep no more this morn,
Unclose thine eyes;
And leave me not forlorn,
Arise! arise!

Now thro' thy chamber window wades
The sunlight to thy face,
Because it could not, queen of maids!
Be in a sweeter place!
Ah! through thy glossy curls it goes,
And o'er thy bosom slips,
But first it fell as on a rose,
Thy red and dainty lips.
Then sleep no more this morn,
Unclose thine eyes;
And leave me not forlorn,
Arise! arise!

PERSECUTED PILGRIMS.

There is a Certain Class of Society but little known out of its own ranks, or beyond the narrow circle of its usefulness. This is the lower class of poets, painters and comedians, all gifted, to a different degree, with talents of mind and physique, but yet deficient in some quality or means by which they can rise to the upper and more independent circle, so much despised and yet so much envied by them. Whence, then, this deficiency? We will first listen to their version of the matter, and then weigh the causes of their non-success.

A. B. began life in a very humble position, working at small jobs until old enough to venture out into the world, and receiving, as he himself says, "just a bit of education," for though a thoroughly sincere man, we believe that "Alma Mater" and he are quite unknown to each other. Yet, strange to say, A. B. has devoted his late years to poetry, and tells us that if poets were patronized as they should be, he would be making a fortune, but publishers and the public are an ignorant, despotic set, and destroy talented people, etc. Poor moth, think we, in return for this hard statement, why hast thou taken this "penchant" for the blaze of light, which has done nothing to thee but singe thy wings, and we inwardly wish that A. B. had stuck to his "last" instead of trying to get into the good graces of the public, which we despair of his ever attaining.

C. D. was brought up by rich parents, nursed in the lap of luxury and taught to believe himself a "genius." His father's death, followed by ruin and its attendant evils, forced him to take up a profession, and as his fate would unfortunately direct him, he became a painter. Years and months has he struggled, so he tells us, to obtain that distinction which his talents deserve, but alas! there has been a "dead" opposition on the part of the public to his style, and though they cannot avoid expressing their admiration for his pictures, yet the prices offered are so low that he prefers to let them remain in his "studio" for the "coming day of the future," and whilst we sincerely sympathize with him, we express the hope that his harvest may be soon at hand, though we leave him with heavy doubts in our minds on the subject.

E. F. is a man of a different type from our former acquaintances. His life has been ever on the change—mountebank, conjuror, acrobat, and now theatrical artist. Who can tell of the crimes committed (on the stage, of course) by this weird spirit, yet his jolly, rubicund face looks in day time anything but an assassin's. We inwardly say, this friend surely has none of this world's troubles to tell us. Alas! his story is even worse than the others! He tells us tales which "harrow up the soul," shows us what a poor, evanescent thing popularity has become, and that real talent is now unknown on the stage; managers, actors and public making the theater a fine business—all piece work, badly executed and worse paid for. We leave him, exclaiming in "Hamlet's" words—

> "The times are out of joint. Oh cursed spite,
> That we should ever live to see them right."

Thus, then, we have before us examples of three pilgrims on the road of life wearily treading their way, and we can only ask, "Are these men fully adapted for the professions they have chosen? If A. B. had changed places with E. F., and E. F. with C. D., would the world have benefited? We fear not, for in each case the deficiency lies in the want of education as well as native adaptability. That "Poeta nascitur non fit" is an accepted axiom in present days, will prove the fault of their having chosen professions wholly unsuitable to their capabilities; hence the cold reception given them by the public, whose motto, "success is merit," awaits only those who are clever and able enough to insure it, and we conclude in the well-known words—

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But we'll do more, deserve it."

Legend Regarding Shetland Wool.—A curious historical legend is connected with the Shetland wool. Three hundred years ago a man-of-war belonging to the Spanish Armada was wrecked on one of the islands. The sailors who escaped taught the natives to make brilliant dyes from roots which they found, resembling those used for like purposes in Spain. Those persons who now wear bright Shetland knit "comforters" are unconsciously wearing mementoes of the failure of the Invincible fleet, which sailed forth to awe if not conquer Queen Bess, but met with a disastrous defeat from the elements.

American Emigration Agents always represent Canada as a cold, barren, and unproductive wilderness, yet it is a well established fact that wheat, barley, peas and root crops are produced in Canada superior to the same kind of crops raised in any part of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. Canada also excels in dairy products, cattle and sheep, and in raising some kinds of fruits, such as apples and plums, which are far better than those raised in any part of the neighboring Republic. The cold along the southern range of settlement in Western Canada—we suppose we ought to call it Central Canada now—is less severe than in Northern New York, the northern portion of the frontier States of New England, and the northwestern portion of the United States; and, in addition, the climate is much more salubrious and bracing than in any part of the United States. These facts should be fully represented by our emigrant agents in Europe.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

A Description of the New Armor Ship just completed for the French Government at Lorient gives the idea that this is an extremely formidable vessel. It is called L'Espadon (the Sword Fish); it has two powerful engines which give it a great speed; it steers so well that it turns within the distance of its own length; it has a spherical deck scarcely above water, and armed with numerous tubes by which the deck can be swept from stem to stern with scalding steam; it has a ram of steel 7½ feet long and 12 inches thick; and it has one gun with a range of 8,000 yards, mounted on a low tower in the center of the ship. The French say that with this ship they can sink anything now afloat—but that assertion remains to be proved. And if they prove it, it will only show that they are greater than supposed in the art of sinking.

Patriotic Germans pass their lives in a morbid dread of foreign innovations. The warfare against the use of French is as bitter, if not as active, as in the days of Lessing and Goethe. There is something pitiful about this incessant and ostentatious defiance of home products, but the most amusing fact is that in respect to all those matters which custom and not law regulates it is utterly futile. Playbills, restaurant cards, *menus* of private dinners, are often half, and in the case of the last-named all, French—not such French, perhaps, as a Parisian would recognize, but good enough to establish the rule. At regular intervals the journals open a campaign against the admixture of French on the programmes, but without much success. For a long time no ballet even at the Royal Opera will be complete without *pas de cinq* on the bill.

It is Estimated by M. H. Busson that there are nearly 18,100 miles (English) of railways in Europe, which have cost a gross total of 424 millions sterling, apportioned as follows: The United Kingdom, 7,670 miles, costing about 264½ millions; France, 2,519 millions, 64 millions; Prussia, 2,370 miles, 26½ millions; Germany (various States), 2,175 miles, 21 millions; Austria, 1,490 miles, 15 millions; Russia, 712 miles, 11½ millions; Belgium, 560 miles, 10 millions; Italy, Sardinia, and other States, 610 miles, 11½ millions.

Mr. Morley, M.P., recently presided at a breakfast at the Cannon-street Hotel, at which a testimonial, amounting to more than £5,800, was presented to the Rev. Dr. Moffat, who, for over half a century, had represented the London Missionary Society in the interior of Africa. An address to the Rev. gentleman was read by the Rev. Dr. Binney, in which a hope was expressed that the guest of the day might be permitted to see, and welcome to his native country, his distinguished son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone.

An Engraving is being executed from a work by a young American artist of the two principal characters at the Charing Cross Theater—Mr. J. S. Clarke as "Bob Acres," and Mrs. Stirling as "Mrs. Malaprop." Another picture of less pretensions has just been brought out in lithography, representing the famous but now suppressed "can-can" at the Court Theater, with portraits of the three Cabinet Ministers who were personated therein.

"The China Directory for 1873," published at the *China Mail* Office, Hongkong, has reached us through Mr. Street, of Cornhill, London. In addition to a complete Directory for China and Japan, this publication contains Directories for the Philippine Islands, Saigon, Bangkok, Borneo, and Labuan, together with an Appendix, in which may be found information of much value to those interested in the Far East.

Upwards of a Year Ago, forty-five members of the Edinburgh and Leith constabulary left for Hongkong. A letter has recently been received from one of the men, in which it is stated that all the forty-five are getting along tolerably well, enjoying good health, and with fair prospects before them. The writer adds, "Another new draft of men coming from Scotland to Hongkong can rely upon getting a hearty welcome from us."

A Correspondent of the Manchester Examiner says the Earl of Dudley has forty pits, each yielding 400 tons of coals daily, thus showing a day's output to be 16,000 tons, which at the lowest price, 8s., shows a daily profit of £3,200, a week's £19,200, or a yearly sum of £991,400. But the pit price for engine coal only has been 29s. per ton, and all is not engine coal, so he shows a grand total profit of £4,992,000 per annum, and a margin left for what is called burgey and slack.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

MISS COLLINS' MIRACULOUS CRUCIFIXION.

Dear News Letter: It is with extreme reluctance that I again emerge from my sacred retirement at the little chapel at The Oaks, and present myself once more before the public through the columns of your truly religious journal. I am only induced to do so to prevent the perpetration of a great fraud upon some of our most worthy fellow-citizens. The event to which I refer, is the cropping out in the Catholic Church of the phenomenon known as Modern Spiritualism, through one Miss Collins as a media. That the phenomenon occurred nearly as represented I can fully understand and readily believe, as I have witnessed hundreds of instances where the manifestations were much more startling than those witnessed in the case of Miss Collins, produced by perfectly natural causes, too. What I, as a progressive clergyman, object to, is that the Catholic Church should steal the stock in trade of the Spiritualists, and dress it up in the old, wornout, threadbare garments of superstition, and present it to the world as a miraculous manifestation from a divine source, simply because the phenomenon occurred in the upper circle of a narrow and bigoted religion. The world has arrrived at that stage of progression when the people demand to be told the truth; and priests and laymen who seek to be teachers and leaders of the masses, must be prepared to back up their assertions by positive evidence that will reach the understanding of mankind, or their statements will not be believed. The average mind to-day is educated above a belief in the truth of such miraculous tales as Jack the Giant Killer, Gulliver's Travels, the Seven League Boots, Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp, the Immaculate Conception, the making a world from nothing, Elijah ascending to heaven without dying, Christ rising after being dead three days, Æsop's Fables, Baron Munchausen, or any other old sailor yarn spun out in a dog-watch.

The fact of Miss Collins being in a trance or comatose state, is not strange or uncommon in itself, and is only made remarkable by being clothed by a Catholic priest in a supernatural night-gown and presented to the world by the daily papers in large type. The case of Miss Collins is only one of hundreds which I have witnessed in the bosom of the Church when I was Father Confessor in a Convent on the banks of the Mississippi. Any occurrence that helped to prop up the moldering walls of our Church, we taught the nuns to believe was a miracle, wrought by the Virgin Mary or some pet Saint. Any manifestation that militated against our desires, we called the working of the devil, and they swallowed it all as gospel. When I threw off the cloak of Catholicism and walked into the great world, I met the same old superstition in a new dress and a different name. It was called Spiritualism, yet through the cheap disguise I easily recognized my old acquaintance. Since then I have seen many of these miraculous spiritual phenomena. They are as old as the human race and no more mysterious than the origin of man, and he who accounts for either may successfully keep a hotel or run a daily paper. The representation of the Crucifixion through Miss Collins is no more wonderful than what occurs at the Little Chapel every day, and little or no note taken of it. For instance, during Lent, as the readers of the *News Letter* will remember, I lost two very dear friends, the Judge and Azure-Eyed Girl. Three days after death they both appeared at The Oaks. The Azure-Eyed Girl walked into my bed-room, arrayed in a beautiful crown of pale silver stars encircling her ethereal brow. Do you think I believed she was dead? Not a bit of it. She was playing the old thing on me.

The ghost of the Judge rather staggered me. He sailed in, looking as serene as a bivalve on a spring-tide, and went straight for the side-board and took a drink, but when I saw Cutter's best remained untouched, I knew it was a lie, for my legal friend would never have passed that bottle of whisky, dead or alive, or left a drop behind him. Still the occurrence was witnessed by myself and three thousand others, who are ready to make affidavits to the facts. Another case: a man by the name of Haynes called at The Oaks and went into a trance or comatose state, and said he was Tom Hyer. He let fly his left, planted a stunner on the bridge of my nose, and straightened me out in a jiffy. The only miracle I saw was that I was not robbed before he came out of the trance. Another case: a young girl by the name of Spunk collapsed at our class meeting and said she was Dr. Kane, from the polar regions; his influence froze her as stiff as an iceberg in four minutes. It took me an hour to thaw her out with hot punch, when I discovered the cheat. My dear *News Letter*, the whole thing is just this: When a fellow dies he loses his *own* carcass, and when he comes back, and wishes to say or do anything, not having a corporal shell of his own, he is obliged to snatch up any sensitive organization that he finds lying around loose, lay their mind at rest, then bringing his will power to bear on the delicate network of their passive brain, he is enabled to present any appearance or express any idea he may desire. The same thing is done every day by many persons before either has "shuffled off this mortal coil," and while in perfect health, but it is no miracle, and is not considered very remarkable. Your humble servant, the Parson, has put many persons in the peculiar state referred to, and they have said and done things much more startling than those performed by Miss Collins, and if any of the religious lights of the day will call at The Oaks, the Parson will show them how it is done, and not charge them a cent.

Yours, in terror, THE PARSON.

The Oaks, April, 1873.

The Daughter of the Late Sir Henry Bishop, lately applied to Sir R. Carden for assistance to join her son in San Francisco, she being in reduced circumstances. Sir Robert opened a subscription for the purpose.

GUENDOLEN.

She is so fair, I thought, so dear and fair!
  Maidenly beautiful from head to feet,
  With pensive profile delicate and sweet,
And Titian's color in her sunny hair.

So fair, I thought, rejoicing even to note
  The little flexible, transparent wrist,
  The purple of the gold clasped amethyst
That glittered at her white and slender throat:

The tiny ear, curled like a rosy shell:
  The gentle splendor of the wide brown eyes,
  Deep, lustrous, tender, clear as morning skies:
The full, sad lips—the voice that like a bell

Rang thrilling with a music sweet and wild,
  High, airy-pure as fluting of the fays,
  Or bird-notes in the early summer days,
And joyous as the laughter of a child.

Dearest, has heaven aught to give thee more?
  I thought the while I watched her changing face,
  Heard her fine tones and marked her gesture's grace,—
Yea, one more gift is left, all gifts before.

We go our separate ways on earth, and pain,
  God's shaping chisel, waits us as the rest,
  With nobler charm thy beauty to invest,
And make thee lovelier ere we meet again.

THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON III.

Prince Louis Napoleon went to Oxford on March 17, on a visit to Prince Leopold at Wykeham House. His Imperial Highness, according to the French law, attained his majority on Sunday, being then seventeen years of age. There were no rejoicings at Chiselhurst, and the Prince has returned to his studies at Woolwich. Some particulars are sent to the papers by a correspondent at Chiselhurst: "Visitors to the little chapel across the common, we are told, are generally surprised to find that the modest tomb of the once powerful Emperor remains, except for the fresh garlands which living hands have deposited at its shrine, precisely as it was left by the band of mourners on January 15. The coffin, covered with its costly and magnificently embroidered pall, still rests in full view of the congregation within its arched and barred recess, a part of the sacristy, which, taken as it were into the interior of the chapel, constitutes the whole structure of the Emperor's mausoleum. The heap of wreaths and immortelles laid upon and around the coffin at the funeral remain as they were placed, and look almost as fresh as ever; but many others have since been added, and almost daily new garlands and bouquets arrive from all directions, and are either hung upon the already heavily laden railings, or are laid upon the pavement at the entrance to the tomb. The black velvet banner of the Paris *ouvriers* stands on one side, amid a pile of flowers, surmounted by the Imperial eagle covered with crape; and amongst the most recent offerings is a large and elaborately worked garland of colored beads—a work of art presented by the workpeople of Paris. The chapel itself has been entirely denuded of the mourning habiliments, and the congregation see the place as it was before the Emperor's death, with one exception—the three chairs for the Imperial Family are on the altar dias: the Empress sits on the left, the Prince on the right, and the chair of the Emperor is between them, empty. How long the tomb will remain in its present state is uncertain; but it is probable that no change will be made until the arrival of the granite column, which Her Majesty the Queen has undertaken to supply from Scotland, when considerable alterations are contemplated. The widowed Empress pays frequent visits to her husband's tomb, and is regular in her attendances at the services of the church; but, with these exceptions, seldom goes out of doors. There were not many strangers in the chapel, the 'prohibitory' fee of half-a-crown charged on Sundays and other days when there is service keeping the little building from being crowded and its own congregation put out of the way. Tuesdays only are set apart for visitors. The Prince Imperial's *fête* day will be that of his father, August 15th, the feast of St. Napoleon."

The Shares of the Suez Canal Company have considerably advanced in value, consequent upon the decision in the action brought against the company by the Messageries Maritimes with reference to tonnage dues. The shares of the Comptoir d'Escompte sustained an important decline last week, viz., from 595 francs to 565 francs, owing to the discovery of a loss by defalcations on the part of an employé of the Bank.

The Promise to permit a representative of the English press to accompany the Russian expedition against Khiva has been withdrawn; no leader is required in this matter.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

That we Live in an Advanced Age every day shows, but the question is, whether it is not an advanced age of humbug. Last week the *T. C.* was brushing his luxuriant locks, before going to dinner, when a ring came at the bell. The landlady being out, and no one at home but ourselves, we magnanimously opened the door. A middle-aged man, with seedy clothes, long light hair, and beard *a la* John the Baptist, greeted us: "Have the family a sewing machine?" The *T. C.* knows from a certain buzzing noise that they have, and so said "Yes." Whereupon the modern John the Baptist thanked us, and shoved a tract into our sacrilegious hands. A hasty glance showed it to be "Solemn Questions to Professing Christians." We ventured to ask our visitor what these "Solemn Questions" had to do with sewing machines. He gave answer thus: "I do a little for myself, and also for the Master." Hastily we shut the door, counted over the family plate, roosters, wardrobe, etc., and meditated upon the humbug of the age. We presume this soul-saving, sewing machine sharp, must travel for the (Psalm) Singer's sewing machine, and perhaps is the inventor of the *cross* stitch. We have asked ourselves all the "Solemn Questions," and have received satisfactory answers to most of them. To answer one, "Are you like Jesus?" we had to go to the glass. An inspection from head to foot convinced us that we were not, except, perhaps, that we have often been "nailed,' and have been "crossed" more than once (in love). On reading the bottom of the tract, we found that the writer says, "We are soon to be summoned," *i. e.* to kick the bucket. How does he know? We wonder the sewing machine man had not an advertisement at the back for an undertaker.

Strip Half the Young Swells, whose broad, square shoulders look so out of proportion to their legs and faces, and what do you find? A narrow-chested, narrow-shouldered, scraggy-legged lot of apologies for men. A considerate tailor has given these youths their square-cut shoulders (the only trouble is that the tailors make all their shoulders exactly the same shape), not dame nature. Nature has given most of us forms that if properly treated, would grow into what God intended a man to be. Very few of us, however, are so favored by nature as to be able to dispense with exercises that develop muscle and activity, and still retain good figures. Jupiter's advice to the wagoner holds good in nearly all cases. We must own that some glorious exceptions to the average young man are to be found at the Olympic Clubroom on Sutter street. Almost any afternoon you can see a lot of men there that are as perfect in muscular development as any to be found in the States. And why is this? Has nature given them more natural advantages than those emaciated swells? No; but instead of poisoning themselves with bad whisky and fast women, they prefer rather to live moderately and bring out some of the muscle that nature has given all in embryo. Instead of being a lot of perambulating tailors' blocks they are "proper men." The average American young man is lazy to excess. A walk to him is a penance. He wants his car or his buggy; and the result is that he grows up a man without a man's attributes. If the young men in this city would spend less money on women, whisky and driving, and more in joining some good athletic club, we should have less crime and more MEN.

Among the Many Curious Sights Here, is one that has lately appeared in the shape of a seedy, unhealthy looking individual, who patrols our streets with a large notice stuck on his hat, back, breast, etc., to the effect that he collects bad debts. The idea, we presume, is that the sight of this announcement will make those owing money "tow up." The same dodge was tried in New York in a different way. An old buggy, with "collector of debts" printed in large letters, pulled up at your house. They, however, were not a success. It cost them more in doctors' bills, sticking plasters, pants, etc., than they could make commission. The wearer of the hat and badges could dispense with these adjuncts, as he has "dun" indelibly stamped by nature on his intelligent countenance. Any one seeing him around the premises would either cash up or send for an officer. We do not predict a successful career for this enterprising genius. He will, we fear, often have occasion to alter the size of his hat to accommodate his head. He certainly should have a double leather seat put to his pants, or they won't last a week. The money market must indeed be tight if respectable people have to employ such a medium for collecting. The quack doctors will have the particulars of their patients' cases printed on their hats when collecting their bills, next. How nice that would be! The men who employ this "noble youth" (if any) will no doubt belong to some such honorable profession.

Within Limits the T. C. doesn't object to be wine-pressed; doesn't object to be choked with the thousand odors of a packed crowd on a warm day; doesn't object to have his cranium squeezed into the likeness of a Flathead's, or his feet trodden into jelly; but he does object to have these tortures deliberately intensified and exacerbated by the fiendish ingenuity of that goblin damned, who is responsible for this pig-penning of passengers at the Oakland wharf on Sunday evenings. Instead of the stream of passengers being allowed to percolate regularly from the cars into the boat, that stream is dammed up till the pressure endangers the safety of the building. Then, at the last minute, a little door is opened and a voice cries, "All aboard!" Then, think of it, man born of woman! then are women and children, God's weaker images, defaced most wondrously by the exhilarated Hoodlum and the ramping rough. As leaves in Vallambrosa, as grass before the mower's scythe, as devotees before the car of Juggernath, they go down.

The husband sees the wife of his youth, with her white arms lifted, with her garments torn and her raiment drifted, rent from his side and driven afar; and the frequent corpse of the busted infant softens the fall of the asphyxiated parent. Let who are responsible see to this. Let them bustle to its reform or *T. C.* will swiftly

"Delve a yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon."

It has been Surmised that the delirious Chinaman who entered a car on Long Bridge in an attire closely resembling that of the burlesque blonde, was looking for Olive Harper. If he were seeking an affinity in the way of fever, that lady will certainly fill the bill. Olive treated the readers of the *Alta* to a red pepper poem not long since on the time-worn subject of the Egyptian Siren. The very naughtiest parts of Don Juan are not to be compared to these verses wherein the authoress discourses knowingly of "riotous blood," "fever heat," "panting bosom," "bounding pulse," etc., etc. A nurse in the pest house is said to have passed his idle hours in improving his elocution by declaiming this startling production. Hence the conduct of the Celestial. If this be the effect of Olive's pen in her own country where a prophet is without honor, what is to become of such a firebrand among the cool Viennese? What has become of our California chivalry, that we allow this young woman to go in this state ten thousand miles away, and never a hand to stay her? We hope our California Commissioners will look to it that such a warm young person doesn't fire the exhibition building in the course of her peregrinations. A woman that has the courage to write a poem on the subject of Cleopatra in these days, would emulate the youth that fired the Ephesian dome.

Oh, "Pop!" we have ever loved thee; the sight of the old brown bottles in which thou livest calls back our happy school days. Instinctively our hand goes behind us as we remember those days. But the solemn question arises which pop shall we drink, the nectar of Smith or the refreshing tipple of Wigget, that's the rub. It's very hard to choose, as the donkey said when he found himself between the two bundles of hay. Now this hot weather the *T. C.* goes in for "pop," in fact is a large consumer of that useful beverage. Frantically he rushes into the nearest saloon and asks for a bottle of Wigget's best, when he is told that they only keep Smith's. If *per contra* he wants a glass of Smith's Imperial, ten to one they only keep Wigget's. This thing has got so mixed up that the *T. C.* has sent an envoy to the two "big pops" to ask them to amalgamate, to let Smith drive and Wigget sell the "pop," or *vice versa*. Why should not these benefactors of teetotalers consolidate like the gas companies? Unite, O ye "pops," and call the new company "The Wigget Smith Green Ginger Imperial Pop Company." Send the *T. C.* at least fifty shares.

"In Accordance with the Usual Custom, Her Majesty the Queen has sent to Sir Thomas Biddulph a post-office order for £3, with a most gracious letter to Private Briscoe, 52d Regiment, whose wife gave birth, on the 8th inst., to three children. The letter contained three violets—one for each child." This is a most touching instance of how truly maternal is England's Government. Who has not gazed with admiration upon a newly born infant? What could be more lovely than one of these little gummy-eyed, lobster-colored pets? What must have been Mrs. Briscoe's joy, when No. 2 and then No. 3 arrived? Perhaps Private Briscoe did not see it in quite the same light. No doubt when No. 1 arrived (who, of course, was expected) he felt proud, nay, almost happy. No. 2, perhaps, made him feel a little less happy, and rather nervous. But when No. 3 arrived, we can fancy we see him rush eagerly into the sick room and exclaim: "This thing's about played out." The three pounds, no doubt, he spent in grog. His spirits must have needed some support. But what became of the violets! The *T. C.*—who has had some experience among these little gifts from heaven (!)—thinks that Her Majesty's experience ought to have taught her that three boxes of violet powder would have been of more service than the flowers.

Was Ever Any One so sorely afflicted as the poor *Town Crier?* His once quiet and happy home is now a howling wilderness. And why? Alas, he will explain the cause of all his woes. In the first place, he has the honor of being favored with the services of a young Irish lady, as a help. This charming young child of nature, only lately imported, has for the last week complained of toothache. In a rash and unguarded moment the *T. C.* brought a Wednesday's *Chronicle* home (he had picked it out of a heap of them lying around on the street). Alas, the Irish lady got hold of it (the *T. C.* thought she couldn't read or he never would have corrupted her morals by leaving such a thing about). Ever since he has had no peace in the house. She will insist upon taking pilgrimages at ungodly hours in the night to the house where the wonderful miracle happened on Pine street. Her cousin (?) accompanies her. On their return they kick up a most diabolical row in the kitchen, which the young lady assures us is only "Miss Collins' cure," namely, three "Hail Marys," for the toothache. Heartily has the *T. C.* d—d Miss C. and her miracles, biddy and her toothaches, priests and their priestcraft.

Maritime Law.—The agents of the different British lines of steamers trading between this country and Great Britain have been informed by the Secretary of the Treasury that the treaties between the two Powers do not support their claims for the exemption of their vessels from the tax on tonnage, imposed by law.

"Why, that I cannst tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory."—*Battle of Blenheim.*

The Chronicle tells us in very big letters that we have had a victory in the Modoc war. We have lost nine men and the Indians lost two; that is, we think they did. We are not very sure, and we have no means of finding out, but it certainly sounds better to say that a couple of copper faces bit the dust. Indeed, matters begin to look quite encouraging at last. Permission has come to exterminate the tribe if necessary, and our troops have bravely exterminated two in one battle. But if the Indians continue to kill nine every time we knock down a brace, the proportion is startlingly on the Modoc side. Still, when we consider that we have about nine men to one Indian, the lookout is not quite so hopeless, and we may beat them yet by a scratch.

The Latest Amusement for Young Ladies of a religious turn of mind, is to prick holes in their hands and feet and play at crucifixion. A nice little hole under the left breast for the mark left by the Roman spear and the thing is complete. Yet stay, not quite complete yet, for a few good foxy priests are required to carry out the farce properly. We only hope Miss Collins' wounds will fester and give her enough pain and trouble to teach her not to play the "Mount Calvary" tragedy here. We should like to examine her friends, the two priests, and see which of them had played the "two thieves" part of the performance. What a shining light Miss Collins will now become. Why even the blessed Virgin must take a back seat. Who says we can't fix up a Saint that can beat the world? Of course we can. Don't we grow the biggest pumpkins, havent we the fastest trotters (with a few exceptions), and why not have a world beater in the Saint line?

Those Hypocritical Sneaks who, under the cloak of Christianity and humanity, advocate peace politics with the Indians, in order to rob poor Uncle Sam, ought to look back with pleasure on their success. Lives infinitely more valuable than their skulking, pettifogging existences could ever be, have been lost through their damnable avarice. Our flag has been brought into derision, our good men butchered in cold blood, and all through these bloodsuckers. Of all the frauds on the face of God's earth, none can hold a candle to a peace-advocating Indian Agent. All professing to settle the quarrels brought on by their using Government money for their own purposes, and starving the Indians, should be sent to do the "big talk." We should by this means get rid of a despicable set of licensed thieves. Crook's the man we want to settle our Indian disputes. He strikes out and strikes home.

The T. C. raises his voice against those followers of "the meek and lowly," who exercise their lungs and air their bad English on our wharves on Sabbath mornings. Tired with his week's work the *T. C.* had been wont to seek the retirement of the wharves, where, rod in hand, he used to while the sunny hours away, catching the unwary smelt, and watching for any corpses that might chance to escape from their moorings and float. Since these Gospel grinders have been at work nothing but suckers and mullet heads will come near the wharf. The corpses won't float, and in a word the *T. C.'s* Sunday occupation is gone. He had serious ideas of buying a dead parson, and sinking him for a crab bait, but on a second consideration of the plan, came to the conclusion that it would only scare the crabs away too, so abandoned the idea.

"Enterprise."—There's nothing like it. The *Chronicle* reporter rides "ninety miles in fourteen hours," and does not expect to be able to sit down for a week. The Modoc bullets whistle round his head, but he heeds them not. He may be seen in the thick of battle, cigar (domestic) in mouth, note book in hand, as calm and collected as if the mighty war of nations was not going on. His eagle eye notes the number killed and wounded, while his ready pen transmits the news. Russel of the *Times*, who reported on the little European trouble in the Crimea, sinks into insignificance when compared with "Our Modoc War Correspondent." "When the bloody war is over," maidens shall weave a laurel chaplet for this prince of reporters.

The Jews have been enjoying themselves of late, but to Christians sojourning in the tents of Shem—*id est*, boarding in Jewish houses—the present week has been one of grievous tribulation. Butter has been cut off, the staff of leavened bread broken, and the beer-tap been made a fountain sealed. The "two tribes that remain" have been miserably commemorating the night on which they "*borrowed*" a few things, and bid farewell to the flesh-pots of Mizraim. This they facetiously term the Feast of the Passover. Feast! great Moses, does a sour-soup-and-hard-tack diet mean "feast" in Hebrew?

Credit Mobiliers are the order of the day. They extend even to our street-car companies. Riding the other day on a North Beach car, running down Powel from Fourth, the *Town Crier* had the curiosity to inquire what the average receipts were per day. The obliging conductor showed his books for the week, and he found the average to be $22 per day. Now this company runs eighteen cars a day. The expense of each car, taking everything into consideration, would not amount to more than $10 a day. The shareholders only get a nominal dividend each month. What becomes of the rest? Nice soft thing for the managers, eh?

Mr. J. H. Rogers has, since our last, received his appointment as Pilot for the Port of San Francisco. A better man could not have been selected.

CONJUGAL EPITAPHS.

The Literature of Epigrams and Epitaphs comprises some of the smartest *jeux d' esprit* written by men against women, and by wives against their masters. The German poet, Besser, produced the following epigram on Adam's sleep:—

He laid him down and slept; and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman "bride,"
And his first sleep became his last repose.

To a German poet also we are indebted for the "Epitaph on a Scolding Woman," which has been rendered in English:—

Here lies, thank God, a woman who
Quarreled and stormed her whole life through.
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,
Or else you'll raise another storm.

Few perhaps ever read a supposed coloquy between the parents of the Guthrie familie, which was very popular in Forfarshire between thirty and forty years ago. After talking over the merits of the older boys, and settling them in various professions, the mother breaks out—

"But what'll we do wi' Tam, gudeman,
It dings me maist of a';
A gaping, glowrin,' witless coof,
He's gude for nocht ava."

To which despairing estimate of her great son's career the father rejoins—

"O, Tam will yet be a man, gudewife,
O' whilk we'll baith be proud;
We'll gie the callant awhile at the schule,
An' he mak' a minister good."

Tam amply fulfilled this prophecy, earning for himself a name far beyond the limits of this kingdom—the inquiries from the Queen and the German Empress showing how wide and how high the knowledge of his personal character and labors had traveled.—*Inverness Courier.*

THE MODOCS.

The First and the Last Feeling roused by the Modoc war is one of astonishment, at the surprise and indignation expressed throughout the country at the conduct of the Government. Certainly, if history is philosophy teaching by example, the immense majority of the scholars in her school are incorrigible dunces. It is thought a monstrous thing that the Government should temporize and parley with these Indians; and yet the conduct of the Government, in every Indian difficulty which has happened for three-quarters of a century, has been exactly the same. It has never taken a firm position and kept it; it has never spoken plain language and followed it up; it has never obeyed a principle of even-handed justice. Why should Washington, at this late day, turn its back on all its traditions? The thing that has been is the thing that shall be. Blunderers in the past, we shall keep on blundering to the end. This is a plain consideration which should silence the noise of the press against the War Department. Nor can it be thought strange that the feebleness of the head should have so far affected the rest of the military body that General Canby, a soldier grown gray in actual warfare, forgot at once all the teachings of his science and his experience, and walked, with open eyes, into a danger which mere common sense should have sufficed to guard him against. All who have observed and dealt with savages, in any age or country of the world, agree in laying it down as the first principle, never to put oneself in their power. Negotiations with wild men call, no doubt, for rare qualifications of tact and discretion; but the savage must never be allowed to feel himself the stronger, for one minute. The policy of the Government educated the Modocs into a contempt of its power; and no furious order of extermination can discharge it of responsibility for the murder of the Commissioners. That spot will not out. There would be nothing to redeem the disgust and shame with which one reads the orders of the Government and the dispatches of the officer in command, did we not know that the forces, once in the field, will do their duty manfully and without fanfaronade. It is easy for Gen. Sherman to talk of exterminating these Indians: but, after all, has there been no wrong done to them? Is it merely because they are wild men, who kill generals and clergymen as readily as common people, that we must have their blood, to the last drop? This may be the morality which prevails at the War Department; but Haynau and Mouravieff are damned in history for atrocities, differing only in degree from those implied in Gen. Sherman's order. All the Modocs did not murder Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas, and those who did not are guilty only of being Modocs. For this crime, and the additional one of resisting when attacked, they are to be annihilated. Col. Gillem will, "if possible," carry out his magnanimous resolve that "no Indian shall boast that he or his ancestor killed Gen. Canby;" but men, not quite so conscious of their own heroism, cannot help doubting which are the civilized men and which the savages, in this miserable tragi-comedy of the Modoc war.

NO MORE BALDNESS.

There is an Ingenious Person in Kentucky who has discovered a new method of repairing the ravages which time inflicts upon the human head, and of making the waste places of the aged scalp to bloom and blossom with every variety of desirable hair. It has long been known by scientific men that living hair, if plucked up by the roots, and subsequently inserted in artificial cavities in the skin, will continue to grow and flourish in its new location. The process, however, must be pursued with each hair that is transplanted, and the obvious inconvenience of drilling, say, a million holes in a hairless scalp, and planting a separate hair in each cavity, has prevented this method of cultivating a bald head from proving practically useful. But the inventive Kentuckian, of whom mention has just been made, enables hair to be transplanted with much greater rapidity. He cuts off from a convenient head a thick lock of hair, and plants it in an artificial soil compounded of various chemical substances. In this soil the hair rapidly takes root, and grows with the vigor of other vegetables when forced in a hot bed. When it has attained a desirable length, the scalp of the person to whom it is to be transferred is sacrificed, and the lock of hair bound, roots downward, upon the exposed surface. In two or three days it again takes root, the bandages that confine it are removed, and the process is repeated until the head that once shone like a billiard ball is covered with a tropical luxuriance of hair.

It is easy to see that this discovery will command the enthusiastic admiration of those ladies, who, during the recent popularity of yellow hair, submitted themselves joyfully to the difficult and dangerous experiment of bleeching and dyeing their brown or black tresses. The latter process is one which must be often repeated, while the transplanting method of the Kentuckian would change at once and forever both the color and quality of the hair. Its vast superiority over all modes of dyeing and bleaching is thus plainly evident, and no one who knows the courage with which ladies will undergo toil and suffering in the cause of fashion will doubt that the transplanting business will meet with immediate and wide-spread popularity.

It should be noted, moreover, that whereas the field of improvement in human hair has hitherto been limited to the mere change of its color, the new process enables the leaders of fashion to adorn themselves with every variety of hair known to naturalists. We may be reasonably sure, in view of this fact, that the ordinary hair of the human head will, ere long, come to be regarded as cheap and vulgar, in comparison with the choice grafts of other hair, which the new method of transplanting will render available. Thus the delicate blue-gray hair of the sky-terrier, which gives to that estimable little animal his high value among dogs, may become the fashionable head-covering of fascinating young ladies. Or the soft fur of the Maltese cat may be accepted as the appropriate decoration of the woman of purely domestic tastes, and the flowing mane of the black horse as the only head of hair which the typical "girl of the period" should wear. There is an almost unlimited field opened by the genius of this Kentucky philanthropist to the inventive Parisian leader of fashion, and to suppose that it will not be enthusiastically cultivated is to throw discredit upon feminine energy and enterprise.

MUYBRIDGE'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

One of the Principal among the many objects of interest to be seen by the visitor to the rooms of the California Placard Exchange, is a series of magnificent photographs of the famed Yosemite Valley, by Muybridge of Montgomery street. To describe in detail the beauties of these works of the photographer's art would require a higher degree of criticism than we possess. After this confession, simply drawing attention to the subjects of five or six of these views, will be all that is expected. A view of the Valley from Moonlight Rock commences the series, and every object, from the broken pine in the foreground to the inequalities of the far distance seems real and tangible. There is a soft haziness about the middle distance which lends a greater depth and beauty to the magnificent sweep of scarp and hill, and which without blurring the distinctness of the objects, hightens the effect of grandeur in distance and area. In the next we select the towering forms of the Cathedral Rocks are seen. The shadow effects are not particularly good; they should be stronger and deeper to properly throw out the sheer hight of these gigantic natural spires. Loya, the Sentinel, is the chief object in the next. Below is the placid, unrippled stream, bordered and filled with the gloomy shadows of the dark-fringed pines; towering above all in a threatening sky, is the enormous Sentinel Rock looking down the valley. In the next, too, a still, quiet stream, with an extent of neighboring sward fill the foreground, the subject being the Falls of the Yosemite. Although at a great distance, the photograph is so clear that the very spray is perceptible. But too much of the giant cliff is introduced, and one looses the idea of the falls—partially, too, because of their being at too great a distance—in wondering at the magnitude of its surroundings. Gloominess and blackness, too, take the place of light and shade. Lastly, we have a portion of the trunk, the torsa, of W. H. Seward, in the Mariposa Grove. This we consider the best view, as a study of the perfection to which sun-picturing has attained. Every fibre, every knot, every gnarl is here with extraordinary clearness, and one goes back again and again to marvel at the accuracy with which each tiny inequality of the bark is given. This view alone should establish Muybridge's reputation as an unequaled photographer.

MODESTY (?)

"Kiss me, dear maid, to seal the vow
Of love that thou hast made;"
"I have no right to kiss thee now,"
The modest maiden said.

"If thou canst find it in thine heart
My first wish to refuse,
Perhaps 'tis best that we should part,
Ere we our freedom lose."

"Although to kiss you I demur,
Yet please to recollect,
That if you choose to kiss me, sir,
Of course I—can't object."

SUNBEAMS.

— One of the best dressed young men in Chicago, who parts his hair in the middle, essayed to delight a select party of ladies and gentlemen one evening by a few flashes of wit. The most noticeable scinctillation of his wit was a conundrum: "Haw," said he, "aw—when is a lady not a lady?" Nobody could tell, and the propounder of the conundrum gave the answer. "When she's a little buggy," he said. A dead silence fell on the company, and the funny man was the focus of many singular glances. He soon became conscious that "some one had blundered." So he dived into a vest pocket, brought out a newspaper scrap, read it attentively three or four times, and then brightened up. "Haw yes," he said, "of course haw when she's a little sulky. Knew it was some kind of a wagon."

— A noble lord, not over courageous, was once so far engaged in an affair of honor as to be drawn to Hyde Park to fight a duel. Just as he came to the porter's lodge, an empty hearse came by, on which his lordship's antagonist, who was a droll officer, well known, called out to the driver, "Stop here, my good fellow, a few minutes, and I'll send you a fare." This operated so strongly on his lordship's nerves, that he begged the officer's pardon, and returned home in a whole skin.

— One of the importunate juveniles who solicit pennies was asked, "Where is your mother?" "She is dead." "Have you no father?" "Yes, sir, but he is ill!" "What ails him?" continued the questioner. "He has got a sore finger, sir." "Indeed!" "Yes, sir." "Then why don't he cut it off!" "Please sir," responded the little maid, "he hain't got any money to buy a knife."

— The smartest case of the kind that we have met with lately is that of a girl who makes her unsuspecting father the daily bearer of sweet missives to a clerk in his office who has been forbidden to visit his employer's house. She pins the letter in the old gentleman's cloak; and when he reaches the office and takes off the garment, the clerk gets it, and responds by the same carrier.

— "Hilloa, James, drunk as usual. What in the world has set you on the spree, now?" "Ae, ye maunna be harsh, governor, didna ye hear my grand whistling canary was deid?" "Stupid fellow, leaving your work and getting drunk for the death of a bird. Don't you know a man should look upon such incidents as trifles!" "So I dae, so I dae, man; but gin ye wanted a spree yersel' ye wad be glad o' ony excuse."

— This age of poetry has had a very pretty contribution from the pen of a young lady. The verse we quote is a sample of a series read by counsel during a trial in Ireland in satisfaction for a broken promise of marriage. The satisfaction she obtained is a very handsome amount. Here is the verse:

"Ah, ask me no more—my poor brain
Is weary and lonely and sore;
Have pity! have pity! O, Tom!
'For I'll send you the very best flour.'"

— Mother: "Tommy, why don't you ask a blessing?" Tommy: "'Cause I don't like porridge."

THE MONITARY INTEREST OF CALIFORNIA.

Address of Hon. Amasa Walker, delivered by Request before the Chamber of Commerce, San Francisco, April 17, 1873.

The following highly interesting address was delivered by Hon. Amasa Walker before the Chamber of Commerce on Thursday afternoon:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—In compliance with your request I am to speak at this time on the "Financial Condition of the United States, with Special Reference to the Commercial and Monetary Interests of California."

In doing so I must necessarily refer to the action of the Government, and therefore I wish at the outset not only to disclaim all partisan motives or interests, but to insist that the topics upon which I propose to allude are not party questions, since no party has in its platforms or otherwise directly avowed any well defined financial policy.

The important issues of the future are yet to be made. With this remark I proceed to say that the relations this State sustains to the financial policy of the General Government are to a large extent, so far as her industrial and commercial interests are concerned, different from those of any other.

California has the capacity for a more extensive and profitable agriculture than any other State, her soil, climate and location being in the highest degree favorable to that important branch of production.

She has a large though diminished mining interest, producing some $20,000,000 per annum of that commodity which forms the standard of value in the commerce of the world. In that respect she entirely differs from any other State in the Union. Manufacturers, too, have already begun their natural career of growth and progress, and will increase as capital and population advance.

In addition to all these, California has unsurpassed advantages for the building up of an immense commercial marine. She has a port destinued to be to the Pacific what New York is to the Atlantic Coast—the great emporium of foreign and domestic trade. With regard to this superiority there can be no doubt. In the finest harbor in the world, with a central position between two hemispheres, the commercial supremacy of San Francisco on the Pacific Coast is assured, and she must, in the natural course of events, become one of the largest marts of commerce on the globe.

What other State combines *all* those advantages and peculiarities in so large a degree? Where are the great interests of agriculture, mining and commerce so remarkably blended as here? It is the union of such interests that justifies my position, viz: that the relations of this State to the financial policy of the General Government differ from those of any other.

Assuming this to be admitted, my purpose is to inquire in what manner and to what extent California is affected, adversely or otherwise, by the financial policy of the General Government?

First. What is that policy? Essentially it consists, at present, of two great measures: First, the creation of a monetary system which supercedes the use of coin and makes paper a legal tender and measure of value; and second, a system of restriction upon trade designed to affect the commerce and influence the industry of the nation.

In what manner and to what extent do these measures affect the interests of California?

First, in respect to its agriculture. This is its principal interest, not only at present but prospectively. I find it stated, on what I conclude to be good authority, that the agricultural product of this State for 1872, was "seventy-five million dollars, of which fifty millions were exported." Have these agricultural products been raised in price by the issue of a legal tender currency? Not at all. The great staples, as shown by the price current of New York, on the 8th of January, 1860 and 1873, were essentially the same. Indeed, as matter of fact, the prices of agricultural products were lower at the latter date than the former. So it is certain that, although the paper money of the country, which in 1860 was but 207, and in 1873 is over 700 millions, has had no effect in raising the price of the farmers' products, yet we know very well that the prices of all other commodities created and consumed in this country have been advanced by some 50 to 75 per cent. How, it may be asked, is it that one description of property should not be advanced in price, while all others are? The answer is a plain one. Our staples, wheat, corn, beef, pork, etc., are exported. We have, and always shall have, a large surplus of these which we must send to the countries that have gold as the standard of value. Whatever our staples, therefore, are worth in gold here for shipment, determines the value of the entire crop. We cannot have two prices, and therefore the price of the whole depends upon the value of the surplus exported.

Quite otherwise is it with those articles produced and consumed at home. They are measured by our home currency, our paper money, and are necessarily greatly advanced in price, because the currency is greatly expanded: and it is a well settled principle that general prices depend upon the quantity of the existing currency. For this reason all the farmers have to purchase of home manufactures, of furniture, clothing, boots, shoes, carriages, harnesses, machinery, farming tools, etc., are enhanced in cost by 50 to 75 per cent., while all his products remain, as we have seen, at their former prices. This entails a heavy loss upon the farming interest, since all the expenses of living have been increased, while his pro-

ducts being still measured by the old standard are not enhanced at all in price, and thus he is made to bear a great share of all the loss arising from the use of our present false standard of value. Such incontrovertibly are the facts of the case, and this loss falls with great severity upon States whose chief industry is agriculture. It is, however, the natural and unavoidable result of adopting a greatly inflated circulating medium.

IS THE CURRENCY REDUNDANT?

I am aware that it is often denied that the currency of the nation is redundant, and it is confidently asserted that although the circulation has been greatly increased, the business of the country has been equally enlarged, so that relatively they are in the same proportion, and consequently there has been no actual expansion. In reply to this I would say, that there is no better criterion of the increase of business than the increase of population, and what has that been? Why, from 1860 to 1870 the increase was about 20 per cent., while our paper circulation has been enlarged in the meantime 250 per cent. This disproportion is so enormous that, making all reasonable allowances possible, the currency must now be expanded to the extent of at least 100 per cent. beyond the business wants of the country.

DEPRESSION OF THE AGRICULTURAL STATES.

Hence the admitted fact that in the great agricultural States east of the Rocky Mountains the pressure of the present state of things is severely felt; although, most unfortunately, the cause of the depression is not understood. If it were so, the remedy should soon be applied. If what were once known as the Great West, or what are now the Middle States, comprehended the fact that no issue of paper money, however large, can raise the price of farmers' produce a single farthing, while it would greatly advance the price of everything the farmer buys, we should hear no cry for more green-backs from that section of the country. On the other hand, Congress would be effectually called upon to take measures for the gradual restoration of the currency of the country to par with the gold standard. It would seem that the agriculturists of California being brought into contact with the market of Europe, would discover before long that the price of their wheat depended entirely upon its gold value for shipment to Liverpool, while the price of all they purchase from the other side the Rocky Mountains is determined by the green-backs of the Eastern States, and would be brought to understand that the paper money of the country is worth for domestic uses, that is, for the erection of buildings, the manufacture or purchase of home commodities, not more than 60 or 65 cents on the dollar. Instead of a difference, as many imagine, of some 12 or 15 per cent., the mere gold premium, the real difference is some 40 or 50 per cent.

GREENBACKS FOR CALIFORNIA.

And here allow me to say I have learned with profound regret and surprise that many persons and presses in this State advocate the introduction of paper money at this late day, when it is declining from week to week.

I have no doubt of the sincerity and honesty of those who favor this introduction, but such persons are greatly mistaken in their ideas of what the effect would be upon the interests of California. Would such a measure raise the value or increase the quantity of your products? Not at all. How then could it benefit this State? If the farmer got no more for his cereals, and the miner no more for his gold how would either gain by it? No class could be benefited except speculators. They would reap a temporary harvest, which the adoption of a depreciated standard of value would occasion by the general disarrangement of prices which would follow. But the injury to all regular business would be great. The price of all merchandise would be raised equal to the gold premium, and a profit upon it besides. If, in exchanging your gold for greenbacks, you gained nominally 20 per cent, you would more than lose it whenever you made a purchase of any kind of merchandise; besides labor would not rise at once to so great an extent as merchandise, and the laborer would for a long time suffer much loss in consequence.

The rate of interest would advance largely. Throughout the paper money States interest has advanced far beyond what was ever known prior to the expansion. In Massachusetts, where capital is most abundant and cheapest, the rate has nearly or quite doubled. I never knew a mortgage made at a higher rate than six per cent before the war, now the rate on such securities is anywhere from seven to twelve; while business men are paying from 10 to 20 per cent, and speculators 50 to 100 for their call loans. The average rate cannot be less than 12 per cent throughout the paper money States. Such is the necessary effect of expanding the currency beyond its natural limits, and such will be the effect here. If so, what is gained by exchanging your gold currency for paper? If your products will not be raised in price, nor your production increased, nor the rate of interest be made lower, why make the change? Why cause all the derangement and injustice which the change would certainly occasion?

COMMERCE.

Another interest to which we must refer is commerce. How is this affected by the financial policy of the nation? I answer most adversely. Our commercial marine has been rapidly diminishing ever since the war, and bids fair to become extinct. In 1860, seventy-five per cent of all our foreign imports were made in our own bottoms—now but about 25 per cent. Why this strange result? There are two principal causes: first, our paper money so raises the cost of production, so

increases the expenses of ship-building at the East, where it formerly and most naturally existed, that we cannot compete with ship-builders in the British Provinces, or on the banks of the Clyde, where they use a gold standard. Second, in addition to all this, heavy duties are laid upon iron and other materials that enter into the construction of vessels, which still further embarrass our ship builders and prevent them from successfully competing with foreigners.

In consequence of all these obstacles, we have nearly ceased the construction of vessels, except for coastwise trade, into which foreigners are not permitted to enter. But it may be asked, perhaps with some surprise, why, if we cannot build, do we not buy foreign ships, and thus keep up our commerce? That is certainly a very common sense question. Why do we not buy? I answer by relating a fact communicated to me since I came to this place. A Swedish vessel, I think it was, arrived recently at Portland, Oregon, with a cargo of iron. After discharging its freight the vessel, a fine iron steamer, was offered for sale at what was deemed a very satisfactory price, and arrangements were made for its purchase by a few enterprising merchants; but they found on inquiry that Government would not permit this—that an American register would not be allowed to a foreign built vessel! So the project failed and the steamer departed.

While a false currency, retained without the slightest necessity, and heavy duties unwisely imposed upon the materials used in construction, prevent our building vessels, unwise restrictions forbid our purchasing them, as we might advantageously do, and thus the restoration of our mercantile marine is rendered quite impossible.

THE MINING INTEREST.

Let us turn for a moment to the mining interest, the production of the precious metals; what effect does the financial policy which substitutes paper for coin as a medium of exchange and standard of value have upon this branch of your industry? To answer this understandingly we must inquire why are these metals mined? Because there is a universal demand for them. What occasions this demand? They are wanted throughout the commercial world for use as money, and very little comparatively for other purposes. Now, then, it is certain that the greater this demand for gold and silver as money, the greater will be their value, the more they will purchase of all other commodities, and therefore anything which diminishes this demand, then will certainly diminish, in proportion, the value of these metals. The Government of the United States has declared that its notes promising payment at some indefinite future, are the authorized currency of the country, and a legal tender for all debts and demands.

The effect of this act is to demonitize gold and silver, and reduce them to the level of wheat, cotton or tobacco. They are made for all domestic uses mere merchandise. Of these paper promises for use as money, the National Treasury has issued $356,000,000, and Congress has authorized some 2,000 banks to put out $354,000,000 more—in all $710,000,000. Gold and silver are therefore now only wanted in the States for the payment of duties at the Custom House, and the interest on the National bonds.

The effect of this policy is obvious. Gold and silver not being wanted in any considerable quantity at banks, are sent abroad for what they are worth in other countries, and since the price has been forced down by the Secretary of the Treasury, are the cheapest commodity we have to part with. The result of all this is to lessen their value. A dollar, that is 25 8-10ths grains of standard gold, will not command as much of any other commodity as before this unnatural expansion. For example, boots, which in 1860, when the currency was at par with gold, could be bought at $3, are now worth $4 50. The miner, therefore, pays 50 per cent. more than formerly for his boots and loses the difference; because he can't get his gold with no less labor than in 1860. He cannot water his gold as the Government and banks do the currency; he must produce the real article, not the promise of it. Hence the mining interest suffers to the full extent of the difference between coin values and paper money values, so far as purchases are made of any commodities produced and consumed entirely within the country. That this policy of the Government expels our gold product is seen in the fact that we exported in 1872 ninety-five million dollars—a great deal more than the whole product of the year. And such has been the case ever since the present insane policy of the Government was adopted, until now the country is nearly drained of its specie, and the premium on gold is advancing and will probably continue to advance until it reaches its normal rate, which since the war has never been less than thirty to thirty-five per cent.

MANUFACTURES.

Of the effect of the financial policy of the Government upon the manufacturing interests of the gold and silver-producing States, it is only necessary to remark that manufactures of different kinds always commence and grow up in every country with the natural increase of wealth and population. They should always be encouraged, but never forced. If there be no interference on the part of the Government, this growth and development will be natural and advantageous. The grasses and wild flowers do not more certainly appear when the forest has been cleared, and the earth opened to the influence of the sun, than do manufactures when society has advanced in its conditions to that point at which they can be profitably introduced. This law of progress and development will be found as true in its operations in California as in Massachusetts. Manufactures, those especially adapted to the country, will, of necessity, be established and prosper. At present this State has an advantage over the East in its currency, which, in spite of all op-

posing interests, has been maintained in specie. Your labor and all your expenses of manufacturing are no greater now than in 1860, while in the paper money States they are at least 50 per cent higher. This is favorable to the introduction of such manufactures as come most in competition with Eastern fabrics. I have found in this city an establishment employing some 100 hands engaged in making boots and shoes, and, I presume, successfully. This, the owners are enabled to do, by the fact that gold has been retained as the standard of value. In this, as in other respects, you are receiving the benefit of that courageous and determined course of action which secured to you a sound and reliable monetary system, upon which to base your business transactions. The result of this policy will be found even more advantageous in the future than the past, because the terrific revulsion certain to come upon all that part of the Union where an incontrovertible and redundant currency exists, will be but little felt here, and California will escape the wreck and ruin that will fall upon other sections of the country.

The Constitution of this State, so far as monetary affairs are concerned, is the wisest and best in the American Union, and if the people are able to maintain in all its integrity their fundamental law, they will have an immense advantage over the rest of the nation. Of this you may be assured; and if those gentlemen who are anxious to introduce paper money will wait until the general explosion which is sure to take place, and which to present appearances cannot long be delayed, they will be quite satisfied that California has done well in preserving the gold standard. Wait until the great inevitable collapse takes place, and then if the wisdom of your course is not fully vindicated, I am greatly mistaken. Have the manufacturers of the East gained by all this? Certainly not, for when the gold premium was 33 per cent. they had, of course, 20 per cent. more protection against foreign competition than when it fell to 13 a protection they greatly needed, not against foreign labor, but against their depreciated currency, by which the expenses of manufacturing had been most enormously increased. The manufacturers in the paper money States are damaged by their currency as truly as the farmers of the gold currency States, but not by any means to an equal extent. The former make their goods on a base standard of value, but they sell them also by the same standard and get a profit, though that profit is realized in depreciated paper. But the manufacturers of the East are losing a large market for their goods in India, China and South America which they once had, in consequence of this unnatural increase of cost. We sent off in 1860 eleven millions of cotton fabrics, principally to China and other Eastern countries. Now we export less than two and a half millions. So of boots and shoes, furniture and other articles. Besides, our false system is building up rival establishments in the Canadas and other British Provinces which were fast superceding our own, and if the present policy is continued the manufacturers of the country are bound to feel as greatly embarrassed as the farmers now are. They cannot enjoy a sound, satisfactory state of trade until the currency has been restored to par. Their interests like yours are injured by the use of a degraded currency, though in a different way, and at present to a less extent.

APPROACHING SPECIE PAYMENTS.

And here perhaps I may properly refer to a popular delusion very commonly entertained on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, viz: "that the country is fast approaching, by an easy and natural process, the resumption of specie payments—that we are 'growing up to the present volume of circulation, and shall soon find our paper on par with gold.' There cannot be a greater fallacy than this. So far as the conditions necessary for a resumption of specie payments are concerned, the country is further from that desideratum to-day than five years ago. But it will be asked, has not the difference between gold and greenbacks been greatly diminished within the past few years, and does not that show that we are on the way to the return of specie payments? Not at all; because this fall in gold has not been the result of the operation of the laws of trade, but of the manipulations of the Secretary of the Treasury, who has been playing the *bear* in the gold market for the last four years. The premium on gold was about 33 per cent; it has been reduced by the sales of the Treasury to an average of about 13 per cent., a reduction of 20 per cent. But what good has all this done? Who is the better for it? The gold miners? No; for they have been obliged to part with their product for 20 per cent. less when exchanged for greenbacks or those commodities that come from the East where greenbacks are used. Have the farmers gained by it? No; for their commodities have been lowered, as we have seen, when measured by greenbacks to the same extent as the decline in the gold premium. How great this loss has been in the aggregate may be seen if we take into consideration that the amount of agricultural productions, including cotton, have not been less than $300,000,000 per annum, amounting in four years to $1,200,000,000, upon which, if the loss by the decline of the gold premium has been 20 per cent, the total amount will be $240,000,000. This is a very low estimate, and being so, it is not to be wondered that the farming interest is greatly depressed in all sections of the Union.

One word to those who object to any contraction of the currency on the ground that the demand for money is now greater than the supply. That is certainly true, and it always will be while the currency is unduly expanded, for under such circumstances the speculative demand to which the expansion has given rise will always cause a scarcity of money and a high rate of interest, as we see at the present moment. This has ever been the case in the past history of this country under the former mixed currency system. An over issue would make money plenty, that would raise prices, that would occasion speculation, that would cause such an unnatural and excessive demand for money as to create great stringency

and an exorbitant rate of interest; and therefore interest has always been highest when the value of currency was greatest, and lowest when the circulation was at its natural level. These facts are indisputable.

If the views I have presented are correct, it is quite obvious that the financial policy of the Government, while prejudicial to the whole country, is especially adverse to the interests of the agricultural and mining States, particularly to the State of California, which, in addition to these interests has, as we have before said, all the natural advantages required for becoming a great commercial power. All she needs is to understand her own interests and be true to herself. She has no occasion to solicit favors, for nature has been bountiful; but she does need and should demand justice, and if I understand the situation aright, her delegation in Congress should be unanimous and persistent in *demanding* a gradual but certain restoration of the currency to the California standard, and that all restrictions upon the purchaser of foreign-built vessels be removed, so that San Francisco may have as many ocean steamers as her merchants please to purchase, with which to transport her magnificent products to any quarter of the globe.

Perhaps, gentlemen, I ought to aeologize for having spoken with so much freedom upon the various subjects to which I have referred, but I have said nothing in praise of California and her vast resources and elements of industrial and commercial greatness which I do not believe to be true, nor anything in regard to her needs, and the national policy she should insist upon, that I do not feel to be just. If I know myself, I sincerely desire the most successful and complete development of the industrial power and capacity of this wonderful State. I desire its moral, social and intellectual improvement and progress. I have had occasion to look with the most profound astonishment upon what you have already achieved, and trust that your future will be even more illustrious than the past.

"CORIOLANUS."

While the Play of "Coriolanus" is still fresh in our memories, it would not perhaps be out of place to point out errors in it so grave as to show that Shakspeare's knowledge of Roman history must have been very slight. When the noble Roman is receiving compliments on his valor, among other compliments paid him was that he was a soldier "even to Cato's wish." Unfortunately for the great "bard of Avon," Cato was not born till at least two hundred years after the death of Coriolanus. Shakspeare, also, through Menenius, commits some gross errors, such as saying of Coriolanus, "he sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander." Now Coriolanus died about 495 B. C., while Alexander was born a century and a half later. Menenius also says that "the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic." Now we can pardon a slip of a couple of centuries or so, but six hundred years is too much. Galen was not born till A. D. 130.

Mr. August Hemme proves to our citizens that he has a genuine love of music, and the liberality to pay for its advancement, giving everybody a chance to hear and enjoy it. The new Tabernacle, on Tyler street, near Taylor, has been built by Mr. Hemme, the organ made by Hook, of Boston, ordered and paid for by Mr. Hemme, and the services of Mr. Phillip Phillips engaged for one year to lead the choir of the new Tabernacle. Mr. Hemme has also offered the use of this new and beautiful edifice to the Handel & Haydn Society for rehearsals and concerts, and the three nights' festival will take place there on the 29th and 30th of the present month, and the 1st of May. Mrs. Marriner and Mrs. Hall McAllister are to sing the soprano solos for the Handel and Haydn. The auditorium seats 2,300 people, is very comfortably cushioned, and every seat commands an equally good view. The light and ventilation is very superior, and we record, with pleasure, this liberality and public spirit on the part of Mr. Hemme.

Persian Women.---There are worse wives than the San Franciscan, after all. Count de Gobineau says that it is unusual to find a Persian woman of three-and-twenty who has not had at least a couple of husbands, and often many more, so easily are divorces obtained. These ladies look upon themselves as wholly irresponsible beings; are extremely passionate and violent, and have "a way" of making themselves absolute mistresses at home. This is how they do it: They wear the dearest little slippers in the world. O, such ducks of slippers! turned up in front with sharpened steel spikes like skate-irons. When a lady gets mad with her "brute," she just takes off her little slipper, pulls the old man down on the divan by his beard; then ——. Talk about cats! Meow! f-f-it! She puts in her little plow and don't let go the handle till that old Tadjik's lower lip is safely tucked in his collar, and his nose (with a bit of lip attached) turned inside out and over his head, and left aimlessly dangling at the back parting of his hair. "There! you nasty, *nasty*, NASTY brute!"

We are Pleased to Note that Jose F. Godoy, son of the former Mexican Consul, C. T. Travers, a promising young orator, and Stuart S. Wright, son of the ex-Probate Judge of this city, have been (after a rigid examination in open Court by the Supreme Judges of this State) admitted to practice as Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law in all the Courts of California.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A Lady Correspondent in London writes to us as follows: "We are not only returning to the days of our forefathers in the matter of dress and adornment, but we are actually outstripping our lady ancestors in our devotion to the caprices and eccentricities of fashion. The latest absurdity is white hair! Not the powdered and frizzed locks which we see on the stage, and which gives such a piquant expression to young faces and such a softened one to elderly ones, but the natural hair deprived of every tinge of color by some chemical process, and then rendered brilliant by some newly-invented pomade. Powdered hair is worn by some ladies in full toilette, when the hair is dressed in stiff rolls without curls; but I fancy the damage done to handsome ornaments, lace, and dresses by the powder and necessary grease has brought about the present curious and destructive fashion of "bleaching." One way of doing it is to saturate the hair with the chemical preparation used, and then to dry it by holding a heated iron as close to the head as the lady can bear it, extracting at once the moisture and the color. That the process is injurious there can be no doubt; a French hairdresser told me as much. He said no head of hair thus artificially whitened would last long. It becomes brittle and breaks away. I have only seen the style as yet on dummies in the windows of the principal hairdressers; but the quantity of white curls, puffs, and bunches of hair exposed for sale show that the fashion is set by somebody. Handsome coral combs are made to wear with it, and ornaments in polished jet inlaid with colored enamel. This last is quite a new style of jewelry, more curious than pretty. Elderly ladies are wearing the hair in a very old-fashioned style, but one which is immensely becoming to a face no longer young. It is parted in the middle and brushed plainly down on each side to a level with the top of the ear, then puffed out a little from behind so as not to lie flat on the face. Caps are worn large, mostly coming to a point on the forehead and covering the back of the head entirely, besides being finished with lappets of lace and tulle. Fans are worn suspended from the waistband by a fancy chain or broad ribbon. The hooks for the purpose are made in all sorts of ornamental fashions—I think the monogram of the owner in gold, silver, or enamel. The pleasant face of H. R. H. Princess Louise has been seen flitting about for the past few days whenever and wherever the weather has permitted ladies to get out. She received quite an ovation when she presented the prizes to the London Scottish Rifles, and she looked as thoroughly pleased as any prize winner among them. It is pleasant to see royalty look so fresh and happy as H. R. H. the Princess Marchioness of Lorne. H. R. H. the Princess of Wales is apt to wear such a fatigued look at any public reception or ceremony that even her beauty and grace cannot quite do away with the uncomfortable feeling it produces. A new fashion in colors is growing in favor. Ladies are having dresses made of two shades of the same color—the palest and the darkest. When they are artistically mixed the effect is very good. I saw two ladies at a morning performance last week with costumes made in this style—one was blue and the other fawn color. The bonnets matched the dresses and were each adorned with a curling white ostrich feather. Very long sashes are worn with very stylish toilettes. They are twisted round the waist, and one end hangs short and loose on the right side of the back. The other end apparently catches up the pout of the dress behind, and hangs almost to the bottom of the skirt towards the left side. This sash is not considered complete unless a bow of broad ribbon to match is worn on the left shoulder, the ends falling over the back."—*Glasgow Mail.*

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

Papa Pius IX. is recovering, but the Easter ceremonies are somewhat curtailed.——Henri Rochefort is not long for this world.——An eccentric Britisher has bequeathed a sealed box of rare books and newspapers to the Bodleian Library, on condition that it is not opened till 1930.——A Belgian man of war now prevents the encroachments of British fishers at Ostend.——At length the French and German artists have buried the hatchet. They have equal room for their pictures.——The General Election, if there is to be one, will not take place until the Autumn.——M. Thiers is afflicted with gastrodynia. No wonder he is peevish and ill tempered.——The Prussian navy will shortly be increased by eleven armor-clad, eleven corvettes and three despatch boats. Estimated cost, twenty millions.——Pullman palace cars are to run on the Midland Railroad, England.——A coal-mining company has started in Russia with nine and a half millions capital.——Coal is being extensively discovered in Australasia. But strikes are prevalent there, too.——More panters after freedom. The troops of Porto Rico have revolted in favor of a Republic.——Turkey is to make a good show in the Vienna Exposition.——The wheat crop is so plentiful in Australia that the lines are blocked therewith.——Russia is twelve days behind the rest of the world in her reckoning of time. To-day is the 7th there.——Some of the Dutch colonies of Java are in a state of starvation.——Reviews of Austria's navy are to take place in connection with the Exposition.——The Russian troops for Khiva number 7,000.——The Irish during the coal famine are working the lignite beds with great success.——Ex-King Amadeus is now plain Duke Aosta.——Another strike in the English building trade is imminent.——The French Army is to consist of three divisions of 1,000,000 men.

The Musical Majority—The first three staves of the "Rogues' March."

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

Last Saturday, April 12th, ground was broken at Saucelito on the North Pacific Coast Railroad, about which very little is yet known to the public. A large number of gentlemen was present on the occasion as guests of the Saucelito Land and Ferry Company, which acted as *chaperon* to the Railroad Company, and the ceremonies were presided over with graceful courtesy by Gen. H. A. Cobb. A. W. Moore, President of the Railroad Company, stated that actual work had been commenced forty-five days previous at White's Hill and Strawberry Pond, and that a force of six or seven hundred laborers had been constantly employed since that time. The country was so broken and rugged that the surveys could only be made tardily, and that was the reason why a greater number of laborers had not been in the field, but they would soon have a force of 1,600 to 2,000. It was contemplated to run the road to Walhalla River, 140 miles beyond Saucelito, and that by the middle of February, 1874, it would be completed as far as Russian River, eighty-three miles distant, and the balance would be finished by August or September of the same year. He then expatiated on the natural resources and existing productive wealth of the tier of northern counties to be penetrated by the road. It is estimated that San Francisco consumes 16,800 gallons of milk daily, and Marin County is capable of supplying one-third of that quantity at 20 cents the gallon, or 10 cents less than it now costs, leaving a handsome profit for dairymen, even with a freight charge of 8 cents the gallon, and this traffic alone would give the road an income of $400 per day. The lumber trade of the counties to be opened by rail is simply immense, and at least six large trains per day would become necessary for its transportation to the tide-water at Saucelito. The grain and fruit-producing capacities of Marin and Sonoma were exceedingly great, and so soon as settlers could be placed in possession of railroad facilities to reach markets of consumption, there would be large additions to their populations. H. B. Platt, Vice-President of the Company, believed that Saucelito must eventually become the grand centering depot for all the redwood lumber, bark, wood, ties, and posts used on this coast. Its port facilities were sufficient to accommodate the largest class of ships. Along the line of the road, as far as Point Arenas, there were already thirteen mills in operation, with a joint cutting capacity of 60,000,000 feet per year; and, in 1872, with the meagre and costly resources for marketing which then existed, there were sent from that region 530,000 railroad ties, 15,000 cords of wood, 200,000 posts, 5,000 cords of bark, 10,846,000 shingles, and 50,000,000 feet of clear lumber. With railroad facilities, these figures could be doubled in a short time. The thirteen mills employed from 50 to 100 men each, and none of them ever had less than from one to three millions of feet on hand, ready to fill orders. He estimated that it would require 300 acres of space to accommodate the mass of lumber that would reach Saucelito by railroad, with the lumber piled ten feet high. During the two hours consumed in festivities, 150 yards of track were thrown up and graded, ready for the ties and rails. This very important enterprise has been conducted so far in a quiet, unostentatious manner; but it is in the hands of gentlemen who mean "business," and are pushing it with great vigor and determination. It will be of incalculable immediate benefit to the counties through which it will pass, and to Saucelito, converting it into a fine maritime port, increasing its population, and augmenting the value of its real estate and other local property. It will also become another great feeder to the metropolis, adding to our wealth, and enlarging the area of our commercial relations. By all means, give us railroads. Every one is a great artery of trade, a great public benefit, a grand substitute for navigable streams.

The Coal Question in England.—A proposition has lately been made by a Nottingham gentleman to Mr. Gladstone to utilize the coal and other minerals lying underneath the Crown Lands, by means of convict labor. It is reported that this suggestion, to which Mr. Gladstone returned a very favorable reply, is designed not only to stave off the effects of the present panic, but to establish a means of regulating the future prices of coal and minerals. We hope that this practical solution of a great social evil will not be lost sight of. If the Government will open mines on the Crown Lands and employ convict labor, they will utilize a great deal of wasted labor and save expense to the country, as then the labor of the convicts will be a source of profit, instead of a constantly recurring charge being made for their maintenance. This system would also act as a powerful deterrent to crime, the expectation of underground work being a source of dread to the criminal population. The cost of efficient supervision would not exceed that in our present expensive convict establishments.—*Court Journal.*

Mortimer, the convicted murderer, seems to have excited sympathy in the breast of a certain J. Flinn, who, pistol in hand, scaled the jail walls at Sacramento, for the purpose it is supposed of effecting Mortimer's escape. Unfortunately for himself, he crossed the path of Sheriff Cross, who bowled him over with two pistol shots. He now lies in the morgue, a warning to those who dare to trifle with the majesty of law. Mortimer says that he'd like to see the body, as he thinks it may be a relative. His family have a habit of dying in their boots.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

The Sacramento Record is severe upon our reformers and their superficial way of saving society, though it takes the sting out of its remarks by telling us, at the same time, that these reformers are as plenty as blackberries. In any given number of men, a large, a very large proportion, will take superficial views of things; and there is really nothing which should exempt reformers from the operation of this natural law. It is no just ground of reproach against a man, who desires to aid in improving society, that he applies his remedy to the skin, when the evil is deep-seated. Empirical medicine and surgery can offer very plausible arguments for such a mode of proceeding; and if we are to reject the help of well-meaning men, merely because their knowledge is not profound, we shall make no progress in the ordinary routine of life, and less than none towards reform. We believe the *Record* must know this as well as we do; but it had a point to make against the "educational ideas and system" of the country, and is evidently disposed to hold the reforming spirit responsible for these. Its wrath is especially moved by the "amazing, the stupendous folly we exhibit in the education of our girls." This folly consists in teaching them reading, writing, perhaps French or German, music, drawing, geography, history and embroidery; and, of course, the young lady, who has gone through all this, can do nothing, when she returns to her home, but "play on the piano, read novels, do fancy work, shine at parties and balls, flirt and talk the usual flimsinesses of young woman kind." Then she is married and has a baby, and knows nothing about the care of it; and so on, to the end of the jeremiad. We cannot deny that there is some truth in all this. There must be truth in what has been repeated from the beginning of the world, not by superficial reformers, but by serious men, concerned for the welfare of the future wives and mothers of the Republic, whether Jewish, Greek, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, or what not. There always have been men who lost patience at the frivolity of women, and declared that the age was degenerate; but, none the less, there have been pretty fair wives and mothers in all ages. The *Record* very justly argues that the voters themselves are really responsible for the numerous representatives whom they select. How, then, does it fail to see that if women are frivolous, the cause can hardly lie so near the surface as in their hasty and flimsy education, but must have its seat far deeper, in the poverty and emptiness of home life? The influence of the mother is undoubtedly very great, for good: but children of both sexes are steadied or thrown off their balance far more by the example and guidance of the father. The responsibility for the aimless lives of young people rests, we have no hesitation in affirming, almost wholly with their fathers. Nearly every mother is honestly anxious for the improvement of her children; and if the man only stood up to his duty tolerably well, there would not be two wretched homes in a hundred, where now there are twenty. Undoubtedly, the education we give our girls is more or less flimsy. How should it be otherwise? This also has its origin in the family life. Fathers, as well as mothers, want their girls to shine, and to be taken off their hands by a good match. This we all know, and complain of. But perhaps we do not all consider, as we ought, that a high state of civilization is necessarily fatal to a general recognition of the simple and primary duties. It is not possible for men and women to ignore the tendencies of the society in which they live, or to teach their children effectually that truth and purity and duty are the supreme law, when the very air around them echoes with every hollow pretence and hypocrisy is on the tongue of all who approach them. Men and women try their best to outshine each other, with real gold and velvet, if they can, with tinsel and tawdry imitation, if better may not be. It is surely more manly to recognize the shortcomings of our social system, than to lay the charge of them on those who educate our girls. We do not give the best education in the world; but we do not give the worst. Let the Timons and Catos say what they will, it is better for girls and boys to learn, as well as they can, a little French or German, a little history and geography, a little music and algebra, than to remain ignorant of these things while they devote their minds to business and housekeeping. People forget, when they join in the ready cry against smattering, that every one is, by necessity, a smatterer. In the beginning of the world,

> When wild in woods the noble savage ran,

it was easy for every man to be perfect in the two or three accomplishments which made up savage life. But civilization, with the increasing complexity of its needs, speedily put an end to this. The most accomplished man of whom the *Record* knows would be nonplussed if called on to describe Schelling's philosophy, or give a lecture on church history. We all know this, and we know that knowledge is merely relative; but when we are asked if girls ought to learn algebra or German, we think we are wise because we make a wry face, and mutter something about babies. It is unpleasant to see conceited and priggish girls; but so far is the influence of studies tends to make them so, there is more to be feared from a devotion to one subject than from a slight acquaintance with many. The experience of every day proves this. No man or woman is so thoroughly ungainly and ugly as the one who knows one thing, and that only. Your notable housewife, who never heard of Goethe, and thinks that Plato invented crockery, puts you down with a speed and assurance like none other. With the very *schoolmarm* one is able to come to an understanding, with a little tact and a knowledge rather greater than her own, on two or three points. Why should not girls have their little flirtations and flimsinesses? These they cannot have without men; and, if the *Record* will excuse us, we hold that men and girls are both better for the flirtation and the flimsi-

ness. It seems to be entirely overlooked that life is not all work, and that human beings have sentiments and hopes and dreams, and that these are just as real as the heaviest cash account, or the most painful broken leg. All the Gradgrinds are not manufacturers. Whatever tends in any way to rouse the mind, or excite imagination, or make the heart beat with some vigor, is so far wholesome and good, for girls no less than for boys; and the play-impulse is more precious than the science of griddle-cakes. We grant that girls ought to know something of home duties, and even of caring for babies, since babies they will have. And we find that they really do know these things as well as we, who criticize them. Very few young women do *not* know how to handle and dress a baby, the very first time the necessity is upon them; and, if it is true that the lives of children are often sacrificed by the ignorance of their parents, we can see no cure for that. No amount of teaching will supply the place of experience; and a parent without experience must rely on nature and the help of others. It is hard to see what change could be made in the general system of education for our girls. They must have a little acquaintance with the names of the sciences, a smattering of biography and of history, a few lessons in language and literature. Let the fathers give some thought to their own pursuits, and moral character, and daily example in the home; and we are satisfied that there will soon spring up, in the minds of the daughters, a love of duty, a desire for improvement, and a ready helpfulness of spirit, now not too common.

OPERA OF THE GOLDEN CALF.

Last Sunday Dr. Carpenter's church was the focus of song for the saints of the city. We had not known of it; we went up to a friendly pew, sat down and waited. Meantime we amused ourselves with watching the proceedings of a lank Hebrew-phized deacon, who was marching the pretty women to the front seats, and dropping the old and ugly into the back, with a regularity as marked as if he were helping God divide the sheep from the goats. But the performance began. Instead of the sermon we had expected, we had the groanings, trills and shrills of a bad opera. Now we would rather hear the Doctor once than such holy caterwauling a thousand times. Dr. Carpenter is the best-built Gospel pugilist in the city. It stirs our soul to see him fight his losing fight: to see how he keeps up that lion's heart, holds up that lion's head of his so well; giving no inch, and countering every time with cool and crashing precision upon the Satanic snoot. We are, for the nonce, ashamed of him, however; we are mad at him for giving his countenance to such a school-girl reunion as spoiled our Sunday evening and sent us home with empty pitchers—we who had come to him for living water and for the strong meat that he knows so well to carve. It is the same everywhere; in synagogue as well as church, the opera idol stands. Last Saturday, by the force of unforseen circumstances, we were reluctantly compelled to attend a synagogue service held not far from Mason street. They sang Verdi,—Verdi *in the Hebrew language!* think of it, ye great gods! bare your whips, ye furies!—nor, even with the musical assassination of Verdi, were the wretches content, but the "Reader" proceeded also to take the airy scalp off that beautiful song, "The long, long weary day." O give us a rest, ye howling dervishes! rend your hearts and not your midriffs! take your kettle off the tail of Melody, or the old dog will go mad! Our parting blessing is, that the devil take you for a herd of grunting swine, and drive you all down a steep place into the sea. O, would that every religious Marsayas in San Francisco had met his Apollo long ago, and that their skins hung rotting in every choir from the Mission to the City-front.

"FRIEND MOONEY."

We are Ever Glad to hear of our old friends, especially of those who, like Mooney, have left such pleasant souvenirs behind them, and whose memory every San Franciscan must revere. Our friend has lately been playing a very prominent part in "The Home Rule Demonstration in Hyde Park," London, in fact was Chairman of the meeting. We fancy, if we remember rightly, that Mr. Mooney was from Italy, or else Ireland, and as the meeting was convened on St. Patrick's Eve, we presume that accounts in a measure for his presence and patronage. They could not have chosen a better man, or one more likely to promote their cause. We look for the early deliverance of much trodden-down Ireland. These patriotic Irishmen have only to make Mr. Mooney Treasurer as well as Chairman, and then success is certain. His financial abilities have been displayed to such an advantage even here, where financial geniuses abound, that in a field like England, where the *true financier* is almost extinct, owing to certain arbitrary laws, he must at once be put at the top of the ladder without any climbing. We rejoice to hear that our old friend has kindly given out that he will not interfere with Queen Victoria's home rule. It is kind and considerate of him, and as we have a certain respect and love for Queen Victoria, we from the bottom of our hearts thank him for his merciful forbearance. If this should meet the eagle glance of Mooney, we ask him "to return and all will be forgiven," and not to waste his sweet brogue upon desert England. Many of his friends are *very anxious to hear* from him.

CAPTAIN JACK'S SENTIMENTS.

I'm Captain Jack, of the Modoc tribe;
It's government whisky that I imbibe;
And I like sometimes, by way of a gibe,
A quiet assassination.
But I make a treaty whenever I can;
For I am Captain Jack, and I know my plan;
I'm a Credit Mobilier Ingin man,
And open to investigation.

We talk of the reservation, both;
Of course, to that I'm nothing loth,
And I take my little Ingin oath
To close the stipulation.
Yes, "reservation," each party says;
It's as fixed as a pair of balances,
And I chuckle now when I think of my
My mental reservation.

LOCAL SHIP-BUILDING.

That California, so rich in all needed materials, should have to depend upon the enterprise of other States and other countries for the supply of its merchant marine, is a sad reflection on her apathy and want of enterprise. But a movement has been set on foot at last by two or three enterprising firms which, whilst highly commendable, is wrongly conceived. On Monday evening last Mr. Story, from the Judiciary Committee, submitted a report in regard to the application of C. L. Taylor & Co., George Howes & Co., and Risdon & Booth, for a lease, for ship-building purposes for a term of fifty years, of so much of the Central Basin as lies east of Illinois street, between Santa Clara and Mariposa streets, extending in an easterly direction to the water-front line. To this request several pertinent objections have been raised by the Board. The Judiciary Committee, who submitted the report of the application, stated first, that the Civil Code provides that no lease of city property for a longer term than twenty-five years shall be valid, and this, we should think, would settle that part of the question. The great advantages of establishing extensive ship-yards here are manifest, but surely if our builders are not enterprising enough to buy or lease whatever land they require for their yards, the boast of San Franciscan "go-aheadism" is a pretty empty one. This subsidy and premium business is the real dry rot of legitimate progress. The profits which are certain to accrue should be all that an honest man or company expect. Again, the property asked for has 400 feet frontage on the east side of Illinois street, extending 1,200 feet in uniform width to the established water front, sloping from a little above high-water mark to a depth of eighteen feet. This is a moderate request for 480,000 feet only, of city lands as a reward for push in starting a well-paying business. Ship builders in the Eastern cities never had, nor, we believe, did they ever seek grants for establishing ship yards, and yet their chances of totting up a balance on the right side of the book were not greater, and we should be strangely contradictory if we allowed them to be as great as ours. The remarks of the reporting committee on this part of the subject are sensible and plain. "Central Basin," says the report, "might be dedicated to ship-building purposes and leased out in parcels to proper parties under judicious restrictions. Rents could be graduated, as, for instance, agreed cost for the first five years, with provisions for each subsequent five years, inducement being offered for the production of useful, permanent improvements. Thus a profitable industry would be established and fostered to the benefit of mechanics." Exactly; this is as it should be. This "modified project" is of undoubted merit, and we trust that the hint thrown out that "the petitioners become eminently acceptable contracting parties thereunder" will not be thrown away upon Messrs. Taylor, Howes & Co. The argument that ship-building could be conducted more cheaply at Puget Sound than in this city we do not consider tenable. The only advantage gained by building in any of the small northern ports is that of being able to obtain lumber at some five or six dollars cheaper per ton. But this cheapness in lumber—worthy of note as it is in its way—does not make up for the dearness of all other materials which the cost of transporting thither would entail. We need only mention rigging, iron, copper and canvas. But chief reason of all, the establishment of large ship-building yards in this city means the introduction of a labor needing a constant supply of educated, healthy immigrants, whose influx would be as much to the good of San Francisco as their own. All branches of industry and business connected with shipping would receive a healthy impulse, and we look for those who have manly spirit enough to start these so much needed ship yards under more independent auspices than those that would be consequent upon the granting of the strange request for a so-called lease of city land, for which the petitioners consider "a payment of a nominal rent (*i. e.* no rent at all), and the recurrence to the city of improvements at the end of fifty years, would be equitable."

Kelly, the Late Chief Jailer, after some years of useful service to his country, has resigned his arduous position and gone into the liquor business. The step is but a short one. He ought to know how to treat jail birds, and no doubt will do so creditably. Next to a jailer no one in a community has more to do with the class of men that fill our jails than a gentleman in what is called the "liquor business." He it is that fits them to take high positions in criminal life. A few drops of his potent whisky will make a noble murderer out of a skulking sneak-thief; a big "Credit Mobilier" man out of a poor miserable honest politician. His mighty influence has even been known to raise a paltry parson from comparative obscurity to an introduction to the great Louderback.

THE WAY THE BRITISHERS SETTLE THEIR INDIANS.

An Interesting Lecture, detailing the operations of the Chittagong column in the campaign against the Loshais, was delivered a few days ago at the United Service Institution, Whitehall, by Major East, Forty-first Regiment, Assistant-Quartermaster-General of the Bengal Army. A large and distinguished audience was present, among whom we noticed the Countess of Mayo, etc. Major-General Armstrong, Deputy Adjutant General to the forces, was in the chair. The lecturer pointed out that the Loshai country, lying on the southeastern frontier of Bengal, and extending thence to Burmah, is occupied by hardy mountain tribes, who for years had made constant descents upon the neighboring British territory. In 1871 these raids rose to such a hight that exemplary punishment became necessary. Accordingly, an expedition of some size was set on foot, not to make merely a retaliatory raid, but to advance far into the depths of the country, recover captives, and secure complete submission. The force acted on two lines; one under Gen. Bourchier moved from Cachar; the other under Gen. Brownlow—to whose staff the lecturer was attached as Assistant Quartermaster-General—had Chittagong as its base. The time selected was between November, 1871, and the following March, and each column consisted of three native infantry regiments (500 strong) and half a battery of mountain artillery. Major East detailed graphically the various movements of Gen. Brownlow's force—from the advance from Chittagong by the Kurnafoolie river, to Kassalong and on to Demegree. At the latter place, on December 1st, active operations were commenced against the Syloo tribe of Loshais, and were completely successful. Villages captured and storehouses destroyed acted with excellent moral effect, so that on a further advance against another tribe, the northern Howlongs, an actual collision was rendered unnecessary by their timely submission. On March 6th, the column returned to Demegree, when the southern Howlongs, after slight hesitation, also surrendered, and the campaign came to a close. Its results, as summed up by Gen. Brownlow himself, were: "The complete subjugation of two powerful tribes inhabiting sixty villages, of which twenty that resisted were attacked and destroyed; the personal submission of fifteen chiefs, and their solemn engagement on behalf of themselves and tributaries for future good behavior; the recovery of Mary Winchester, and the liberation of upwards of 150 British subjects who had from time to time been made captives."

WATER EVERYWHERE, AND NOT A DROP TO DRINK.

It is Whispered in Knowing Circles that the "Spring Valley Water Company" is planning a flank movement upon the people. The present and dying Board of Supervisors can still be utilized. None of them have any character to lose except, perhaps, Shrader and McCarthy. They are therefore just the sort of men for desperate counsels and forlorn hopes. They will strike one blow for immortality and coin just before going out of office. The officers and stockholders of the Water Company are, as a rule, men of unquestioned ability in looking out for their own interests in this world and in the next. They pray to God and overreach the public. In the end they will probably overreach God. The high officers are all deacons in some one or other of the most fashionable churches, and take care to attend regularly; but they are not praying all the time they sit in those pews of a Sunday, though some persons might imagine they are. They are plotting, and their plots have a point to them. The scheme now being worked up is no less than to force a resolution through the Board of Supervisors purchasing the Water Company's works at some fabulous sum, we can't say precisely how much, but hear it stated at various figures all the way from two millions of dollars up to ten millions. The first is perhaps, upon the whole, a fair price, and for that reason we predict not correct. The last is so cheeky that even the pious Directors of the Spring Valley Water Company scarcely dare to attempt it. The truth will probably be found at an intermediate point as usual, say at about three or four millions, that being three or four times what the works have actually cost the Company. About one million has been spent in money out of pocket, and another, possibly two, in earnings reserved out of income after paying six per cent. dividends to shareholders. This sum of earnings in a reserved "construction fund," will be foisted upon the public as actual money spent, but even that cannot, without gross misrepresentation, be raised above two and a half millions FOR ENTIRE cost. To this add a million and a half for profit to manipulators, and a corruption fund to put it through, and we have the people paying four millions to buy back the privilege of drinking the water that nature drops down upon them each Winter. It is said that God rains alike upon the just and the unjust. This is not true of the Spring Valley Water Company's God. He is altogether another sort of character, and knows who to rain on and how to make everybody else pay for it. Look out for the new water-selling scheme. It is coming.

It is Said in Paris that the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh will not take place till next March, and that before it does take place the Queen will pay a visit to St. Petersburg. It is whispered that there is some difficulty as to whether the wedding should be solemnized in England or Russia. The *News Letter* suggests a double celebration of the event, one at St. Petersburg and one in London, but out of compliment to the lady, let the formalities begin in London.

ECCE SIGNUM.

Two Christian Journals, the *Chronicle* and the *Evening Post*, gave an account, on Wednesday last, of a miraculous event which occurred in this city on Good Friday, just past. A young lady, Miss Collins, who had been in delicate health and even at death's door, was that day visited by special Divine favor, and marked with the five wounds of our Blessed Lord, on the hands, the feet and the side. These marks still remain, and have been seen not only by the reporters, but by several respectable citizens, members of the Roman Catholic Church. It must not be forgotten that, before the marks appeared, the lady had taken three drops of the holy water from the spring of Our Lady of La Salette. It is not difficult to apply the meaning of this astonishing manifestation of Divine Grace; for what said Our Blessed Lord? "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign!" And what sign could be more tremendous, what more effectual as a warning to a generation like ours, than this of the Stigmata, marked on the hands and feet and side of a virgin daughter of our people? For in this appears still further the unimagined mercy of God, that He selected as the chosen vessel of His will, not one high in authority, not even a man, but a poor girl, sick and suffering, and blessed only in His love. Oh! unspeakable work of the Spirit! It is to be regretted that infidelity is so widely spread in lands called Christian. Under the influence of this canker of the mind, men are moved to ask what can be the good of such miracles as the one we have mentioned. They say that the work is not complete unless it is done in the sight of so many, sceptics, unbelievers, Protestants, Jews and heathen, that every one shall be compelled to acknowledge the truth of it, though he continue to doubt its usefulness. They say that Heaven, out of pity for man's reasoning nature, should be careful to reproduce as far as possible, the main features of the Great Sacrifice. Some would even go so far as to require imitation crosses and two thieves, with a carpenter, to be hung thereon; losing sight, in their misplaced love of logic, of the insurmountable objection that while, at Jerusalem, there were but three thieves to be found in the whole city, (and Barrabbas was one of them) even the omniscience of Heaven would find it impossible to select two out of the countless thousands in San Francisco. The thieves, therefore, could not be represented; and as for the carpenter, it would be out of the question to make any mark on his horny hands. There seems to be more force in another objection offered to these miraculous works, if, indeed, there can be any force other than that of blasphemy in man's insolent questioning of Heaven. Unbelievers say that these signs should be made to appear, not on the hands and feet of the faithful, but on a Jew; since Jesus was a Jew. It is in this way that men seek to darken counsel by words without knowledge; for if we suppose a Jew so distinguished, how could he afterwards be consigned to the torments of hell, as an unbeliever? There is yet one other audacious supposition, which we mention only under our breath, so appaling is the depth of human depravity which it seems to reveal; and that is, that these stigmata are by no means intended to represent those of Our Lord, but those of one or the other of the two thieves. The marks in the hands are necessarily the only ones shown to visitors; and who, it is infamously suggested, can be sure there is a wound in the side?

SENATOR COLE.

This is Senator Cole's week for returning to private life. The Senator alternates between a foreign mission and Government pap on the one side, and resuming law practice in San Francisco on the other, with the regularity of a pendulum. Between the two we begin to fear he will in the end do neither. We don't wish to give unnecessary alarm to his numerous clients in this city, who, we understand, are awaiting his arrival within the borders of our State in great swarms to load him down with briefs the moment he arrives, but we do much fear that even should he refuse the Chinese Mission, which is more than probable, that he will nevertheless not consent to practice law in this State. Our readers are perhaps not generally aware of the mechanical skill of Senator Cole. He indeed ranks among the most ingenious and gifted of our mechanical inventors. His improvement upon the paddle-wheel for steamers is one of the marvelous things of the age, and has proven such a success that we have reason to suspect he will find it to his advantage to confine his attention to that and similar subjects of experiment. A well-feathered paddle-wheel is a wonderful saving of labor to one about to paddle his own canoe. And this is Senator Cole's case. Paddle away, old statesman, you will do well in this country if you don't have any bad luck.

We Hear with Sorrow that the horse disease has not even spared the noble "Democrat." It is not the first time a Democrat has been troubled with distemper, nor will it be the last. We hope that the mare "Lady Grant" will not get the disease too. Then, indeed, both Democracy and Republicanism would be in arms against "King Epizootic's" absolute monarchy.

A Lengthy Tour.—Mr. Lester Wallack is about to make a professional tour round the world. In August he will be in California, New Zealand in September, and Australia the last three months of the year. In February, March and April of 1874, he intends performing in London, returning to New York in October.

WHEN WORDS FAIL.

When words fail, when, mute and pale,
The quivering lips refuse their task,
Is sorrow fled? is feeling dead,
Or anguish over? Who can ask?

When words fail—oh! then unveil
This steel-cold grief that wounds so deep,
And you shall find a tortured mind
May still forbid the eyes to weep.

At the last, in vain you asked
Those parting words that love embalms:
As dumb and still, one dead might fill
The place I held within your arms.

Yet you know how vain the flow
Of graceful, ardent speech may be;
Then say you feel my last appeal
Is answered—answered tenderly.

Say you heard what yet no word
But failed to make you hear so well;
And say that still, through good and ill,
You trust the love I could not tell. —*Old and New*

CLIPPER SHIP "THREE BROTHERS," OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A Short Time Since, Jabez Howes, resident partner in San Francisco of the prominent mercantile firm of George Howes & Co., of New York, purchased the United States steamship *Vanderbilt*, at auction, for the sum of $42,000 currency, and since then has been placed in possession of the vessel by order from the Treasury Department, all the terms of sale having been satisfied. The *Vanderbilt's* entire frame is of the very best seasoned live oak, heavily iron-strapped diagonally, with unusually large hanging knees, beams, carlins and breast hooks, and furnished with three kelsons of great size and strength. She is an extreme clipper, and her lines are as fine as those of a dolphin. When one considers the ponderous character of her engines, and the extreme speed—twenty-one knots, it is claimed—with which she has been driven through the water in open ocean, without shaking or starting her frame in the least, it is easy to form a pretty good idea of her strength and the excellence of her build. Mr. Howes has sold the engines for $20,000 gold coin, and the ship, as she lies, becomes the property of the firm for the comparative trifle of $20,000 currency. Her measurement, old style, is 3,615 tons, and her carrying capacity 4,400 tons of wheat. She will be ship-rigged under the immediate superintendence of Captain Cummings, for years the well-known and popular Commander of the fine clipper ship *Young America*, also belonging to the firm. It is estimated that after being sparred, rigged, equipped, provisioned and manned, with sailor's advance paid, and lying at the wharf ready to take cargo, she will cost her owners $80,000 gold coin. There is now but little doubt that grain freights will rule at four pounds sterling the ton, and allowing five dollars the pound, the freight earnings of this ship will be $88,000 gold coin for a single trip, and as she can easily make two trips the season her aggregate earnings will be $176,000, or $96,000 gold more than the cost. Jabez Howes, in fraternal regard for his two brothers, has rechristened the ship, and she will be registered as the *Three Brothers*, of San Francisco. When ready for sea, she will be the largest clipper ship under the American flag, the old steamer *Adriatic*, formerly of the Collins line, but now owned by an English house and sailing under the British flag, being the only one in the world of greater dimensions. The unequaled speed of this vessel under steam gives assurance of a corresponding celerity under sail, and she will probably be the fastest clipper afloat. The firm of George Howes & Co. has ever been foremost in maritime enterprises of this character, and now owns quite a fleet of first-class ships, which are rendering important service to the commerce of the country. The *Three Brothers*, of San Francisco, holds out every promise of being the finest clipper on the ocean, an honor to the city from which she hails, and a source of emolument to her enterprising owners.

Madame Nilsson, says the *Musical Standard*, has refused an offer of 60,000 francs for ten years' (*sic*) performances at the Berlin Opera House. Patriotism is assigned as the reason for this refusal to sing in the capital of the conqueror of poor France. A Russian indemnity has been offered to M. Strakosch to release the lady from her American engagement.

The Sea-Serpent has turned up again—this time in the Bay of Biscay. Its head is described as like that of a hippocampus, and its length is reckoned at about twenty-five feet. A large devil fish was in close attendance when last seen. He was supposed to be one of the serpent's first cousins in the maternal line.

Anonymous Letters have been sent to the Ministers at Madrid of France, Great Britain and Prussia. The letters, which are identical in terms, threaten the Ministers with death for conspiring against the Republic, and declare that the houses they occupy and those of the Consuls will be burnt.

A GOVERNMENTAL INSURANCE BUREAU.

We this Week Broach a Scheme which has more than its undoubted originality to commend it to the public attention and consideration. The scheme is, in two words, the formation of a Governmental Bureau of Insurance. We believe, and we think our readers will, after a consideration of the plan in detail next week, agree that very solid advantages will be enjoyed, both by the Government and the people, through its adoption. Without at all exaggerating the importance of the idea, we may say that it seems calculated to institute an entirely new order of things in the insurance world, and to inaugurate a system which shall lead to the advancement of general interest and security. Especially will it recommend itself to those property holders who appreciate the possibility of improving the existent uncertain state of affairs, and to those who see the folly of allowing foreign companies and underwriters to pocket gains which should be put to another, better and more advantageous cause, that of the country's good.

The Pacific Coast Mercantile Director will, with its May number, commence its second volume, under the new title of the *San Francisco Journal of Commerce and Mercantile Director*. This monthly journal is one of the most useful published on this coast, and Murray, Dewey & Co., as the enterprising publishers, deserve the success they are obtaining. It will for the future appear as a large quarto sheet, containing forty-eight columns of commercial news, editorials and advertisements, each issue as large as those of the New York or Chicago *Journals of Commerce*. It will thus be not only more convenient in form, and better suited to display both reading matter and advertisements, but considerably larger space will be obtained for both. In future the subscription will be $1 50 per annum.

More Quicksilver.—There is scarcely any chance of quicksilver becoming a drug in the mineral market, and all discoveries of this useful metal are worthy of note. Napa county, which is one of our richest mercury producing districts, reports an increased supply, and we may shortly look for a reduction from its high market price of 95 cents a pound. Last week we mentioned the discovery of red sulphuret of mercury in the neighborhood of Gilroy, and now from Napa comes the report that forty Mexicans from the Almaden mines are hard at work in the Whitton Quicksilver Mine, leased from March 17th by I. Pershbacker to Edward Bale and M. Madero for two years, with a certified product of ten tons of first rate ore a day. The retorts will soon be in operation, one hundred and fifty tons being already taken out.

Major Boutille, Civil Engineer of Salt Lake City, who has been engaged on the survey of the Corinne and Malad Irrigation Canal, has just completed his valuable labors with plats, diagrams and specifications. By the 10th of May next the magnificent enterprise will be open to the use of all parties requiring irrigation for their lands in the above valley. A transcript of the survey is preparing for inspection at the California Placard Exchange, San Francisco.

Rye Patch M. & M. Co.—Shipments of bullion during the present week amount to 4,702 ounces. The mine is producing ores largely in excess of present milling capacity. Superintendent Hoffman advises the Company that he is sending ten tons daily to the reduction works at Winnemucca, and that within ten days remittances of bullion will be doubled. The stock is active on the Board, and the sales have been large.

Mr. Edward Henry Vizitelly, who, during the late war, was attached to the staff of General Garibaldi, as special correspondent of the *Daily News*, has undertaken the editorship of a new English journal, to be published weekly, at Frankfort-on-the Main. Vizitelly is a regular recipient of the *S. F. News Letter*.

The Suez Canal.—It is announced from Constantinople that the British Government maintains its protest against the increase of the Suez Canal dues, and will hold the Turkish Government responsible for the sums paid by British shipowners in excess of the former scale.

The Chronicle is certainly deserving of great credit, not only for the enterprising way in which it goes ahead of all the other dailies, but also for furnishing the public with the latest Modoc war news from its bulletin board on Montgomery street. It bids fair to put the other dailies "up a tree."

ALONE WITH THE SPIRITS.

I went to my room, as the shadows were falling,
I drew the rich curtains and bolted the door:
I made no response to my friends, who were calling,
But softly I crossed o'er the carpeted floor.

In silence I sat by the old oaken table,
No brilliant lamp shed its soft light o'er the room,
The midnight had come with its garments so sable,
And all was as still, and as cold as the tomb.

Quite worn out with watching, and wearied by waiting;
I roused the idea of going to bed:
And this new resolve I was just meditating,
When a brighter one still leaped into my head.

And now I felt no inclination for napping,
But whispered right softly "O, sweet spirit, come;"
When shortly and suddenly, something came rapping;
Now this may appear very doubtful to some.

But yet it is true, though, I heard it so plainly—
Yes, rapping as plainly as rapping could be;
But not to put faith on the hearing sense mainly,
I felt something touching, and resting on me.

And still it kept rapping, with no sign of stopping,
While there I sat quaking, and eager, and pale;
Till morning revealed all the cause of the knocking;
'Twas my little dog Freddy just wagging his tail.

A MARINE MONSTER.

Description of the New English War Ship "Devastation"---A Ponderous Monster with 6,600 Horse-power Engines!---The London *Daily Telegraph* gives an interesting description of the new English war ship *Devastation*: That the *Devastation* is a great success, so far as she has been tried, is now admitted. The ponderous monster, which squats upon the astonished waters with a dead weight of 10,000 tons, takes any ordinary waves with stolid indifference, whether she receives them end on, or upon bow, beam or quarter. The prodigious hill of foam which her stern piles up when under way, washes, as was expected, clean over her forward deck, and she is often submerged aft; but her massive midsection rides quietly enough, and those on board her when anchored in the rolling tide way, say that she was steadier than a house ashore. She turns with great readiness and in a small circle, and her speed, as proved in six trials along the measured mile, is not only equal to the promise of her designers, but it exceeds expectation.

The mighty engines driving this Island of iron, with an indicated power of 6,600 horses, with seventy-seven revolutions to the minute, got fifteen knots and a half out of the ship, and her mean rate at full steam is thirteen knots and three-quarters. Here, therefore, is a craft which is vulnerable only to a very few guns, has the swiftness of a small packet, and the handiness—thanks to her twin screws—of a tug, while she could utilize the qualities to hurl upon an opponet the awful force of all her 10,000 tons, moving with the velocity of a spear. On board this remarkable man-of-war there are no less than thirty-four distinct and separate engines, and, indeed, the value which she represents is as serious as her fighting capacity. What remains to be learned is the behavior of the ugly giant in a real Biscay gale, and whether or no the cul-de-sac which she carries aft will not prove a mistake in a heavy flowing sea.

With stability assured to fifty-five degrees, with no top gear to set her over, and with decks which can be hermetically sealed, she would be safe enough; but whenever she does roll, or pitch, or scud, the rivets and fittings of her huge body will be thoroughly tried. Except the Russian Monitor, *Peter the Great*, nothing floating could resist or even challenge such a vessel, at once so strong and swift. The torpedo, no doubt, may yet be so developed as to make the *Devastation* and all her terrible sisters impotent against a defended coast. On the high sea, at present, she has no superior, though we suppose the day will come when even this amazing construction will be as obsolete as the three-deckers of Nelson.

King Amadeus' Farewell.---The few particulars of the farewell of the ex-King and Queen, when they left the Palace of Madrid, are very affecting. They had endeared themselves beyond expresion to the numerous members of their household, and all were deeply moved when the young monarch passed through their midst at early morn, and went down the staircase for the last time. The Royal Guard in brilliant uniform lined the corridor and stairs of the Palace down to the carriage door, where Amadeus stood until the litter in which the ex-Queen was borne from her bed was placed before him. He then tenderly took the gentle and patient lady in his arms, and himself placed her in the carriage, she the while giving free course to the tears which she could not restrain. The ex King was excessively pale, but, as usual, self-possessed, although evidently affected at the emotion of the Royal household at his departure.—*Echo's Correspondent.*

Business Notices.

We Have Great Pleasure in drawing attention to the following circular:

PARIS, March 12, 1873.—CHARLES LE GAY, American Commission Merchant, 1 Rue Scribe—Dear Sir: You will find at my office complete files of the San Francisco *News Letter*, Daily Sacramento *Union*, Daily *Alta California*, Daily *Bulletin*, Daily *Morning Chronicle*, which I cordially invite you to consult at your pleasure and convenience. CHARLES LE GAY.

MR. F. MARRIOTT, San Francisco, California.

The many friends of Charley Le Gay will rejoice to hear that after traveling over the greater part of the civilized world, and acquiring a store of information, both intellectual and commercial, he has settled down in Paris, where already his business qualities have been useful to many houses in San Francisco in the shape of commissions to purchase goods for this market. He has struck out a new branch of industry in connection with San Francisco, as well as with its traveling public, which cannot fail of success. It must at the same time be highly gratifying for an old resident of California to act as interpreter, and assist in effecting business transactions wherein judgment, experience of foreign and American interests, can be promoted by the solid capacity and high standing of an American gentleman. Among the many influential Americans that do business with him, we may mention the name of Calvin Brown, of Mare Island, who is on a tour of observation for the Government, who was recommended and introduced to him by Mr. Washbourne, U. S. Minister to France. Gen. Fred. Starring, the Special Agent of the Treasury Department in Europe, also does most of his business with him. The patent wind-mill with which he is interested on America only) meets with universal approbation, and is said to be just the thing for California use.

"Crucified! Well that's reviving the old days and no gammon." "How did it happen?" "Well, it happened thusly: My old woman likes a little drop of the cratur occasionally; sometimes she exceeds that little drop. She did last night. In the morning (Good Friday) she woke me at daylight and swore she'd gone through the 'crucifixion' in her dreams. I looked her well over, and, sure enough, there were wounds in her hands and feet. She'd been scratching mosquito bites with my best razor. She's promised never to get crucified again, and to drink Cutter Whisky, as sold by Hotaling, and no other.

On a Marble Slab over a grave in Marlborough, Massachusetts, is the following epitaph, evidently composed by a youth whose poetic genius equaled, if it did not excel that of Byron. The dear dead one lying under the slab had been his betrothed:

> "Death is the road that leads to bliss divine,
> For there they drink nought but the Gerke Wine
> That thou hadst trod, O hapless Caroline."

A San Francisco Youth, who wanted to get spliced but had'nt pluck enough to pop the question, asked his father's advice on he subject. His father replied, "Why, you booby, how do you suppose I managed when I got married?" "Oh yes," said the aspiring youth, "but you married mother, and I've got to go and marry a strange girl." "You ignorant young fool," answered the irate papa, "what's the difference? Just you treat her to a few of Emerson Corville's oysters at the Saddle Rock, and the chances are she'll save you the trouble of popping the question." He acted on his father's advice, is now married and, need we add, happy.

> Fair Chloe at her window sat and looked so sad,
> We asked the darling girl, "What makes you feel so bad?"
> A moment paused the girl, and then she crying told
> Her cause of woe. 'Twas not for lack of shining gold
> She thus looked sad. "Could I get taken well," she said,
> "Not matrimonially, but photographed not wed,
> I should feel happy."

We took her to Bradley & Rulofson's, and now she looks sad no more.

"Loss of a China Packet Ship!" exclaimed a literal minded old lady, one day, as she laid down the paper; "I should think so, when even iron ones, like the *Atlantic*, are not safe." This unsophisticated old lady had read nothing but the *Alta*, which perhaps in a measure accounts for her extreme innocence. She has lately taken to reading the *News Letter*, and has shown that she has improved in her common sense, for she has bought a complete new set of furniture from N. P. Cole. His furniture, though as pretty as China, is as durable as iron.

> They May Boast of the beauties of France or of Spain,
> The hight of the mountain, the spread of the plain,
> But had I to choose through the wide world an abode,
> I would live if I could on the San Bruno Road;
> And O, happy as long as I lived could I dwell,
> Midst the green trees and the flowers at Thorpe's Hotel.

An Inventor, who has, after much study and labor, invented a new system of making railroad locomotives and car axles, which can be finished in the short space of fifteen minutes after coming out of the blast furnace without being placed in a lathe for finish, wants a person of capital. Address R. R. R., this office.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

FROM THE TOWPATH.

There is every Reason to suppose—certainly the articles in the daily and sporting papers do not incline me towards a contrary opinion—that one visit to the towpath on the Oxford and Cambridge race-day is very much like another, and that one set of light or dark-blue oarsmen is very like that which preceded it, notwithstanding the use of sliding seats and the criticism of experts. The oars are four on each side, and painted blue, the coxswain sits in the stern, and I should like to know what any one wants besides this for a description of the boats competing. But as I received a wigging for doing my report my own way last week, and was ordered—not over civilly, either—to use my own eyes and report accordingly, I e'en with a heavy heart made the best of my way to the towpath, via the Underground Railway and Hammersmith Bridge.

The way was not at all cheerful, and I would much rather have stayed at home by the fire and read all about the race in the evening paper, if only because by that means I should have known much more about it than I learnt from actual observation. But as editors are the most obstinate of men, and mine is the most obstinate of editors, I could only grumble and obey. When I got to the Suspension Bridge the first thing that attracted my attention was the large amount of business being done by the toll-takers, who, with the barge-owners and watermen, are, so far as I can see, the only people who have any particular reason for rejoicing that the rival crews did not take their race from the Thames to the Regent's Canal, as they threatened a few years back, when the rude people looked at them so hard that the blue blood of Cambridge blushed until you couldn't tell it from the darker stream of Oxford, whereby much confusion was created.

But my business is with the present, and so I will get over the bridge, where, though there were plenty of people on my arrival, there was nothing noticeable stirring but wind, and nothing calling for much observation but water. After waiting patiently for some little time and seeing no prospect of the crews coming, I thought, though a Christian, I would for once imitate the well-known Eastern prophet, of coffin celebrity, and go and look for them. I may as well, however, before leaving the bridge, remark that I have seldom seen enthusiasm carried much further in the cause of inter-university rowing than I did on that structure. A gentleman standing by me carried a single glass of the kind I used to wear myself until I nearly got run over by a cab which came up on the eye-glass side. There is of course nothing remarkable in the gentleman referred to wearing a glass, except that it was of a dark-blue color. This is a fact. I suppose that all seems Oxford through the Oxford glass.

Dogs seem much interested in the rowing of the rival crews. There were vast numbers of people on the towpath, and a very large variety of dogs, dirty white bull-terriers being in a decided majority. These animals barked vigorously when the crews passed, and seemed to understand all about the business; yet nobody had sufficient public spirit to paint one of them light or dark blue, which would have looked at least as well as their prevailing color and have added to the excitement. What is, I wonder, the hidden link between "shying" at cocoanuts and University boat-racing? They are always seen together, yet no one seems inclined to unravel the mystery. If the cry was "Eight shies a penny!" instead of four, I could see the connection, there being then one for each rower, with possibly the reversion of the cocoanut—if obtained, which, judging from results, I should think extremely improbable—to the coxswain. I impressed my ideas on this subject to the principal promoter of a "shy" entertainment, but I would rather not publish his reply.

I was standing outside a public house near Putney, when the first crew put out towards the starting place. They were in the manner described above, four oars on each side, and a little chap sitting behind steering. A man standing by me, watching them with the air of a connoisseur said, "That's rowing—that's the way to pick 'em up; bravo bow, capital number two, that's it three, steady four, beautiful five, rip at it six, right through the water seven, splendid stroke." Thought I, now I'm in luck, this fellow knows all about it; I'll just stick by him till the next lot go by, and listen to what he says then, and I shall be able to come out strong in my description of the race. So, without letting him know what my intentions were, I kept close up wherever he went until, to the accompaniment of loud shouts, we saw the second boat coming on fast. Anxiously I watched, and as I watched I listened. This time my oracle commenced at the stroke end. "Splendid stroke, right through the water number seven, rip at it six, beautiful five, steady four, that's it three, capital two, bravo bow—that's rowing, that's the way to pick 'em up." As there may be something hidden in this which passes my observation, I herewith present it to my readers.

Soon after this the signal was given for the start, which I have great pleasure in being able to describe as level. Whether the finish was similar I am not in a position to state, as my engagement was simply as a picturesque reporter, and of course I have nothing to do with detail. So for further particulars I will refer you to your sporting contributor, who tried to make me believe he had a ticket for the press boat.

Palmam qui meruit ferat. I think I have proved that *I* should have had the ticket—that is, if ability goes for anything.

FROM THE PRESS BOAT.

If, Mr. Editor, my pen should falter or my style become weak during the fulfillment of the mighty task with which you have entrusted me, ascribe it not to

chronic inability, but please regard it as the result of being admitted on board the sacred vessel which carries the press representatives of our mighty metropolis. A film now gathers over my eyes and dims my sight, as I think of the valuable lives which have to-day entrusted themselves to the mercy of the waves, and I shuddered to think of the possible consequences, when, during our upward voyage, I heard it whispered that the weather was likely to be rough near Putney, and that if such were the case we might come to grief against the classic structure which there spans the river Thames. 'Twas not for myself I feared, but my heart misgave me as I thought of the heavily-ballasted heads on board, and their probable fate in the event of an accident. But happily all danger is now over, and we are as I write floating serene and calm above the Aqueduct.

An obliging gentleman has just pointed out to me one of the committee that decided who should not have tickets. Great being! How wise and profound he looks. He is of course a leader-writer on *The Times* at least, and he and his co-committeemen merely regulate matters in connection with the boat-race as a kind of recreation from their sterner duties, and in remembrance of old University days long since gone by. It would, I am told, be foolish to think of these literary luminaries in connection with ordinary boat-race reporters. They are the very heads of the journalistic profession, and, as such, have a right to decide what journalists shall be permitted to pay for tickets of admission to the journalistic steamer. Happy am I to be of the favored few.

But see, the crews are out, and amid the shouts of the multitude are making for the starting post. I can't see any post, but I'm told it's there. Now they're off, and so are we. Oh, how the crowd does roar, it really quite unnerves me. There, now, wherever are my spectacles? Ah, here they are. Now for a good look. Well, they seem level to me. Oh, that's the Soapworks, is it? but who's ahead? Tell by the dip of the oars do you?—but both of them will keep dipping at the same time. I wish I had made my preparations a little more complete. Drat that pencil, I knew it would break off at the point. So that's Barnes Railway Bridge we've just passed under. What's that gun? Oh, to show that Cambridge has won. Thank you. Fine race, wasn't it? There, now, I declare, if I haven't been putting down our conversation instead of reporting the race. But never mind, I shall read all about it in the Sunday papers. Fine race, and Cambridge won by one length. I always said they would. I wonder where I put that light-blue rosette. Well, now, supposing we have a drink. Here's success to the Press Boat Committee.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN ON CALIFORNIAN MINERS.

In those Days miners would flock in crowds to catch a glimpse of that rare and blessed spectacle, a woman! Old inhabitants tell how, in a certain camp, the news went abroad early in the morning that a woman was come! They had seen a calico dress hanging out of a wagon down at the camping ground—sign of emigrants from over the great plains. Everybody went down there, and a shout went up when an actual *bona fide* dress was discovered flattering in the wind! The male emigrant was visible. The miners said—"Fetch her out!" He said—"It's my wife, gentlemen, she is sick, we have been robbed of money, provisions, everything, by the Indians—we want to rest." "Fetch her out! We've got to see her!" "But, gentlemen, the poor thing, she—" "Fetch her out!" He fetched her out, and they swung their hats and sent up three rousing cheers and a tiger: and they crowded around and gazed at her, and touched her dress, and listened to her voice with the look of men who listened to a memory rather than a present reality—and then they collected $2,500 in gold and gave it to the man, and swung their hats again and gave three more cheers, and went home satisfied. Once I dined in San Francisco with the family of a pioneer, and tucked with his daughter, a young lady, whose first experience in San Francisco was an adventure, though she herself did not remember it, as she was only two or three years old at the time. Her father said that, after landing from the ship, they were walking up the street, a servant leading the party with the little girl in her arms. And presently a huge miner, bearded, booted, spurred and bristling with deadly weapons—just down from a long campaign in the mountains, evidently—barred the way, stopped the servant and stood gazing, with a face all alive with gratification and astonishment. Then he said reverently—"Well, if it ain't a child!" And then he snatched a little leather sack out of his pocket and said to the servant—"There's $150 in dust there, and I'll give it to you to let me kiss the child." That anecdote is true. But see how things change. Sitting at this dinner-table, listening to that anecdote, if I had offered double the money for the privilege of kissing the same child, I should have been refused. Seventeen added years have more than doubled the price.

—*Mark Twain.*

With Reference to the Chinese Laborers in Cuba, the Cuban correspondent of *The Times* writes that deeds of murder and arson, reports of which are frequently occurring, are ascribed to disaffected Chinese. A slave-owner has assured the writer that no less than fifty capital executions of Chinese for crimes of blood prompted by revenge occur in the plantations every year.

What is the Difference between a good dog show and a bad one? When it is a good one the dogs go to the show, but if a bad one the show goes to the dogs.

MY DARLING.

Through the long days and yeare,
What will my loved one be,
Parted from me?
Through the long days and years.

Always as then she was
Loveliest, brightest, best,
Blessing and blest—
Always as then she was.

Never on earth again
Shall I before her stand,
Touch lip or hand—
Never on earth again.

But while my darling lives
Peaceful I journey on,
Not quite alone,
Not while my darling lives.

—*Colonel John Hay.*

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A Lady Correspondent in London writes to us as follows: "Of course the boat race is the all-absorbing topic this week in the gossip of high and low, and light and dark blue, in all sorts of combinations, the principal color in the shop windows. In point of richness and beauty of color, the Oxford blue is far before the dead-looking 'sky' which has held the winning place for three successive years. The hat which milliners have dubbed the 'Oxford' for the nonce is an ugly, narrow-brimmed, high-crowned affair, with a dent across the top of the crown. It is trimmed with an enormous bow of dark-blue ribbons, and a vail of the same shade, which is twisted round the neck in a fashion very common a few years ago. These vails are coming into favor again, and, when gracefully arranged, are by no means unbecoming, as they have a softening effect on the features. The 'Cambridge' hat is much lighter and prettier. It is a modification of the 'Rabagas,' which has become so fashionable within the last few weeks, and is very piquant and coquettish-looking. The hat itself is very small, and Tyrolean in shape, the top of the crown being almost a point, and the brim is turned up on one side and fastened with an aigrette of small feathers. The trimming is of light blue velvet mixed with satin, and a cluster of myosotis rises at the side of the back, and comes towards the front, forming a handsomely arranged bow. The pattern hat was of white straw, but I have seen the same in blue felt, which is anything but pretty. A ball toilette, prepared for a lady of neutral opinions on the subject, is made of both shades of blue, mixed with white. The two tints do not harmonize well, being quite different colors, but the white throws them up wonderfully. The dress itself is of white silk with a kilt plaited flounce in alternate folds of dark and light blue satin. The flounce is headed by a ruche of lace and a twisted knot of the two colors. The skirt is cut with a train, very long and pointed. All very stylish trains are cut with a point now, and look very handsome, only they don't hang well unless the under skirts are precisely the shame shape. The tunic of the 'combination toilette,' as it is called, is of dark blue arophane, trimmed with light blue satin, and caught up here and there with bunches of blue flowers mixed with jessamine. The whole dress is prettier than might be expected from such a mixture of colors. Floral necklaces are beginning to supersede gems to wear with ball toilettes; they are fanciful and not costly, and have the appearance of a small ruff. They are made of a double plaiting of tulle or lace (the former is the prettiest), and in the center of this a small wreath of flowers or leaves full in the center, and tapering away to the back, where the necklace or collar is tied with long ribbon strings to match the dress. Embroidered dresses are quite the rage this season. White and pale-tinted silks are embroidered with large bunches of flowers and wreaths in the most *prononcé* style; but the costliness of these delicate dresses, and their unsuitability for many occasions, has given rise to a pretty style of trimming that can be put on and taken off at will. The embroidering is the same, only done on very fine muslin, or some material on purpose, which, when placed upon a thicker material, hardly shows, and can be arranged in any style. I saw a box of most beautiful colored embroidery from a French convent in long strips, bunches, and even single flowers. The colors were exquisitely fresh and perfect, and the work so fine and regular, it was hard to believe it was done by the hand. Old-fashioned silver, and even bronze, buttons are being very much used now. Of course, antique designs are copied and sold in cheap forms, but for the most part they are clumsy, and look what they are—imitations. Elizabethan ruffs, in a modified form, are being worn this season—not the full ruffs seen on the stage, but a single frill of lace, made to stand up by some modern contrivance. They are pretty and uncommon, but troublesome and uncomfortable to the wearer."

Should America continue to grow in libraries for the next twenty years as it has grown in the last twenty, 1890 will find it a most learned nation. The census of 1850 shows four and a half millions of books in their public and private libraries; the census of 1860 found thirteen millions; and that of 1870 over forty-five millions—a record of threefold growth every ten years. One of the most pleasing features of the statistics of the present census is the presence, for the first time, of eleven hundred libraries, belonging to cities and towns, and freely open to the whole community. The record of the periodical press shows the same law of growth, though not at so rapid a rate: two thousand five hundred in 1850, four thousand in 1860, and five thousand nine hundred in 1870.—*London Mirror.*

SLEIGHING IN ST. PETERSBURG.

A Correspondent of a contemporary says: "Without any breach of confidence, or the slightest indiscretion on my part, you shall be told of one of the 'designs of Russia.' It is the openly avowed design of this Northern colossus to make its winter season as pleasant as possible. In spite of the cold climate of the capital, there is so much fun and bustle, such 'sleighing' and skating, such wrapping up in furs and laughing at the weather, that I doubt if the rise of temperature, very noticeable, will give pleasure to the Russians hereabouts; indeed, I fancy they will be much disgusted by it. We are still in the full swing of Carnival time, for the Greek calendar is twelve days behind that of the Western or Latin world, and there is yet a little space before the beginning of Lent. Every one seems disposed to make the most of that space. There are balls and parties in plenty; there are special performances at the theaters, and a number of theatrical 'benefits' have been duly announced. For humbler seekers after pleasure, we have a fair in the Champ de Mars, and any amount of cheap 'sleigh-rides' in the snow-covered streets. High and low, rich and poor, glide silently along on sledges. What a contrast to the worry and racket of St. Petersburg pavements in summer! No wonder that these people tell you to come hither in the winter months. The keen wind, and the pleasant gliding motion; the absence of noise and dust, and the clever driving of the *izvostchiks*, make a mere trip through the city quite a sporting exercise to a stranger. It is better, of course, as far as the pace is concerned, to leave the busy streets altogether and get away upon a crisp white surface where the horse may be allowed to trot his fastest; but there is more life to be seen on the light brown snow of the city itself. Observe yonder handsome sledge with a pair of high-stepping steeds as black as night. You would swear that the coachman in the long blue gown and odd-looking cap was bent on killing somebody before he got home. He appears to be lost to all considerations of prudence, and drives full tilt into a crowd of sledges, whilst the light brown snow flies up in a cloud, like spray. Yet see how deftly those shabby little sledges glide to right and left, or pull up sharp, or dart forward in a hurry, and how it results that no one is hurt. Away goes the handsome equipage, scarcely slackening speed for an instant; and the two ladies half hidden in furs, and the solemn footman who stands behind them, preserve an unruffled composure. Now there is another well-appointed turn-out to be observed coming in the opposite direction. It is impossible, as one should think, to avoid a general 'smash up' this time. The crowd is so great that some mischief must be done. But again the little sledges are equal to the occasion, and again the seeming danger is averted. The light brown snow bears many a motley freight in this Carnival time, for the tiniest and the roughest of sledges from the country are allowed to ply for hire in St. Petersburg. You may count the family parties by the dozen which are packed into small wooden cradles, as it were, and dragged along with infinite merriment. The men in sheepskin overcoats and stout boots have a padded, greasy look, which it does one good to see, and the women are mere bundles of warm clothing. It is a curious part of the Russian winter how warmly every one is dressed. They have so severe a touch of frost every now and then that they must dress warmly or die, and hence even the quite poor are booted and muffled in what we should think a luxurious way. They are a quiet, good-natured set of people are these humbler Russians, with very little of the 'rough' element to be seen in their holiday gatherings. Let us drive towards the Champ de Mars and enjoy a view of some of the sights of the fair. Thicker and thicker is the throng of sledges as we approach the scene of action. That great dusty parade-ground of my summer recollection is now clear and pleasant enough, and it is no hardship to have to walk the last part of the distance. But you can well imagine that with such a stream of traffic to be turned aside there will be a considerable scramble at the critical corner. The police have their orders, and it is useless to struggle against fate. The foot-passengers are not to be endangered on the parade-ground. Yet some bold *izvostchiks* are bent upon further progress. Here is a 'row' for our special instruction. We see a mounted gendarme dart after one of the delinquents, and, stooping as he overtakes him, wrench off his number from the front of the sledge. Other policemen come up. The crowd is interested and observant, the numberless driver is earnest in expostulation. Without a number he is lost. Mark how quickly a detachment of the 'force' attends him on either side. Now, surely, they will 'run him in,' for he is loud and vehement, with tears in his eyes, and is causing a stoppage of traffic. There is a moment's pause, whilst the *izvostchik's* case is in suspense. The mounted gendarme grins at the policemen on foot, and they look hard at the defeated driver. He has turned his horse's head, and is moving sorrowfully into the crowd again, a numberless man. But that grin on the stern face of his conqueror has boded well for him, and in the distance we may observe that the metal plate which bears the number is being returned with a word of warning."

A Mr. Wright, of Sheffield, is said to have invented a substitute for coal, and one, too, of which there is an unlimited supply. By this invention air can be used as fuel. In passing through a charged battery, atmospheric air is carbonized, and thus combustible gas is produced, which burns brighter than coal gas, and when mixed with air has a heating power which can melt copper wire. The price of the gas would be sixpence for every one thousand cubic feet.

ONE DAY.

[BY THE LATE HENRY TIMROD.]

Somewhere on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dewdrop, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight
I behold it dawn in mist,
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness—hist! O hist!

In a dim and musty chamber,
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, "He is gone."

OLD EDINBURGH DOCTORS.

Quite a Different Kind of Personage from "Lang Sandy Wood" was the well-known Professor James Gregory, perhaps the most celebrated physician of his day, but who, in popular estimation, is dolefully remembered as the inventor of a nauseous compound known as Gregory's Mixture. He was a tall and very handsome man, and stately and grave in all his manners, but, withal, with a touch of Scotch humor in him. One evening, walking home from the University, he came upon a street row or bicker, a sort of town-and-gown riot very common in those days. Observing a boy systematically engaged in breaking windows, he seized him, and inquired, in the sternest voice, what he did that for.

"Oh," was the reply, "my master's a glazier, and I'm trying to help business."

"Indeed. Very proper; very proper, my boy," Doctor Gregory answered, and, as he proceeded to maul him well with his cane, "you see I must follow your example. I'm a doctor, and must help business a little." And with that he gave a few finishing whacks to the witty youth, and went off, chuckling at having turned the tables on the glazier's apprentice. Dr. Gregory was a volunteer, one of the old sort, but made a poor soldier indeed. He was the *bete noir* of the drill sergeant, who declared that he would rather drill ten clowns than one philosopher. The learned professor was always asking the why and wherefore of everything, until the sergeant lost all patience, and begged to inform Professor Gregory that the "first duty of a soldier was to hold his tongue," a slight variation on the customary axiom in reference to this point, but one, no doubt, perfectly suitable to the circumcumstances of the case.

The period of which I write was rather a rough, hard time, on the whole, and people were much in the habit of taking the law into their own hands. It was a day of duels and street fights, and it would have been singular if the doctors had escaped the contagion, especially when we remember that the *odium medicum* has never been wanting in Scotland, where, indeed, one professor in the medical faculty of the University of Edinburgh is reported to have gone about for weeks with a bad leg, simply because he couldn't make up his mind to consult the only surgeon who was able and willing to operate for his disease—a fellow-professor.

Accordingly Edinburgh laughed heartily, but was not at all scandalized, when one famous university professor kicked another famous professor, in the same faculty, down before him from near the North Bridge to where the Register House now stands. The *casus belli* was simple, but, as reported, most irritating. The offending professor was lecturing to his class one morning, and happened to say that baldness was no sign of age. "In fact, gentlemen," said the suave professor, "it's no sign at all, nor the converse. I was called in very early yesterday morning to see the wife of a distinguished colleague, a lady whose raven locks have long been the pride of rout and ball. It was early in the morning, and I caught the lady in deshabille, and, would you believe it, the raven locks were all fudge, and the lady was as bald as the palm of my hand." The professor said nothing more, but no sooner was his lecture ended than the students casually inquired of the coachman whom the professor was called to see early yesterday morning. The coachman, innocently enough, answered, "Oh, Mrs. Professor ——." This was enough, and so, before four-and-twenty hours went round, the story came to Professor A. that Professor B. had said in his class, that Mrs. Professor A. wore a wig. For two days they did not meet, and when they did, the offender was punished in the ignominious manner described.

Another professor of those days (one whom I can well remember myself, but as he has been dead but a few years, he may be nameless) was noted for his miserly habits, though, in reality, he was a rich man, the proprietor of several ancestral estates. He once observed a Highland student—proverbially a poor set—about to pick up a penny in the college quad, but just as he was about to pick it up, the learned professor gave him a push, which sent the poor fellow right over, when Doctor —— coolly pocketed the coin, and walked on amid the laughter of a crowd of students, who were watching the scene. He did not always stick at trifles. Going down the crowded street he saw a street boy pick up a shilling. Instantly the professor chucked it out of the lad's hand, and then, holding it between his thumb and forefinger, with his gold-headed cane in the other, carefully guarding it, he read out to the whimpering boy a long lecture on honesty being the best policy; how the "coin" was not his; how it might belong to some poor man whose family might be suffering for the want of that coin, and so on, concluding by pocketing the shilling, and charging the finder that if ever he heard of anybody having lost

that shilling, to say that Professor — had got it. "Everybody knows me. It is quite safe. Honesty, my lad, is always the best policy. Remember that, and read your catechism well." On one occasion he was called in consultation with Professor Gregory about a patient of his who happened to be a student of medicine. The day previously, however, Dr. Gregory had called alone, and on going away was offered the customary guinea. This the stately physician firmly refused; he never took fees from students. The patient replied that Professor —— did. Immediately Gregory's face brightened up. "I will be here to-morrow in consultation with him. Be good enough to offer me a fee before him, sir." To-morrow came, and the student did as he had been requested. "What is that, sir?" the professor answered, looking at the proffered guinea: "A fee, sir! Do you mean to insult me, sir! What do you take us to be—cannibals! Do we live on one another! No, sir. The man who could take a fee from a student of his own profession ought to be kicked—kicked, sir, out of the faculty. Good morning!" and with that the celebrated physician walked to the door in well-affected displeasure. Next day, to the astonishment of the patient, Professor — sent a packet with all the fees returned. It is said that he once took a bag of potatoes for a fee, and ever after boasted of his generosity in the matter: "The man was a poor man, sir. We must be liberal, sir. Our Master enjoins it on us, and it is recommended in a fine passage in the admirable aphorisms of Hippocrates. The man had no money, sir, so I had to deal gently with him, and take what he had; though, as a rule—as a rule—I prefer the modern to the ancient exchange, *pecunia* instead of *pecus*. Hah! hah!" He is said to have been the hero of the following story: A beggar seeing him pick up a farthing begged to get it. "Na, na, puir body," was the firm refusal; "fin' (find) a fardin' for yersel'!" This is not true, however, though the story loses nothing in the exchange of *dramatis personæ*. Its real hero was a certain noble earl.

—*All the Year Round.*

CAFFIRS AND FIREWATER.

Later on in the Course of the Parley, and after Anta, in reply, had spoken of various themes, a councillor, Kaltom by name, said: Anta, answer the point about the bright and shining money going to the canteens, and the brown money going to the Great House.

ANTA: This is the way I answer that. Of a truth, son of Brownlee, our great father, the nation is completely ruined. After all these words that you have addressed to us to-day, if we heard that the wife of so-and-so at a certain kraal had made beer, every one of us would make for that kraal to get drunk. If we heard of a certain place where we could get drink, we would all adjourn to it. The nation is utterly ruined. Even our children, whom we have taught to drink, have far surpassed us. They are greater drunkards than we are. The nation is being literally thrashed out by drunk. That is a perplexing point. It is a hateful thing. The craving for tobacco is nothing now compared to the craving for brandy. Even our love for it surpasses our love for our women.

There is something very doleful and tragic in this confession, doubly doleful and tragic because so true; and if further proof of its truth than I have adduced already were wanted, it is readily adduced in the following extract from the report from which I have just quoted:

Riding homewards a couple of hours afterwards, the words of Anta and the honest old councillor proved to be too true. I came upon group after group of men quite helpless. As I approached the Thorn River I came upon about thirty men dismounted, treating themselves to a dance on the wagon road, whilst the horses in mute amazement stood gazing at their masters. The reason of this dance was easily discovered, for several men were freely imbibing the drink they love so well. So stupid were these miserable specimens of humanity that one rushed out from the others, shouting, "Contradict me if you dare. We all belong to the tribe of Heleke, and none but Helekes are allowed here!"—*Cape Argus.*

A Mischievous Ape.—In the Borgo dei Tintori, beside the garden of the friars of Sta. Croce, at one time lived a painter, Il Rosso, a disciple of Michael Angelo. Vasari relates that Il Rosso possessed an ape, which became a great favorite with one of his apprentices, called Battistoni, who employed the animal to steal the friars' grapes, by letting him down by a rope into the garden and drawing him up again with his paws full of fruit. A friar who missed the grapes set a trap for rats, but one day catching the ape in the fact, he took up a stick to thrash him; a struggle ensued, in which the ape had the best of it, and contrived to escape. The friar, however, summoned Il Rosso to appear before the judges, and his favorite was condemned to have a weight fastened to his tail. A few days afterward an opportunity occurred for revenge: the friar was performing mass in the church, when the ape was made to climb the roof of his cell, and, in the words of Vasari, he "performed so lively a dance with the weight at his tail, that there was not a tile nor vase left unbroken, and on the friar's return a torrent of lamentations was heard, which lasted three days."—*From "Walks in Florence," by S. and J. Horner.*

"Thou Art so Dear, and Yet so Far," as the man said on looking down the shaft of a coal mine.

Special Brevities.

The Lecture Business in America.---We are feeling the effects of a curious literary rage which is just now the fashion in the United States. "The American Literary Bureau" is an association in New York which provides lecturers for the whole American public, with whom "English celebrities" are said to be in great favor. The bureau sent an agent to London recently to look out for new stars. This gentleman has made arrangements with Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Charles Bradlaugh to go to the States next autumn, and he is also anxious to secure Monsignor Capel as one of the new attractions. The lecturing business in America is often very profitable. Mr. Froude and Mr. E. Yates, who were both "managed" by this bureau, received large sums; and Father Burke, an Irish Dominican, came back the other day from a year's tour which had netted for him no less than $60,000.—*Manchester Guardian.*

A True Dog Story.---The Troy *Times* says this is a true dog story: A family down town having a false grate in one of the rooms of the house, placed some red paper behind it to give the effect of fire. One of the coldest days this winter the dog belonging to the household came in from out of doors, and seeing the paper in the grate deliberately walked up to it and lay down before it, curled up in the best way to receive the glowing heat as it came from the fire. He remained motionless for a few minutes; feeling no warmth he raised his head and looked over his shoulder at the grate; still feeling no heat he arose and carefully applied his nose to the grate and smelt of it. It was as cold as ice. With a look of the most supreme disgust, his tail curled down between his legs, every hair on his body saying "I'm sold," the dog trotted out of the room, not even deigning to cast a look at the party in the room who had watched his actions and laughed so heartily at his misfortunes. That dog had reason as well as instinct.

A Novel Wager.---Although M. Gustave Courbet has received his full measure of abuse for pulling down the Vendome Column, there is one person, at least, who owes him a debt of gratitude for so doing. Five years ago, says the Paris *Figaro*, an Englishman made a bet of £20,000 with a fellow countryman that he would throw himself from the top of the column, and, thanks to a parachute he had invented, reach the ground uninjured. Both men, however, were suddenly called to Australia on business, and the trial was put off. Recently they returned, and the parachute inventor announced himself ready to fulfill his wager. His friend asserted that, the column being pulled down, the bet was void, but the other declared that he had made no stipulation as to the hight of the column, and since the Communists had been obliging enough to leave nothing but the pedestal, he would jump from that. Of course he won his wager easily, but even his parachute did not save him from receiving a bruise or two.

Unusual Devotion in Lovers.---A very peculiar illustration of the rough way in which the course of true love sometimes runs comes from West Virginia. A maiden loved a youth who was unfortunate enough to be charged with horse stealing, and in danger of being sent to the penitentiary. Determined to share his unhappy lot, the faithful maiden set a church on fire in order to be sent to the penitentiary too. She was sent, but at the last moment her lover was acquitted, and they were again hopelessly separated. The young man did not show his devotion by stealing a horse in order to get into the penitentiary, but, more sensible, exerted himself to get the maiden out. Only a few days ago he was made happy by securing a pardon from the Governor, and the two are united in happiness more than doubled by the tribulations of the last few months.

An Uncanny Scot.---William Reed, a Scotsman, accosted a stranger in Boston recently, asking to be directed to the Hartford and Erie Depot, stating he wished to take the train for Cincinnati. The stranger proved most loquacious, pointed out the way, informed William he was going there himself, and would like to employ him in that city, and finally agreed to meet him at the depot in a short time. Unfortunately, however, the Cincinnati merchant was short of money; could William oblige him with the ridiculous sum of, etc.,—mentioning a few dollars. The Scotsman, with the idea that a friend *in need* was a friend indeed, handed him $50, which was, however, a little more than was required, so the new acquaintance started off to get it changed, leaving Reed on the sidewalk, who, but too late, found out that he had been trusting to a broken *Reed.*

The New Steamship Pembroke.---The new steamship *Pembroke*, of the South Wales Atlantic Steamship Company, known as the Cardiff line, has arrived in New York. The vessel is a screw steamship, of 2,500 tons. Her dimensions are 321 feet by 36 feet 6 inches by 28 feet 7 inches; she is propelled by two pair of surface condensing engines of 500 horse-power. The steamer is fitted up in excellent style, and was built by W. Simons & Co., at Renfrew. It is fitted with elegant accommodations for fifty first, sixty second and five hundred third-class passengers. She left Cardiff on the 24th of March, containing 47 passengers, and is consigned to Messrs. Archibald Baxter & Co., the agents, in this city.

Rumored "Ring" in the London Share Market.---A rumor is current in the city that a syndicate has been formed, with a capital of seven millions at its back, for the purpose of "bearing" particular stocks. The syndicate has first directed its attention to railway stocks, and the operations for a fall, as Stock Exchange quotations during the past fortnight have shown, have only been too successful. It is affirmed, moreover, that the syndicate has amongst its leading members two or three of the most notorious "wreckers" of banks and finance companies of the disastrous Overend and Gurney epoch.

Court Chat.

The Romantic Career of Lady Ellenborough.—Miss Isabella Burton, wife of Captain Burton, writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* as follows: About sixteen years ago, tired of Europe, Lady Ellenborough conceived the idea of visiting the East, and of imitating Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. (There is also a French lady Mme. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who has built herself a temple on the top of Mount Olivet, and lives there still.) Lady Ellenborough arrived at Beyrout and went to Damascus, where she arranged to go to Bagdad across the desert. A Bedouin escort for this journey was necessary, and as the Mezrab tribe occupied the ground the duty of commanding the escort devolved upon Shaykh Mijwal, a younger brother of Shaykh Mohammad, Chief of the tribe, which is a branch of the Great Anazeh tribe. On the journey the young Shaykh fell in love with this beautiful woman, who possessed all the qualities that could fire the Arab imagination. Even two years ago she was more attractive than half the young girls of our time. It ended by his proposing to divorce his Moslem wives and to marry her; to pass half the year in Damascus (which to him was like London or Paris would be to us) for her pleasure, and half in the desert to lead his natural life. The romantic picture of becoming a queen of the desert and of the wild Bedouin tribes suited her wild fancies, and was at once accepted, and she was married in spite of all opposition made by her friends and the British Consulate. She was married according to Mahommedan law, changed her name to that of the Honorable Mrs. Digby El Mezrab, and was horrified when she found that she had lost her nationality by her marriage and had become a Turkish subject. For fifteen years she lived, as she died, the faithful and affectionate wife of the Shaykh, to whom she was devotedly attached. Half the year was passed in a very pretty house she built at Damascus, just without the gates of the city, and the other six months were passed according to his nature in the desert in the Bedouin tents of the tribe. In spite of this hard life, necessitated by accommodating herself to his habits—for they were never apart—she never lost anything of the English lady, nor the softness of a woman. She was "grande dame au bout des doigts" in sentiment, voice, manners and speech. She never said or did anything you could wish otherwise. She kept all his respect, and was the mother and the queen of his tribe. In Damascus we were only nineteen Europeans, but we all flock around her with affection and friendship. The natives the same. As to strangers, she only received those who brought letters of introduction from a friend or relative, but this did not hinder every ill-conditioned passer by from boasting of his intimacy with the House of Mezrab, and to recount the untruths which he invented, *pour se faire valoir*, or to sell his book or newspaper at a better profit. She understood friendship in its best and fullest sense, and for those who enjoyed her confidence it was a treat to pass the hours with her. She spoke French, Italian, German, Slav, Spanish, Arabic, Turkish and Greek as she spoke her native tongue. She had all the tastes of a country life, and occupied herself alternately with painting, sculpture, music, or with her garden flowers, or poultry, or her thoroughbred Arab mares, or carrying out some improvement. She was thoroughly a connoisseur in each of her amusements or occupations. To the last she was fresh and young, beautiful, brave, refined and delicate.

The Memorial Diplomatique says the marriage of Prince Arthur with the Grand Duchess Mary, daughter of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, is now arranged. The young Prince will go to St. Petersburg immediately after the return of the Emperor, who is now in Italy. The Prince of Wales and his sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess of Russia (Princess Dagmar of Denmark), have, it is said, greatly contributed to this union.

On the Anniversary of the Death of the Duchess of Kent, the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited the mausoleum of the Duchess at Frogmore in the morning. By Her Majesty's command the mausoleum was opened between the hours of twelve o'clock and half-past four P.M., to enable the ladies and gentlemen and servants of the household to visit the tomb.

The Vienna Exhibition.—The Chevalier de Shaefler, Deputy Consul-General for Austria and Hungary, has received official information that the Universal Exhibition at Vienna will be opened on the 1st of May, 1873, by the Emperor in person.

The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has resolved, it is announced, to contest Whitby at the next general election with the Premier's son, Mr. W. H. Gladstone. His highness is a Conservative.

It is Rumored, says the writer in the London *Guardian's* "Table Talk," that Dr. Lushington's secret about Lord Byron has not died with him, and will be made public before long.

It is Said in Paris that the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh will take place next March, and that before it does take place the Queen will pay a visit to St. Petersburg.

Prince Arthur, who has rejoined his regiment at Dover, opened the Dover and Cinque Ports Poultry Show on the 26th March, and afterward inspected the collection.

M. Thiers, says the *Lancet*, is suffering from gastrodynia—that is, a painful affection of the stomach attendant on dyspepsia.

A MILLION YEARS.

Night cast her mantle o'er the busy earth,
But restless earth defied the placid night:
Days are not long enough for modern men,
Who work by aid of artificial light—
Not like old father Adam, who, 'tis said,
At sunset dropped his spade and went to bed.

Earth, strong and wakeful, still kept humming on,
And did not cease from toil e'en at night's noon;
So rest was banished till 'twas almost dawn,
"I need no sleep!" the Earth cried to the Moon:
"You're wrong!" retorted Luna, "for, at least,
You should give eight hours rest to man and beast,

"Ages ago, I did as you are doing,
Worked day and night and threw my strength away:
I'm cooler now, alas! and wiser grown,
And strongly counsel you your waste to stay;
Your children are degenerating fast!
Your coal and oil will not forever last!

"There's Africa fast turning to a desert!
Where cities stood you now have burning plains;
Not e'en the scars are left of what has been;
Of Tyre and Sidon nothing now remains:
The fruitful lands of Palestine are dry,
And Nineveh in ruins low doth lie.

"You're feeding on yourself and gaining nothing;
You've nought about you that at all increases,
Unless I count your stunted swarming millions,
Those parasites who tear you all to pieces:
I see consumption in your wasting face—
You'll burn up, and, like me, roll into space!"

The Earth, affrighted, shook from pole to pole,
And then her children trembled in their turn—
For by her servant, Science, she declared
That she was doomed to wither, melt and burn.
Though few had heeded when Religion spoke,
When Science raised its voice they all awoke.

Before the savants, now to gods exalted,
Men in their abject terror humbly bent,
Crying, "Peer into time! Ask Mother Nature
How many years 'twill be before she's spent!
O tell us, Prophets, will the end come soon?
When will this earth be worn out like the moon?"

The learned sages held a consultation,
Then toward the full moon turned their eager vision,
And from her spots, volcanoes, hills and mountains,
At length arrived at this profound decision:
"It seems quite probable, so cease your fears,
That Mother Earth will last a million years!"

"A million years!" the happy crowd re-echoed,
'Tis as far off as though 'twould never be!
To us ephemeral, transitory mortals,
A million years is an eternity!"
Then, all rejoicing, went upon their way,
And laughing said, "The Earth will last our day!"

—*New York Home Journal.*

The Advantages of a Wooden Leg.---Mr. Howse, of the West Cliff Hotel, Folkestone, applied to the magistrates recently for advice. He stated that a person came to stay with him from the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, and on the strength of his representations Mr. Howse supplied him with board and lodging, as well as money. Since then he has reason to believe that the man is a swindler, and requested him to leave the hotel, but the offending party only took off his wooden leg and refused to move. Mr. Howse stated if it were a man with two legs he should know what to do. The magistrate's clerk recommended the employment of a good stout porter to carry him out and set him on the pavement. Mr. Howse thanked the bench and retired.

Street Accidents in London.---No week now passes without a fearful return of deaths and accidents in London from pedestrians being run over. The average seems to be three deaths and fifty mutilations weekly. Last week, as usual, there were three deaths and forty-seven injured people. This affords a fearful aggregate for one year, being no less than 156 deaths and 2,600 maimed or injured.—*South London Press.*

COTTAGE WINDOW GARDENING.

Flower Show in Salford.—One New-Year's Day we gave some account of a movement set on foot by Mr. Leo Grindon, Mr. John Edwards and some other benevolent gentlemen whose names have not come to the front, for the encouragement of the growth of simple flowers in the windows and dwellings of the poor; so that objects of beauty might help to brighten them, and ideas of neatness and cleanliness be awakened and fostered, especially in the minds of children, to whom the care of the plants was to be specially entrusted. Several hundred hyacinth bulbs were purchased, properly potted and distributed gratuitously, but carefully, and chiefly in the immediate neighborhood of Broughton Road, Salford, with the understanding that when in bloom there was to be a general exhibition. The show was held on Saturday afternoon, in the Richmond Lecture Hall, and showed the effort to have been far from in vain, not less than 250 plants being brought in by the owners—one apiece, of course—and of these at least one hundred were such as would have done credit to any parlor. There was no doubt as to the kind of atmosphere in which each particular plant had grown—a fact that the Sanitary Association might do well to note; nor could there be any uncertainty as to the stimulus that had been given to notions of tidiness and pretty "get up," some of the flowers being trimly tied with ribbons, others labeled with tasteful little cards, etc. A considerable number of visitors had paid their 2d. for admission, and in due time the prizes were distributed. These consisted of about a score of nicely established hydrangeas, valletas, etc., kindly given in person by Mr. R. S. Yates; while every exhibitor received a little packet of some kind of flower-seed suitable for the pot when the hyacinth should be withered, with instructions how to sow it, etc. Lest there should be any difficulty as to proper soil, a gentleman resident of Lower Broughton expressed his willingness to supply every applicant. We take this movement, simple as it is, to be one of the kindliest on behalf of the poor that the day has produced, and commend it heartily to the practical sympathy of all right-minded people. It is independent of sect or party, costs very little except personal labor, and lays the foundation for an immense amount of good result.—*English Paper.*

A SWALLOW-TAILED CATASTROPHE.

A Judicial Separation has been claimed by a French lady in consequence of an injury sustained by her at the hands of her husband during the marriage ceremony itself. This very early check to matrimonial felicity came about owing to the following circumstances: The period of courtship had been by no means wanting in vicissitudes. The young lady several times named the day, and as often changed her mind. Her betrothed had, of course, ordered his wedding coat on the first assurance of the success of his suit, and it hung over a chair in his dressing-room during all the subsequent vacillations of the *fiancee*. The spectacle at length became too trying to the perplexed lover, who, one day, after having experienced more than usually severe treatment, impatiently told his valet to lock up the wedding garment, but to take care that the moth did not get into it. "No fear, sir," replied the servant. "I have an infallible receipt against such intruders." At last Mademoiselle once more consented to be led to the altar, and remained in the same mind for some days, during which the lover was summoned to her father's country place, whither he repaired, leaving his servant, and having himself carefully packed the coat in his portmanteau. As the bride knelt by her bridegroom while the ceremony was in progress, she asked him to take charge of her smelling-bottle, which he put into his pocket. After the utterance of the irrevocable vow, however, the bride felt in need of her *flacon*. Monsieur put his hand into his pocket and drew out something which he tenderly held to her nose. It was the blackest and most fragrant of all short pipes!

Langley's City Directory for 1873 has been some time out. A careful consideration of its title-page convinces us that it is the most useful book published in this city for some weeks. The information as to where people live and what they do is really remarkable. Several of our acquaintances, whom we imagined had nothing settled about them, except a determination to do nothing, look quite staid and respectable members of society, with their names, address, and occupations duly given in print. As a book for steady reading, the Directory is not a success, it too much resembles the Dictionary in point of disconnectedness, but as furnishing answers to the questions of who, what, and where, it is unfailing and most admirable.

The Sunday School Convention of the Pacific Coast was held this week, the 22d, 23d and 24th inst., in the Tabernacle, Rev. Dr. Cunningham, pastor. This large edifice, just completed, was open to the public, first last Sabbath, and has on four several days since been filled to repletion, crowds going away unable to gain an entrance. Eloquent addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Patterson of Chicago, Rev. Drs. Dodge and Cunningham of this city, Rev. Mr. Dunn of Napa, Rev. Mr. Jewell of the Methodist Church, Mission street. Philip Phillips, the "Sweet Singing Pilgrim," occupied altogether too much time showing off, and Evangelist Hammond, from the East, amused the children.

BALLAD OF J. COX, D. D.

[From Our New York Correspondent.]

There was a man named Cox,
Who had the care of flocks;
In short, he was a priest,
And preached against the beast.

His church was built of wood,
And near his house it stood—
Of modern gothic style—
A venerable pile.

And every Sunday morn,
As sure as you were born,
The bell began to ring,
And all that sort of thing.

And then the bell would toll,
And animate each soul
With a melancholy sense
Of solemn somnolence.

And when the bell had tolled,
Then forth the music rolled,
And the blower at his post
Would burst himself almost.

Then in would walk J. Cox,
With auburn beard and locks,
And kneel him down to pray
In quite the high-church way.

He seldom had to look
Upon the prayer-book;
He was so very smart,
He knew the whole by heart.

And then he'd pray a while
In very humble style;
And then the choir would sing,
And all that sort of thing.

And then, at any rate,
They'd pass around the plate,
To clothe the parish poor,
Or give J. Cox a tour.

Because J. Cox, D. D.,
Was very apt to be
Quite worn out in the Spring,
And all that sort of thing.

But when he went to preach,
And undertook to teach
What seemed quite orthodox
To Reverend Doctor Cox,

Some folks would go to sleep,
And some begin to weep;
And those that slept would snore,
At least some three or four.

One day, 'twas very hot,
He preached, I don't know what,
Of angels on the wing,
And all that sort of thing.

He preached till afternoon,
Then tumbled in a swoon,
While the congregation slept.
Then in the Sexton stepped,

And went to Doctor Cox
And gave him several knocks
In the region of the brain
And set him up again.

And on the sermon went,
Till all the night was spent,
And the next day and the next,
In hammering at the text.

But the people were so deep
In a comfortable sleep
That I know they never heard
A solitary word.

And then he showed the beauty,
And particularly duty,
Of a weekly offering
And all that sort of thing.

And thus he preached away
Six months, both night and day.
Meanwhile, it is supposed,
The congregation dozed.

Till the Bishop, on his rounds,
Came to those sacred grounds;
But, ere he reached the door,
He heard the sleepers snore.

And when he got inside
He thought he would have died,
At the people slumbering
And all that sort of thing.

So he went and woke the Sexton,
And *he* woke up the next one,
And soon the congregation
Put on more animation.

Now, J. Cox was sore athirst,
So the Bishop he dispersed
The people, and then said,
"Now, Cox, you go to bed."

And the Bishop set about
To find the reason out,
And Cox, he said, "I think
It's all caused by the ink.

It got so thick one night
That I could hardly write,
And I weakened it with wine,
And Hoffman's anodyne."

And the Bishop said, said he,
"It really could not be
Expected they could stand
Your dreary sermons and

The Hoffman's anodyne,
That risky medicyne.
Get some new ink and try
Short sermons. Now, good bye."

But Cox could not condense,
And, as a consequence,
The congregation slept—
Including those that wept—
While Cox urged church-going,
And all that sort of thing. H. A.

Utica Brooker, a New York lady of the Timberstern school, felt very much hurt at having to leave the Court, when the dirty filth of the demented George Francis train was read. No doubt she wanted to hear it, went there to hear it—and then to be disappointed!—must have hurt her feelings very badly. Her motto as she explained to the Court is, "Evil to him who evil thinks." We do not suppose that the reading of any amount of filth would bring even the faintest blush to the cheek of any member of her school, and think that the only reason she was ordered to leave the Court was, that the lawyers were afraid her presence might make THEM blush and feel embarassed. Lawyers are not as a rule too sensitive, but they can never hope to compare in cheek with a "strong-minded woman." Their strength of mind is only equaled by their breath. Both are equally offensive.

THE SILBER LIGHT.

The Success which has attended the practical trials of the Silber light in its application for the purpose of public illumination was referred to in the *Mining Journal* some few weeks since, upon the occasion of an influential company being formed for acquiring the inventor's British patent rights, and developing the trade arising out of them; and from the progress which has even already been made, congratulation may fairly be offered to all concerned upon the excellent prospect of the commercial portion of the business proving as highly remunerative as could be desired. To induce practical men even to test a new invention it is necessary to offer them very decisive evidence that the invention is not only correct in principle, but also likely to secure economical advantages in use; and when these practical tests have been made the public need seldom ask further proof of the real value of the proposition than that afforded by the fact whether or not the use of the invention has been continued after the expiration of the period fixed for the probationary trial. Mr. Silber's invention has passed through these ordeals most satisfactorily, for, after long probationary trial, not only has the invention continued in use, but it has been much more extensively applied. India, moreover, appears desirous not to be behind this country in its appreciation of the invention, for already the Silber light has been adopted for the new railway station at Madras, and has given such complete satisfaction that Messrs. Oakes & Co., the local representatives of the patentee, are sanguine that its adoption will become general, especially as it is found that the cost does not amount to half a pie per lamp per hour, and that the labor of attending to the Silber lights is not one-tenth of that which has been necessary with every form of oil-lamp previously used. Upon the occasion of the opening of the station many of the leading Government officials, the members of council, the representatives of the railway company, and the leading merchants and tradesmen of the city were present; and those who have had the opportunity of seeing in this country the softness of light yet enormous illuminating power of the Silber light will readily understand that the station presented an imposing sight when they learn that there were 13 wall-lights, 75 hanging-lamps and several catoptric lamps, all carefully disposed to produce the best possible effect.

That the Silber light can be advantageously used as a substitute for gas in large towns where the gas mains are in every street and the fitting already provided in the houses, is not claimed even by the inventor himself, but there are innumerable places where the number of lights required is insufficient to justify the erection of gasworks, although the necessity for a small number of brilliant lights is, nevertheless, desirable. The Madras railway station was a case of this kind, although it is not necessary to look so far as India to find instances in which the brilliancy of gas without the costliness of gasworks would be a desideratum; indeed, the course taken by the Great Western Company is conclusive proof of this. The use of the Silber lights as carriage lights upon the Great Eastern, Metropolitan, London, Brighton and South Coast, and other railways, has already been mentioned; and reference was also made to the certificate of Mr. Myles Fenton, the general manager of the Metropolitan Railway, in which he stated that the Silber lamps which "have been fitted in one of their trains for about nine months have proved very satisfactory. Perfect lighting is essential on this line, and their experience so far has proved that the Silber lamps are the best that they have used, both as regards illuminating power and economy;" whilst the Great Western Company has now given further proof of its appreciation of the practical utility of the invention by adopting the Silber lights for the general illumination of the Taplow station. As the Great Western Company had already had nearly twelve months' acquaintance with the lamps, it may fairly be assumed that the lighting of the Taplow station by the same means was not decided upon without mature consideration; and it may be equally fairly assumed that as the comparison with seventy other stations of the company has proved extremely favorable in point of economy, the same system of lighting will speedily extend itself to the almost innumerable stations in the kingdom which are at present in a state of the most melancholy gloominess, although an amount far greater than that now paid for lighting Taplow station is expended upon them.

That the Silber light is able successfully to compete with coal-gas at 3s. 9d. per 1,000 cubic feet is, no doubt, due to some extent to the facts that Mr. Silber's invention permits of mineral oil being consumed under the most favorable conditions, and that mineral oil is the most economical burning oil manufactured; but that the economy depends principally upon the construction of the Silber lamp is obvious, since the best of the mineral lamps previously constructed have been comparable with gas only when attended to and regulated with the care seldom found outside the chemist's laboratory, and even then have scarcely approached it in point of economy. Nor is this the only proof that the higher illuminating power and greater economy obtained are due to the invention, and not to the use of a special quality of burning fluid; for we have recently seen ordinary colza oil burned in a moderateur lamp of the ordinary form, but fitted with Mr. Silber's invention, which, although consuming about the same quantity of the same oil per hour, gave a light more than four times as brilliant as the fellow-lamp in its unmodified form; and it speaks well for the invention that not a single instance has occurred in which the Silber light has failed to give satisfaction, although in the course of his experience the inventor has naturally been able to render the light still more nearly perfect by slight modification of detail. The invention will certainly come into general use, and cannot fail to prove highly remunerative to all concerned in its development.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

One Night, in the Early Part of this Week, the *Town Crier* was lying peacefully asleep in his virtuous couch, when the disputer of the bed clothes, thoroughly awakened him by a terrific dig in the ribs with a sharp elbow, and by hissing in his ear, "Good gracious, Town, what *is* that noise?" He sat up and listened. Sounds of the strangest and wildest music "smote on his astonished ear." (That sounds very like a quotation, even if it isn't.) The music evidently proceeded from instruments constructed of brass and wood, and there was an occasional erratic, but unmistakable evidence of tightened sheep's-skin. What the tune was, Lord knows. At times the beater of the loud bassoon would wander away into musical vagaries that were astonishing indeed, and be brought up suddenly with a sort of smothered *pouf*, produced evidently by the violent introduction of a drum stick into the larger orifice of the suffering instrument. One clarionet held on to a prolonged and high-pitched shriek, whilst another tooted and squeaked up and down such musical hills and dales of discordant melody, that this individual's variations were as astonishing as the other individual's powers of continued and violent breathing. A player of the cornet stuck to "Home, Sweet Home," with a pertinacity that savored of inebriated stubbornness, and he who produced the ærial vibrations consequent on thumping the aforementioned parchment, endeavored with an assiduity worthy of a better cause to beat time to everything, but failed lamentably therein. With his night garments fluttering in the very early morning breeze, the *Town Crier* opened his casement and looked to see who were these "sounders of revelry by night." (That he is sure of.) They wore a uniform seen often near the Presidio, and he agreed with Mrs. Town as she shook up his pillow, and declared "'twas shameful."

With what Joy we read that the old country is gradually, yet surely, shaking off the trammels of that devil fish, Religion. (Not the Religion of God, but the played out old humbug that has kept the world back a thousand years.) Fawcett's bill, for abolishing the religious oaths tests, is a step, and a big one, too, in the right direction. Why should a certain sect come forward and say, we, and only we are right in our religion, when, perhaps, the odds against them are a thousand, nay, ten thousand to one. Give every one a show, and let the best man win, is our motto—be he Papist, be he Buddhist, or be he of no religion at all. Universities are not meant wholly and solely for religious training. If they are, they fall a long way short of their aim. The religion of the world should be that which teaches a man "his duty towards his neighbor." So long, however, as sect runs against sect, as prejudice overweighs sound sense, while priestcraft rules the roast and philosophy contents itself with the crumbs, "man's duty towards his neighbor" will be as it ever has been, translated to mean man's dealing as justly as he knows how with those of his own belief, and persecuting and robbing those who dare to hold any other. We believe that the allegorical apple, plucked by erring Eve, contained countless pips, each of which in time grew into a religious sect. If we are correct in our belief, Eve has certainly brought more trouble into the world than woman, good and noble as she is, can ever hope to counterbalance.

Sherman, though he has a habit of whistling "Marching Through Georgia," has a pretty clear head on his shoulders. His view of the Indian question, one that at the present moment must be worthy of every American's consideration, is a clear and lucid one. He bases his arguments on a good, solid, common sense basis. His red tape, however, sticks out when he says that "the present Indian agents, as a class, are very good men." We ask, what for—themselves or the Indians? and beg leave to disagree with him and contradict him, by saying that we think, as a class, they are the meanest set of thieves that ever fattened off dirty plunder. He pleases us a little better when he goes on to say that "they lack force and power, which the Indians alone respect." We don't exactly know whether they lack force. They do, no doubt, in Sherman's acceptance of the term. But one kind of force we know they do not lack: They force the Indians, otherwise peaceably inclined, to commit murders and robberies, that if fed (as they are paid to feed them) he would never dream of. We believe that an Indian respects a man that is a man, but when the white men that are placed in immediate connection with him, and to him represent the "Big Boston Man," behave so scurvily to him, he naturally (being a savage, and as such not a philosopher) judges one by the other, and fights the devil with his own weapons—treachery. Much as we admire some parts of Sherman's Indian views, we must say that his view of the "good agent" is (to be Christian) a mistaken one.

We never Should have Suspected, never should have believed, had we not seen it with our own eyes, that the *Alta*, the dear old *Alta*, whose auctioneer notices have brought tears to our eyes so often, and whose telegrams (when the bills were paid once a year) have given us such an insight into the outer world, could have so far forgotten herself, her nationality and her Christianity, as to have caricatured the Modoc martyr, General Canby. We can forgive the *Chronicle* for making sport of Captain Jack; he deserves it; but for a paper (that even in its decline we thought had some sense of propriety) to heartlessly print in its daily issue a caricature of the late General, surrounded by a frame of young cucumbers, is too bad. No more will the *T. C.* lull his "last little present" to sleep by gently humming its editorials. No, it shall be to him as a thing of the past. A paper that has no respect for the dead can have no interest for the living *T. C.*

Even that Time-honored Subject, the Weather, as an introductory to topic of conversation, has given place to those of the Modoc fizzle and the epizootic. He, the valiant War Correspondent of the *Chronicle* must expect to be made a lion *en peau d'âne* perhaps) on his return, for as a recorder of blood-stirring episodes strongly flavored with the Cæsarian opinion of Cæsar, he has no equal. And now he has furnished our Western Barnum with a tangible evidence, of one at least, of the terrible conflicts in which he has been engaged. The visitor to Woodward's Gardens, who inquires, will be shown a rifle captured by him from the blood-stained hands of Dat Nasty Jim. The account of the struggle given in the letter accompanying the gift, shows it to have been one which for determined ferocity and ferocious determination bears a strong resemblance to that of the famed Kilkenny cats, except in the manner of its termination, which we wish to Heaven it resembled entirely. However, there's the gun, and although it looks very much like the old Apache rifle which has lain in the lodge so long, it undoubtedly belonged to some son of a gun, and we would as soon believe Mr. Woodward as the *Chronicle*.

The Season for Self-Choking, shooting, etc., seems to have come in with the horse disease. Nearly every day a man either hangs or shoots himself. The little boy, too, is always around to find them. Now would it not be much better if we had an establishment (self-supporting) fitted up for the express benefit of suicidal maniacs. A place where they would be dispatched in a business kind of way. We feel sure it would be bound to pay. Numbers of our sports would patronize the exhibition and like the fun. Fancy what a sensation an announcement like this would create: "Friend Pickering, despairing of ever doing any good in the world, and not able to do any more harm, has decided to suicide at eight P.M. on Monday next. He has chosen hanging, and as no cap will be used, good fun is expected. Tickets one dollar each; ladies half-price; to be had either at the 'Lyceum of Self-Slaughter or any music store.'" We think the idea an excellent one, and recommend it to the notice of those intending to commit suicide. It's selfish for them to have all the fun to themselves. They might just as well be of some use for once and show sport. The law used occasionally to treat us to a "hang," but those good old days have gone by. We have to look to amateurs now for the fun.

What! the Pope Dead? The Infallible Pope! No; don't believe it. Bless you, he'll never die—at least not for some time. He's good for a century more, or else what's the use of infallibility. Here, however, our better sense comes to the rescue, and we think, if he is dead (?) he's shown remarkably good sense in dropping off just at the present time. This is a degenerate age, and as, of course, all Popes go straight up aloft, with free passes, he's chosen the better part after all. We only hope the poor old man won't strike the Turk's heaven. He would be sadly puzzled how to treat the advances of the fair houris, that Mahommedans love to people their heaven with. We fancy, however, that he'll have more snakes than Eves in his heaven. He's pretty well used to dealing with them, so will feel at home. There have been worse Popes, and there have been better. One grave complaint lodged against him, is, that he always wore his big-toe nails too long. Folk couldn't get a good square kiss. Several pious pilgrims have been disgusted to find that after a little walk of some two thousand miles, a nasty, horny nail has been played off on them for a regular toe. They returned declaring it was "hard to love."

The T. C. has at last come to the conclusion that too much China will send San Francisco to pot. He does not object to the Mongolian taken in moderate doses, but too much, even of a good (?) thing, is apt to create nausea. The question has often suggested itself to the reflective mind of the *T. C.*: Have we really any idea how many Chinamen we have right here in the city? Ever since one of these Mongolians (to whom, in a weak moment, he intrusted his week's wash) returned him two babies' napkins and a worn-out pair of socks, and assured him that "dat all washee you gibbe me," he has entertained a wonderful idea of their mental capacity. He thinks they might possibly dodge the census, and return their numbers twenty per cent. less than they actually are. He also fancies that if some of their houses were examined, lots of defunct Chinamen would be found in every state of decomposition, acting as household furniture.

A French Gentleman has discovered a mode of escaping earthly woes and furnishing an item for the newspapers which we heartily recommend to those who are tired of the one and ambitious of the other. It costs very little, and gives one an opportunity to "try again." This ingenious gentleman lost the sewer-on of his buttons, and grieved so grievously thereat, that after vainly endeavoring to choke himself with a brick and blow himself up with soda water, he purchased a ton (or so) of charcoal, hermetically sealed every chink and crevice of his room, threw himself on the bed with the photographs of the dear departed and the dear departed's mamma clutched in his hand, and calmly awaited death. Boney didn't come, however, and the would-be suicide, after some hours of patient waiting, got up to investigate matters. He had only forgotten to light the charcoal. He thought better of it, married again, and wishes now he had lit it.

A "Noose"-paper Supplement—A baby. (N. B.—The "noose"-paper is the marriage certificate.)

A Blind Man was crossing Regent street, London, when he was on the point of being run over by a reckless hansom cab-driver, and at the risk of her own life, a beautiful young lady ran to his rescue, and piloted the poor man to the pavement in safety. A rich bachelor saw the transaction, and straightway sought her out, was introduced, courted, proposed, was accepted, and married the heroine without loss of time. The effect of this has been wonderful. Hopeful young ladies can be seen standing in the vicinity of street-crossings, with one eye searching for stray blind men, and the other on the look-out for a rich bachelor; for it would be an awful bore if they should tackle the old man and have the bachelor nowhere around.

Master Bryan, who is fond of raw turnips and has a dislike to the producers of this luscious fruit, viz: the Chinese, evinced that dislike in rather a marked manner, last July, by shooting the owner and producer of his loved turnip. It seems a pity that such a rising young Hoodlum should be stopped in his career of usefulness. But we hope that "Ah Wing," though he was a Celestial, will be avenged, and that Master Bryan will get strung up as a lesson to other aspiring Hoodlums, who prefer the stolen turnip to the ancestral "pratie," and whose brutal young minds (?) cannot be made to comprehend that a hard-working, honest Chinaman is better than a thief-bred embryo politician.

Father Graham denounces England as "an ass," "a fox," "a Thug," "a boor," "a slave," "a ghoul," whose people are "a brutal mass," abject "as the abject villagers of the skull-throned Dahomey." The devout father foams with indignation at English nature because "rapacity, villainy and cruelty have built up an empire of criminal greatness, unparalleled since the days when Antiochus drank his soul crimson with the blood of the children of God." Is not Graham a Scotch name, and this the last Scotchman out? Scotia, put in your claim. [You should be proud of such a child. His breath, however, savors more of rotten potatoes than of good oat-meal.]

Mr. McAllister, the gentleman whose sparkling wit and pertinent questions, in the Fraser *v.* Thrift case, have made the Fourth District Court so lively the last day or two, exceeds the bounds even of lawyers propriety, when he calmly asks Mr. Thrift, in open court, if he seduced a lady (giving her name) who has nothing whatever to do with the case. Even if a lawyer does take up a dirty case on the contingent fee principle, he ought to have enough delicacy left not to bring in a lady's name in the way he did.

The Awful Records of Lava-Bed conflicts recorded by the *Chronicle* correspondent at the front are well calculated to curdle the sanguinary fluid in the veins of the coldest blooded individual. One morning the public picked up the *Chronicle* and were electrified with the intelligence that private McGuiness had tumbled over a lava rock and barked his right shin. We hope an all merciful Providence will vouchsafe to put an end to this bloody work.

A Certain Sutter King, of Oregon, has been invited by the authorities there to take up his residence in the Penitentiary for a year for abducting a girl of sixteen. Judge Louderback ought to look to this. There are hundreds of young girls of sixteen here that have abducted innocent youths of tender age and sensibilities. We ask, will not the law protect them? We refer to the young men.

The Epizootic paralyzes the draying trade. One enterprising wagoner has Chinamen drawing his little cart. He doesn't use a whip, he only slings *Chronicles* at them, folded by the new lightning machine, and damns them in the name of DeYoung. This is cruelty to animals; we call on Capt. Scott. Let this brutal carter use a simple snake-whip, or be made to feel that there is a limit even to torturing draught-Chinese.

Sir Samuel Baker is reported still alive in Africa. This promises to be another Livingstone business: "Dead"—"alive"—"dead"—"alive again." Couldn't the *Chronicle* forestall the *Herald* this time and send Bogart out to find Baker? If the *Chronicle* and the Court-martial can only do without Bogart, perhaps Bogart will try and do without the Court-martial.

The New Ocean Cable.—The contract for the construction of the new ocean telegraph cable from England to Rye Beach, New Hampshire, contains a specific prohibition of any future amalgamation with or absorption by the present cable organization. The object apparently sought is a permanent independent competition. All the required capital has been raised and the proper contracts completed. The cable is to be laid in 1874, on a line south of the Great Banks, and is to be of the best possible construction, with a greater conducting power than any now in operation.

Mr. William Longman, the publisher, who is also an author, is proceeding rapidly in the preparation of a promised work on the three St. Paul's Cathedrals which have successively occupied the center of our capital.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

When this Little Globe of ours is to frizzle up generally, is a speculation which every one, we suppose, at some time or other has indulged in. Some have gone mad with too much thinking, and others have grown rich with practicing on the credulity of those who do not think at all; witness Dr. Cummings and the Millerites—not the disciples of the jovial Joe, of course. We accidentally came upon a copy of Mother Shipton's celebrated prophecy the other day, and were so struck with the old lady's powers of prescience that we thought our readers might possibly be so too. Old Mrs. Shipton lived somewhere about 1401 although the earliest edition of her prophecy found in the British Museum bears date 1625, and her long look ahead is very remarkable, to say the least of it. We append the prophecy done into proper spelling, and our readers will be amused in noting the accuracy of each foretelling, and wonder, perhaps without being so amused, at the possibility of the last prediction being as equally reliable as the others:

A house of glass shall come to pass
In England—but, alas!
War will follow with the work
In the land of the Pagan and Turk;
And state and state, in fierce strife,
Will seek each other's life.
But when the North shall divide the South,
An eagle shall build in the lion's mouth.

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe;
Primrose Hill in London shall be,
And in its centre a Bishop's See,
Around the world thoughts shall fly,
In the twinkling of an eye.

Water shall yet more wonders do,
Now, strange shall yet be true.
The world upside down shall be:
and gold found at the root of a tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass walk by his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white and black and green.

Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and found
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall more wonders do.
England shall at last admit a Jew.
The Jew that was bred in scorn
Shall of a Christian be born, and born.

Three times three shall lovely France
Be led to dance a bloody dance,
Before her people shall be free.
Three tyrant rulers shall she see;
Three times the people rule alone;
Three times the people's hope is gone;
Three rulers in succession see,
Each spring from different dynasty.
Then shall the worser fight be done,
England and France shall be as one.

All England's sons that plow the land
Shall be seen book in hand.
Learning shall so ebb and flow,
The poor shall more wisdom know.

The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

THE BRITISHERS' HOLIDAY.

The Seventh Annual Picnic of the British Benevolent Society came off at Paesking's Gardens, Alameda, on April 23d, Shakspeare's Birthday, where about 3,000 persons, including those from the other side of the bay, held a festival that surpassed even the preceding successful anniversaries. As usual, it was the Queen's weather. The gardens near the entrance and west of the hotel were tastefully decorated with the flags of all nations, conspicuous in size being those of Great Britain and Ireland and the United States of America, and a banner 60 feet by 5, with "Seventh Anniversary—Welcome All" under two hands clasped with the stars and stripes and British ensign on each side. Dancing commenced to Wetterman's celebrated band at 10 A.M., and continued with an interval of one hour until 5.45 P.M., and certainly there was a large bevy of lovely girls and matrons tripping it on the light fantastic toe. At 1 P.M., in the absence of Mr. Evans, Mrs. Uhrig kindly accompanied at the piano the sixteen voices rendering the quartette and chorus of Brinley Richards' "God Bless the Prince of Wales." The glee of "The Clough and Crow," by Bishop, was played by happy Sam Mayer for twenty-four voices, which was loudly applauded. "The Death of Nelson," by F. W. Baker, was given in such admirable manner and enthusiastically received, that he had to repeat it. "The Star Spangled Banner" was then given, the solos by Mrs. Baker, Mr. Baker and Sam May, and the chorus of thousands, and last, "God Save the Queen," the solos, duets and trios by Mesdames Uhrig, Scott, Baker, and Messrs. Baker, Mayer, Wunderlich, and chorus of thousands. Owing to the crowding on the balconies, it was impossible to carry out the whole of the musical arrangements, to the regret of the Singers' Committee and audience. At 2 P.M. the games commenced in a course staked off and roped 200 by 40 feet, and judging from the number of witnesses, the jolly Britons entered into the spirit of it as in the days of yore. A neat and handy programme, with the list of games and prizes, order of dances and vocal music to be rendered, was given to every purchaser of a ticket, and found to be a great convenience. At 5.35 the band struck up "God Save the Queen," the company all sang, and then, entering the commodious cars, returned to the boat and arrived at San Francisco by 7 P.M., all happy, no accidents, and proving beyond a doubt, for rural festivities the Britishers will not be beaten.

If a Man named William marry, why is he pretty certain to be henpecked? Because his wife will always have a Will of her own.

RANSOME'S ARTIFICIAL STONE.*

We have, on Many Previous Occasions, called attention to the interesting and valuable processes for the production of artificial stones, now successfully worked, and widely introduced for several years by Mr. Frederick Ransome, and we have also pointed out the progress that has been made in the same industry in the United States. In America, indeed, many attempts on a considerable scale were made to produce the stone, which all fell short of a practical success on account of a want of knowledge in the details of the process on the part of those attempting to introduce it. One of the first to develop the manufacture in America was Doctor May, of San Francisco, who, after establishing extensive works in that city, failed from the reason given above. This difficulty, however, he removed by visiting England, where he was made thoroughly acquainted with the details by Mr. Ransome, and on his return to San Francisco, the works which had before been a source of considerable loss, were at once brought into successful working. Mr. Ransome's son subsequently joined Doctor May's undertaking, and the manufacture and sale of artificial stone on the Pacific Coast is now, we believe, very considerable. Other profitable fields have since been found. The disastrous fire at Chicago was followed, as is well known, by an almost unparalleled energy in rebuilding the devastated city, and no place offered a more certain and extensive prospect for the establishment of Ransome stone works than Chicago, where the demand for building materials so far exceed the available supplies, and where, even after all the restorations are made, and the material has established its well deserved reputation, the demand must still continue to meet the necessities of the rapidly growing city.

About a year ago, therefore, Doctor May started Ransome stone works in Chicago, and the results obtained have, so he informs us, exceed his expectations. The works, although of considerable capacity, cannot supply the demand, even when they are kept in full operation by double shifts night and day, and large orders arrive from towns 300 miles distant from Chicago. Amongst other work executed has been the whole front of an hotel, 183 feet wide, and six stories in hight. It is to be remarked, also, that the stone has borne the test of the past severe American winter—having been exposed to twenty-seven degrees of cold below zero without being in any way affected.

We are glad to find that further encouragement has been given to the more extended use of the process by the granting, in the United States, of the patent for Mr. Ransome's most recent improvement, known under the name of apœnite. By this process the manufacture of the stone is rendered cheaper and more simple, and it can be produced more rapidly; it hardens without any subsequent application of chloride of calcium, or any similar solution. To effect this, Mr. Ransome combines common sand, Portland cement, ground carbonate of lime, and finely divided silica, easily soluble in caustic soda; these are made plastic by the addition of silicate of soda, and molded to any desired form. By this combination the silicate of soda is decomposed, and forms, with the Portland cement, silicate of lime and alumina, while the caustic soda, liberated in the operation, combines with the soluble silica, producing more silicate of soda, which again attacks the lime in the Portland cement. In this manner the process of combination repeats itself until the caustic soda becomes entirely fixed, and none remains to be removed by subsequent process.

This mode of manufacture, which has been introduced to a large scale in this country, will now doubtless be rapidly taken up in the United States, where the value of the stone already produced there is so well appreciated, especially as it can compete with natural stone, even in localities where the latter is most plentiful, on account of the cost of hand labor in quarrying and working. There are few towns in the United States in which a demand would not be at once created sufficient to make the new establishment of works for either the old or new processes profitable undertakings; probably the production of apœnite would be preferred on account of the greater ease, economy, and rapidity with which it is produced. But we hope that any intending American manufacturers will follow Doctor May's example, and pay a visit to Mr. Ransome's works at Greenwich before they start operations.—*From Engineering, of London, 4th April.*

* The large stone step and landing pavement at the entrance of the California Placard Exchange, having been made under this patent, all parties desirous of seeing and examining its excellent qualities and universal adaptability will be additionally gratified on visiting the Exchange. Let neatly into the stone, in brass letters, is the following:

PACIFIC STONE COMPANY—RANSOME'S PATENT.

We Remark the appearance of several parties here from the East with a view of establishing branch commercial houses in this city. Among others, we note the appearance of Mr. Walcott, representing the New York house of E. Morgans & Sons. This firm purposes transacting a heavy commission, shipping and insurance business, and has taken offices on California street. Captain J. F. Chapman represents the firm of John W. Grace & Co., representing houses in the West Coast trade at Lima, Callao, etc. This is promising, and shows that Eastern capitalists have an eye to their interests upon the Pacific Slope.

A SPRING GROWL.

Would you think it? Spring has come.
Winter's paid his passage home:
Packed his ice-box, gone half way
To the arctic pole, they say.
But I know the old ruffian still
Skulks about from hill to hill,
Where his freezing footsteps cling,
Though 'tis Spring.

Heed not what the poets sing
In their rhymes about the Spring;
Spring was once a potent queen
Robed in blossoms and in green.
That, I think, was long ago;
Is she buried in the snow,
Deaf to all our caroling—
Poor old Spring?

Windows rattling in the night;
Shutters that you thought were tight
Slamming back against the wall;
Ghosts of burglars in the hall;
Roaring winds and groaning trees;
Chimneys shuddering in the breeze;
Doleful damps in everything—
Such is Spring.

Sunshine trying hard awhile
On the bare brown fields to smile;
Frozen ruts and slippery walks;
Gray old crops of last year's stalks;
Shivering hens and moping cows;
Curdled sap in leafless boughs,
Nipped by winter's icy sting—
Such is Spring.

Yet the other day I heard
Something that I thought a bird.
He was brave to come so soon,
But his pipes were out of tune;
And he chirped as if each note
Came from flannels round his throat,
And he had no heart to sing—
Ah! poor thing.

If there comes a little thaw,
Still the air is chill and raw
Here and there a patch of snow,
Dirtier than the ground below,
Dribbles down a marshy flood,
Ankle-deep you stick in mud
In the meadows—while you sing,
"This is spring."

Are there violets in the sod?
Crocuses beneath the clod?
When will Boreas give us peace?
Or has Winter signed a lease
For another month of frost,
Leaving Spring to pay the cost?
For it seems he still is king—
Though 'tis Spring.

—*N. Y. Independent.*

QUEER COMMUNITY.

Seven Thousand Men and no Women.—A correspondent of an English journal has discovered a community numbering at present about seven thousand souls, which has flourished for many centuries, though no woman has ever been permitted or known to put foot in the country. Few of the inhabitants, he says, have any definite idea of what a woman is. The whole class of ideas and sensations ordinarily associated with the words mother, sister, wife and sweetheart are to them unknown; and what is equally singular, crime is also unknown, or nearly so, while on every side are to be seen evidences of temperance, piety and good order. The home of this eccentric but happy people is in the eastern of the three peninsulas which project from the east of the Greek Archipelago. It was anciently called Acte, now Monte Sancto, and is about forty miles in length and from two to nine miles across. It terminates at Mount Athos, a conical mass of limestone rising abruptly to a hight of 6,500 feet. Between this bold headland and the coast is a beautiful plateau, clothed throughout with woodland, which is gay with flowers, rich with odors, merry with songs of birds, canopied by the brightest of all blue skies. The cultivated fields are all diversified with groves of oak and chestnut, while olives and fig-tree are there indigenous. To this secret paradise the sons, but not the daughters, of Eve are admitted, and such has been the custom as far back as history reaches, the peninsula being religiously guarded at all points against the approach of woman, no matter how saintly she may be. The inmates are natives of every part of the Turkish Empire where the Greek language is spoken, and are consigned to the society either in infancy or early life by their fanatical parents. Their first years are spent in tilling the land, tending the vines, helping in the housework, or engaging in some handicraft. For three years the candidate is a probationer; then, if he has proved able to keep the monastic vows, he receives his first tonsure and becomes a monk. The discipline is severe, ordinary church services five hours a day, extraordinary fourteen, and sleep five. One hundred and forty-nine days in the year they have only one meal a day, and at this, eggs, cheese, wine and oil are forbidden. The prohibition against women extends to the sex universally. From time immemorial no cow, mare, goose, duck, hen, or female of any kind has been permitted to make acquaintance with hill or valley, farm-yard or kitchen, in the Mount Athos territory. In selecting meat for the table the greatest care is taken to have it of the male variety, and a body of soldiers are employed by the society to keep the sacred shores from being desecrated by the tread of any female whatsoever. Yet in spite of all these stringent regulations, the birds continue to mate, and feminine fleas and mosquitos to rear their young, to the everlasting scandal of all the pious old bachelors on the peninsula. There are in the convents some good libraries, containing about fifty thousand volumes in all, and manuscripts about seven hundred years old are by no means uncommon. Altogether these monks have a jolly time of it.

WHY DO THEY NOT COME?

Mr. Amasa Walker's thoughtful and sensible address to the Chamber of Commerce, on the 17th April, has had the effect of setting men to asking, once more, why immigration does not seek this State. The ready answer with most of them is, that men will not consent to lose from fifteen to twenty per. cent. of the nominal capital they possess in other States, for the privilege of dwelling in San Francisco. It cannot be denied that there is some reason in this answer, and we grant that some such consideration of seeming loss does really turn the thoughts of some persons from California. But this consideration can have no force with any but capitalists, small or large; and the great bulk of the Americans seeking new homes are not capitalists. Still less can this be said to affect the foreign immigration, from whatever quarter it comes; for the Europeans, about to settle in the United States, have all left countries in which there is a sound metallic currency; and, indeed, they are so prejudiced in favor of such a currency that they retain their distrust and dislike of paper money, even after handling it for years. It seems quite clear to us that the refusal to adopt the currency of the rest of the country, while it may be one of the causes which retard our prosperity, must be counted as one of the very least. What, then, are the greater causes? It is assumed by many of those, who argue on this question, that California is very well known to the world at large, and an object of strong attractions to all who read. We do not believe this is the case. The increased facilities of travel have brought and do bring very many persons this way, for simple sight-seeing; but they pass through the State, just as they pass through any region which lies in their way, and they study it with no special care. To the outside world California is a geographical expression, no more suggestive or attractive than Australia, or Norway, or Nova Scotia. The European immigrant, if he has not been secured for Illinois or Missouri by a Bureau of Immigration, will settle somewhere in the great valley, because he finds thriving and prosperous communities of his own people all about him, and fertile lands at an extremely low figure. Why should he go further West to fare far worse, or no better? We accept the marvelous fertility of our soil and our genial climate as facts well-known, even to European peasants; and yet the experience of every day with friends, newly arrived from the East, should teach us that people at a distance do not believe in our advantages of soil and climate. It is the European immigration that we want, to settle our country, and build up the homes of thrifty freemen; and what inducements do we hold out to these men, to make them pass by the rich, unoccupied lands of the continent behind us? As for the capitalist, what shall he do with his money, when he brings it here? Lend it to the manufacturer? But manufacturers must be of very slow and feeble growth in a country where coal is at famine prices. The legitimate openings for capital are but few; for the truth is, and this we believe to be the great cause which operates against us, we are a community of gamblers. To a certain extent this is true to-day of all countries; yet it is especially and prevailingly true of mining countries, in all ages. The history of the settlement of such countries presents always the same features: a first, wild rush, a gradual falling off, as the great prizes cease to be found, and then a slow movement of immigration, hardly enough to show that there is movement. There is an instinctive shrinking on the part of serious, industrious men, from choosing a home in such a community; and the flow of population from other parts of the world to California continues to be largely made up of men who come, not to work and establish, but to try their luck. So long as California was cut off from the rest of the civilized world by a slow and tedious voyage to be undergone, certain manufacturing industries were able to support themselves; but these gave way at once to competition with those of a hardier growth in communities brought into almost immediate contact with us by the opening of the Pacific Railroad. Now and for years to come it will be merely impossible for California to manufacture on any large scale. The only way of escape from the hot and unwholesome atmosphere of the gambling den in which we have lived lies through the fields and orchards and vineyards of a rural population. Whatsoever measures of public or private enterprise will secure a steady stream of this population will save us; and nothing else will.

Why Men Tipple.—Mr. A. drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little; Mr. B. because his doctor has ordered him not, and he hates quackery; Mr. C. takes a drop because he's wet; Mr. D. because he's dry; Mr. E. because he feels something rising; Mr. F. because he feels a sinking; Mr. G. because he's going to see a friend off to America; Mr. H. because he's got a friend come home from Australia; Mr. I. because he's so hot in the evening; Mr. K. because he's so cold in the morning; Mr. L. because he's got a pain in his head; Mr. M. because he's got a pain in his side; Mr. N. because he's got a pain in his back; Mr. O. because he's got a pain in his chest; Mr. P. because he's got a pain all over him; Mr. Q. because he feels light and happy; Mr. R. because he feels heavy and miserable; Mr. S. because he's married; Mr. T. because he isn't; Mr. V. because he likes to see his friends around him; Mr. W. because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself; Mr. X. because his uncle left him a legacy; Mr. Y. because his aunt cut him off with a shilling; Mr. Z.—we should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z.'s reasons are for drinking, but, on putting the question to him, he was found to be totally unable to answer.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.—WHAT HE HAS TO SAY FOR HIMSELF.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, April 10th, 1873.

Editor of the Herald:—Your telegram is received. I thank you for the privilege of representing facts as they are. I will furnish them gladly at any time you make the request. For over forty years I have served my people, laboring incessantly, and am now nearly 72 years of age, and I need relaxation. My resignation as trustee in trust for the church, as President of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution and of the Deseret National Bank, are made solely from secular cares and responsibilities, and do not affect my position as President of the church. In that capacity I shall still exercise supervision over business, ecclesiastical and secular, leaving the minutæ to younger men. Our institutions are well established and competent to succeed me, and my own investments remain as they were. H. S. Eldridge is now President of the Mercantile Institution. He is a merchant of long experience, and well known to business men in the East. The paid-up stock of this institution is nearly three-quarters of a million. It carries a stock of merchandise of about a million and a half. The purchases for the past half year are over a million and a half in currency and about one hundred and forty thousand dollars in coin. The business done during six months reaches two and a half millions. It paid for the half year a dividend of 10 per cent. My successor in the Deseret National Bank is the Hon. W. H. Hooper, well known as our late delegate to Congress. This institution is perfectly sound, and is conducted on the safest business principles.

Our railroads are in good condition. The Utah Central is thirty-seven miles long; its gross earnings for 1872 were $120,000. The expenses in round numbers were £210,000; the net earnings were $210,000. I state these facts as efforts may be made to damage the credit of these institutions. There is another railroad here also doing good business. The Utah Southern is built about thirty-miles, narrow gauge. Roads connecting with this are being constructing into Little Cottonwood, Bingham Canyon and American Fork, to meet the demand for transportation to and from the various mining camps of these regions. The Utah Northern is being constructed from a junction with the Central Pacific through our principal northern settlements into southeastern Idaho, and other narrow gauge roads are in construction or in contemplation.

We intend establishing settlements in Arizona, in the country of the Apaches, persuaded that, if we become acquainted with them, we can influence them to peace in accordance with President Grant's Indian policy, and open up that country to settlement by the whites. Our cities, towns and villages now extend about four hundred miles in that direction; and, in view of the railroad crossing that country, we hope to be prepared to assist in its construction, and when completed bring a large portion of our emigration that way to settle the country.

It has been frequently published that I had a deposit of several millions of pounds sterling in the Bank of England. Were such the case, I would most assuredly use the means to gather our poor church members from the old countries and bring them here, where their condition might be improved. All my means are invested here in improving this territory in agriculture, manufactures and commerce.

The results of my labors for the last 26 years, briefly summed up, are: The peopling of this territory by the Latter Day Saints of about one hundred thousand souls; the founding of over two hundred cities, towns and villages inhabited by our people, which extend to Idaho in the north, Wyoming in the east, Nevada in the west, and Arizona in the south, and the establishment of schools, factories, mills and other institutions calculated to benefit and improve our community. All my transactions and labors have been carried on in accordance with my calling as a servant of God. I know no difference between spiritual and temporal labors. God has seen fit to bless me with means, and as a faithful steward I use them to benefit my fellow-men—to promote their happiness in this world in preparing them for the great hereafter. My whole life is devoted to the Almighty's service, and while I regret that my mission is not better understood by the world, the time will come when I will be understood, and I leave to futurity the judgment of my labors and their result as they shall become manifest. BRIGHAM YOUNG.

It is known that Brigham Young will resign the Presidency of the Utah Central and Southern Railroads, and accompany the missionary company to Arizona. The company will be as large as was intended, and will be employed in building the Southern Pacific Railroad. Emigration will be stimulated, in order to increase the mission.

LONDON, April 11, 1873.—A prospectus has been issued of the Anglo-Californian Bank, with a capital of £1,200,000, divided into 59,970 ordinary shares of £20 each, and 600 founders' shares of £1 each. The object is to conduct general banking and commercial business between England and San Francisco, and also with other parts of the United States, South America, India, China, Japan, etc. The business of Messrs. J. Seligman & Co. in San Francisco will be transferred to the bank without any payment in cash, the consideration being the founders' shares, which are entitled to one-fourth of the remaining profit after payment of a dividend of 5 per cent. on the paid-up capital. On the direction are the Hon. Hugh M'Culloch (Messrs. Jay Cooke, M'Culloch & Co.) and Mr. R. D. Sassoon (Messrs. D. Sassoon & Co.) The prospectus of the undertaking is given in full in our advertising columns. The shares are quoted 1 to 1¼ prem.—*London and China Express.*

TO AN OLD PIPE.

O, I sing to thee, thou old brown clay,
As I sing to my sweetheart a roundelay;
But I sing to thee when she's away,
And I'll sing her another some other day.

And I sing my love, my love for thee,
And I won't tell my sweetheart just now, d'ye see.
But O, when she knows my perfidy,
O, won't she be jealous, my old T. D.

I have told to her my love before,
I have told it her often, O yes, galore,
But I now to thee that love restore,
Which I've only been keeping for thee in store.

Thou art good and true and constant too;
May the other be constant and true like you,
Never look on thee with jealous view;
But I'm fearful of that, my old pipe, ain't you?

But I need not tell this love of mine
When thy lips have so often been pressed by mine,
For in love we've burned the herb divine
For an incense to Cupid so oft, lang syne.

Thou hast cheered me oft in days of care,
Thou hast oft been my solace in dark despair,
When misfortunes seemed to fill the air,
And blue devils hovered around my chair.

When the Nine refuse t' inspire my lay,
For not only fickle but coy are they,
For a rhyme on thee I call alway,
And thou never refusest, my old brown clay.

And when clouds of smoke with fragrance rise,
And ascend with my fancy to seek the skies,
I commune with gods with closed eyes,
And the flesh and the devil and world despise.

I might sing, old pipe, the whole night long,
And thou'd still be the burden of all my song,
But a warning voice says, "don't prolong;"
'Tis the weird midnight bell with its sad ding dong.

And thy fire burns low—thou'rt getting cold.
It was not always thus, art thou growing old?
And I hear thee reply
With a smile in thine eye,
"Thou *wert* younger thyself, if I'm not too bold."
Well, ah me! it may be, were the truth but told. CHIPS.

ENGLISH CHILDREN.

The New-born English Aristocrat receives, as soon as born, a little bed with a hard mattress. From its earliest age it is taken, warmly wrapped, into the fresh air. After the first year its meals are reduced to three, and this rule is so unchangeable that no child thinks of requiring anything more; and from this time its food is rich milk and bread and butter, and good meat. After breakfast it remains several hours in the open air, and then sleeps. Never are English children intrusted to the care of a young nursery maid; but to an elderly, experienced person, under whose direction they constantly are. As soon as the young girl goes to school the carriage of the head and shoulders becomes an object of attention, and under no circumstances is she permitted to sit otherwise than upright. "My child grows but once," says an English mother, "and therefore nothing is so important as her physical development. Everything else can be acquired later." An English child rises at 7, breakfasts at 8, dines at 1, sups at 7, and at 9 o'clock goes to bed. Until 12 years of age they pass the greater part of the day in the open air, with only about four hours' mental work. The young English aristocratic maiden dines first with her parents at 18 years of age, when she leaves school and makes her debut in society. She is fresh and blooming as a rose, with light step, and eyes beaming with pleasure and life. Her frequent laugh displays her beautiful teeth, and her hair is rich and abundant. Here, for the first time, fashionable Violet displays the fine fulness of contour. London possesses noble museums, galleries of art and treasures of architecture, but one of the most charming of its sights may be seen on fine afternoons in Hyde Park—crowds of children merrily playing, earthly angels of incomparable beauty. A sight equally interesting may be witnessed after service on Sunday, at the Foundling Hospital—several hundred children, ranging from five to thirteen years of age, and of the most noble physique and absolutely bewitching beauty. Two of the most wonderful sights of Europe are the children of England and the flowers of Paris.

William Lane Booker, Esq., H. B. M. Consul, has obtained leave of absence from his Government for some months. Mr. Charles Mason, who has been connected with the British Consulate for many years, has been appointed British Vice-Consul at this port, of course, subordinate to Mr. Booker. No better person could be selected to supply the vacancy caused by Mr. Booker's absence. Mr. Mason is thoroughly acquainted with the routine of the office, and his strict attention to business, joined to very agreeable manners, have rendered him extremely popular in our community. We wish the Consul a pleasant trip.

Court Chat.

All of our Readers have heard of the English play entitled *The Happy Land*, which was the other day suspended by the Lord Chamberlain, who dictated certain changes in it. A correspondent informs us that the real author of this interference was not so much the Lord Chamberlain, who has been so vigorously condemned for going to the relief of Messrs. Gladstone, Lowe and Ayrton, as it was the Prince of Wales. He is said to have been much scandalized at some allusion to a lack of hospitality supposed to have been displayed in the reception of certain recent state visitors, as for instance the Khedive: "Where do you receive your foreign guests?" was the question, and the reply was, "At Buckingham Palace——Hotel." This to the Prince seemed shocking, and alterations were ordered by the Lord Chamberlain, who, however, kept the Prince's name out of the business and made a stalking-horse out of his own official objections to Mr Ayerton a lavender or lilac pantaloons and to the cancan, with song, danced by the three Ministers above mentioned. We are informed from the same source that the Prince of Wales has also recently been taken for a subject by a metrical satirist, who has been writing for *Bedon's Annual* some parodies of the Laureate's later "Idyls." The parodies are reported to be duller than the originals, but it pleases the disaffected and the gossip-mongers to see the "tournament of the dead innocence" turned into one of the pigeon matches in which the Prince delights. Stupid as the performance was, however, the Prince is understood to have bought up the copyright for a considerable sum, and copies at first worth one shilling are now sold for ten. Worse than all this, however, is the fact that the Prince and his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, cast a vote apiece the other night in the Lords for the bill authorizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and that they have frequently gone to the theater during Lent just passed. These two things are said to have made very angry the High Church party—which, however, has always been known for its loyalty, and may no doubt still be.

The Late Mr. Greeley made it a capital offence in Mr. Motley, when this gentleman represented the United States at the Court of St. James, that he had dukes at his dinner table. But most Americans know enough of diplomacy to understand that the dinner table is one of its favorite resources, and that a success may be assured by the mere fact of getting a duke for an after-dinner talk. A notable instance of this dinner diplomacy was the new convention between Germany and France, lately signed at Berlin. Lord Odo Russell, the English Ambassador, gave a dinner, at which the Emperor William and Viscomte de Gontaut Biron, the French Ambassador were guests. The Emperor took occasion to be particularly gracious to Count Biron, and the latter, watching his opportunity, expressed the hope that his Majesty would favor with his presence the reception concert to be given at the French Embassy, and added that would gladly have made this a ball in honor of the Emperor, but the continued occupation of France was a barrier to such a festivity. With great cordiality the Emperor expressed his desire to evacuate France before the time stipulated by the last convention, and his readiness to listen to any proposals to that effect from the French Government. Count Biron at once telegraphed this table-talk to Paris, and shortly received the new terms of President Thiers. A few days later, March 12th, the throne speech to the Reichstag expressed the hope that the time was not distant when the financial condition of the French Government, so rapidly developing, would warrant the entire evacuation of French territory earlier than was at first anticipated. On the 15th of March the new convention to this effect was signed by the two governments, and on the evening of the same day the Emperor and Empress appeared at Count Biron's reception, where the former attracted the attention of the company by his marked courtesies to the Ambassador and his family. Thus the by-play of social diplomacy came in to smooth the lingering asperities of war.

The Marriage of an English Lady to a Mahomedan in Morocco.—The marriage of Miss Keane with a Mahomedan in Morocco does not appear to have turned out happily. A dispatch from Gibraltar, of the 22d instant, received through Mr. Reuter's agency, says: The marriage of the Sheriff of Guazan to Miss Keane, and his subsequent mode of life—his not having secluded her after the manner of Mahomedans, and not having insisted upon her renouncing her Christian tenets—is looked upon as a great outrage upon the precepts of the Mahomedan religion. The intelligence of the marriage is said to have caused a painful sensation at the Court of Morocco; and, notwithstanding the Sheriff's exalted position, the Sultan has sent dispatches to the Governors of the provinces expressing his indignation at the Sheriff's conduct, ordering them to warn him that if he does not immediately return to his possessions at Guazna and conform to the precepts of the faith, make atonement for past errors and lead a life of piety, such as becomes the sacred (in Moorish eyes) position which he holds, his estates will be confiscated, he will be deprived of his prerogatives, and, if caught, thrown into prison. This decree of the Sultan has given great satisfaction to the Moorish community at Tangier. Both the Sheriff and his wife have disappeared, and it is supposed they are concealed in some foreign legation in Tangier. The position of Miss Keane is considered critical, she being regarded by the Moors with feelings of hostility.

The Prince of Wales has paid a three days' visit to Lord Carington, at Melton Mowbray. Accompanied by his two sons, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, His Royal Highness witnessed the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race from the umpire's steamboat. The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Teck witnessed the race from the grounds at Chiswick.

Nepotism.---It is very natural, remarks the Sheffield *Daily Telegraph*, that a father should wish to provide "for them of his own household;" and a judge after long service may perhaps fairly exercise in favor of his own family the patronage which belongs to his office, and is one of the considerations moving him to accept the office. Still, when all is said in defence of nepotism, one does not like to see the bearer of an honored name stoop to it. The last act of Lord Romilly in office was the appointment of one of his sons as clerk in the Rolls Court, with a salary of £1,200. It is pointed out that the Romillys always had their share of good things. For example, Lord Romilly was Master of the Rolls with an official salary of £6,000; Mr. Edward Romilly, at the Audit Office, with £2,000; Mr. Chas. Romilly, Crown Office, £1,200; Colonel F. Romilly, Customs' Commissioner, £1,200; Hon. Edward Romilly, Clerk of Records, £1,200; and Hon. Wm. Romilly, Clerk in Enrollment Office, £1,200. The last three are sons, the first three brothers, of Lord Romilly.

The Marquise St. Leger, writing in the *Cosmopolitan*, gives the following graphic description of some charming toilets worn on the boat-race day. She says: "Everybody noticed a yacht full of pretty ladies, grouped so artistically—it was 'The Ladies' Club.' Our Lady Blanche had a charming toilete from the English Worth of London. Mr. Augustus Ahlborn, Quadrant House, has become as much the *mode* as the great friend of Princess de Metternich, the fashionable lady tailor. Lady Blanche's costume was a wonder of good taste, and will be *envogue* in the Club. Of course it was blue—two shades of delicious *azur*; but the making—the *retroussé* was so charming!—the bows holding the sashes of artistic grace; it was so French-like and fitted to perfection. The Duchess Belgravia looked grand in her rich polonaise, trimmed with rare Chantilly, from the same establishment. The passementerie on the shoulders, the train of the polonaise looped up on the left with brandebourgs, were certainly very elegant."

The Marquise de Boissy, formerly known as the Countess Guiccioli, the friend of Lord Byron, died last week at Florence after a long and painful illness. In connection with the Countess' life it will perhaps be interesting to state that during her not unfrequent visits to England she sometimes paid a pilgrimage to the little village church of Hucknall, in which the remains of Lord Byron are interred. It was her wont on such occasions to be clad in the deepest mourning, and to ask permission to remain alone in the church while she knelt at the poet's tomb. She was seventy years of age when she died, and a few years before her death she appeared as an authoress for the first and only time, mainly in order to vindicate the poet's fame from the insinuations of Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

The Queen visited the East-end of London on April 2d, and received an address in Victoria Park. The weather was propitious and immense crowds cheered Her Majesty.

Special Brevities.

General Fremont has just gained a case before the Supreme Court that may enable him to clear himself in the Memphis and El Paso bond business. The ordinance of the Texas convention, granting lands to actual settlers, and repudiating the Memphis and El Paso railroad land grant, is declared unconstitutional. The injuction of the lower court against the governor and land commissioners, restraining them, is made perpetual. The total amount of the land-grant is 8,000,000 acres, of which the entire amount passes to the Texas Pacific road, conditioned upon 700,000 acres being set apart for the redemption of the Texas El Paso bonds, this amount being sufficient for the purpose. The lands provided are ample for all the expenses of the receiver, besides redeeming the bonds. The result will release General Fremont from all obligations. He has, for some years, devoted himself almost exclusively to securing this result, and has refused political and other employment until its consummation. In view of his success, the French edict against him must be as hastily vacated as it was inconsiderately rendered.

Revivalist Hammond has bid farewell to his Coloradian converts, and come on a crusade to California. In the brief time that he was at Denver he succeeded in getting the town into a remarkable religious ferment. Especially among the lower, ruffian classes has his influence been perceivable. After converting all the prisoners in the Denver jail the good elder took a turn among the saloons, gambling hells and brothels of the town, and the result of his work proves that these outcasts are not the hopeless cases that the daintier evangelist is in the habit of considering them. Indeed, Mr. Hammond's vehement, whole-souled style of preaching the Gospel seemed to have an electrical effect upon the people of the border generally, and the Denver *News* says of him: Mr. Hammond has revolutionized Denver. Every one was skeptical about him when he first came, but now all are strong believers in his effectiveness as an evangelist. He has done a great work in that city, and, in leaving us, will carry the best wishes of all the Christian people in our midst.

In His Annual Report the Registrar-General states that London, within its widest boundary, has now upwards of 4,000,000 souls, and had in the middle of 1872, within the limits of the health returns, 3,311,298 inhabitants. The estimated increase of population was 44,839. The average mortality of the year was 21 per 1,000, and the Registrar-General explains the disappointment that may be felt that the figure does not descend, as it ought, below 20, by the fact that much of the water supply of the metropolis is still drawn from the Thames.

A Process of Food Preservation, the invention of a French gentleman named De la Peyrouse, was put in practice a short time since at the Grosvenor Hotel, London, in the presence of a party of gentlemen, with a view to test its efficacy as a means of imparting meat from long distances. The process consists in packing the meat in barrels or jars, and enveloping it in a casing of fat thoroughly impervious to the air. The packing of meat in fat is not new, but hitherto the drawback has been the rancidity and tallowy condition of the fat, imparting a disagreeable flavor to the meat. In the present instance, the fat employed is prepared by a special process, by means of which the inventor confidently expects to prevent decomposition and rancidity. He employs, according to the terms of his patent, "mixtures of alkaline carbonates (monocarbonates, sesquicarbonates, bicarbonates), of oxides of sodium, potassium, or ammonium, with some alkaline or earthy chlorides of sodium, potassium, magnesium, aluminium, dissolved and put in contact by ebullition with the fatty matters, and thereby effecting the melting of the fatty matters without the production of acids or 'greaves;' whilst at the same time, the fatty matters, separated from the membranes, and so treated, are neutral and unoxidizable." Under this patent, the inventor also forms sound soups by the mixture of this prepared fat with flour of peas, beans, lentils, etc., with dry meat or fresh vegetables. In the present instance, several casks and jars were filled with pieces of meat, some raw, and some very slightly cooked, the object of this being to expel the air, and the melted fat, at a temperature of 300 degrees, was poured in, the meat being so arranged as not to touch the sides of the vessel. This caused a considerable disengagement of air before the fat became solid. Several of these casks were subsequently sealed with the Seventy of Arts' seal, and are to be sent on a voyage to Buenos Ayres and back, as a test of the efficacy of the system.

The Girls Who Get Married.—"How did that homely girl ever contrive to get married?" is not unfrequently remarked of some good domestic creature whom her husband regards as the apple of his eye, and in whose plain face he sees something better than beauty. Pretty girls who are vain of their charms are rather prone to make observations of this kind; and consciousness of the fact that flowers of loveliness are often left to pine on the stem, while weeds of homeliness go off rapidly, is no doubt in many cases at the bottom of the sneering. The truth is, that most men prefer homeliness and amiability to beauty and caprice. Handsome women are apt to over-value themselves, and in waiting for an immense bid occasionally overstep the market. Their plain sisters, on the contrary, aware of their personal deficiencies, generally lay themselves out to produce a favorable impression, and in most instances succeed. They don't aspire to capture paragons with princely fortunes, but are waiting to take anything respectable and loveworthy that Providence may throw in their way. The rock ahead of our haughty Junos and coquettish Hebes is fastidiousness. They reject and reject until nobody cares to woo them. Men don't like to be snubbed or to be trifled with—a lesson that thousands of pretty women learn too late. Men who are caught merely by a pretty face and figure do not, as a rule, amount to much. The practical, useful, thoughtful portion of mankind is wisely content with unpretending excellence.

The Manufacture of Pifferari.—In a wretched hovel of the Rue des Acacias, the Paris police lately unearthed the strangest industry—a manufacture of *pifferari!* The manager, or, let us say, the dean of the institution, takes children at the age of seven, and after a twelvemonth's apprenticeship restores them to their fond parents as accomplished beggars, thin, wan, and deformed enough to move to pity the hardest heart. His course, says the Paris account, embraces starving, dying the hair black (to make the face pallid), and teaching on some instrument the prayer in *Trovatore*, and the duo in *Favorita*. There is no charge for tuition, as the seminary is self-supporting. After the first month the pupils are able to solicit alms, and thus to repay their kind preceptor for the pains he lavishes upon their professional education. Victor Hugo founded his "L'Homme Qui Rit" on the gipsy custom of mutilating children to play the fool at fairs, the clown in courts. His hero, changed through sundry awful operations into a laughing mask, earns his living by showing himself; but a training-shop, a kindergarten of ingenious beggars—this was reserved for an age when vast development of promiscuous charity, joined with total misdirection of it, should elevate mendicancy to a profession.

The Telegraph Wires throughout Great Britain consists of 105,285 miles, and the wires leased by the department to private firms or individuals for the transmission of messages on their own business between offices and factories, and so forth, make a system of 5,187 miles. The total is 105,285 miles, and this mileage of wire serves 3,640 postal telegraph offices and 1,097 renters of private wires. There are 435 of these renters in the metropolitan division—202 in the north-western, 183 in the northern, 46 in the north-eastern, 33 in the southern, 6 in the eastern; 154 in Scotland, 38 in Ireland. The Pneumatic tubes worked in London extend through a length of 12,800 yards; in provincial towns, 8,069 yards—namely, 2,700 in Dublin, 2,403 in Liverpool, 2,026 in Manchester, 698 in Birmingham, 242 in Glasgow. The estimate provides for upwards of 6,000 telegraph messengers. More than half this little army is entitled to uniform clothing—tunic and cap every eight months, trowsers and boots every six months, overcoat and leggings every three years. Those not entitled to uniform have, like the others, a belt and pouch every three years, and have also an arm badge.

MADRIGAL.

[BY HOWARD GLYDON.]

Every robin redbreast takes himself a mate!
Say the birds, sing the birds, "It is wrong to wait
Till the lily-footed Spring glides out at Summer's gate."
So I heard the birds sing, once upon a day:
O, my treasure! O, my treasure! Canst thou say me nay?

Birds' songs and birds' nests and green boughs together,
All gone: love alone laughs at bitter weather.
Summer days or Winter days; little recks Love whether;
If so be that Love has his own his darling way.
Ah, my fairest! Ah, my rarest! Canst thou say me nay!

In the wood the wind-flower is sunken out of sight,
Low down and deep down and world-forgotten quite.
But do you think the Wind forgets that she was sweet and white?
Then listen to his sad voice a little while, I pray!
O, my cruel! O, my jewel! Canst thou say me nay?

The sun stole to a red rose and wiled her leaves apart;
May dew and June air had woed her at the start;
But was't not fair the sun should have her golden, perfect heart?
Let me choose one short word for timid lips to say:
Ah, my precious! My delicious! It shall not be nay!

NEW BOOKS.

The Wishing Cap Papers. By Leigh Hunt. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

All lovers of the pleasant art of essay writing will welcome these vivacious and sparkling papers, now collected for the first time from the leading English newspapers and magazines. They are full of charming bits of descriptive writing concerning the palaces, parks and gardens of London; of rambling, easy gossip, telling of the old houses and streets where poets and painters lived, with a kind, racy word or so for the dwellers therein; of vivid word painting of country scenes of "English fields and meadows rich with grass and powdered with flowers;" of lively yet tender reminiscences of his friends—and such friends—Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Keats, Shelly, Coleridge, Knowles, and all the leading artists of the day. "His Personal Reminiscences of Lords," "Dr. Doddridge and the Ladies," "Recollections of Old Actors," "George Selwyn and His Contemporaries," "Whitehall," "Spring," "A Walk in the City," "Madame Pasta," are full of anecdote and graceful writing. He admires the great prima donna with all his heart. Hear what he says of her arms:

"Being closer to Madame Pasta than usual this night, we had a complete opportunity of noticing the extraordinary grace of her movements. She is never at a loss, because she never thinks of being so. She leaves the whole matter to truth and nature, and these settle it for her, as completely as they do for an infant. You might make a picture from any one of her postures. A favorite action of hers and one extremely touching, is, after venting a passion of more than usual force, to put up her hands before her eyes, laying and shutting up, as it were, her looks in them, as if to hide from herself her own emotion. When she opens her arms in a transport of affection, leaning at the same time a little back, and breathing and looking as true as truth could wish, her heart seems to come forward for one as real, and her arms to wait the sanction of its acknowledgment. For all arms, be it observed, are not arms, whatever they pretend; any more than all that pretends to be love is love, or all eyes have an insight. Some arms are a sort of fore-legs in air, merely to help people's walking. Others have machines at the end of them, to take up victuals and drink with, or occasionally to scratch out one's eyes. Others, more amiable, are to hang armlets and bracelets on, or to be admired for a skin or a shape; and then ladies put them in kid gloves, on purpose to take them off, and lift them indifferently to their cheek with rings on their fingers, and people say, what an arm Mrs. Timson has! But the real arms are to serve and love with, to clasp with; to be honest and true arms, content to be admired for their own sakes if the possessor be worthy, but happy to enable you to lose sight of them for the sake of the heart and the honest countenances." An historical bit from the paper on Whitehall:

"It is generally supposed that Charles the First went to the scaffold through one of the front windows of the Banqueting House. But he came out at the north side. Pennant informs us that a passage was broken on purpose. It was remaining in his time, 'and was a door to a small additional building of late date.' Most likely it is still in being. This was the hour of Charles' life which did him most credit. Cromwell might have envied it at the close of his usurpation. Marvell, a lover of liberty, has done it justice:

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed."

When will a court-poet write such verses upon a freeman? Leigh Hunt is not a

respecter of kings and princes, and enjoys a joke on the nobility (see his "Personal Reminiscences of Lords"), and sneers openly at their pretensions. His pride in authors is excessive. I quote from "A Walk in the City:" "I have touched upon these matters before, but I repeat them here, partly for the pleasure of doing so, and partly to remark how the celebrity arising from authorship survives everywhere. Old city palaces, the dwellings of a proud nobility, have fallen one after another; you must now dig for their memorials in dusty books. Political tumults have shaken perhaps every street in London; you must search for them in old chronicles which are not used by one person in a million. But in the living productions of genius survive at once the rare individuals born, and the places that gave them birth."

THE JUBILEE SINGERS OF FISK UNIVERSITY, AND THEIR CAMPAIGN FOR TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. By G. D. Pike. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

A book purporting to be published in answer to the many questions asked about the Jubilee Singers. Which they are American citizens of African descent, and their photographs, by an artist named Black (quite an appropriate name), figure in the book, and show a huge preponderance of lips and jaw, a wonderful spread of nostrils, and a peculiar and unmistakable kinkyness of hair not to be overcome by frizettes in the females, or bear's grease and wool-cards in the males. "Nigger will out."

BITS OF TALK ABOUT HOME MATTERS. By H. H., author of "Verses" and "Bits of Travel." Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

We have come to the conclusion that H. H. must be an old maid—a charming one, but still an old maid, with preposterous ideas in regard to children—bachelors' wives and old maids' children are proverbial. In "Bits of Talk" she goes after parents with a particularly sharp stick, and rates them soundly with their cruelty, inhumanity, rudeness, barbarity, and tyranny to their little ones. "This reminds us of the advice of an old darkey when we took some little chickens from their clucking mother, concluding to bring them up by hand—of course, our attempt was an utter failure, 'You better gib 'em back to de ole hen—she know mo' 'bout bringing up chickens dan you do de good Lord taught her.'" But H. H. has a charming way of her own, nevertheless, and her books are always delightful, and even if she does scold once in a while, we always feel better after her little sermonizings.

WOMAN IN AMERICAN SOCIETY. By Abba Goold Woolson. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

"The Atlantic Monthly," for May. Table of contents: "The Two Letters," by Lucretia P. Hale; "A Legend," M. A. T.; "Child Life at the Isles of Shoals," Celia Thaxter; "The Trodden Path," B. W.; "The Presidential Campaign of 1796," James Parton; "The Goal of Spring," James F. Colman; "A Chance Acquaintance," W. D. Howells; "A Prayer in Weakness," M. B. C.; "A Cruise Through the Galapagos," E. C. Agassiz; "Emanuel von Tellenberg and His Self-Governing College," Robert Dale Owen; "Specie Resumption," Sam. R. Reed; "Henry Howard Brownell," Thomas Baily Aldrich; "My Railroad Fight in and out of Court," John R. Coleman; "Scanderbeg," Henry W. Longfellow; Recent Literature, Art, Science, Politics. We have scarcely ever seen a more brilliant array of names in one number of a magazine. It recalls the palmy days of the *Atlantic*. The contents are worthy of the writers, though the poetry is scarcely up to the mark even with such names as Longfellow and Aldrich. In Recent Literature, "The Poems of Henry Timrod," edited with a sketch of the Poet's Life by Paul H. Hayne, are reviewed, and a verse of one of his war poems given—

"Come with the weapons at your call,
With musket, pike, or knife,
He wields the deadliest blade of all
Who lightest holds his life.

The arm that drives its unbought blows
With all a patriot's scorn,
Might brain a tyrant with a rose,
Or stab him with a thorn."

The Hour (a new daily London newspaper) suggests by its title a novelty it does not realize. We get morning and evening journals, but it yet remains to see a paper giving the news of the day hourly as it occurs. Something of the kind of thing which may be looked for in the future was accomplished by the *Saturday Review* in connection with the late boat race. Instead of attempting to write up the event after the special correspondent style which has been so overdone as to have become a nuisance, it gave telegraphs received every few minutes during the race. For example: "2:15. The Prince of Wales and two of the royal children are on board the umpire's boat. The Princess of Wales is not present. 2:20. The Cambridge crew are getting into the boat. The Oxford crew are out, and are paddling to the Middlesex side. 2:25. The Cambridge are resting in the middle of the stream. 2:27. The light-blue crew are at their starting-point. 2:30. The Cambridge have stripped off their rowing jackets." And so on. A paper in this style, issued every hour, say from eight till six, and later on special occasions, would be something like a novelty in journalism.—*London Mirror.*

A REPORTER FROM HADES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Widely the gates of Hell fly ope, those gates that once within
Your chance of getting out again is very, very thin;
In walks the Imp from 'Frisco, with a bundle on his back,
(They've got the epizoo below, or else he'd have a hack);
The tinkling of a bell is heard from Satan's private rooms,
And through the sulphury fumes of Hell his deep basso voice booms:
"Is that my Imp from 'Frisco?" "Yes." "Then send him right up here,
And fetch a dozen Grant cigars, and lots of lager beer.

Sit down and tell me all the news," Hell's mighty monarch cried,
"I get no news like those you bring through my dominions wide."
"I bring you all the latest news about the Modoc war,
Which at the present time excites the whole Pacific shore:
Half starved by Indian agent thieves, the savages have turned,
And scornfully the terms of peace held out to them have spurned,
And for the lying agents' sins brave men and true are shot,
For war among the Lava Beds is raging fierce and hot.

Canby, a general as brave as ever went in fight,
And Thomas, of religious fame, a church's shining light,
Slain by the red skins' treachery, send wails from Styx's shore.
To join them on that black stream's brink, who knows how many more,
For only just four days ago some twenty more were killed.
Old Charon must look to his oars, his boat will soon be filled.
All curse the driveling policy, misnamed that of peace,
If used with Indian savages their wars will never cease.

There have been some niceish murders since last I was down here,
The hangman's rope, the law's weak hand, people have ceased to fear.
There's Marchant shot down like a dog, without a show to fight,
And people found who praise the deed, and say it served him right."
"'Tis good for us, my trusty Imp, I like such shooting well,
It gives no time for whining prayers, but sends them slick to Hell.
No, half the souls that come down here are spoilt by silly fears,
By some parson's foolish gabble or woman's maudlin tears."

Our old friend, Laura Fair, again has put her posters out,
To give a recitation, but none knew what about,
For 'tis a very curious thing, they won't let her be heard—
'Twould be good fun, so I should think, to catch each blood-stained word.
There's Tyler Curtis made a bolt, he who was once the pet,
Whose smiling face and ready grace is lost with much regret;
A few, too, of his creditors would like to see him back—
Many a face on Front street now is looking long and black.

On Easter Sunday I looked into every gospel shop,
At nearly all the liquor stores I've called and had a drop;
The churches looked like theaters, they are about the same,
Except that their performances are just a little tame.
The grog shops do good business, and may they long do so,
They are the best friend that we have; who sends such lots below?
The *demi-monde* are flourishing, white and Chinese as well,
And in the open daylight's glare still ply their trade of Hell.

Never, my lord, in all my trips to 'Frisco have I seen
Our crop of souls so flourishing, or look so well and green;
Free love is doing us good work, she aids our mighty cause
Bolder than prostitution, for she's shielded by the laws.
She flaunts the flag of open vice without one blush of shame—
Numberless wives and families have cause to dread her name;
And now, your Majesty, my news is for the present told,
I'll join the other imps outside if I may be so bold."

"Certainly, my imp, you may go, your tale has pleased me much—
I see a goodly crowd of souls almost within my clutch.
Of all the cities scattered o'er the world's wide stretching face,
None can compare with 'Frisco, for it *is* a lively place.
Each week it sends me more recruits than any of its size,
It is my own Pacific plum, the plum that most I prize.
Don't stay too long in Hell, my imp, but quickly go above,
Get back to my friends in 'Frisco, and give them all my love."

The Missouri Papers record an act of munificence on the part of Mr. Shaw, an English settler at St. Louis, which is almost unexampled in the United States. It is the free gift of a noble park to the inhabitants of St. Louis. The tract set apart for this purpose is situated close to the town, is richly wooded, and abounds in picturesque scenery. It covers an area of over 300 acres, and its value is estimated at about £100,000. Mr. Shaw has received the warm acknowledgements of the municipal authorities of St. Louis for his generous gift.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

One Day in the Beginning of this Week, Mr. Bennett, the champion of restricted love, met Mrs. Kimball, the champion of free ditto, on the prettily decorated platform of Pacific Hall, to see how many imbeciles would attend as listeners to their put-up debate. Mr. Bennett commenced the weak attack by reiterating a few stale, worn-out arguments against this form of prostitution under a mild name, and quoted some sweet little lines of poetry. Then Mrs. Kimball, clothed with fool's money, arose, smiled sweetly on dupes and unbelievers, and hinted at presenting them with the "naked truth," spoke of lust as a "general humane sentiment," quibbled at Freedom and Love, wandered off vaguely among the links of the "chain of humanity," and sat down without even the barest attempt to answer what used up arguments Bennett had advanced. Whereupon up rose the handsome defender of chastened uxoriousness, uttered a charming poetic advocacy of home and marriage, and made the extraordinary statement, hitherto unnoticed by minor historians, that the Germans owed their late victory over the French to marital felicity. The Kimball minced to the front of the platform, addressed the audience with a tricky "gentleman and ladies," *place aix gentilhommes* being her motto, told them she was looking up a certain "golden staircase," then not visible, indulged in a passage of tortured metaphors, and washed audibly and with clasped hands for a universal marriage of souls. Also defended her "beloved sister, Victoria C. Woodhull," from the naughty aspersions cast upon her character by the ungallant Bennett; declared her "an angel on earth," and expressed a pious belief that she, Victoria, would "at last wear a crown of glory." Furthermore, this dear creature told us that she knew Henry Ward Beecher's private life to be a hell. And so the debate ended. Well, well! this is a city where quackery, charlatanism, superstition, humbug, sin, evil and shame run free riot, God knows, but that the authorities should allow, and that San Francisco should gather to hear the open dissemination of such pestilential, abominable and dirty opinions, is a mystery.

O, Leonidas! thou proverb of patriotic valor! Thou world's ensample of heroism! We summon thee forthwith to come down from thy high historic pedestal and pass in thy checks to Captain Jack. What were the achievements of your three hundred at Thermopylæ compared to those of the noble Modoc and his three score braves among the Lava Beds, where they have for months held their own against a United States Army, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, sappers and miners, engineers, pioneers, balloonists, and bridge-builders? Where are Carlyle and Walt Whitman, and Joaquin Miller, and the noble brotherhood of hero worshipers, that no pæan is raised in praise of Captain Jack? Was there ever so notable a fight made in the tide of time? We hail thee, O noble Modoc, the greatest of Captains! Let others stigmatize thee as cruel, treacherous, and devilish—for us, we desire it to be remembered that we have never spoken an ill word of thee; we desire it to be remembered, should you and your dauntless warriors, after routing the armies of the United States, embark in a fleet of "dug outs" and come down the coast to capture San Francisco.

What a Charming Little Peep behind the scenes the late case of beer selling to boys has given us. Often, when the "talented ventriloquist," Mr. Davies, has been making stale puns come from under his huge mustache, and appear to come from his two doll's mouths, we have wondered why people laughed and shrieked, clapped and rapped in the insane manner they seemed to. But now the "cat's out of the bag," or rather the "beer's out of the bottle." Many a weary yawn has this "talented ventriloquist" drawn from us when wishing to eat a quiet chop at Evan's. How sold people must feel when they find out this "distinguished foreigner" has enchred them. We wonder what he stood our dailies for their fulsome praise. Their reporters are too high-toned for "lager," so no doubt cocktails and cash did the trick. O, Davies! talented ventriloquist though thou may be, we have done with thee and thy clap-trap. Roll up thy traps, sling thy dolls in their box, and put. The public won't stand thee. "George, she knows you."

In these Dull Times, when they make as much fuss about a bit of shooting as they would if they'd lost a dollar, the latest from Cottonwood, Arkansas, is decidedly interesting. It seems a certain Berry Thetford, down that way, had a monomania for going after doctors. He first tried his hand at a Dr. McJavock, who he backed considerably, but who put daylight through him. He, however, recovered, and went for the doctor who had attended him, Dr. Joyner. Joyner also put a hole through him, but before the bullet had made him slip his wind he did considerable carving with a bowie about the Dr.'s person. After this he considerately gave up the ghost. The doctor is soon expected to follow suit. Now, a useful man has been lost to society; he would have been a perfect boon here. What a clearance he would have made of the hard cases in this city. Those gentlemen who so gracefully combine the doctor with the pimp, whose shingles contain more brains than their heads, and their breath more contamination than the vile diseases they profess to cure.

Messrs. Stagg and O'Brien seem to have a wonderful predilection for the society of Judge Louderback. Not content with having their tiresome case bothering the court for some time, they got to fighting, in order, we suppose, again to face the spectacled dealer out of fines. No doubt he will make himself more attractive to them this time—he improves on acquaintance.

Our Special Correspondent from the Captain's camp in the lava beds, informs us that, tired of this vascillating conduct, Captain Jack has given orders for the extermination of the troops. He has issued the following official proclamation: "Seeing that there is no indication on the part of the misguided citizens and soldiers to accept the liberal terms of peace that we have held out to them, I hereby authorize you to use any means in your power to exterminate them." It seems a great pity, as they might have been saved. However, the order is given, and it is too late for them to save themselves. The utmost order prevails in the Captain's camp, and he feels confident of very soon exterminating, or driving away from his lands, the few wretchedly armed, half starved troops that are pitted against him. He has refused several offers of volunteers, declaring the foe unworthy of so much consideration. He sends his love and a few scalps to the *Town Crier*, who he hopes to have the honor of calling on when "this cruel war is over."

"**All Sensible People** are flocking to the city, and all the springs, etc., are deserted." Of course they are; they know that the lawyers are going to have a holiday, and that the sight of their vinegar faces will turn all the country milk sour, and their hard swearing melt the butter. Besides, how delightfully quiet the city will be when they're gone. Anticipating their holiday, the price of domestic cigars and native wines has lowered considerably. No doubt each limb of the law will go well supplied to visit his country frfends. Rampant shoddy over the bay will throw open its hospitable doors (to those who they can make anything out of or get a vote from), and all will be merry. None, however, will feel happier than those fortunate people who, with good sense, have deserted the country, soon to be made untenable by an influx of bad law and worse whisky, and have come to spend a quiet month with us in the city.

There May be Seen perambulating our sidewalks, a short individual with mustache waxed to such an extent as to endanger the lives of passers-by. His coat is generally of velvateen, or else made out of a door mat. He don't look particularly strong, but he is. The way he handles wooden balls, is astounding. He throws them up as easy as if they were made of iron. He lets them drop so near his head, that one trembles for the cannon balls. His chest is stuck out like a pouter pigeon, that's sweethearting. In fact, he's a pocket Hercules. At present he is out of work; but soon will (when the epizootic goes away) re-appear like a giant refreshed. We have been creditably informed that he once lifted and carried away upwards of twenty cocktails. It is reported that the U. S. G. have engaged him to remove the rocks that at present somewhat hinder our troops from getting at the Modocs. But we can't spare him at present.

Mr. Bennett, late of the *Evening Republican*, has been airing his H's in a little "Free Love" controversy with Mrs. Kimball. "He took the other side of the question." Yes, we should think he did. The most amorously inclined "Free Lovists" would not dare to steal a kiss from those lips, whose guardian fangs and bristling fringe have guarded and prevented coming out the rich store of H's within. What an amount must be accumulated there. Fancy the H's of over sixty years all stowed away in one man's stomach. However, some one says that H's, like rain, have to come out some time or other, so we presume Mr. B's have slipped out of his bowels as vowels. If they have not, we predict that he'll soon burst, and advise all Britishers lacking that useful aspirate to be around at the death.

The T. Crier does not mind losing Tyler Curtis, as what little he owes him don't amount to much; but for him to take away Miss Mackenzie, is too bad. Often has the T. C. listened to her soft warblings, felt nervous about her breaking a blood-vessel in getting high notes out, and disconsolate when she left the stage. None can imagine what a blow it was, when, after taking a last fond glance at her in the Mercantile Library Hall, he heard that she had gone. Yes, gone away married to a man twenty years too old for her. Curtis, Curtis, what have you done? Perhaps, as the T. C. pens these sad line, the other T. C. will be sitting 'neath some more genial clime, loving and beloved. Oh, why did she choose the wrong T. C.? We don't owe a cent (that we ever intend to pay), and are young. Alas, alas; such is life.

The Modocs don't exterminate worth a cent. People talk of an extraordinary levy of volunteers to save the country. But why doesn't Uncle Sam send up his Fenians to wipe the "haythen" out? Is it not a pity that so much good, fiery valor should be wasted on England, while a hairy crop of aboriginal scalp stands just at hand, crying to the lord of the harvest for reapers. Ach, faith now! Shure an' be jabers, here's a chince for the owld guard ov the Immirrald Oisle, that does an' nivvir surrinders, to distinguish itself intoirely. Furrid marruch, ye sons of Erin; shure, now, there's no Kinnadians up there to thrubble yees at all at all. Hooch!

We Regret to Hear that a serious accident has happened to a most efficient member of the Board of Supervisors, Mr. Timothy McCarthy. As he was somewhat hurriedly proceeding from a meeting of that honorable Board, he ran right butt against an obstacle. It was the fist of Mr. Gleason. He says that such things ought not to be left sticking out on the sidewalks, and will try to pass a city ordinance to that effect. Beyond a slight discoloration of the left optic, he sustained no serious injury. The latest bulletin reports that he is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

UNFINISHED STILL.

A baby's boot and a skein of wool,
Faded and soiled and soft:
Odd things you may say, and I doubt you're right,
Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly; but, mate, look here:
When first I went to sea,
A woman stood on yon far-off strand,
With a wedding-ring on the small soft hand
Which clung so close to me.

My wife—God bless her! The day before,
She sat beside my foot;
And the sun-light kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers, deft and fair,
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over: I came on shore:
What think you, found I there!
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white,
A cottage empty and dark as night,
And this beside the chair:

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still;
The tangled skein lay near;
But the knitter had gone away to rest,
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,
Down in the churchyard drear.

MARK TWAIN—A FEW PERSONAL NOTES.

[New York Correspondence Chicago Tribune.]

Clemens is now occupied with his fourth book, "John Bull," of which he has written nearly one-third. Those who have seen the MS. say it will be indescribably funny. He looks at the native Britons at such a variety of angles, and detects them in so many grotesque positions, that they ought to be able to laugh at themselves as presented by "Twain." [Here let me mention that a Russian journal, not long since, in speaking of Henri Taine, the renowned French critic, confounded him with "Mark Twain," and mentioned his "Innocents Abroad" as in an entirely different vein from his other works, and likely to give him a high reputation as one of the cleverest humorists of the continent. If the Russian journal had been printed in Ireland, the story would seem more plausible, and yet it is said to be strictly true.]

Clemens' literary career has been singular. It is not very long since he was a Mississippi River pilot, with no more idea of writing than of applying for the professorship of dead languages at the University of Jena. Later, he went to the Pacific coast and made a local reputation as a contributor of humorous sketches to the San Francisco *News Letter*. The first thing that advertised him here was his "Jumping Frog," afterwards bound and issued, with other sketches, in this city, and finding only a limited sale. After a little while he came East to embark on the *Quaker City*, with a crew of pious pilgrims, in search of classic and theological scenes and associations. The result of the voyage, as is well know, was the "Innocents Abroad," which, on his return, he prepared in such quantity that nearly half of the MS. had to be omitted to get it within the proportions even of a large subscription book.

Anybody with the least sense of humor would suppose that very few pages of the "Innocents" could be read without finding a publisher. It was not so, however. Clemens offered his MS. to a number of publishers here, in Philadelphia and Boston, and none of them, strange to say, could find enough in it to warrant their giving it to the world. He thought, as it was professedly humorous, that the objection to it lay in its capacity to make people laugh, and asserted, in his justification, that some such thing, scattered through a book of the kind, ought not to be considered an insuperable obstacle to publication. Having gotten nearly through with the regular firms, he was induced to try a Hartford subscription house, and sent his copy accordingly to the American Publishing Company. Recognition of the merit of the work was very slow in that quarter. Several of the leading stockholders could see nothing in it (what moldy old curbstones they must have been, to be sure!); but the principal man of the company carried it home one night, and made the remarkable discovery that the book was decidedly droll. Consequently, the "Innocents," copiously illustrated, appeared after a few months, and set both sides of the Atlantic laughing. It has sold at the present time something over 150,000 copies, and "Roughing It," fully 100,000, with a still active demand for both. The publishers think the two volumes will have a joint sale of half a million, at least, and they anticipate a very wide request for "John Bull."

"Mark Twain" is unquestionably the most popular lecturer of the day. No one can deny, with all his extravagance and superlative burlesque, that he is eminently qualified to excite laughter.

"MARK TWAIN" TO EDITOR OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."—AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER.

HARTFORD, April 17.

EDITOR GRAPHIC:—Your note is received. If the following two lines which I have cut from it are your natural hand-writing, then I understand you to ask me "for a farewell letter in the name of the American people." Bless you, the joy of the American people is just a little premature; I haven't *gone* yet. And what is more, I am not going to stay, when I *do* go. Yes, it is too true. I am only going to remain beyond the seas six months—that is all. I love stir and excitement; and so the moment the Spring birds begin to sing, the zephyrs to sigh, the flowers to bloom, and the stagnation, the pensive melancholy, the lagging weariness of Summer to threaten, I grow restless, I get the fidgets; I want to pack off somewhere

where there's something going on. But you know how that is—you must have felt that way. This very day I saw the signs in the air of the coming dullness. I said to myself, "how glad I am that I have already chartered a steamship to tow me and my party over on my life-raft." There was absolutely *nothing* in the morning papers. You can see for yourself what the telegraphic headings were: By Telegraph.—A Colored Congressman in Trouble—Excitement in Albany.—Five Years' Imprisonment—Wall Street Panicky—Two Failures, and Money at 150 per cent—Two Criminal Cases—Arrested for Highway Robbery—The Assault on the Gas Collector—A Striker Held for Murder in the Second Degree—The Murderer King Dangerously Sick Lusignani, the Wife Murderer, to be Hung—Two Would-be Murderers to be Hung—Incendiarism in a Baptist Flock—A Fatal Mistake—Washing Away of a Railroad—Ku-Klux Murders—A Shocking Disaster—A Chimney Falls and Buries Five Children, two or them Already Dead—The Modoc Massacre—Riddle's Warning—A Father Killed by His Son—A Bloody Fight in Kentucky—An Eight-Year Old Murderer—A Grave-yard Floating Off—A Louisiana Massacre—A Court House Fired, and Negroes Therein Shot While Escaping—Two or Three Hundred Men Roasted Alive—A Lively Skirmish in Indiana—A Town in a State of General Riot—A Party of Miners Besieged in a Boarding House—Troops and Police Asked For—Bloody Work Expected—Furious Amazon Leaders—A Horrible Story—A Negro's Outrage—A Suffering and Murdered Woman Terribly Avenged—A Man Twenty-four Hours Burning, and Carved Piecemeal. The items under those headings all bear date yesterday, April 6th (refer to your own paper), and I give you my word of honor that that string of common-place stuff was everything there was in the telegraphic columns that a body could call news. Well, said I to myself, this is getting pretty dull; this is getting pretty dry; there don't appear to be anything going on anywhere; has this progressive nation gone to sleep? Have I got to stand another month of this torpidity before I can begin to browse among the lively capitals of Europe? But, never mind—things may revive while I am away. During the last two months, my next-door neighbor, Charles Dudley Warner, has dropped his "Back-Log Studies," and he and I have written a bulky novel in partnership. He has worked up the fiction, and I have hurled in the facts. I consider it one of the most astonishing novels that ever was written. Night after night I sit up reading it over and over again, and crying. It will be published early in the Fall, with plenty of pictures. Do you consider this an advertisement?—and if so, do you charge for such things, when a man is your friend and is an orphan? Drooping, now, under the solemn peacefulness, the general stagnation, the profound lethargy that broods over the land, I am

Yours, truly, Sam'l L. Clemens (*Mark Twain.*)

MOLTKE AND CAPTAIN JACK.

A Private Letter has been shown us written by Count Von Moltke to a German gentleman in this city. The subject is the Modoc War. The great Prussian chief views the movements in southern Oregon with much interest, and his comments are deeply interesting. He ranks Captain Jack as the greatest strategist the Western Continent has yet produced. In the opinion of Count Moltke the quality of the gallant red man's genius partakes more of the fiery earnestness of Hannibal than of the calm and sedate judgment of Wellington. But in any case he is of the opinion that Jack must in the end triumph and the great American Republic will succumb to his well directed fury, and be absorbed by him and carried to the "Lava Beds." In a few weeks, predicts the Count, he will come out of his fortifications and move deliberately upon Washington. That city once surrounded, the fall of President Grant's government is but a question of days. What will be the result of the experiment of a change of races in North America he does not quite foresee. But he is confident that the Credit Mobilier swindles will be less frequent, elections will be conducted with diminished political disturbances, society will be elevated, religion purified, and the laws administered with improved vigor and impartiality. We sincerely hope the conqueror of Napoleon III. may not be mistaken.

SHRADER AND McCARTHY.

We Had a Call Yesterday from Supervisors Shrader and McCarthy. These gentlemen naturally feel annoyed at the mention of their names in connection with their fellow Supervisors. We are not surprised at this. They are neither of them at the bottom very bad men, and it is only because of their association with others that we have been obliged to refer to them at all. If all, or even a majority of the Supervisors could be as pure, as upright and as public spirited as the gentlemen above named, it would be a most fortunate circumstance for our city. But unluckily the contrary is the fact. Many of the other Supervisors are servile tools to the corporations, many are under the influence of wealthy schemers, and all are arrant hypocrites. They pray in stentorian tones, carry the plate in church, attend Bible class, and get drunk on the sly. But for Shrader and McCarthy, the Board would be an utter disgrace to the community. But when we have said this much we have made all the apology we intend. We are independent journalists, and never take anything back without qualification. Shrader is a snob, and spends too much of his time at the Pacific Club, and McCarthy is a politician. Both of them are serious faults, and ought to be amended. Look to it, gentlemen.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE DEGENERATING.

We are Becoming Alarmed at the evidences which are increasing on every side of the degeneracy of the American people. Two generations ago we excelled in every mental and personal quality, and more, we proved it daily by competative trials with foreign nations which brought in contact with them. It is not so now. We are over matched and beaten at everything. And it is precisely in those qualities of which we are the proudest that our decadence is the most striking. It is as scoundrels that we are losing our prestige. Our liars are not the liars they once were. Our cheats have lost their cunning, and our swindlers almost get swindled themselves. We are too apt to rely upon past triumphs and not to study to keep pace with the expansion and development of rascality. It is thus that we get distanced in the race. We imagine that because we perform some brilliant strokes upon each other, rob our neighbors or get elected to office and plunder the public, that we could do the same things, practice the same tricks and come off equally successful when tried upon the people of foreign countries. There is no greater fallacy. Tweed could rob New York, but does it to low that he could have robbed London? Fisk stole the Erie Railroad and bought the Legislature, the Courts, the Bar and the Press with the gross earnings, but could he have done the same thing in France or Russia? We doubt it. Self-reliance is a fine quality, and is nearly allied to self-esteem; but self-conceit, which is but a step farther in the same direction, destroys all. The neatest financial operations we have carried out in dealing with Europe since the repudiations of forty years ago, have been upon the whole failures. Colonel Fremont planned well in the affair of the El Paso Railroad and got away with considerable money, but there stands the judgment of the criminal Courts of that country which will in a probability be a bar to his further operations for some time to come. To be successful he should have left matters so that he could go abroad and enjoy the money when stolen. He must stay at home as a defeated rogue. And now we have to chronicle another failure of the most disastrous character. The administration sent Commissioners to the Vienna Exposition. Here was a beautiful field for confidence games, and one never before worked by our people. It was fair to presume that they were in the main unacquainted with our method of doing things. They scarcely suspected us, and would surely be thrown off their guard. It would be no vain thing to say, ordinarily speaking, that we could easily steal them blind. We sent off our sharpest specimen scoundrels, selected with care by the State Department from the entire country. But what account do they fetch back? Have they succeeded? Does Austrian plunder in money and in scrip enrich our people? Not a red. We were caught at it, and this business mind before the Exposition building was opened. Nipped in the very bud. Verily, our people, from climate, food, or some occult cause past finding out, are rapidly degenerating, and we must take a back seat for a time. Would it not be well to open schools where stealing in all its branches could be taught at the public expense? Think of it.

THE EMPEROR'S WILL.

The Will of Napoleon III., reported by telegraph, is worthy of a little attention. Though it is well known that the property declared in England is but a portion of the Imperial possessions, we do not attach any importance to the stories of the great sums saved by Napoleon. Avarice was certainly not one of his vices; and the testimony of all who were in a position to know anything of his way of life, is to the effect that he spent his money freely, and not altogether for his personal gratification. Vulgar he was not. Ernest Renan says that "he had a love, real, though not very enlightened, for the noble culture of humanity;" and he encouraged, as well as he knew how, what seemed to tend in the right direction. How little he could know what was the right direction, his whole policy shows. This curious document is brief as a decree; yet, it would have been still more brief, had the passages of mere Napoleonic quackery been suppressed. The whole character of the man as epitomised in these few lines: his notary of his uncle, the only real religion to him, his beef into talismans, his rhetorical protestation of love for France, his second-hand worship of himself in his son; all these are so many revelations of a character, half-fatalist, half-charlatan. Face to face with his last hour, he calls upon his son to remember the motto of the first Napoleon: "Everything for the French peoples" and he follows up this solemn appeal to a high duty with the Napoleonic commentary: "To fix in his mind the writings of the prisoner of St. Helena," "to study the Emperor's deeds and correspondence," and "finally to remember, *when circumstances permit*, that the cause of the people is the Cause of France." The order in which these injunctions are laid down irresistibly recalls the letter of Napoleon I. to his brother, the King of Holland: "Your duty is first to me, then to France, and, last of all, to the Dutch people." The "when circumstances permit" is an admirable touch, in that exquisitely ambiguous style which none have managed better than the Napoleons. It is the spirit of the illustrious uncle," which has guided from heaven the fortunate career of the nephew (the will is dated in 1865), and the son of the nephew will enjoy the same august protection, if he proves himself worthy of his race. Everywhere the central idea is "my uncle." The talisman is to be preserved because it belonged to his mother Hortense; but his father Louis shines here, as elsewhere, by his absence. Napoleon III. declares his adherence to the "Catholic, Apostolic, Roman" religion; but there is not a syllable or a word in the will which implies that there can exist another God than the first Napoleon.

MR. JOKING MILLER.

We did not Invent this Name for the great Oregon poet. We found it in the N. Y. *World*, the only paper which has had sense and courage enough to say publicly what thousands believe to be true of Joaquin Miller's jingling verse. And the name suits a writer who is at once a joke in himself, and the cause of jokes to all men of culture, who are not perversely bent on making out a case. Mr. Miller's success is a fortunate thing for him, and, so far, we are glad of it; but it is a disheartening fact for those who believe in the value of a wide cultivation, to find an utterly empty writer hailed as a genius, because he has a fine ear for cadence and alliteration and rhyme, though even in those, his only merits, he is but the shadow and echo of Swinburne, himself a real poet, no doubt, but already exhausted, and doomed, with his feverish flowers of ill, to a speedy oblivion. A local writer has recently examined and ratified Joaquin Miller's claims as a poet, on the ground that he possesses the one indefinable quality of poetic speech, a possession which cannot be acquired, but comes from nature. It would be nearer the truth to say that Joaquin Miller has a fine natural sense of the sound of words, with but a feeble sense of their value. It is admitted that he is raw and untrained, and we believe he will be so to the end. There is nothing like progress visible in his poems. The one just published in the *Overland* is as pretty, as melodious and as empty as the earliest of them all. His greatest effort, "Arizonian," is perfectly unmeaning, full of sweet lines, which go in at one ear and out at the other, round and full and glittering as soap bubbles, and as unsubstantial. But the "Isles of the Amazons" is at least as bad as "Arizonian." Who has read, without incessant yawning, that never-ending succession of pompous prettiness, drawn out through tangled forests and dark-eyed women, and tigers, and seas, and lilies, and God knows what besides, and brought up at last exactly nowhere? All this, we are told, is the music of poetry, full of promise; and we are reminded that the first writings of all young poets are full of vagueness and dimness, and a mere sensuous delight in sound. Even if this were true, which it is not, it would not apply to Mr. Miller's case, for he is not a young poet, but so far advanced in his intellectual growth, that while we cannot undertake to say what he may do, we know perfectly well what he cannot do. He cannot write one original line of definite poetic thought, so expressed that it shall abide in the memory of the reader. One might as reasonably hope to see Blind Tom become a great musical composer as to look for a poet in Joaquin Miller. The gift of melodious repetition and rhythm in words has been conferred upon the one just as the gift of musical repetition and rhythm has been given to the other; and the interest which attaches to both is of the same character. It is impossible not to be struck by the remarkable facility of expression in each, allied to perfect sterility; and it is equally impossible to feel more than a momentary curiosity at the sight of such phenomena.

A NEW VIEW OF THE MODOC WAR.

Under this Head the Evening Bulletin gives an account of a theory concerning the Modoc "treachery," as it is called, which a Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* furnishes. According to this theory, the Indians on the Pacific Coast, with the exception of Arizona, believe that the time of their deliverance is at hand, and that all the Indians who have died heretofore are to rise again and assist in recovering the country from the whites; and it is added that the murder of the Peace Commissioners was brought about by Capt. Jack's belief that he is to be the Moses of his people. This is a very beautiful theory, and quite worthy of the enterprising journal which sent Stanley to Africa; but we decline to accept it, even though the *Bulletin* commend, for ten reasons, nine of which we keep to ourselves, because the truth is more than sufficient for our purpose. The Indians do not believe in the return of the dead to this earth. They have a brutal theory that when the brains are out the man is dead, to rise only in the happy hunting-grounds on the other side of Jordan. Moreover, there is nothing in the conduct of the Modocs thus far which warrants a belief in their imbecility. On the contrary, quite the reverse. If they had taken part with all the tribes on the coast in a general plan of warfare for a definite end, is it reasonable to suppose that they would have wasted all these months in pow-wows, when they had only to begin their pleasant task of murdering the frontier settlers, six months ago, simultaneously with a movement of all the other tribes, none of which are yet on the move? It is a good thing for an Indian Agent to find a mare's nest now and then, if only to show that he keeps his eyes open; and Mr. Cornoyer, Agent on the Umatilla Reservation, evidently has several eyes open. After long study and reflection, combined with profound knowledge of the Indian character, he has arrived at this remarkable conclusion: "Their model of a man is an Indian. They aspire to be Indians and nothing else." Were it not for Mr. Cornoyer's reputation as a man of spotless integrity and perfect truthfulness, we should hesitate to believe this extraordinary statement. There is nothing like it in history; or if there be something not incredible in the first sentence of the report, it is merely amazing to be told that Indians really aspire to be Indians. In making this great discovery, Mr. Cornoyer has deserved well of his country; and the least that can be done for him is to present him with Capt. Jack's head in a charger, when the process of embalming is completed.

We Congratulate Mr. Stuart S. Wright on his marriage with Miss Maria B. Hopkins, at Mare Island, on April 30th, and we wish them every joy.

DUNCANSBAY HEAD.

[BY EVAN MACCOLL.]

[Written in an album kept at the Huna Inn for visitors to John O'Groat's House.]

Pilgrim, not when skies are smiling
And the sea looks calmly blue,
But when roars the blast despoiling
Shouldst thou Gallo's* headland view.

When o'erhead, the storm-cloud marge is
Brightened by the lightning's play,
And, far down, the foaming surges
Dashing, die in clouds of spray,—

When upon the distant skerrie
Cowers the cormorant in fear,
While the screaming sea-mew merry
Rides upon the wave-crest near,—

When the scud that o'er it sweepeth
Ocean's hoary visage veils,
And the stout ship nathless keepeth
On her path 'neath close-reefed sails,

Then it is that fancy pictures
Haco and his galleys good
Swallowed up where oft as victors
Rose their war-songs o'er the flood.

Then it is that I would, cheerful,
Tarry on yon giddy hight;
Then old ocean's turmoil fearful
In my soul wakes wild delight.

Rooks that rise in wizard grandeur,
Cliffs where broods the eagle grey,
Chasms, caves, where wild waves thunder,
These thy charms are, Duncansbay.

*Gallo or Gall-thaobh,—the Gaelic for Caithness,—literally, the border of the stranger.

MONOPOLY.

The Following Extract from the Antioch *Ledger*, always intelligent and far-seeing, is well worthy of careful reading:

With most people the word "monopoly" bears with it a meaning full of terror. Penury, want and starvation of the masses are some of the legitimate fruits which its opposers predict. On this coast the Central Pacific Railroad has been the direct cause of this fear, and so thoroughly are the minds of many of our leading men imbued with this idea of monopoly, that they become immediately frightened at the combination of capital or brains in any undertaking, and forthwith warn the people with lugubrious voice to beware of the supposed monopoly. We are led to these remarks from the fact that several journals in this State—more especially the Stockton *Independent* and the San Francisco *Call*—are doing what they can to make the farmers believe that some gigantic speculation is at the bottom of the attempt to build a canal through this valley, and that in consequence, they (the farmers) will be made the victims of a grand swindle. The *Call* quotes from the *Ledger* of April 26th, and while it favors the undertaking, is fearful lest a few acres of this barren waste shall be donated by Congress to the company. To us this seems like poor logic. If B., by giving a portion of his land to A., thereby increases the valuation of his own remaining land, does he not act wisely, notwithstanding A. is also benefited? Thus in this case, the *Call* knows, or ought to know, that every acre of land which can be irrigated by the proposed canal will readily sell at ten times its present value. What matters it, then, if the company which causes this increased valuation, shall also derive pecuniary benefit?

Monopolies, if the word must be applied, as it is to all companies, are absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of works of this magnitude. No one man is competent to the task. Hence there must be a combination of capital, and this the papers alluded to please to term an oppressive monopoly. But, says the *Call*, the land along the proposed route of the canal is owned by a few wealthy individuals. This again is a mistake. The greater portion of land which is subject to irrigation is owned by small farmers, who are willing and anxious to pay the price to be stipulated for the use of the water, namely: one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. This dog-in-the-manger course—neither utilizing the waters of these streams themselves nor allowing others to do so, lest somebody shall thereby accumulate riches—is indeed poor policy; and it is this class, opposers of every enterprise calculated to build up and develop the resources of our State, which has retarded the growth and prosperity of California. Better give the company half the land in the valley and build the canal, than to withhold the small amount asked for and continue year after year to have, as we now do, a failure of crops and consequent poverty. The valley is full of honest, industrious, energetic men and women, who are yearly becoming more deeply involved in debt, without even a prospect of better things to come. These continuous droughts are ruinous to all classes of people, to all branches of industry. The bright prospects and flattering hopes of January are almost sure to be blasted by the April winds. Build the canal, and a more prosperous country could not be found. It would infuse new life into our citizens; new homes would spring up, new enterprises would be started, and the broad, fertile valley of the San Joaquin would become the peaceful home of millions of people.

It Has Been Reckoned that the 100 representations of the *Poule aux œufs d'or* have produced over £20,000. Golden egg laying indeed.

NEW YORK SPRING FASHIONS.

It has been Predicted for the last year or two that the polonaise would surely "go out this season," but it bids fair to keep the position it has won. It is so convenient, so effective, yet so quiet when made up *en suite;* so stylish when of properly contrasting fabrics, that ladies are not willing to renounce it. The fact that it is to be fashionable this year is learned, not so much on the streets, where but few new things have yet appeared, but by the order-books of fashionable modistes. Modifications in shape there are, for we find less fulness in the skirts than there was last season, and less "bunching" on the hips; the waists also are not made so loose-fitting, but are tighter, and are shaped so that they may be left open to display the vest, which for Summer wear is a daintily embroidered garment of sheer white linen, sometimes lined with a delicate color such as violet, turquoise blue, rose or *limon*—the last being the new clear buff color.

The materials of which polonaises are made differ extremely, and on it, more than on anything else, depends the character of the costume. The black silk skirt is now almost generally worn by ladies, and with a cashmere polonaise of the same color, you have the regulation church-going costume. A grey opera flannel or lady's cloth polonaise, simply corded with black, is the correct thing for shopping, attending art or music lessons, or going to business. A polka dotted or brocaded polonaise will be in style to attend lectures, while one of lace or Algerian tissue will be effective at a promenade concert, or in a box at the theater. Of course the confections correspond with the polonaise, and not with the black silk skirt. A basque waist is always provided with a black silk skirt, but the plated cashmere linen blouse is worn under the polonaise for general wear. The basque is often trimmed with black lace, under which is placed ruching of white tulle, and this, together with the skirt, makes a handsome home dinner dress; the addition of an overskirt trimmed to match the basque makes a more formal and dressy dinner costume.

The newest over-dresses are made open up to the front to display the tablier of the skirt proper. This tablier is generally the front breadth composed of perpendicular plaitings from the waist to the bottom; folds or flounces sweep around the back breadths and join the sides of the breadth, where they are concealed by bows. Sometimes the tablier is composed of alternate folds of the dress and the trimming material, arranged diagonally, and all the other breadths are trimmed with clusters of alternate folds arranged horizontally. Sometimes the entire skirt is kilt-plated from waist to hem. This looks the richest, but is the most expensive way of making, besides being too heavy looking in many kinds of material.

A return is being made in *ultra* fashionable quarters to the *Princesse* and *Gabrielle* styles of dress, but as the ladies who affect these do not fail to provide themselves with polonaises to wear over them, the change is not as noticeable as if they wore these beautiful styles in all their severe simplicity of outline.

Street dresses have grown "a little longer, and yet a little longer," till there are no walking suits proper to chronicle. Ladies, however, "make them do," by temporarily bunching them up behind in the most ungraceful way.

Moire antique silk is being largely used for trimming. Even for Summer wear this rich and heavy material is pressed into service. In the hands of competent artistes, it seems as appropriate for Summer as it was last Winter with the thermometer below zero. Perhaps, more so, for its peculiar water-waved surface seems just the thing for the languid glories of the coming Summer time. We find this among the costumes prepared by a French house in New York for a bride going to Europe in June. Skirt of dead silk canvas-grenadine, white, with the palest Nile green tint to it. The skirt is flounced to the waist, and unlike the fashion prevalent last year, the flounces not mounted on a silk foundation but on the grenadine, neither is a silk slip to be worn under it. The soft cloudy depth that white grenadine *en masse* presents is the peculiarity sought to be preserved, soft tarleton skirts being furnished to wear under it. Every ruffle of this skirt is piped with exquisitely water-waved moire antique of the same impalpable green tint. A tunic opens over a very low, sleeveless waist, perfectly plain with the exception of a great wide bias band of moire antique, which borders it all round. The fringe is made of the lower edge of this border, and is done by machinery in that fluffy way called "feathering," and knotted in a lace-like pattern into a fringe of the canvas, also feathered out by the machine. This is the very art of fringing. Fringe sewed on, often of a different color and material from the garment is a cheap and clumsy substitute. Fringing means the fraying out of the edges of a fabric, and this has to be understood to see the bad taste of sewing on a fringe that has no relation to the fabric it affects to be frayed out of.

For watering place and country wear, the gaily flowered chintz costumes of last season will be succeeded by bastile in blue and white stripes exactly the pattern of ordinary "ticking." The plainest of these bed-ticking suits cost seventy-five dollars. They are imported ready-made and the material cannot be purchased, which will render them very exclusive. We will, however, soon see the market flooded with cheap "bed-ticking contille for ladies' costumes."; Then every lady will get them and the real original imported seventy-five dollar ones will find their way to my lady's maid's wardrobe, or perhaps by virtue of their appropriateness to my lady's chambermaid. These eccentricities of costume are only worn by some people on special occasions, but with others they are in vogue the whole season.

Several new straw and wood-colored costumes appeared on Easter week, which, because of their simplicity and good taste, will keep in style all season, even among the most fastidious. The black and white costumes spoken of in our last fashion article as being prepared for Easter week, were worn only by *devotees* and ladies in mourning. The popular feeling is to put away all traces or suggestions of the season of fasting and prayer and effect natural, simple, fresh, Spring-like costumes.

OLD FOLKS.

Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves, they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our hearts they are growing gray;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago; [dear,
And the time of the year is coming my
For the silent night and the snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever he leads the way.

Aye! God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

THE DEEP-SEA WORLD.

It was Not Until About Thirty Years Ago—so new is the whole subject—that men began even to suspect the existence of a deep-water world. Till then the scientific men, gazing down into the "blazing darkness of the ocean blue," and longing to know what strange forms might people the two miles of water beneath the ship, believed that at the bottom, at all events, there could be nothing but a barren chaos of rocks or mud, strewed here and there with the "thousand fearful wrecks" which Clarence saw in his last dream. No life, they held, could exist in that total darkness, under a pressure of water so enormous that, as Dr. Wyville Thomson says, a man at 2,000 fathoms' depth would bear on his body a weight equal to twenty locomotive engines, each with a long goods train loaded with pig iron. Had they known likewise that living creatures down below would have to contend with all but freezing cold, they would have seemed to themselves even more justified than they actually were in their mistake. That mistake arose from a strange forgetfulness that if the fluids inside the body of a sea animal, or even of a man, were at the same pressure as those outside it, the two pressures would balance each other, and the body, instead of being crushed in, might move as freely and safely as in air. Even in the air, Dr Wyville Thomson reminds us, a sudden rise of an inch in the barometer piles nearly half a ton extra upon our body, and yet, the fluids inside of us having proportionately increased in density, "we feel only the more cheery and buoyant, because it requires a little less exertion to move in the denser medium." It is difficult at first to conceive this certain rule when we apply it to water under immense pressure. We fancy that water, in that case, must stiffen or harden, forgetting that it remains, being all but incompressible, as liquid as ever, and that its particles, as far as we know, slide as freely over each other at 5,000 fathoms' depth as at the surface. Forgetfulness of that almost complete incompressibility of water gave rise to another fancy, which had a certain grandeur in it, and was not so absurd as it may look at first sight—namely that, as Dr. Wyville Thomson puts it picturesquely enough, "in going down the sea-water became, under the pressure, gradually heavier and heavier; and that all the loose things floated at different depths, according to their specific weights—skeletons of men, anchors and shot, and cannon, and, last of all, the broad gold pieces wrecked in the loss of many a galleon off the Spanish main; the whole forming a kind of false bottom to the ocean, beneath which there lay all the depth of clear, still water, which was heavier than molten gold." A grand fancy, certainly, but a mere fancy; for at whatever vast a depth, the water, being incompressible, or nearly so, has scarcely increased in density, and things heavier than it must sink through it almost as freely as at the surface, and bury themselves at least over the greater portion of the ocean floor.

The nether darkness, so far from being a lifeless waste, teems almost everywhere with creatures not only more fantastic, but larger than their shallow-water cousins; and the paddler about rock-pools and tide-sands at watering places will learn that far away at sea, over that 100-fathom line to the westward, sea monsters far bigger, as well as far uglier and far more beautiful than were ever transferred to an aquarium; that, to give two instances, the Caprella, "the phantom shrimp," which may be found on sea-weed, sitting upright like a monkey, holding on by his hind claws, and, with ghastly grimaces, mesmerizing all passers-by with his fore-claws, sits in like guise upon sponges a mile or two deep in the darkness there, however, not a quarter of an inch, but three inches long; and that the Nymphons—sea-spiders who crawl out from under stones, and who, having nobody to speak of, carry their stomach, for economy of space, packed in long branches up the inside of each leg—are found in the depths of the Arctic Sea, not, as here, half an inch, but two feet in diameter. It is impossible to give even a sketch of the zoological treasures which have been brought to light by the cruises of the *Lightning* and *Porcupine*. Among their discoveries are true worms, sea-urchins, starfish, including the magnificent and novel Brimiga, worthily named after the goddess Freya's favorite jewel, Crinoids ("stalked flowers of living stone"), corals, and above all sponges of forms either new or till now known only as fossil or, strangely enough, as inhabitants of shallow water. But the strangest, as well as the most beautiful, inhabitants of the deep-sea ooze are the glassy sponges, in which the skeleton is composed, not of horny fibres, as in the sponges of our dressing-rooms, but of flex-

ible flint, often more delicate than the finest spun glass. The best known of these is the Venus' flower basket, or Euplectella, which lives embedded in the mud of the seas of the Philippines, supported by a glass frill "standing up round it like a Queen Elizabeth's ruff." Twenty years ago there was but one known specimen in Europe. It may be now bought for 30s., or less, in any curiosity shop; and it is strange that this—one of the most exquisite, both in form and texture, of all natural objects—is not oftener seen, even already, as a drawing-room ornament.

Equally sponge, or Hyalonema, which roots itself in the mud by a twisted wisp of strong flint needles, somewhat on the principle of a screw pile. So strange and complicated is its structure that learned men for a long while could literally make neither head nor tail of it, as long as they had only Japanese specimens to study. Which was top and which was bottom, which the thing itself, and which parasites growing on it; whether it was a sponge, or a zoophyte, or something else, could not be settled, and is in some men's minds scarcely settled now. But the discovery of the same, or a closely allied species, in abundance from the Butt of the Lews down to Setubal, on the coast of Portugal, where the shark-fishers call it "Sea-whip," has given our *savans* specimens enough on which to make up their minds, and has added another form to the list of those common, strangely enough, to our seas and to those of Japan. Scarcely less beautiful and strange are the Holtenias and their cognate forms; hollow sponges built up of glassy spicules, and rooted in the mud by glass hairs, in some cases between two feet and three feet long, as flexible and graceful as tresses of snow-white silk. If any one wishes to gratify at once his curiosity and his sense of beauty, let him go up the great staircase at the British Museum, and on entering the second corridor, turn either right or left to the cases which contain these sponges and other deep-sea forms—to which, by the bye, in the present crowded state of the Museum, ghastly troops of monkeys serve as a foil—and there see how nature is not only "*maxima in minimis*," greatest in her least, but, "*pulcherrima in abditis*," fairest is her most hidden works; and how the creative spirit has lavished, as it were, unspeakable artistic skill on low-organized forms, never till now beheld by man, and buried not only in foul mud, but in the unsightly mass of their own living jelly. But so it was from the beginning; and this planet, with its complicated wonders and beauties, was not made for man alone. Countless ages before man appeared on earth, the depths of the old chalk ocean teemed with forms as beautiful and perfect as those, their lineal descendants, which the dredge now brings up from the Atlantic sea-floor.—*London Times.*

OPERATIVE EARNINGS IN CALIFORNIA.

A San Francisco Paper compiles a table giving the rates of wages for different classes of skilled operatives in that city and the average annual earnings of each. The variable demand for labor produces important discrepancies between the nominal and the actual annual earnings. Thus, to take the first instance on the list, the wages of foundrymen are given at per diem, $3 50 to $4; with uninterrupted employment this rate would give yearly earnings $1,050 to $1,200; but the actual average earnings are set down at $750, equal to $2 50 per working day. This latter part of the exhibit, which is the more important, must needs be guess work, but will be the more accurate according as the compiler inquired more diligently into the facts of the case, prosecuting his own investigations in a number of establishments and shops. Only by access to pay-rolls and books throughout the establishments in a particular line of industry could the figures be absolutely accurate, as they are given by the Labor Commissioners of Massachusetts. This perfection of compilation does not purport to have been attained, but it is claimed for the figures that they were compiled with pains and are believed to be substantially correct. With this explanation that they are to be looked upon as an approximation, we collate them as under:

OCCUPATIONS OF MEN.

Occupation.	Yearly Earnings.	Occupations.	Yearly Earnings.
Foundrymen, machinists, etc	$ 750	Compositors	$1,092
Blacksmiths and assistants	$468 to 882	Marble workers	936
Boiler makers	908 to 1,144	Bookbinders	1,092
Boot and shoemakers	811 to 1,248	Coopers	1,248
Box makers	576 to 702	Rope makers	1,092
Stair hands	1,092 to 1,248	Bakers	780
Billiard-table makers	1,033 to 1,716	Shipwrights and caulkers	780
Harness and saddle makers	858 to 1,248	Tinsmiths	936
Woolen mill operatives	612 to 702	Bag makers	624
Trunk makers	468 to 1,764	Hat finishers	1,092
Furniture hands	988 to 1,872	Stone masons, bricklayers, plasterers	1,560
Tailors	1,248 to 1,560	Carpenters and hodmen	936
Carriage builders	780 to 936	Painters and plumbers	1,248

OCCUPATIONS OF WOMEN.

Occupation.	Yearly Earnings.
Boot fitters	$1,092
Woolen mill, carpet bag, paper box, shirts, clothing, hat, cap and bag makers	$380 to 572
Saddlery, hair work, fur making, white goods, artificial flowers, flag makers and photography	416 to 676

—*Sacramento Union.*

Court Chat.

The Latest News sent us from Sorrento is that on Wednesday the Grand Duke Vladimir and his sister were at San Carlo, and on Thursday they were at Pompeii, where of course a special excavation was made. They were also present at a *soirée* given by the Countess Dolgorouki. Her Majesty, contrary, we are told, to her general custom, dines with the members of her family and household, and it is, we believe, a very happy and merry party. One evening she expressed a wish to see the Tarantella danced, and Signor Tramontano immediately sent for some of the best dancers in Sorrento, who performed before the distinguished guests, and received *in regalo* a considerable sum of money, several bottles of Bordeaux, while the Empress and her daughters handed round to the women boxes of bonbons. We understand that the Grand Duchess Marie is expected on a visit to Her Majesty about the 15th of next month, and also the Princess Alice of England with her husband. Report says that his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh will also come. Amongst the thoughtful attentions paid to the Czarine was a beautiful bouquet of violets sent to her by the Countess Sutchelvin, from her charming villa at Capodimonte, and which particularly delighted Her Majesty, as she is devotedly fond of these flowers.

The Following Account of the interview which his Majesty King George IV. had with Count Capo d Istrias (vol. iv., p. 239) shows how the family bias induced Trikoupis to portray to his readers the insignificance of the elected President of Greece: "On Capo d'Istrias arriving in England he wished to be presented to the king; after many days elapsed he was summoned to Windsor, where the king was residing. The Count was shown into the picture gallery. After some time another door opened, and a man of tall stature entered, dressed eccentrically and carelessly; he shut the door after him and began to survey the pictures, proceeding to where Capo d'Istrias stood. The Count thought at once that he could be no other but His Majesty, whom he had seen before when he accompanied the Emperor Alexander to England. The Count was taken by surprise at this unexpected meeting, and stood erect and motionless. The King, advancing as by accident, met the Count face to face, and said to him, "Ah! vous êtes ici, monsieur le Comte; je suis bien aise de vous voir." Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, His Majesty saluted and retired. The servant opened the same door by which the Count had entered and conducted him to his carriage, and thus the interview ended."

Count de Waldeck, who has just celebrated the 107th anniversary of his birthday, is about to undertake the management of a new entertainment in Paris. The registry of his birth, in due form, bears the date of March 16, 1766. He was a contemporary of Louis XV., and perhaps the only one of them in France that has seen the third Republic. Born in Prague, he is a naturalized Frenchman. He devoted forty years of his life to scientific travels in different countries—Nubia, Abyssinia, Mozambique and Mexico. Apart from a slight deafness, he is affected from no infirmity, is in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, and his memory has faithfully retained the different episodes of his long career. He has, however, preserved a sad recollection of Austerlitz, where he was a Captain in the fourth Huzzars, as a ball received there, and which has never been extracted, causes him much suffering on certain occasions. Everybody may have remarked his pictures at some of the late exhibitions, entitled, "L'oisirs d'un Centenaire." This veteran still forms plans for the future, and now returns to his first vocation, as he was Director of the Porte Saint Martin Theater in 1793.

An Indian Prince, His Highness the Maharajah of Jondhpore, has recently died, and in accordance with his national custom has been burned, with all the honors. The corpse was dressed with all the magnificence of royal robes and decked with jewels worth $75,000. In front of the funeral procession walked two elephants, laden with gold and silver coins to the amount of $62,500, which were scattered at every hundred paces among the spectators, to be scrambled for. The corpse, shawls and jewelry were all thrown together upon the burning pile. From the day on which His Highness died five thousand Brahmins received food and a rupee each at his palace gates. His numerous wives and concubines were anxious to be burned with him, but the English law forbids the continuance of the custom, and these weeping widows are preserved.

A Book Called "An Emperor's Vacation at Vichy," is apparently written to show how little the writer knew of the late Emperor Napoleon in his leisure hours. However, it is something to know that he "wore the morning dress of a simple gentleman;" that "the only entertainments he much affected were theatricals;" that the "saturnine nature and brooding soul—secretive even to itself, was not given to outward manifestations of emotion; but he was once seen to give one hearty laugh until the tears ran down his face at some buffoonery of Dejazet, which did not greatly amuse the rest;" finally that he either did or did not sit up late into the night, but certainly if he did not he burned a light until a late hour! The poems, tales and light articles are numerous, but present no special feature calling for remark.

M. de Lesseps has written a letter suggesting that the Sultan should invite the maratime Powers to appoint a commission to fix upon a uniform mode of defining the carrying capacity of vessels, with a view to put an end to the tonnage disputes which have arisen in connection with the Suez Canal. M. de Lesseps deserves so well at the hands of the community that he deserves justice. It sounds little, but as the distinguished Frenchman has long since learnt is in the fact—much.

One who signs Craufurd Tait Ramage says: "If Sir Alexander Stewart of Ecrneley, whose daughter Janet was married to Sir Roger Kirkpatrick of Kylosbern, be related to the Stewarts, the Royal Family of Scotland, which is very likely, though I do not know his pedigree, we would thus find that the Empress Eugenie, by her Kirkpatrick descent, was related to Her Majesty Queen Victoria."

Mr. A. G. Dudley Ward, writing from New York, says that he never beheld such lavishness in woman's attire—street attire—as there is in that city. "I have not (he says) seen a shabby-dressed woman since my arrival. Knowing the grand totals which are made up of small items of long seal-skin jackets and finest silks, I may say the average cost of a lady's dress here is not less than £60."

An American has proposed to move Northumberland House, but whither will he take it? The only person who wants it is Lord Elcho, and it might be planted *vis-à-vis* to his house early some morning when the adventurous Yankee has time to do the little job.

About Sixty Finished Pictures and sketches by James Hayllar, including several works exhibited at the Royal Academy, and other modern pictures, were last week disposed of at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Mason and Woods, in King street, St. James's.

Trentanova, the sculptor, has sent to the Royal Academy a beautiful head of "Gentle Spring," and a portrait in marble of Mrs. Thornton, of Birmingham. His full length marble figure of "The First Letter of Love" could notbe completed in time.

A Discovery has just been made in the picture gallery of Baron de Stack le berg, at the chateau of Tachn (Bohemia), on a painting by Holbein, of an inscri p tion which fixes in a positive manner the birth of that great painter in 1498.

On Thursday, April 3d, a statue of the late King of the Belgians was conveyed to Mons by special train. It is expected to be unveiled to the public at the coming communal *fête* at Mons.

Sir James Ramsay of Bamff has let the mansion, with the shootings of the moors and low ground, Alith, to Frank Mildmay, Esq. It is reported the rent for the season is to be £1,000.

The Ladies of the harem of the King of Siam have taken to wearing the European costume. This is said to be one of the results of the King's visit to Calcutta last year.

The Carlist Insurrection still makes head against the Government troops. Don Carlos had abdicated in favor of his son under the regency of his brother.

The Duchess of Inverness continues in the same state. Her Grace is under the care of Dr. Wadham, of Park Lane.

Special Brevities.

There Seems to be a flourishing trade in eggs between Scotland and London. At a meeting recently of the Perthshire Society of Naturalists, the President, in the course of his address, gave the prices of a few eggs which he had received from a London house: Golden eagle eggs, £1 5s. each; merlin, long-eared owl, and tawny owl's eggs, 1s. 6d. each; white wagtail, grey wagtail, goldfinch, lesser redpole's eggs, 6d. each; siskin's eggs, 2s. 6d. each; northern diver's eggs, 10s. each; and the common snipe's eggs, 6d. each. These prices being so remunerative, the consequence is that in many places, and especially on the breeding grounds in the north, people find it worth their while to occupy themselves all the breeding season in getting eggs for the London collectors, and the President mentioned that while in the north isles of Shetland some years ago, he visited a schoolmaster there, who showed him a lot of eggs collected by himself on commission for a London agent, all most beautifully and scientifically blown—a boring instrument and sucker being used for the purpose—and in one box alone were 300 snipe's eggs, equal at 6d. each to £7 10s. Any person who is fortunate enough to possess a golden eagle bird that is a regular daily layer might easily make at this rate between £400 and £500 a year. Such a bird would be a fortune to a small family.

Marriages in High Life in Paris have recently assumed the character of a religious and musical *fete*. Invitations upon beautifully-printed paper are issued for the religious ceremony. Ladies and gentlemen respond by appearing in elegant morning dresses, except those favored individuals who are to be placed nearest to the altar, and who are in evening dress. Some time ago it was the fashion for the bridegroom to appear in a blue coat, with gilt buttons, white waistcoat, and grey trowsers, but that is all changed, and now the black suit and white cravat have again come into favor. Until lately the musical performances were limited to a few strains from the organ, played upon the entrance and the departure of the wedding party, but now the composition of the musical selection has become one of the great questions connected with the religious ceremony of marriage. The object is to have as much music as possible, to obtain the service of some eminent instrumentalist or vocalist, or even of a body of singers who during the ceremony shall execute solos or concerted pieces.

Some German Chemists are said to have discovered that starch, by being peculiarly treated with nitric acid, becomes converted into an explosive substance, which promises to supersede gunpowder.

There is a Well-Known Transatlantic Story which relates that a New Yorker, being about to take his departure for Europe, called upon his friend *pour prendre congé*, or in order to take leave of him. The friend, who, as being an exalted member of the "shoddy" aristocracy that flourishes in the American metropolis, was guileless of French, happened to be absent from home when the call was made, and a farewell card, with the customary letters, "P. P. C.," inscribed upon it, was left for him in his absence. "'P. P. C.,' what *can* that mean?" asked the astonished recipient of the valedictory greeting, upon returning to his home. After cudgeling his brain for a long time without success, a bright thought suddenly struck him. "It *must* mean 'Pullman's Palace Car,'" he triumphantly exclaimed, "and it is evident that my friend is off for San Francisco."

An Amusing Scene was once witnessed on a skating rink in Canada. The principal attraction was a beautiful young lady, charmingly dressed with short skirts. She was a very graceful skater, and in her evolutions displayed a pair of beautifully-formed ankles, and a little more, so symmetrical that they seemed to charm the eyes of the young men, although they aroused the envy of her own sex. But beauty's reign in this case was short; she fell upon the ice, and had the misfortune to rip her stocking with her skate. Not being aware of the mishap, she quickly rose, and continued to glide over the ice as before; but now the admiration for her was turned to laughter, for a trail of sawdust followed her, oozing from that ill-fated stocking. It is needless to add she shortly left the ice.

M. Linden, of Brussels, has lately imported a large stock of young plants of the celebrated cow tree of South America—the Palo de vaca of the Spanish and the Sandi of the Indians. This extraordinary tree yields milk of as good quality as that of the cow. It flows freely from incisions made in the trunk, and is commonly used as an article of food by the inhabitants of districts where the tree is abundant. The tree grows upwards of 100 feet high, with a smooth trunk 6 to 8 feet in diameter, and without branches for the first 60 or 70 feet of its hight. If it would only grow in the open air in our climate, or could be acclimatized by any process, what a jump for joy there might be throughout the country at this prospect of new food resources for the public!

A Series of Experiments, instituted to test the average loss in weight by drying, shows that corn loses one-fifth and wheat one fourteenth by the process. From this the statement is made that farmers will make more by selling unshelled corn in the fall at seventy-five cents than the following summer at one dollar a bushel; and that wheat at $1 32 in December is equal to $1 50 for the same wheat in the June following. This estimate is made on the basis of interest at seven per cent., and takes no account of loss from the depredations of vermin. These facts are worthy of consideration.

A Choice Collection of Modern Pictures, the property of a gentleman, and a small collection of choice water-color drawings and several important modern pictures from different private collections, were disposed of recently. Clarkson Stanfield's picture, "The Bay of Spezzia," sold for 500 guineas. An Italian coast scene, by the same artist, realized 335 guineas. J. C. Hook's "Washerwomen in Brittany," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1866, realized 660 guineas.

The Raphael Anniversary.—Urbino, the birthplace of Raphael, celebrated on Sunday the anniversary of the birth and death of the illustrious painter—the respective events occurring on the same days in 1483 and 1520. The present occasion has been distinguished by a graceful event, the handing over to the municipality, in trust for the nation, of the great artist's birthplace, which has been purchased by a public subscription.

We Hear a Characteristic Story of the late Charles Dickens. An Oxford undergraduate, with the natural modesty of the race, sent to the editor of *Household Words*, at the end of the Crimean war, a copy of verses on the return of the Guards, with this note: "Sir—Understanding that you insert Rhymes in your Serial, I send you some." To which Dickens answered: "Sir—We do not insert Rhymes without Reason."

The Melbourne Telegraph has the account of an old man who at 89 married a girl of 14, and after three years' matrimony has discarded his wife and refused to support his three children by her. The court of law that was appealed to by her declined to take the old man's view of his responsibilities. It is clear that at the antipodes life is conducted on different principles altogether.

New Prussian Rifle.—The *Times* says: "A few days ago the German Emperor reviewed the 1st Fusilier Company of Infantry Guards, just armed with the new Manser rifle. The men fired fourteen times per minute, a number of discharges which admits of being nearly doubled.

A Patent Oyster.—A down-east journal informs us that a Maine man is about to apply for a patent for an artificial oyster, made out of flour-paste, tapioca, salt and water. The inventor places these in second-hand oyster-shells, which are carefully glued around the edges.

Verdi's Opera Aida was given for the first time in Naples recently. The audience being wild with delight, called the composer before the curtain thirty-nine times. They will know him when they see him again.

There Was a Private View at South Kensington recently, of the collection of paintings by Philip and Creswick, some 300 in number, which occupy the galleries filled during the last two years by foreign pictures.

SPRING.

The sun is warm, the sky is blue,
The buds are full, the grass is growing
I wonder if the signs are true,
And winter really is going!
'Tis too good news it seems to me
That gentle spring at last is coming,
This very morn I saw a bee—
But he was humming.

The seeds don't seem to show as yet—
I fear they've rotted altogether;
The winter's been so very wet—
But shall we have more settled weather?
Those fleecy clouds, on high that wing,
Can weep like Niobe's sad daughters;
And we perchance may find the spring
A spring of waters.

Oh, gentle spring! betray us not,
We can be dry, and yet hilarious:
And, pray, give back the watering-pot
To January's old Aquarius:
Where'er your tiny foot shall touch,
Bid blossoms spring, the greensward wetting,
For we've an appetite for such,
That needs no whetting.

"TOMPKINS' ADIEU."

SCENE I.

Why those Sad Faces? Why those portmanteaus piled up in the passage? Why that sumptuous supper of fried tripe and cow heel? Ah, why? 'Tis Tompkins' last night at home. Yes, to-morrow he sails for a far off land alone; no, not alone, for is he not accompanied by the united blessings and prayers of his pious family?

MRS. T., T'S MOTHER.—Oh, my son Adolphus, I cannot realize the fact that we must part so soon. Say, is it true, or is it an awful, hideous dream? [Here she realized the fact that she was awake by burning her mouth with a bit of cow heel. Having spit it out she continued.] Your poor father, Dolphy, were he living, would have given you more wise and better advice than I, your poor mother, can; but there is one thing I must make you promise me or I shall never rest; will you promise?

TOMPKINS [who's theatrically inclined].—Say on, sweet being, through whose tender care I have been nurtured, and whose far-famed beauty, I regret to say, I have not inherited, I promise.

MRS. T.—'Tis this: To take a Cockle's anti-billious pill three times a week, a dose of salts [Epsom] once a month, and say your prayers night and morning. 'Tis all I ask.

BETSEY T., T'S ELDEST SISTER.—And oh, Dolphy, may not I also claim a promise?

MR. T.—My heart is so full—of—of—feeling—that I can refuse nothing. Say on.

BETSEY T.—'Tis simply this: that when the morning sun shines benignly upon the half-waking earth, and the little birds bathe in the showers of dew drops, when all is glad, and calm, and wet, that you will repeat those lines which have ever been a solace to me in trouble, and whose lovely stanzas have enraptured my soul with more than earthly bliss; these, I mean [with much emotion];

"How doth the little busy bee," etc.

MR. T.—Sweet sister, thy boon is granted, and these thrilling stanzas shall ever be the first words to escape my awakening lips. [Here T's feelings so overcame him that he was obliged to take a "deep, deep draught" of stout, after which he delivered himself of the following romantic lines, which he had composed for the occasion ten years before.] With both his hands in his pockets and one on the table, he began:

Mother, mourn not for your son,
Who's going off like any gun,
But who, when in a foreign land,
Will often bless his mother, and,
With aching heart and downcast eye,
Will muse of her and heave a sigh.
But if that sigh he cannot heave [a goak]
As far as you, oh do not grieve,
For he will ever think of you,
Of brothers, sisters, cousins, too.
Adoo.

The effect of these touching verses was tremendous. Mrs. T. upset the pickled onions, nearly choked herself with a long strip of tripe, and finally went into—the next room, decidedly unwell. Miss T., whose tender and romantic nature thoroughly appreciated and felt the delicate and touching pathos contained in T's verses, wept—yes, wept. The briny tears chased each other in quick succession down her lovely cheeks and finally deposited themselves in her plate. Tomkins, fearing that he was rendering the last night at home sadder than he had intended, began to whistle "Pop Goes the Weasle," at the same time dancing a hornpipe. The clock strikes eleven—a general move for bed.

SCENE II.

[St. Catharine's Dock; ten in the morning; on board the *Kanjawtummer*, bound for Timbuctoo. Mrs. and Miss T. have come to see T. off. Sails; frantic embraces and broken sighs, copious tears and a brandy-and-soda.]

MRS. T.—Oh, my poor, poor, dear, dear Dolphy, you will never see your poor mamsy more. I feel a presentiment. You know how ill and weak I am; oh, that

last attack of the measles has left your poor mamsy a complete wreck. [Gives him sweetness and kisses.]

Mr. T.—There! by my mother, 'tis to glory we steer: take a little more soda and, b—

Mrs. T.—Mr. Dolphy, dear, I fear you are too fond of spirits. [Punishes the soda and b—.]

Miss T. (very emphatic).—Adolphus, I feel it a shame to weep, besides it makes one look red. I will restrain my feelings (I am quite glad it is all over, now that Frank is safe), while we dine. Pa, you may say grace for me and ma. Farewell. A sister's blessing. [Kisses him and both leave for home.]

SCENE III. AND LAST.

The steamer's weighed. Tompkins on deck, with an old shawl, a comforter, a pocket-handkerchief, and cane as a "blow-up," and standing at the edge of the wharf. "Adieu, adieu!" "I shall have exhausted all France!" At last the steamer is out and all the ladies have retired below. Tompkins is seated on the roof-house, and the steward, adhering to custom, waits for another bottle. The ship passes calmly and quietly. T. sings well, and thoroughly knows and loves sentiment, with variations of glycerine drops, without which words are dry and without meaning are worthless. At last the bottle is finished and T. awakes. At first he thought he had made a mistake and gone to bed in the—ah, well! not exploded. It takes a moment for the facts of the case to dawn, then, finding himself surrounded by water, he is about to merrily pitch himself out of the bunk. There is a shout from passengers and crew, but with a quick and active movement he suppresses those lives that had no others without his return. "How dark," says he, but stop, not to the third person which he felt himself to be, in fact, very unwell. A smothered cry of "My boy!" a frantic rush for the cabin, and it was over. He knew where to find the orange when sea-sickness ceased, and at last came to the conclusion that a trip steamer is not a good thing to sail on. Gets better on land, and is happy.

P. S.—The above is compiled from a peep into Tompkins' diary.

CHEAP MONEY.

Will we Get It? Everybody wants it: indeed we know some good people that would go a short way if it were put very cheap. We speak knowingly on the subject, and the complaints of the public are with us. Money is too dear, must be reduced—that is abundant as compared with other commodities, or capital in other forms, and the dominion of trade. Are we getting better? We will the meeting of the New Francisco Bank Association help us in this regard, as many wise people seem to think? That association—Will they appreciate capital a penny? Not much, we think. They will draw their bills for it and, not finding it in the market. Not a dollar will they add to the currency of the country: but things may go round, and as money flows easily some to pay for imports, as to other countries. There may be those to keep what we already have and send it permanently a little—but that is possible. Suppose money is worth twelve on month in New York as it is now, will it stay there? What has been the experience of the past few months? Every month—although in the Mail has been sent away to the Atlantic side and a great deal more. Who does not know that money, as all other forms of a sale of capital, will go where it can be used to the greatest advantage and maintain to the highest price. Where our planters and Hillsboro' friends can turn over their twenty dollar gunnies in Wall street at a per cent. a day, will they keep them for the accommodation of the ship-people of this coast at one per cent. per month? Not much. Money is dear now in all the great commercial centres of the world and is flowing from them. We cannot prevent it in its flowing, save within it is dear every where else. It starts in the shape of exchange, and "that's what's the matter." We have it not by the ratio in any direction, and other causes proportional antagonism in each are manifest as this, in the movement of our crops. The banks here are shaving during the period at eighty per hundred the rate at one per cent. and, presumably, the company to be enlarged. There already advance is at ten in the Bank of England does when exchanges are against and keep it up until the tide turns and a backflow of specie sets in westward. Moreover, such a course would check over trading promptly, and do good in more ways than one. But how the representatives assembled at the early meeting would howl and denounce them as sharks, through their associations of the public welfare. We go for a high protective rate, and are willing to take a large amount of money at two per cent. per month. *Try us if you don't believe it.*

A New Parcel Tariff has been introduced into the Reichstag by the Postmaster-General for Germany. According to its provisions one uniform rate of payment a rate identical for a kilogramme, on the postal system, irrespective of distance for small packages. A parcel weighing not more than five kilogrammes may thus be sent from one end of the country to the other from Memel, up to Constantz, for the very small sum of 1s. While for smaller distances, within 40 miles, the same parcel may be forwarded for 8d. Why not in England?

REDIVIVUS.

Sere, withered leaves; dead, wasted love; I brushed some withered leaves away,
Ye fall upon chill'd bosoms bare, That lay beneath unmelted snows,
That hold the germs ordained above And found a green arbutus spray,
To bloom in fragrant blossoms rare. With blossoms sweeter than the rose.

I looked upon a woman's face,
Dispassioned by a wasted love,
Yet found—there beat within her breast
Wild passion and—my Treasure-trove. VIF.

A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL'S VIEW OF LIFE.

I'm Only a Little Girl, but I think I have as much right to say what I want to about things as a boy. I hate boys, they're so mean; they always grab all the strawberries at the dinner table too, and never tell us when they are going to have fun. Only I like Gus Rogers. The other day Gus told me he was going to let off some fireworks, and he let Bessie Nettle and me go and look at them. All of us live in a hotel, and his mother's room has a window with a balcony. His mother was gone out to buy some *creme de lis* to put on her face, and he'd went and got eleven boxes of lucifer matches and ever ever so many pieces of castile soap. He stealed them from the housekeeper. Just when she went to put them in her closet Gus went and told her Mrs. Nettle wanted her a minute, and while she was gone he grabbed the soap and matches, and when she came back he watched her, and she got real mad, and she scolded Della (that is the chambermaid), and said she knowed who did it, and I was real glad, because when I was turning somersets on my mother's bed the other day Della slapped me and said she wasn't going to make the bed two times to please me; then Bessie and me sticked the matches in the soap like tenpins, and Gus fired them off, and they blazed like anything, and they made an awful smell, and Gus went and turned the gas on, so's his mother would think it was that.

We got our dinner with the nurse, 'cause the man that keeps the hotel charges full price for the children if they sit at the table in the big dining room. Once my mother let me go down with her, and I talked a heap at the table, and a gentleman that sat next to us said little girls should be seen and not heard. The mean old thing died last week, and I was real glad, and I told Della so, and she said if I went and said things like that I couldn't go to heaven. Much she knows about it; and I wouldn't want to go if dirty things like she is went there. Yesterday Mary, our nurse, told Bessie Nettle's nurse that she heard Larry Finnegan was going to marry her. Larry is one of the waiters, and he saved candles for me from the big dining room; and Bessie Nettle's nurse said, "O, Lord! what a lie!" and Bessie Nettle went into her mother's room, and her little brother said she nipped him, and Bessie said, "O, Lord! what a lie!" and you should have heard how her mother did talk to her, and went and shut her up in a dark room where she kept her trunks, and didn't let her have nothing but bread and water; and Gus Rogers went and yelled through the key-hole and said, "Bessie, the devil is coming to fetch you," and Bessie screamed and almost had a fit, and her mother told Mrs. Rogers, and got Gus licked, and Gus says he's a mind to set the house on fire some day and burn her out.

One day I went into the parlor and creeped under the sofa, and there wasn't nobody there. They don't let dogs nor children go into the parlor, and I think it's real mean; and I had to creep under the sofa, so nobody could see me; and Mr. Boyce came in, and Miss Jackson; she said one day that children were worse nuisances than dogs. And Mr. Boyce and Miss Jackson came in and sitted down on the sofa; and he said, "O, Louisa, I do love you so much," and then he kissed her, for I heard it smack. And then she said, "O, Thomas, I do wish I could believe you; don't you never kiss anybody else?" And he said, "No, Earnest," and I yelled out, "O, what a big story," for I saw him kiss Bessie Nettle's nurse in the hall one night, when the gas was turned down. Didn't he jump, you bet! And he pulled me out and tore my frock, and he said, "O, you wicked child, where do you expect to go to for telling such stories?" and I told him, "You shut up; I ain't going any where with you." I wish that man would die, like the other one, so I do; and I don't care whether he goes to heaven or not.

Gus Rogers' mother had a lunch party in her parlor, and they had champagne, and they never gave him any; and when his mother wasn't looking he found a bottle half full on the sideboard, and he stealed it and took it in our nursery; and Mary wasn't there, and Gus and me drinked it out of the glass Mary brushes her teeth in; and it was real nice; and we looked in Mary's wardrobe and found her frock she goes to church in; and Gus put it on, and Mary's bonnet too; and we went in the hall and we tumbled down and tore Mary's frock, and made my nose bleed; and Gus said, "O, there's an earthquake!" cause we couldn't stand up; and you should see how the house did go up and down—awful; and Gus and me laid down on the carpet, and the housekeeper picked me up and tooked me to my mother's room, and my mother said, "O, my! whatever have you been doing?" and I said, "O, Lord! I drinked champagne out of Gus Rogers's mother's bottle, in the glass that Mary brushes her teeth in." And the housekeeper says, "O, my goodness gracious! the child's as tight as bricks," and I said, "You bet; bully for you!" and then I was awful sick, and I've forgot what else.

DEVINE.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

Dear News Letter:—The melancholy Three and your humble Parson were disturbed in their devotions at the Little Chapel, last evening, by a messenger from the County Jail, with a very unusual request from a very unexpected quarter. We had met in the Little Chapel to offer up our prayers and thanks-giving to Devine Providence for the signal success of our arms against the sinful Modocs. We felt that the victories achieved and the glories won on the blood-stained fields of Lava were due to the special interposition of Divine Providence. Such a beautiful blending of a peace commission with Henry rifles and mountain howitzers could produce nothing less than a modern miracle. The all-powerful arm of the great I Am, using six hundred U. S. veteran troops as instruments in his hands, held sixty fierce and blood-thirsty Modocs at bay for sixteen long weary weeks. The all-seeing eye was fixed steadfastly on Captain Jack and Scar-Faced Charley during the whole of that time. The savage chiefs were a little confused on beholding the exponent of the meek-and-lowly-Jesus-policy fighting side by side with those who seemed imbued with the fiery zeal and vindictive spirit of Mahomet, and it was not until the Almighty had suffered the leaders of both wings of the army (the peaceful and the warlike) to fall as martyrs at the hands of the savage, that the Indian became convinced of the forbearance, long-suffering and mercy of the Lord. He then experienced a change of heart, repented, and immediately renewed the fight. We deemed the bringing the son of the forest to a stand-still by the Most High equal to the feat performed by Joshua, a few years ago, when he went out to fight, in causing the other sun to come to a full stop for about half a day. We set them both down as miracles, and were offering a devotional tribute to Jehovah for the latest one, when we were disturbed by the entrance of Sister Anastasia McCue. She handed the Parson a most impressive looking missive, a large red envelope with a black border. It was tied with black tape, and fastened with the imperial seal of the Holy See. I breathed a prayer over a paper cutter, and opened the letter. It was from his Reverence Father Spreckles, and read as follows:

County Jail, May 8, 1873.—Dear Parson: I am in distress; come to me at once. The representative of a class with which we were both very friendly years ago must die to-morrow. Let us forget how widely our theological paths have diverged in the years that have gone, and unite now like Christian gentlemen and do what we can to make the soul of poor Devine presentable to his Creator. I have worked at him for weeks, but seem to make no impression. Not that he is hardened or reckless; on the contrary, he seems to desire to know something about his heavenly home and lot. I've prayed with him in Latin, read him all the Greek service, taught him scores of Aves, and Paters, bathed his brow in consecrated water, cemented a holy wafer fast to his toe, worn out with him four sets of magical beads, and all to no purpose. He says he don't understand a bloody word of it. What he wants, he says, is an American heaven, where he will not be like a cat in a strange garret among a blarsted lot of foreigners. He said he knew a fellow who used to be around the wharves among his kind, that had taken to preaching, who lived somewhere at The Oaks, and was called the Parson. Also a person called Deacon Scott, a member of the same church. He thinks if he could get you two to come and talk with him that he could get booked in the right coach for his inevitable journey, and set out for the undiscovered country with a light heart. Having been about the wharves for several years myself, soliciting supplies from the shipping for a butcher's shop, and knowing that yourself and Deacon Scott had been more or less mixed up with a class to which poor Devine belongs, I beg you will come over and start the poor fellow light-heartedly to glory.

Yours in sanctity, Rev. Father Spreckles.

Accordingly, Deacon Scott and the Parson called last evening on Mr. Devine. The poor fellow was very glad to see us. We were also welcomed heartily by Father Spreckles. Devine took a retrospective glance at the situation, and said he was the victim of a corrupt, immoral and money-worshiping civilization; that he had to be hung because he was poor and friendless. If he had as much money as Mrs. Fair, the jury in his case would have found that Kamp had committed suicide. Mrs. Fair committed a cold-blooded murder, before witnesses, her jury said she was insane, and had done no wrong. In his case, a crazy Dutchman shot himself in his company, and because there were no witnesses present to prove the contrary, twelve men, on two different occasions, had found him guilty of murder, and he supposed he must swing, as he had not money enough to make the community think differently. We all believed, from his manner and clear statement of the facts in the case, that he was innocent; and how twelve intelligent men could convict him of murder, because a crazy man killed himself, and acquit a crazy woman for murdering a *man*, we marveled much. But Law and Religion roll along on golden wheels, and of such is the kingdom of heaven. We said it was a hard case, and left him the following extract from the free-thinkers' catechism, to console him in his last moments:

We come into the world naked and bare,
We go through the world in sorrow and care;
We go out of the world—nobody knows where—
No preacher tells more in his longest prayer.

The Oaks, May 7, 1873. The Parson.

A Statue of Buddha, fifty feet high, copied from a bronze statue made six hundred years ago, has arrived at Vienna, for the Exhibition, from Japan.

THE ORIGIN OF EARTHQUAKES.

Few Men have devoted so much thought to igneous and seismic phenomena as Mr. R. Mallet; it is, therefore, not surprising that the latest theory broached should have proceeded from one so well known for his devotion to this branch of science. Our globe, he points out, is still radiating heat into space; for every degree so radiated some contraction of the mass must take place. Its surface seems to have long ago arrived at an equilibrium of temperature, hence the contraction must take place internally, tending continually to leave round the shrinking internal core a loose and unattached skin. The force of gravity continually acting on this rind draws it closer and closer to the center, and it, not being able to contract, is thrown into ridges and hollows, exactly as the skin of a dried apple wrinkles and cracks over its shrunk inside. An earthquake is the creep produced by this shrinkage, and the consequent crumpling and crushing together of the superficial strata; and as this forcible crushing together of the matter of which the surface of the earth is composed must produce enormous development of local heat, we have at once the two phenomena correlated. We can at least imagine a time arriving when the main body of the earth has cooled down so far and set so solidly that it refuses to contract any further under the influence of internal gravity. It has set like a plaster cast round our imaginary apple. Into the void there to be left, the water and air which now enliven the surface may find an entrance. This we may presume to have happened to our satellite, and we may imagine, and perhaps eventually calculate, the time when it must occur to ourselves. Thus strangely does one science help another. Geology might at first sight seem the basest of sciences, concerning herself with rocks and mud; yet she calls to her aid the most ethereal of all, and in return throws a light on celestial phenomena otherwise beyond our comprehension. From the silent moon we are able to extract more and stranger information than did ever Sibyl, Pythoness or "Astrologer or Seers of old."

EXHIBITION NOTES.

In Going to Vienna, intending visitors must remember that if it is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, it is also the dearest, and that if the natives of Great Britain are held in high esteem by the Viennese, they are supposed to possess unlimited purses. The city has three specialties, goods manufactured from leather, pipes, and embroidery of silk and linen. That you may purchase such things in England is true, but if on betraying your nationality by an ignorance of the German language, you offer the tradesman from half to two-thirds the sum he demands, you will be free from any gross extortion. Avoid a *table d'hôte*, for it is an institution not indigenous to the country, and in the ambitious attempt to imitate France a failure is the result, for you will find after paying three to four florins for such a feast, you rise with an appetite sharpened for a good dinner. The native wines are light, pure and innocuous, but to Englishmen the Vienna beer will be most grateful. Being always kept in ice, it is deliciously cool, and is the real nectar of Austria. The fares to be demanded by the cabmen are marked in each vehicle, but beyond this fare it is usual to give a few kreutzers as *pourboire*. The stranger must not be alarmed at the rapidity of motion; for the most part the horses are excellent, and the Jehus good whips. The Austrians are a gallant race, but the men possess a most unfortunate habit of staring at every lady they meet. They mean nothing really impertinent, but such a liberty may excite the anger of Englishmen; but it will be wise to treat such misbehavior with a philosophic temperament. If unable to curb his resentment, it may be convenient to state that it costs about ten florins to knock a man down in Vienna; but let it be remembered that the Austrians profess the most unbounded admiration for the beauty and virtue of English women, and as the latter quality is not very popular amongst his own womankind, if the British tourist find his wife, his daughters, or his sisters inconveniently admired, it is from an abstract feeling which does honor to the Austrian in appreciating that which he really possesses.

THE SPANISH LADYE'S LOVE.

The Following is one of the most celebrated and beautiful ballads in the English language. We have been hunting in San Francisco for a copy of it for many months back, and now we give it to delight our readers. Our personal associations with it go back to the nursery. The author of this fine old poem is not known. It was written about the middle of the seventeenth century, and tradition says that the story told is founded in fact. The *Edinburgh Review*, in noticing in 1846, an illustrated edition of *The Spanish Ladye's Love*, says: That this striking ballad should have been a favorite wherever it was known, we do not wonder. Whether viewed as a picture of human emotion, under circumstances applicable to all times, or as a noble and discriminating tribute to the English national character of the seventeenth century, it is, to our minds, one of the most remarkable and perfect compositions of its class. We see embodied in it the characteristic features and the dominant influences, of the country and the time. Here, as in a miniature, we have portrayed the love of adventure, the spirit of honor and bravery; that respect for engagements, that deep-rooted feeling of religion, those "high thoughts seated in hearts of courtesy" (to borrow an expression from Sydney) which the imagination delights to associate with this glorious period of our annals. We can trace in every line the pride of country naturally springing from

the dignified position then occupied by England, and stamping a feeling of power and self-respect on every heart conscious of belonging to

"The inviolate island of the sage and free,
The beautiful, the brave, the lords of earth and sea."

But we detain our readers from the poem itself. The spelling is slightly modernized:

Will you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man?
Garments gay and rich as may be
Decked with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye;
Cupids bands bid tye them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favor him anything she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, "Full woe is me:
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

"Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a ladye in distresse;
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heavinesse:
Thou hast set this day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee."

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou knowest thy country's foe?
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee;
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
"All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light.

"Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If our foes you may be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found;
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away, that is your owne."

"Rest you still, most gallant lady,
Rest you still and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there is plenty,
Spain doth yield a wonderous store.
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind."

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
You alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young and tender,
Love is likewise my dessert;
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest."

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
"I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page I'll follow thee, where'er thou go."

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."
"My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown."

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes."
"Well in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee."

"Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the strife:
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife;
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

"Oh how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her;
Of my suit I make an end.
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

"Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold;
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold;
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

"I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defye;
In a nunnery will I shroud me,
Far from any companye;
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

"Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell to my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee!"
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladye."

For the Benefit of those who Want Wives and cannot get them, an association is being formed in London to do all the matrimonial preliminaries, including the awful one of popping the question, for sums which, as the prospectus soon to be issued states, "are within the means of every gentleman who can prudently take unto himself a wife." The new association will aim at doing something more than merely discovering wives and husbands. It will arrange to find settlements as well, and will charge the recipients a "graduated sum for such advantages, in addition of the fee on account of the better half."

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

We have Endured many street aggravations without a murmur. We have stepped on long dresses *ad infinitum*, and have been gouged in the eye with numberless parasols. We have stood the importunities of a street bummer, and the whiff of a Chinese cigar. We have sniffed the odors of stale food from restaurants as we passed. We have waited on corners a half hour for a car that was supposed to run at intervals of five minutes. We have stood the raising of car fares, the use of inconvenient tickets, the freaks of disobliging conductors, and we have with grace surrendered our seats to women who wouldn't and didn't say "thank you." We have submitted to losing our boot polish in the miniature lakes that adorn our asphaltum pavements; we have tripped over unexpected nails in our wooden ones, and measured our length on the ground. We have had our nether garments bespattered with sudden and unwarned showers from the sprinkling carts. We have been blinded by the dust swept in our faces by facetious clerks in front of shop doors. We have stood a half hour waiting to cross the street while a band of our home militia went by. We have lost our hat in a whirl of Summer wind, and contentedly chased it four or five blocks amid the encouraging cries of a crowd of young hoodlums. We have carried our corns and bunions across the cobble stones of our streets with an heroic smile. We have have listened to the screeching chorus of a myriad of newsboys and have not been deafened. We have come across as many cripples and blind men playing patriotic tunes on organs and violins, as would do credit to the streets of Rome or Constantinople. The French flower girls (?) have assailed us with their attractions and we have resisted. We have been button-holed and bored, and said no word. All these annoyances of the street have we borne and smiled; but when we come to those blocks of Montgomery street that begin with Sacramento on the north, and terminate with Bush on the south, our bile warns us that our endurance is at an end. It is not to the dust that we object, although it seems to have accumulated from all portions of the city, and settled in those three blocks. It is not to the pasteboard boxes which seem to be holding a mass meeting there, nor to the bits of paper which, toyed with by the wind, flap in one's face as likely as not. Neither do we regard the stumps of cigars that lie scattered in extravagant profusion. But we do feel strongly upon the subject of the rivers of saliva that flow upon the pavement. Perhaps if we put it in downright English and say spit! the public will sufficiently realize how disgusting it is. Every one in San Francisco that chews tobacco seems to have perambulated those three blocks and expectorated as freely as his glands would allow. Every one in San Francisco that had an affection of the throat seems to have chosen this particular place in which to unbosom himself. Every one in San Francisco that had a cold in his head and hadn't any handkerchief, seems to have come to this spot to relieve himself in a manner more satisfactory perhaps than elegant. Other parts of our city have doubtless been visited in like manner, but cannot compare with this in *quantity*. The details are disgusting it may be, but how infinitely worse is the reality. The cigar stumps may roll, the pasteboard boxes rattle, the papers fly and tobacco juice flow in streams; but they will remain untouched of man. And unless the rain of Heaven fall to wash it, or the fierce sun shine hot enough to scorch it, our pavement will remain defiled with a defilement which would be scorned of the beasts of the field.

Of all the Morbid, Sickly, Disgusting Indulgencies wherein the press panders to the public, is that of narrating the conduct of a man sentenced to die. No sooner had the judgment of the Supreme Court—confirming that of the one below, and dooming Devine—been telegraphed here, than the reporters of the *Alta*, *Call* and *Chronicle* rushed to the Sheriff, and breathlessly entreated to be allowed to torment the murderer, under the guise of interviewing him. The following morning they all appeared with the stenographed report, which, as it was verbally alike in all the journals, was evidently a joint-stock affair, and the public gloated over the details of the words and behavior of the condemned felon. The *Chronicle* was facetious, and the *Alta* labored to be so. The *Call* tendered the courtesy of the press, and the *Alta*, after shedding some maudlin tears on the necessity of hanging the "Chicken," gave a column of his biography, which proved him to be one of the most hardened villains that ever came to California, and that had he been hanged years ago the community would have been all the better for the riddance. But that the man should be tortured by the prurient *quid nunc*, is too bad. He has sinned grievously, and should die the death; but in God's name let him die privily; let him be put away from this world and cut off silently as a foul thing, but not made a spectacle for penny-a-liners, who report even the last pulsations of his heart and the quivering of his limbs, as he stretches at the end of the cord of justice.

Judge McKee is no doubt a good and upright man, but when he allowed himself to be made Judge he made a mistake. He in all probability would have made an excellent parson, a good President, or even a moderate editor, but he's not a success as a Judge. It was setting a very bad example to let young Sampson off in the way he did. It is true Sampson is young, most of us are at some period of our lives. But we ask him, is it not better to make an example of a boy that uses such a cowardly instrument as a knife and risk spoiling him (already spoilt), than to let hundreds of aspiring Hoodlums run away with the idea that sticking a man with a knife is, if anything, rather a meritorious act than otherwise?

Smif, whom we thoroughly respect, came up into the office on Monday morning complaining of a fullness of the head. "Epizootic," we suggested. "Do bon fink I m a donkey?" sniffed Smif, gently agitating the air near our nose. "No," we replied, with one of those vivid scintillations of wit for which we are so celebrated, "it only affects the nobler animal." We here ventured to sweetly smile, but Smif funnily asked us to "dry to be sensebut for once." We then delicately hinted that he might be suffering from catarrh, and offering him some medicinal snuff, asked him to take a little. Smif snuffed up a good size pinch, and our look of watchful complacency was terribly changed as with a nasal roar he sprung six feet in the air. "Ah—testahcha, and ah—teshawing!" like Woodward's sea lion with the influenza. "Monster," gasped Smif, putting us to sit down violently; "you—ah—teshaw!—hab ruined my—*ah—teshaw*—bease ob mide for—AH—TESHAW—ember." Here we rose again, Smif kindly assisting us by the scalp lock, and having shown us a pyrotechnic display, he left. And last night we received a note from Mrs. Smif saying that her husband was then using the last of thirty pocket handkerchiefs and that as soon as convalescent he intended to call. If their is no *Town Crier* next week, our friends will know the *reason*.

We Admire Gratitude almost as much as we do Mrs. *Town* (N B.—She is looking over our shoulder as we write), and are only happy to be able to record any splendid instance of its exhibition. Here is one. A drunken excursionist fell overboard from *El Capitan* as that ferry boat was leaving the Oakland wharf a few evenings ago. He floundered about below, whilst the lookers-on stared like flounders above. No one stirred, and the twice soaked toper would have been drowned had not a little fellow of ten pushed his way through the crowd, and down a rope hanging from the deck, and seizing the drowning man's hair succeeded in keeping him up until both were hauled on board. The wee rescuer having also saved the man's hat, presented it with the remark, "Say, mister, didn't I save your fe nice?" With streaming eyes and clothes, the saved man, with a magnanimity which history will never equal, put aside the hat and said, "You did, you did, God bless you! *Keep the hat!*" To be sure it was old and several sizes too large, but it is the action, the noble action, we admire.

A Robust Gentleman of the name of Gannon has been exercising his muscle in the Mint on George of the *Post*. Not content with putting on the hug, and smiting George in the mouth he was obliged to draw his little gun on his large opponent. Now we should have thought Gannon's training when a boatman ought at any rate to have rendered the drawing of a pistol quite unnecessary. George is by no means a giant, while Gannon is big enough to swallow the George family. It is a singular thing that George had the greatest trouble in getting a warrant for "assault with a deadly weapon." He had to go to Loucerback himself, and as we write we are uncertain as to whether he has got it. We have some idea that when George said Gannon "knew Chief Crowley" he came about as near the truth as he could. The *Town Crier* regrets that whisky, even as good as that sold at the Mint, should make so much trouble.

The "Active and Intelligent" Police Officers who have charge of the cells in the base of the City Hall have a method of curing epileptic fits which we heartily recommend to the faculty as being original, and possibly efficacious, if somewhat primitive. Take the patient by the heels or by the head, no matter which; shake him and bump him—the more the better. The action tends to quiet the struggling, especially if his head be the *piece de resistance*. Let him fall suddenly on the flags, and pry his mouth open with a baton, or handcuff or key. Get plenty of salt and water; first cram his mouth with the salt, and wash it down with the water. Repeat the operation until the patient is full or until the fit has passed. This may well be called using an *argumentum ad hominem*, "an argument deriving its force from the situation of the person appealed to."

The Members of the Sheffield Sacred Dramatic Society gave a performance this week at Grantham, of what in the bill was called their unequaled representation in character of the sublime and thrilling Scriptural narrative of *Joseph*, with appropriate music. In the scene where the brethren return from Egypt with corn, says a local authority, "asses are introduced, which perform their duties well. Altogether, the performance was a great success." We confess we do not, however, envy those who can derive either instruction or "amusement" from such a profane exhibition as this. The Ober Ammergau affair was a little too much, even for the Continentals, and will not be given again. We hardly expected to see it transplanted to our uncongenial shores. At Madrid the experiment has been a great success, and it was selecting the right place.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher thinks that if the following evening prayer were more frequently used it would possess the merit of sincerity. "O Lord, I met a poor wretch of yours to-day—a miserable unwashed brat—and I gave him sixpence; and I have been sorry for it ever since." Recommended by so high an authority, it is possible that this confession may become popular, but we fear the verbal changes necessary in order to make it rhetorical would soon make it sound like a boast of benevolence.

Captain Semmes, the commander of the *Alabama*, suggests that the surplus of the award should be distributed equally among the men who gave the Geneva tribunal the real and practical cause for the action, seeing that the Americans make a profit out of the affair! It is remarked that General Butler never thought of this view of the case.

Ignorant Pitzy. Does she not know enough of physiology or psychology, which ever it may be, to know that hens do not crow? How could she expect to get a crow up over the defeated Collins, when, among all her cohorts, not a red comb is to be found. Even a sedate old barnyard hen cannot deliver herself comfortably of a good cackle unless Chanticleer be in the vicinity. If there be no Chanticleer, what is all the clucking and cackling for? Alas, Pitzy! Collins is beyond your clutches, and who knows but that he may have gone over to the Boston sisterhood, where hungry spinisters are crying for a rib, even if it be the half of another woman's rib. The despised Collins will be at a premium there, and his fate will warn others here. Oh, for a man, old hens; oh, for a man!

"Our Enterprise Appreciated," is the modest heading to one of the *Chronicle's* Tuesday's articles. It purports to contain the sentiments of the Oaklanders, to explain the exqnisite joy afforded them by being able to read the *Chronicle* before breakfast. Now in the first place we have an idea that Oakland people, as a rule, don't eat any breakfast till they get to the city. In fact we are almost certain that what few wretches do feed over there have not yet learned how to read. Even if they can read, it is only the "big caps," and those letters in the *Chronicle* contain too much blood and thunder to give any one an appetite for breakfast. A good one is required to eat an Oakland "dejeuner."

Who has Not Noticed two youths who infest our sidewalks always arm in arm. A glimpse is sufficient to show that they hail from London, England. In vain have they grown light chin whiskers; they can't get away from their cockney proclivities. They are almost as inseparable as the Siamese Twins. If one eats, the other eats, too. If one smokes, the other blows a cloud. They lunch together, walk together and no doubt sleep together. One is tall and thin, the other short and stout. They are the Damon and Pythias of our streets, and are as well known as the Emperor.

The Chronicle of Friday contains an article that we suppose is meant to be satirical. Its subject is the "War Between England and Ashantee." A nation that is whipped and held at bay by forty Indians is not in a position to poke fun at England's China, Indian or Abyssinian wars. She effected her purpose in each case, and did not have more dead warriors pickled and sent home in caskets than she could help. Besides, is not the *Chronicle's* war with China one of the weakest and most puny efforts ever she made?—which is saying a heap. We suppose that De Young's corps are chiefly Micks.

We Knew that such a strong dose of Credit Mobilier as Oakes Ames took would disagree with him, might make him sick, but we didn't think it would kill him. But it has, and there is no getting away from the fact that too much Credit Mobilier, with congratulations and home speeches put on the top of it, is certain death. We only wish Colfax had taken a little more, he might have sought a better and happier home. We can't, though, for a minute accuse him of not having taken enough, so suppose that he gorged himself to such an extent that he got sick, threw up, and so is saved.

The Town Crier humbly confesses that his only fault is a tendency to sneer at what are called "conscientious scruples;" but when he finds a genuine instance, like the following letter to the manager of a lottery, he executes his little gesture of respect, and thinks better of humanity than the facts warrant: "Dear Sir—I am conscientiously opposed to lotteries; I regard them as no better than gambling schemes. My son has received ticket No. 7,331 in your enterprise, but if it draws anything I beg you will not send him the money. Send it to me."

When Virtue Sleeps on a dunghill and vice roosts on a church pew, then and only then shall we pardon Mrs. Stowe for writing parodies on "Deborah, the Poet and Prophetess." Her libel on a man, a poet and a gentleman we treat as poor Byron himself would, as not worthy of the consideration of any thinking person. Her Uncle Tom's Cabin is a tissue of lies, painted black. (Niggers have been known to blush at its flagrant untruths.) To sum her up, she's a humbug of the worst kind. And then to start in and pretend to translate Deborah's writings into bad English and worse verse. O it's too bad.

The Stock Broking, free-lunch bumming population are jubilant. Stocks are up, and wildcat can once more be pulled out and disposed of. Not a quarter of the mines that are called each day are worth a tenth part of what they are sold for. Of course there are exceptions, such as Savage, Crown Point, Belcher, Raymond & Ely, and some few others. They are genuine stocks, and are not in the hands of swindlers, like most of the other mines. No Modoc was ever looked for half as fiercely as Savage is now. Up! up! up! is the order of the day.

The Parsons have sold out all their stocks, and have invested their spare cash in new black pants, coats, etc. And why? Because Ward Beecher is coming. Yes, the great boss parson of the East is coming to see us. At pretty nearly every bar-room in the city, pools are sold evenings on his best time. Most people give him a day to get drunk in; some bet on two hours. All unite, however, in regretting that he didn't bring his sister along. She's loved a heap here!

In its Sporting Column a newspaper places the programme of the "competition for poetry" to be held during the summer at Bordeaux. If it is able, the prize writer might be said to have won by a head.

NEW BOOKS FROM A ROMAN & CO., MONTGOMERY ST.

"New Life in New Lands: Notes of Travel." By Grace Greenwood. Published by J. B. Ford & Co.

The result of the busy brain and ready pen of one of America's easiest and most graceful writers is before us, and glancing over the pages of this book we are struck with the fresh, bright and piquant styles of the whole work, the ardent desire to see everything in its best light, to enjoy everything to the fullest extent, and make the most of every hour. One would think Grace Greenwood had drunk at the fountain of everlasting youth, her writings are so full of joyous light-heartedness, *pleasant bonhomie*, of quick and ready appreciation of every pleasure offered her, and show such a total absence of the weary, blase worldworn tone that would seem only natural to the "dweller in" the midst of corruption, political as well as social, that holds high court at Washington. This volume, she says, "is composed of light letters contributed during the last eighteen months to the New York *Times*." They were written irregularly and hurriedly, in brief intervals of travel, visiting, lecturing, and sight-seeing. They go into print the second time, with all their old sins on their heads -the "original sin" of having been a journal of travel over well-traveled paths; "sins of omission" in matter of philosophic thought and valuable statistics; "sins of commission" in the way of puns and slang, and foolish jesting, "which is not convenient." Our fair authoress starts on her trip "Across the Continent" from Chicago, leaving it at the good tide of its prosperity, and revisits it again at the lowest ebb, after its "baptism of fire." She tarries long in Colorado, and writes up its springs, its climate, its peaks, its canyons, its towns, its Indians and Indian fighters, its colonies, its irrigation and its mines. Of one of them, the celebrated "Bobtail" mine, she says: "The latter was named in memory of a certain unfortunate ox used by the original miner in drawing surface earth, in which he discovered gold, down to the creek for washing. Would it have comforted the poor animal in summer-time to know that his abbreviated tail would be thus prolonged in history?" Of the big trees: "In the hollow trunk of another, Fremont had his quarters for a while. I was told that a devoted wife once spent here several months with her husband, a lumberman, and kept a couple of boarders. I felt for her. I know what it is to live in trunks." An elephantine joke on the traveling jubilee. She came "the plains across" in the comfort and bliss of a Pullman car, but the tender woman's heart only recalled the more forcibly the perils and sufferings of the early emigrants to the Golden State. "I suppose these lands of the Platte Valley can hardly be called 'plains;' but though not arid and desolate, they are sufficiently lonely and sombre. We learn that this was the very 'Valley of the Shadow of Death' to thousands of poor emigrants in the early days of California emigration and the fearful cholera times. It may be, before the locomotive came to invade with irreverent noise and hurry this haunted ground, to mock at poor perturbed spirits and whistle them down the wind, a seer might have beheld any dreary, starlit night, ghostly trains moving silently, slowly along by this low, dark river; might have seen white, still faces looking out of ghostly wagons, drawn by ghostly horses and oxen, noiselessly treading over the old track, over the level graves."

Of Great Salt Lake City, Brigham Young, the Mormons, and their "peculiar institutions," she has a great deal to say, and she says it well, and displays a wonderful deal of sound sense in her remarks, and is singularly free from prejudices—for a woman. Of their great leader she writes: "Whatever evils can be said of Brigham Young, however dark and bloodstained pages of his record may be, the man loves his fellow-men, in his way, and is loved by them. The poorest and humblest of his followers love him the most devotedly and blindly. The little they have and are they owe to him. He took them from the black mines and crowded factories, from the garrets and cellars and slums of Europe; brought them to a land of promise; taught them how to work, to live; expounded to them a religion simple, perhaps gross enough for their comprehension, yet having about it something that appeals strongly to their undisciplined imaginations. Arbitrary, ambitious, avaricious though he be, he has been to them prince, priest, prophet and father. I believe they will never look quietly on, and see him imprisoned or any way harshly dealt with." Again—"Considering the elements he has had to deal with—the rudest, the poorest, the most ignorant classes of men, for a greater part a conglomerate of the lowest strata of civilized societies—'the off-couring of the earth' as he himself once called them—considering the hard conditions of early emigration and settlement, he has formed a wonderful working colony, unparalleled for vigor, constancy, and cohesion, has created a State, almost a nation, in this wild, desert land; and on the whole has governed it surpassingly well. But for his one fatal mistake, the man might have left to other times a noble fame, if not for inspired leadership, for masterly sagacity; if not as a prophet of the Lord, as a benefactor of the Lord's poor; if not as the priest of a new religion, as a founder of a new commonwealth." She "does" California sights, and celebrities thoroughly and well. She passes weeks in Yosemite and bids her friends "come, though you have compassed the world all but this; come for the crowning joy of years of pleasant travel; come and see what Nature, high priestess of God, has prepared for them who love her, in the white hights and dark depths of the Sierras; in the profound valley itself, the temple of her ancient worship, with thunderous cataracts for organs, and silver cascades for choirs and wreathing clouds of spray for perpetual incense, and rocks three thousand feet high for altars." She visits the Big Trees, Mariposa mines, Stockton, Sonoma and Major Snyder's Vineyard, Napa, the White Sulphur Springs, Calistoga, Petrified Forest and the Geysers, and

drives around Bee Rock and the grade with Foss, whom she thus eulogizes: "The build of the man is magnificent, and his muscular power extraordinary. Mr. Foss has his own philosophy of life, his own ideas on morals and religion; but in the domain of grand stage-routes, over subjugated horseflesh, lies his greatness. He is the monarch of the coach-box. We may put faith in his subordinates; may even admire their arts with the reins, their little airs with the whip; but when we sit beside Foss, and watch for a few moments his magnificent driving, we see a difference: 'the substitute shines brightly as the king until the king is by.' No driving I have ever seen has ever given me such an impression of power and of skill, of audacity and security. It is free and dashing, yet marvelously accurate; it is furiously fast, yet smooth and even, and seems calculated in every curve and angle with mathematical precision and certainty. All tourists ambitious of having an experience like mine—a wild, galloping drive like Phaetans, without the responsibility and peril—should lose no time in making this "glorious excursion." She is the guest of Governor Bidwell, at his elegant residence, Chico; of Governor Stanford, at Sacramento; of Mr. Ralston's at his charming villa, "Glenwood," the representative "open house" of California, the very temple of hospitality. She sees "Occident" speeded; she drives four-in-hand on the Cliff House road; she gets lost going to San Jose; she wanders through the Alameda at Santa Clara, dreaming of the old days when Jesuit priests, "black-robed, keen-eyed, tight-lipped, took their 'constitutional,' walking stealthily, two by two." She praises our climates, our roses, our poets, our actors, our preachers; admires Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and the *News Letter*; had an earthquake shock in Sacramento, on purpose; goes to a grand ball at Mayor Selby's, and everywhere she is sought after, and entertained, and cherished, as the welcome guest. On leaving, she writes: "I will not here attempt to describe with what emotion I looked for the last time back, over the bright bay, to the new city of my love, rising terrace upon terrace, and hill upon hill, somewhat too bare of foliage and decoration, proud and rugged, and little defiant of aspect, but of young cities "the chief among ten thousand," if not "the one altogether lovely"—the royal wedding-place of the Occident and the Orient."

THE PARTING WORDS OF ADOLPHE MONOD TO HIS FRIENDS AND THE CHURCH. Translated from the fifth Paris edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Those touching and edifying addresses published under the title of the "Adieux of Adolphe Monod. The speaker was a French Protestant pastor, eminent for piety and for his extraordinary ability as a preacher. The pulpit from which he spoke—and it is sometimes the most effective of all pulpits—was a death-bed, around which, Sunday by Sunday (for he lingered long), he gathered as many members of his little flock as the sick room would hold, and received with them the Holy Communion, and spoke to them of such subjects as the "Regrets of a Dying Man."

SMILING AS EVER.

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax says he does not wish to go back to Congress, or to accept office of any kind; that for the first time in twenty years he belongs to his family and himself, instead of to the public; and that he enjoys the rest and quiet it gives him too well to consent that this ownership shall be changed. Happy Schuyler! happy family! It is a sweet picture. The great American Vice sits in the home he loves a "smilin' away like clockwork." He will accept no office; certainly not; but how about stock? He belongs to his family and himself; of course he does; but to whom does that little matter of cash in bank belong? He enjoys the rest and quiet. No doubt; but a longer rest and a more unbroken quiet than any he can find this side of Jordan are exctly what his case calls for. The man is too modest. He is a cheerful fellow creature—the scientific education of those who take him for a Cheshire cat has been neglected—cheerful, and a meek and lowly follower of Jesus, but just a thought too modest. Pity that good men will so hide their light, some under a bushel, some under a bank book; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Now, the fact is, that Schuyler Colfax gets up in the morning, washes, shaves and dresses, like any other man. He has family prayers and breakfast, he goes in and out, he talks morality to the little Colfaxes, and at night he prays and lays him down to sleep, and all the while there is no such person. It is recorded of Enoch that he was not, for God took him; but Schuyler Colfax never was, for he slipped into the world without being seen. He was a Crédit Mobilier before he was born, and with his everlasting smile he had diddled everybody, from the Eternal Father to the very latest Colfax baby.

Sumner or Butler.—The *Bulletin* thinks it very discouraging that a State like Massachusetts should turn its back on Sumner to take up Butler; but the reason is obvious. Sumner is all for the negro; Butler is all for spoons. The negro was: but spoons are. The negro is used up, gone in, played out: spoons are the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Sumner is cumbered with much negro: but Butler hath chosen that better part, which cannot be taken away from him; for who the devil could steal from Butler?

— The salaries of postmasters are to be readjusted on July 1st.

ON BANKS AND BANKING.

Our Last Week's Issue contained an article with the above caption. The hints therein thrown out, as to the necessity of the capital of the new banks being bona fide and permanent, were so ably elaborated the following day in the *Alta California*, that we are tempted to insert the article in extenso:

We have occasionally very pompous announcements of accessions of foreign capital to be employed in banking in this city; but, for some reasons, the facts fall very short of the announcements. For some time the rumor ran of a large German bank organizing in this city. At last the figures took shape of $15,000,000, with a great flourish of trumpets, commanding, however, but little confidence. Finally we procured and published, a day or two since, the prospectus, in which the nominal capital had dwindled down to $5,000,000. Of this amount only 29,970 shares were put upon the market, at £20, of which only £5 were to be paid up, making the paid up capital £119,850, or $750,000—a considerable discount on $15,000,000. This $750,000 is to take the place of the capital now employed by the Messrs. Seligman; consequently there is very little, if any, actual increase of capital. It is no doubt the case that as the market opens out and the means of profitable employment present themselves that the capital will be drawn to the extent of the whole amount; but this, as in the case of the London and San Francisco Bank, will be very gradual. The new foreign banks now before the public are as follows:

	Nominal Capital.	Paid up.	Succeeds.
Bremen Bank	$3,000,000	$1,000,000	D. Meyer and others
Swiss American	2,000,000	500,000	Hentsch & Berton.
Anglo-American	5,838,780	656,986	Seligman & Co.
Total	$10,838,780	$2,156,986	

Thus this paid-up capital of $2,156,986 in fact represents but little more than has been employed heretofore in the businesses to which the new organizations succeed; but, in point of fact, the foreign banks doing business here have little or no capital. Let us take the returns assessed to the Internal Revenue for taxes:

	Capital.	Deposits.
Bank of British North America	None	$428,571
Seligman & Co.	None	327,753
Belloc Freres	$57,142	250,017
Hentsch & Berton	22,857	55,860
London and San Francisco Bank	571,428	1,720,908
Bank of British Columbia	373,492	185,404
Davidson, Berai & Co.	114,286	285,715
Total foreign	$1,1 9,205	$3,204,192
Total local	4,606,576	7,612,849

These figures being greenbacks, the actual foreign capital is $930,000. The deposits are the money of merchants and others lodged with the banks for safe keeping, and it will be observed that the public thus lend to these banks nearly three times the amount of their capital. The difference between a local bank of which the capital is subscribed here and wholly paid up in $20 pieces, and which is loaned out to merchants, farmers, dealers or manufacturers, on their notes, and a foreign agency bank, is very great. The funds of the latter are in Europe and remain there. They usually do not come here at all. The operation of the bank is to draw bills against its credit in Europe at sixty days. These bills it sells to importers of goods who wish to remit, and who pay for the bills in California gold pieces. The foreign banker, so far from bringing any money here, actually obtains California gold on his credit at sixty days. With the gold he seeks means of covering his bills at maturity. He may buy commercial or grain bills at less rates than he got for his own. He may buy silver, or gold ingots, or may ship the coin, or may arbitrate in many ways to get the gold in Europe to meet his bill at a less rate than he sold it for. He is all the time trading upon California money under pretense of lending money. It sometimes happens that, having sold his bills, he does not immediately invest the money in means of covering, but will lend it at 1@2 per cent. per month, subject to a telegraphic order to remit it at notice. It is then called in without ceremony and sent to London. There were pretty rough examples of this last Autumn, when interest rose to seven per cent. in London. It is sometimes a boyish amusement to obtain a silver dollar with a hole in it, to which a string is attached, and the dollar dropped on the sidewalks, to be promptly pulled in when the juvenile watcher sees any one attempt to pick it up. This illustrates the employment of foreign capital, or rather credits, for it is always California money obtained on credit that is subject to foreign orders. With local capital there is nothing of all that. The money circulates from hand to hand and must find employment. It cannot afford to be idle. If merchants do not want it, farmers do, or manufacturers may require discount, but some of them always get it. It is not twitched away because the Emperor William gives the old lady of Threadneedle street the gripes.

The Stigmata Humbug is once more dragged into life by the *Post*. Its reporter has seen the "agony and bloody sweat." He ran right straight home and posted it up on their telegraph board. Good little *Post*, if you can't afford telegrams, don't fill up their place with lies.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Tuesday, April 1st.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
D Van Nostrand to B Hartshorne.	Lots 4 5 and S ½ of 6, blk 419, Mis'n Bay	$2 925
Webster St H'd to H Keuitzer	Lots 20 and 34	2,940
Wm A Lapfgeer to P Spreckles...	Geary e Powell, 32:6x137:6	15,825
Jane Godfrey to John Kohlmoos..	Tehama sw 4th, 25x75	2,400
Maurice Dore to S Compodonico..	Fulton w Polk, n to ne l of Hayes Cl'm, nw to a point from which a l drawn parallel with Polk st would intersect the n line of Fulton street at a point distant 225 w Polk, s to n line of Fulton, e 50 to beg	3,000
Wm Hollis to City and Co S F....	Streets and highways	....
Thos Burdon to Chas H Killy	Octavia s Broadway, 25x127:6	1
Fitel Phillips to F Toplitz.....	Sw cor Fulton and Van Ness av, 109:9x120; also, S cor Market and 6th, 25x85; also, Market sw 6th, 25x85	....
J Hafenegger to Peter Dally	Rausch nw Folsom, 25x80	2,000
T Voizin to Antoine Borel.....	Mission ne 5th, 40x100	11,500
Fred'k M Eckert to H Sanders	Se cor Larkin and Wash'n, 100x68:9	5,500
Paul Tract H'd to J W Donnelly..	Lots 1 and 2 blk 57	1,000
John W Donnelly to T Fanniag ..	Same; also, lot 9 blk 444, H Purchase ..	700
John Small to Eliza T O'Connor..	Stevenson sw 5th, 25x75	3,000
T P Riordan to Geo D Hall	Se cor Nevada and DeHaro, 66:8x100 ...	2,160
Thos Brown to James C Weir	Ellis e Polk, 27:6x120	3,500
Chas J King to Frank Hamilton ..	Lot 18 blk 500, Occidental H'd Ass'n ...	1,000
Wm A Woodward to C Eagan	Oak e Webster, 27:6x120	1,575

Wednesday, April 2d.

Dudley L Watson to E Richardson	Folsom s 22d, 7:6x122:6	$ 600
A J Ralston to Jonas Meyer	Ellis e Jones, 27:6x147:7	13,250
L S Welton to Andrew J Pope....	Geary and Webster, 68:9x137:6	3,000
C T H Palmer to same.....	Same	5
Moses B Lichtenstein to I Cohn...	Lot 13 blk 2, Fairmount Tract; also, lots 359 and 361, Gift Map No 3	500
John W Shaw to C C Knox.....	11th se Market, se 100, ne 205, etc	15,000
C W Kentzer to P Erzgraeber	Ellis w Webster, 22:6x120	1,000
Jas C Weir to August Hemme	O'Farrell w Taylor, 87:6x25	8,000
Christian Reis to J C Weir.....	Same	1,500
A J Pope to L S Welton	Geary e Webster, 68:9x137:6	3,000
O T H Palmer to same.....	Same	5
Same to same.....	Laguna n O'Farrell, 21:6x137:6	5
Wm Nocthig to H A Buttner.....	Guerrero s Corbett, 30x96:9; also, n 6th av s K, 25x100; also, n 33d av w G, 25x100	1,400
Thos H Holt to Julius Jacobs.....	Jones and Chestnut, 40x68:9	860
L E Welton to John H Smyth.....	Bush e Webster, n 275, e 137:6, etc	1
B L Brandt to J Greenbaum.....	Und 1½ acres, Moore tract	500
Stephen T King to John Toole....	Lot 14 blk 210, O'N & Haley Tract	1
J G Bergener to Chris Grodhause.	W Fillmore to S Kate, 25x90	3,400
Geary St Ex H'd to Mrs W J Bryan	Lot 12 blk 165 Outside Lands	350
Same to Joseph Bryan.....	Lot 15 same	350
Same to Ed F Bert.....	Lot 11 same	350
Mary Jane Boyle to M Ambrose...	S Hill w Church, 25:11x114	400
Paul Tt Hd to J S Smith.....	Lot 7 blk 56	500
Henry Rolin to B Lewis.....	Nw Boyd ne Chesley, 49x60	100
Wm Corcoran to Henry Rolin	Same	200
Jacob Robinson to Adam Menges	Se Tyler and Van Ness Ave, 109x120...	20,000
R Savage to F Louise	S Filbert w Montgomery, 24x60	350
J F Haycock to Margt A Haycock	W Hyde s Washington, 35x137:6	Gift
F L A Pioche to E McReagan.....	Lot 40 blk 24, City Land Association....	90
Thos McInerney to C Fetsch.....	Lot 11 Precita Valley Lands	1,500

Thursday, April 3d.

G V Castro to I C de Francolini...	Blks 395 397 417; also, 50 vara lots 1 and 6 blk 418, W A	$ 1
Webster St H'd to Dr David Cohn	Lot 32, Webster St H'd	1,570
J Chavanch to C M Chavanche	1st s Folsom, 25x62 6	Gift
S P Collins to Angelia R Collins	Sacramento and Franklin, 137:6x127:8¼	Gift
C Russ to F Gutzkow	Columbia nw Harrison, 37:6x120	1,800
Webster St H As'n to R Bernheim	Lot 30, Webster St H'd	1,565
C T H Palmer to Mich'l Hogan	Laguna n O'Farrell, 21:6x137:6; also, N O'Farrell e Webster, 55x137:6	5
Masonic Cem As'n to A F Eisen	Lot 35, Sec 27 and 42 and 44, Sec 28	225
Cornelius Collins to Barbara Eisen	Lots 372 373 and 377, Gift Map 2	Gift
Same to same	Lot 162, Gift Map 1	Gift
Pat'k Donohue to J R Jarboe	Mission s Herman, 137:6x137:6	1,750
A J Maguire to John Quin	Dolores s 16th, 35:1½x75	1,350
Wm Corcoran to Pat'k Donahue	Same description as in deed P Donahue to J R Jarboe	500
Paul Tract H'd to Henry A Crane	Lots 7 8 14 15 15 blk 14	[illegible]
Ernest Brand to Caroline D Brand	Folsom and 21st, 95x90; also, Polk av nw Bryant, 25x75	5
John P Burke to Chas Ackerman	Dora nw Harrison, 25x90	2,750

Friday, April 4th.

Janet Aitken to Geo T Pracy	Lot 124, S F H'd Union, 4th Purchase	$1,100
Rob't C Page to Hannah M Burke	21st Av se K, 25x100	400
Fred'k Gritzkow to F O Wegener	Columbia se Folsom, 37:6x120	1,800
Moses Heller to Lizard Lion	Folsom and 8th, 80x50	3,333
F L A Pioche to J Fetz	Lot 24 blk 56, City Land Ass'n	95
M Morgenstern to T Morgenstern	Turk e Leav'th, 23x137:6	Gift
A G Kinsey to B M Hartshorne	Townsend s w 6th, 91:8x137:6	8,000
John Mc Dermitt to James Pigott	Mission and 10th, 226:6x275	2,773
J G Severance to R M Sherman	Tyler e Fillmore, 137:6x137:6	100
R M Sherman to Otto Muser	Tyler e Fillmore, 120x68:9	4,500
Otto Muser to Eliza Noble	Same	4,303
Wm Bosworth to Emile Bauer	Roadway and Franklin, w 4 in x n 137:6	150
Bozo Badovich to Dennis Feely	Hyde s Union, 20x60	800
W P Lamb to Henry Blyth	Sacramento e Steiner, 25x132:6	900
J D Lloyd to Harry W Taylor	Illinois n Shasta, 25x90	1,000
John A Haugh to G W Eastman	Lot 33 blk 8, Tract A, People's H Ass'n	150
John S Waters to Louis Kahn	25th e Bryant, 25x104	1,100
Maurice Dore to Jas D Lee	Fulton w Polk, 25x120	2,000
Thos Prince to H M Heineman	Ellis w Polk, 33x120	4,620
Eliz'th Hunter to J C Brawley	Fair Oaks s 23d, s 27 e 132:6, etc	2,400
Julia O'Conner to Peter Mathews	Hampshire s 22d, 25x100	300
J J O Hickey to A Taylor	2 acres, portion McDonald Tract	400
Wm H Bruner to Jane W Bruner	Folsom ne 3d, 25x160	Gift
G D Bliss to Rob't Halleck	9th av se L, 25x100	311
J J Kenny to E E Gould	Lots 15 16 blk 151, 2 blk 311, S S F H'd	1,350
City Land Ass'n to John Straub	Lots 22 23, blk 46	180
M Riordan to Philip Cosgrove	Lots 22 23 24, blk 38, Tide Lands	900
City Land Ass'n to A Patturel	Lots 9 10 blk 12	180

Saturday, April 5th.

Paul Tract H'd to Owen Kelly	Lot 15 blk 17	$ 500
Alfred Bannister to A Hemme	Com at a point 764:½ from sw cor Sac'to and Van Ness av, th along s line Van Ness av, 51:4½x100	10,000
Toland M College to Univ of Cal'a	Stockton n Chestnut, n 42:6, etc	1
M C Thompson to F Heywood	Kearny n Broadway, 62:6x20	[illegible]
F L A Pioche to J F Crosett	Lots 10 and 11 blk 1, Junction H'd	700
J F Crosett to L'd Purchasers Asn	Same	[illegible]
J H Applegate to E G E Borda	Blk 3, Horner's Addition	5
H Schussler to Adam Menges	Se cor Ellis and Taylor, 25x67:6	8,000
Henry Henkel to Pat Monahan	Welsh sw 4th, 30x75	4,200
Cal'a Av H'd Ass'n to Wm Parker	Lots 7 and 8 blk 88, O L	660
Michael Fagan to Maurice Dore	Natoma ne 6th, 25x80	3,500

Monday, April 7th.

Michael Kenny to Teresa Kenny	Park Ave ne 6th, 25x80	Gift
H G Hanks to Pacific Chemical Co	Francisco e Mason, 22:11x120	5
T H Palmer to J H Smith	Bush e Webster, n 275, e 137:6, etc	1
Jas McGloan to Thos Bolger	Fell e Devisadero, 27:6x120	1,000
John W Hendrie to F Heywood	Kearny s Vallejo, 20x62:6	779
F L A Pioche to R J Parker	Lot 3 blk 14, Noe Garden H'd	[illegible]
Frank Brooks to G A Courson	Se Fillmore and Filbert, 137:6x30:6	1,500
Mis'n & 30th St Ex H'd to J Casey	Lot 6 blk 8	350
A Koenig to Frank Koenig	Dolores s 15th, s 73:2, etc	4,000
Henry C Hyde to M E Thompson	Kearny n Broadway, 62:6x20	50

Louis M Cohn to Custave Gump ..	Geary w Franklin, 27:6x120	3,000
Bay View H'd to Sam'l S Watters.	Lots 7 and 11 blk 465.....	1,000
Same to same.....	Lot 11 blk 458, and 10 blk 487	1,000
W H Tillinghast to R A Swain	Ellis and Franklin, 275x120.....	20,000
Bay Park H'd to Oliver H Brann..	Lot 3 blk 552	360
Jas Roche to Cornelius Dorris	Ne Bryant and 23d, 116x200.....	2,000
W H Parker to W D Johnston	Lots and 8 in blk 89, O L. Cal Ave H'd..	500
Jane Carrington to A Vigoureux..	Lots 213 to 222, Gift Map 2.....	950
Geo W Gibbs to Avice Hicks	Und ½ S B blk No 2; also, und ½ lots 40 to 44 inc, and 3 lots unnumbered ...	3,000
Same to Eliz'th W Walker.....	1-16 same	500

Tuesday, April 8th.

Jacob Martenstein to John Marten	Sw cor Tyler and Broderick, 137:6x137:6	$ 1
Chas F Brown to Herbert Eastwood	N Navy w Dolores, 26x114	500
Geo W Osborn to Wm A Frederick	Sub blk 5 Mission Addition	3,000
Wm L Perkins to Geo W Osborn..	Same	3,400
T Bogel to Wm Davidson	S Jackson w Mason, 137:6x22:11.....	5,000
Pt L Av & P Hd to W N Burkhead	Lot 70 blk 242.....	340
C L Neumann to J Hancock	Subdiv W A blk 152.....	300
F Garibaldi to J M Coguengniot..	E Powell s Green, n line x s 68:9.....	100
Paul Tract Hd to Joseph Smith...	Lot 4 blk 56.....	305
Albert Schatz to Albert Schatz....	Lots 3 4 42, 44 blk 21 City Land Ass'n...	190
Same to Adolph Muller.....	Lots 5, 6, 10 blk 21 same.....	190
S T King to Mary Smith.....	Lot 18 blk 210, Gardenville H'd Ass'n..	....
E W Wiley to C P Wiley.....	S Washington e Jones, e 33 s 137:6, etc.	Gift
Univ Hd Assn to Andrew McShane	Lot 6 blk 76.....	315
A McShane to P McAran.....	Same	250
Wm Schmidt to Mrs E Connoliy..	Portion S B blk 13.....	part'n
Geary St Ex Hd to M A Austin....	Lot 40 blk 261.....	350
Same to J F Kelly.....	Lot 2 blk 267.....	350
Paul Tract Hd to Jos Bernstein..	Lot 5 blk 27.....	500
Vitus Wackenreuder to C J Becker	Com at sw cor 50-v 347 Precita Val Lds..	4,000
Wm J Younger to A M Younger..	S Broadway 125 w Baker, 132:4x100.....	Gift
J A Holredge to Theodore Larbig.	W Folsom, 293 Diamond Alley, etc.....	250
Geo W Dent to Julius C Deis.....	W Shotwell, 170 s 15th, 60x120	5,000
Joseph Albrecht to Geo T Vincent	Lots 16 101, 191, w End Hd.....	35
John W Morsehead to R G Brown	Lots 727 to 734, Gift Map 2	5
Ft Lob Ave Hd Ass'n to Otto Behr	Lot 27 blk 642.....	350
Felton Tract H'd to E Niemeier..	Lots 18 and 19 blk 1202.....	340

Wednesday, April 9th.

Michael Reese to City & Co S F...	E Jones, n Francisco, etc—sub 50-va 204	$3,933
Same to same	Subdiv 50-vara 260 W A.....	4,785
Same to same	W Dupont s Vallejo, etc, subject to lease	27,526
Same to same	W Jones s Bay, etc.....	2,187
Elizabeth F Robinson to R Ward..	Se Mission ne 2d, 19:6x80	2,600
Jas Sullivan to Maurice Doyle....	S Shipley e 6th, 25x75.....	1,800
Alex Andrews to Wm E Bridge...	Lot 10 blk 641, Pt Lobos Av Hd.....	300
Wm E Bridge to Geo J Smith.....	Lot 12 and 13 same	600
John Landers Jr to Sarah Landers	Lots 14 and 15 Prec Valley L'ds	1
Geo W Green to J L Dubois.....	W Kimball n Sac, 37:6x78:11.....	9,500
Leander Quint to Jas L Dubois...	Same	1
Same to J M Johnson.....	Same, subject to mortg of $5,000.....	2,300
Wm Hollis to Kate Ford.....	S Napa e Arkansas, 25x100.....	720
Pt Lob Av Hd Assn to W E Bridge	Lot 11 blk 641.....	300
A Menges to H Schuseler.....	S Ellis e Taylor, 20x62:6—sub 50-v 1,000	8,000
John C Hoppe to J P Holdersbach	W Virginia, 62 n Jackson, 25x56.....	1,500
N D Arnot Jr to Reuben Morton..	N Pine e Van Ness Ave, 137:6x33.....	4,000
J Godchaux to J Osiander	94.73 acres sec 12 tp 2 s r 6, etc.....	1,200
Jas Hepburn to Jas L Riddle.....	E Montgomery n Commercial, 29:6x50..	27,500
City and Co S F to Wm Hollis....	Sundry Potrero lots.....	prem
Wm Hollis to Mary O'Neil.....	Same	112
C A Calhoun to Jas Atkinson.....	Lot 10 blk L, R R Hd Assn.....	300
Daniel McLaren to Maurice Dore..	N Pine w Powell, 27:6x137:6.....	10
Robt F Morrow to same	Sw Cal and Powell to, 275x137:6	10
Erwin Davis to same.....	Same	500
Wm A Lapfgeer to Peter Spreckles	S Geary e Powell, 32:6x137:6.....	15,825
Janet Paton to T Paton.....	Sub blk 198 W A	1,000
Thos H Holt to Geo Winter.....	Por se qr of sec 13 tp 2 s r 6 w.....	5
G W Stevens to Joseph Emerick..	Subdivisions 100-vara 53.....	24,000
Cal Build Co & L Soc to W Hayes	S Market Square e Spear, 20x45:10, etc..	1
John J Corbett to E M Hiestand..	Subdivision 50-vara 943.....	Gift
E M Hiestand to John J Coybett..	Same	3,000
Archibald C Peachy to A Forbes..	Undiv ¼ Sansome and Sacramento, etc	20,000
F L A Pioche to Jules de St Denis	S 19th e Dolores, 50x114.....	1,004
Chas Kohler to City & Co S F....	N Green w Stockton, etc.....	15,019
John L Smith to W S Thompson..	Nw Shipley sw Willow, 75x50.....	4,000

Thursday, April 10th.

Martha B Hunt to David Tauss...	W Stevenson n 20th, n 25x80	$ 125
Henry Hentsch to Lewis B Sage..	S Union e Battery, 25x60	2,000
Same to Lewis P Sage	Same, to correct error in name of Gantee	....
C A C Duiseenberg to H D Cogswell	E Kearny n Jackson, 23x93—sub 50-v 35	5
J Center et al to Cath A McCann..	W Treat Ave, 215 n John, 30x122:6	1
Michael Bannon to Jos Gutherlett	Sw cor O'Farrell and Beideman, 30x75..	700
Wm Filmer to John C Moody	S Pine w Buchanan, 37:6x137:6	1,850
Sarah E Jewett to A B Grogan	Six lots Gift May 4	150
Jas R Kelly et al to Jos C Duncan	S Cal 40 w Sansome, 22:5x80	1
Same to same	Same	50,000
Shubael B Leavitt to Wm B Lake.	Sub 50-v 1317	1,500
Wm J Shaw to Board of Education	W Harrison n 11th, 137:6x68:9	2
R R H'd Ass'n to same	Lot 4 blk W	1
F H Blanchard to Francis Sherman	E Taylor n Post, 22:11x91:8, etc	6,000
J Fitzsimmon to Adolphus Germon	Se Polk and Chestnut, 137:6x68:9	850
City & Co San Fran to Hugh Dolan	Sub Mission Block 175	prem
Nicholas Haas, Jr to Saml C Gray	Lots 153, 154, 155, Gift Map 3	300

Friday, April 11th.

S N Laughlin to Charles Flammer.	Sundry lots in Gift Maps 2 and 4	$1,500
Charles Flammer to N L Guthrie..	Same	1,500
Joseph H Cording to Frank Kahle	Same 47 and 48 blk 560, Bay Park Hd	224
Caleb Bartlett to A Bachetta	E Scotland Place n Filbert, 25x57:6	1,300
Wm Buschmann to John Ohring.	N Pacific E Larkin, 21x90	1,500
Charles H Sawyer to City & Co S F	Streets and highways	....
Masonic Cem Ass'n to Geo Cotran	Lots 16 and 21	138
Isaac Leckman et al to C Dietle...	Se Stevenson sw 30, 30x70	4,500
P J White to Frank Foye	Sw Washington Av se Mission, 25x113:5	1,000
James S Handlen to Wm J Guan.	S O'Farrell w Octavia, 50x120	500
Alexander Lewthwait to same....	S Vale w Church, 51:4x114	250
John Gardner to H G Lahnke	Subdivision Mission Block 38	5,750
Garden Tract H'd to Chas Koch..	Lot 2 blk 1	350
Charles Koch to Margaret Murphy	Same	250
Geo W Chapin to Fred Roeding...	Sw Downey se Bryant, 23x75	....
Cal Build & L Soc to M McCann..	W Treat n John, 30x122	1
Lucy B Page to Sophia Hauser....	E Hyde n Union, 50x87:6	100
Sophia Hauser to H F Spectzen...	Same	1,000
Thomas Kelly to Peter Lynch.....	Se Folsom ne 9th, 25x90, subj to a mortg	2,500
Jas R Kelly to Thos Loughran....	Sw Downey sw Bryant, 23x75	1,450
Wm M Brumfield to M Matthall...	Lot 510, Gift Map 3	250
Mrs Armanda Arnot to N D Arnot.	N Pine e Van Ness Av, 30x137:6	5,000

Saturday, April 12th.

Moses Selig to Chung Hoon Hoy..	S Jackson e Dupont, 18:7x80	$1,000
N D Arnot Jr to Reuben Morton..	N Pine, 170:6 e Van Ness Ave, 30x137:6.	6,000
George Butler to C E S McDonald	Se cor Halleck and Leidesdorff. 44x80..	1,000
Henry Cromer to J F Bullwinkel..	Nw Webster and Sacramento, 28x90:6..	1,450
Meyer Fabian et al to W S Taylor	W Mason n Geary, 57:6x20	1
R R Givins to H Schrader	E Chenery, 114 s Grove, 25x100	[illegible]
W W Chapman to same	E Chenery s Grove, 25x100	300
Elizabeth T Schenck to Wm Willis	Lots 1 2 3 4 blk 28 Fairmount Hd Assn.	1
Same to same	Lot 5 and 6 blk 28	1,500
Thos T Peare to Hib Sav & L Soc	Sw cor Jones and Mutonio w 135, etc.	10,150
City and Co of S F to C R Moser.	W Capp n 29th, 95x115—sub M B 183	....
Paul Tract H'd to B Harvey	Lot 1 blk 49	500
W W Stow to C F Exmann	Lots 260 and 261, Precita Valley Lands	1
Thos Bell to Julia Hastings	Blk 642, Thos. Bell's Tract	2,000
John Bell to Wm W Young	Turk and Gough, 137:6x120	100
J W Owen to Frank Cunningham.	Ripley Tract se cor, n 30 deg e 660, etc.	1
Frank Cunningham to A Jacobs ..	Same	1
L H Bonestell to J T Bonestell ...	Shotwell s 25th, 65x115	3,000
P Lob A & P H Assn to F Cosgrove	Lot 47 blk 326	270

Monday, April 14th.

Wm S Taylor to Nicholas C Lubrs	W Mason n Geary, w 57:6x20	$6,500
Chas Adams to Hannah W Adams	Sw cor Pennsylvania Av and Solano, 90x101	Gift
Michael Kenny to Thomas Kehoe.	N Post w Broderick, 55x137:6	2,000
Chas Monahan to Mary Monahan.	Lots 9 and 10 in blk G Haley Purchase.	Gift
Morris Silver to P Funkenstein..	W Leavenworth s Sacramento, 37:6x56.	4,000
Wm P Mellon, Jr to J C Parkinson	W Broderick s Sacramento, 27:6x82:6 ..	775
F J C Lavillan to J J Doyle	Nw Van Ness Ave and Pacific, 132x124:9	50
L Scellier to A Prousergue	Lot 22 blk 19 Market St Hd	1
Gabriel Vicento Castro to P Duffy	Block 420 W A	1,000
Henry Mahan to Wm Hollis	E Scott s Ellis, 50x180	3,500
F L Castle to Robert Barton	N Bush e Hyde, 68:9x137:6	12,500
Sav and L Society to F L Castle..	Same	8,250
A R Neustadt to same	Same	10

Tuesday, April 15th.

F F Seiberlich to G F Whitcomb..	Ne cor Mississippi and Solano, 100x25	$
G E Whitcomb to F F Seiberlich.	Same	700
Geary St Ex H'd to M R Best.....	Lot 5 blk 263	350
E A G Con Tittel to J G Kahman	W Kearny n Sutter, 6 inches x 60 ft....	1,600
A J Gladding to David P Marshall	W Larkin n California, 60:3x137:6.....	....
John Morrisey to Pat Morrisey....	Se Tehama sw 5th, 37:6x80.....	5
Patrick Morrisey to J Morrisey....	Se Tehama sw 5th, 37:6x80.....	5
Paul Rousset to City & Co S F....	W Powell s Filbert, n 30, etc.....	4,634
Same to same.....	E Stockton s Green, s 2:6 etc.....	6,834
Richard Crooks to E Dixon.....	N California e Steiner, e 27, etc.....	1
Edward Barry to same.....	S corner 6th ave and B st sw 100x25....	1
John H Smyth to Thos H Douglas	S Pine e Webster, 62:6x137:6.....	3,000
Laurel Hill Cem Ass'n to F Brisac	Lot 2011, Laurel Hill Cemetery.....	384
Michael Radford to E Guibert.....	Se Jessie sw 4th, 20x70.....	2,900
E Guibert to Caroline Guibert....	Same.....	Gift
Catherine Stapleton to T Donnelly	E Clinton s Brannan, 25x80	1,000

Wednesday, April 16th.

Ida Precht to Isadore Le Francq..	N Greenwich e Dupont, 17:2x70.....	$1,800
Robt R Bulmore to Ed Hoffmann.	N Jackson w Jones, 24:8x112:6.....	4,050
Maria Larkin to H W Larkin.....	Ne 3d se Mission, 77:6x25	5
Henry Pierce et al to J R Merrill..	N California w Divisadero, 82:6x132:7..	500
Jos S Alemany to Cornelius Burns	W Boyce, 175 Pt Lobos Ave, 50x100....	675
Geo O'Conner to Roger O'Donnell	Nw Minna, 155 sw 3d, 20x70....	3,750
J H Meredith to L S B Sawyer....	Lot 2 blk 94, Excelsior H'd.....	320
John Robb to Nicholas Bichard..	S Green e Kearny, 30x3:44½	1,475
Edward Edwards to Ferd Baaser..	Lot 39, blk 250, Haley & O'Neil Tract..	800
Daniel B Spangler to D McDevitt	N Jessie, 175 e Church, 50x114.....	500
Ed Moran to Mary Moran.....	W Franklin, 60 n Bush, 30x70.....	Gift
Pt Lobos Av & Pk Hd to J Stuart	Lot 1 blk 425 and lot 69 blk 242..... ...	600
Ernest Busch to Jules Mayer.....	Lot 7 blk 6, College H'd.....	150
Geary St Ex H'd to J M Quay	Lot 27 blk 262.....	350
City and County S F to M Bradley.	Harrison s 22d, 51x100	prem
Francis Kauce to A M Kauce	Geary w Powell, 25x137:6.....	Gift
Tide Land Com'rs to D Nostrand..	N ½ lot 6 blk 419.....	500
Thos Gallagher to Susan Bradley..	Lots 1541 and 1542, Gift Map 4.....	300
Garden Tract H'd to Edw Coffin..	Lots 26 and 27 blk 1	700
Henry Grotheer to Claus Spreckles	8th and Bryant, 50x85	12,000
E R Carpenter to S H Brodie.....	Und ½ blk 368 W A	15,000
John Hahn to Susan R Burge	Grove w Octavia, 1½x120	2
Fred'k Cooper to J F Strobel	Und ¼ Folsom sw 7th, 25x90.....	2,500
Rob't H Burge to Wm J Stoddart..	Grove w Octavia, 76:3x120.....	....

Thursday, April 17th.

C Koopmanschap to Henry Conner	N Vallejo e Powell, 20x137:6.....	$ 1
D F McDonald to Sarah M Hunter	1 acre McDonald Ranch.....	700
Isaac S Allen to S P Corning.....	S Erie w Howard, 27x115:4	2,300
Thos Corey et al to Thos Murray.	N Hayes w Polk, 27:6x60.....	1
J F Glover to John Murphy.....	N Glover w Jones, 23x60.....	350
Junction H'd Ass'n to J J Guilfoyle	Lot 19 blk 6.....	350
D J Mills to A J Lewis	Se Union and Fillmore, 85:7x195.....	5,000
Tide Land Com'rs to L Weyteman	Lots 2 3 and 4 blk 83 Tide Lands.	1,242
Julius Platshek to Mary Levine...	Sw 10th nw Folsom, 100x102:6	7,500
P Masterson to T H Way.....	W Auburn n Jackson, 23x56.....	1,525
John S Hand to John Shurley....	Subdiv blk 491, Bay View H'd.....	1
City and County S F to J Dexter .	W Pennsylvania Ave s Solano, 75x100..	....
Sav & Loan Soc to M Tranor.....	N Clay w Taylor, 19:6x97:6.....	5,000
City and Co of S F to Wm Hollis.	Subdivisions P N blk 180.....	....
Lorin Brann to S W Shephard....	Nw Mariposa and Missouri, 62:6x100...	4,500

Friday, April 18th.

Tyler Curtis to Henry P Macnevin	Undivided 1-5 bound e by Division, etc.	$2,000
City & Co of S F to W E Loomis.	Sundry properties in Western Addition	Prem.
W E Loomis to City & Co S F	Streets, highways, etc	....
Samuel F Sinclair to W J Pritchard	E Nebraska, 300 n Yolo, n 24x100	100
W J Pritchard to City & Co S F..	Streets, highways, etc.....	....
City & Co S F to W J Pritchard..	Sundry subdiv Potrero property.....	Prem.
N Reynolds to City & County S F.	Sw Powell and Filbert, s 52:6, n 50:9, etc	11,340
Mary Gowenlock to M Gowenlock	Subdiv blk 71 W A.....	4,000
F Brisac to Laurel Hill Cem Ass'n	E Elder Path n Dell Ave 15x14 L H Cem	75
Chas T H Palmer to F B Austin..	N Bush e Laguna, 79x137:0.....	2,000
Henry J Holmes to J M Stockman	Nw cor 28th Ave and B, 300x200.....	100
E A Lawrence to E Robertson....	50-vara lot 1 in blk 291, W A.....	450
Geary St Ex H'd to C A Sankey...	Lot 33 blk 166.....	300
Marian Hart to James H Lemon..	S 19th e Stevenson, 25x85—sub M B 67	2,000
Paul Neuman to Honora Runk....	S Jackson w Leavenworth, 137:6x34:4½	....
H A Cobb to Henry L Davis.....	Ne Jackson and Montgomery, 60x60...	....

Web'r St Hd Ass'n to J K Basford	Lot 31 blk 314 W A	[illegible]
Felton Tract H'd to W Josephi...	Lot 1 blk 1903	170
Jos A Hofmann to Marian Hart...	S 19th e Valencia, 25x85	2,006
John Martin to Margaret Marin...	Se Market ne 8th, 82 6x165	5
A J Kopsch to Jose R Pacheco ...	Six 50-vara lots in blk 366, W Addition.	1,250
Columbus Barnett to H Sav & L So	N Sacramento e Kearny, 21 8x59 5	14,703
Pierre Boisanger to L Crayfield ...	W Dupont s Sacramento, 68:8x137:6	Gift
Pt Lob Av H d Ass'n to W M Seaton	Sundry lots Pt Lobos Avenue H'd	3,500
R C Barbadoes to Wm C Ralston	E 1st s Boston Place, etc	3,993
Wm H Taylor to Nicholas Luning	Potrero Nueva Property	50
Nicholas Luning to City Gas Co...	Same	50
Same to Wm H Taylor	Same	60

Saturday, April 19th.

Robert N Cowes to R C Barbadoes	E 1st s Boston Pla, s 25, e 87:6, n 50, etc	Gift
Thos B Lewis to Edward M Hall..	Sundry lots in University Mound Hd....	1
Stephen S King to David Raymond	Lot 32 blk 227, Gardenville Hd	1
John Sanders to N S Simpkins Jr.	S Pine, Larkin, 83:9x137-6 sub to mortg	8,750
David Cahn to S F Butterworth..	N Clay w Van Ness Ave, 137:6x127:9...	35,000
M C Smith to M O Callaghan....	N North Pt st w Leavenw'h, 137:6x137:6	3,500
Wm O'Neil to Michael McNamara	Nw Jessie sw 7th—sub 100-va 265	[illegible]
Tide Land Comr's to T Donnelly	Ne Clinton se Brannan, 25x80	8
David P Durst to Louis Meyerstein	Se Tyler and Larkin, 137 6x137 6	[illegible]
Spring Val H d Ass'n to C Moser	Lots 262, 263, Spring Valley Hd	[illegible]
John L Cobleigh to H Burr Howell	N Clay w Polk, 50x127:8	5,000
Geo McHenry to Chas H Killey..	50-vara lots 2 3 4 5 blk 267, W A	1
Wm C Hinckley to O Lawrence..	W Mason, 23 n Pierce, 62:6x23	....
Wm Bein to Anton Kramer.....	N Kate w Fillmore, 25x120	750
J H Applegate to Buena Vista Hd	Mission blks 91 92 107 108 and n ½ of 109	1
Wm M Hinton to Chas H Hinton.	Lands intersec Co R d & S V W W T et	1,993
Ellen Galvin to Lewis Brandt.....	N Hayes w Polk, w 30x137:6	1
Dennis Callaghan to same.....	Same	5,500
C M Brenner to P A Eakins.....	Lot 14 blk 310, Pleasant View H'd	200

Monday, April 21st.

Spring Val H Ass'n to C Horstman	Lots 30 and 31, Spring Valley Homestead	$ 720
John G McCullough to John Sroufe	S Fulton e Masonic av; also s Ful'n, etc	1
Pac Tan'y Co to Hib Sav & L'n Soc	E Folsom e 18th, 266:3x345—M B 51	24,740
Michael McCarty to same.....	Ne Van Ness and Broadway, 137:6x27:6	2,632
Patrick Burns to Ellen Burns.....	Precita Valley and other lands	Gift
Stanhope Dickinson to Dan Toole	N Belmont e Palmer, 25x125	225
Noe Garden H'd U'n to J Jacobs.	Lot 5 blk 23 and lot 2 blk 22, Noe Gar Hd	1,000
City & Co of S F to J Spottiswood	Subdivs blks 533 and 539 W A	Prem.
Sol P Kimball to Harriet C Carlton	Und 1-3 ne Fremont se Folsom, 30x137:6	1
Masonic Cem Ass'n to A Hubbs...	Lot 59 section 14	63
E T Perkins to Emile Grisar.....	Sundry properties Potrero Nuevo	7,172
Joseph Marchant to Chas Pidancet	Tide Lands	1,000
Same to Adrian Pidancet.....	Same	1,000
Wm Hollis to George W Lynch...	E Divisadero s Turk, 25x90	2,150

Tuesday, April 22d.

Edwin Martin to J S Luty.....	Block 6 of Sunny Vale Homestead Ass'n	$ 5
John L Smith to Jonas Barman...	S Folsom e 6th, 25x105	7,000
Revillo A Swain to Michael Castle	Sw Franklin and Ellis, 275x120—50-va lots 5 and 6 block 133 Western Addition, subject to mortgage for $15,000	25,000
Paul Reservation to P McDermott	Lot 8 blk 2	350
L Van Laak to Geo E Davis	Lot 3 blk 302 S S F Hd	400
City & Co S F to Henry L Davis..	E Old San Jose Road, 150 n 26th, 65x90	Prem
Chas Feckelnburg to J Witt....	E Dale w Church, lots 37 38 blk 97, H A	400
Ann E Green to Sarah A English..	S cor Market and 10th, 272x195	[illegible]
J Dexter to City & County S F....	Streets, Highways, etc	....
Henry L Davis to same.....	Same	....
Frederick Hees to G M Josselyn..	Nw Sacramento and Kearny, 34:8x28:11.	20,000
Sidney L Johnson to Fred Hese...	Nw Sacramento and Kearny, 34:8x58:6..	5
R Ganzer to Augusta Petrowska..	Sw 11th se Mission, 22:6x90, sub M B 11	1,550
John Bensley to Z F Colby.....	N Francisco e Mason, 22x120	250
Jos A Hofman to Wm H Hogan...	S 19th e Valencia, 25x85—sub M B 66..	1,200
Lamson S Welton to Henry Pierce	Se cor Geary and Buchanan, 68:9, etc..	2,000
Felton Tract Hd to K R Schaefer.	Lot 4 blk 1902	170
J M Goewey to Louis Feder et al..	N O'Farrell, 137:6 w Polk w 68:9x120	[illegible]
Anna E Cook to J A Hofman.....	S 19th e Valencia, 50x85	250
Tide Land Comr's to Thos Prince	S Mission w 7th, 8:5x50—sub 100-va 266	16
T Prince to Cambrian Mut Aid Soc	Same	7,300
D Murphy et al. to Syd L Johnson.	Nw Clementina ne 2d, 23x80	4,088
Restcome Perry to Simon Blum...	Ne D and 24th Ave, etc—sub blk 403 O L	2,500
Geary St Ex Hd to E H Sweet.....	Lot 2 blk 166, O L	450
Sav and Loan Soc to J T McDonald.	S Fell w Laguna, 25x137:6	4,500

Wednesday, April 23d.

Johanna Haggerty to D Bruce....	W Williams, 62:6 n Geary, 25x50.....	$ 100
Henry Toomy to John Hinkel....	Ne Geary and Baker, 137:6	3,000
Fol and Howard P U to R Gannon	Lots 50, 51, Howard & Fol Sts Prop U'n	3,000
T H Ziegenfuss to City & Coun S F	Streets, highways, etc.....	....
City Gas Co to S F Gaslight Co...	Portrero Nuevo.....	5
San Francisco Gas Co to same....	Sundry Water Lots and properties belonging to S F Gas Company.	1
City & County S F to P F Darche	Sw cor Pennsylvania & Colusa, 50x100..	Prem
Jos D Enas to Amasa B Andrews.	S Sacramento w Jones, 97:6x80.....	4,000
Jeremiah Callaghan to Wm Hood.	Callaghan building on Kearny s Pacific	1
Wm Hood to City & County S F..	E Kearny s Pacific, 109:8, a 91:5, etc....	50,000
A Austin to B L Brant.....	Lots 1472 1474 1476 Gift Map 2.....	3
M Crooks to Matthew Crooks.....	Nw Townsend ne 4th, etc.....	177
Annie E Cook to Maurice Dore....	Ne cor Stevenson and 19th, 130x85, etc.	1,250
H Wohler to Henry L Davis.....	Undivided 18 acres Rancho de la Merced	....
A H Hissak Jr to Abram Bloch....	N Turk w Taylor, 55x137:6	12,000
Webster St Hd to M S Greenbaum	Lots 37 38 39.....	4,875

Thursday, April 24th.

City & Coun S F to T A Ziegenfuss	W Valencia s 24th, 65x90—sub M B 169.	Gift
Pierre Boulanger to L Canfield....	W Front n California, 27:6x45.....	....
V Wackenreuder to Theo Erdin..	Lots 319 to 333, Precita Valley Lands..	450
Stanhope Dickinson to W Rurgon	N Fairmount e Palmer, 25x125	250
Cal Ave H'd Ass'n to J K Basford	Lots 10 to 15 inclusive, blk 88, O L....	1,980
Paul Tract H Ass'n to T H Hatch	Lot 1 blk 30.....	500
Bay View H'd to same.....	Lots 12 to 15 inc, blk 457.....	2,500
Paul Tract H'd to R M Bangon...	Lot 2 blk 30.....	500
Lizzie Moneypenny to E J Cox...	Sundry lots in Gift Maps 2 and 4, etc...	2,000
Charles T H Palmer to J McConick	W Buchanan s Geary, 55x137:6.....	400
Same to Elisha Brooks.....	S Sutter e Buchanan, 34:4½x137:6.....	250
Same to Edwin Bonnell.....	Subdivisions blks 272, W A	1,300
Same to Eliphas Maginnis	S Bush w Laguna, 30x120	218
Same to Thomas G Spear.....	S Post E Webster, 110x137:6.....	250
Same to Geo R Lawson	W Webster n Post, 27:6x93.....	135
A Judson Marsh to C J Pillsbury.	Sundry lots Haley Purchase.....	1
Spring Val Hd Assn to Thos Bell.	Lots 20 Spring Valley Hd.....	360
Wm D Bowie to Sav & Loan Soc'y	S Turk e Pierce, 75x87:6.....	650

Friday, April 25th.

Henry Lewis to Geo A Derall.....	S Greenwich e Jones, 30x220.....	$ 25
Wm Kincaird to Mary E Lovell...	Lot 28 blk 3, Garden Tract Hd.....	380
Wm J Lynch to Richard Dillon..	Lot 21 and 22 blk 131, Terminus H Assn	1,700
Orchard Hd Assn to E Stanwood.	Lots 43, 44 and 45 Orchard H'd Ass'n...	1,200
Bay View H'd to H McPherson...	Lot 4 blk 487, Bay View H'd.....	500
Horatio McPherson to H S King..	Same	1
Duncan McDonald to P E Farrell.	One acre.....	200
P E Farrell to John Amos	Same	250
Lewis Meyerstein to J Regan.....	Se Taylor and Larkin, 137:6x137:6.....	2,300
Patrick Dunnigan to Martin O'Dea	Se Jessie ne 3d, 20x80	2,150
D F McDonald to L H Bonestell..	One acre, portion McDonald Ranch....	700
J Marks to I Blaszkower.....	Seven lots in blk C of Haley Purchase..	1,497
Henry Toony to W L McCormick.	Subdivision 50-vara 643	6,000
A C Peachy to John Parrott.....	Nw Davis and Cala w 137:6x137:6.....	120,000
Same to Fred Billings	B and W lots 547, 548, 549, 550, 552.....	70,000

Saturday, April 26th.

E A Lawrence to P G Partridge..	Undivided ¼ lot 1 blk 512, W A.....	$1,000
Jno Spottiswood to City & Co S F	Streets and highways, etc.....	....
I H Reynolds to Augustus Craman	S Ellis e Octavia, 28:9x120.....	2,500
Cal'a Pioneers' Soc to H Baker...	Lot 46 sec 43, Masonic Cemetery.....	53
Louis Scellier to George Morean..	Lot 23 blk 5 Garden Tract Hd.....	1
Gardenville Hd to Sarah Hynes..	Re-recorded to correct error.....	....
Frank Cullen to Thomas Minihan.	Lots 243 and 261, Cobb Tract.....	400
F S Wensinger to Wm Elder.....	Subdiv blk 101, Potrero Nuevo	4,000
Peter Craig to G T Lawton.....	Lot 22 and portion lot 23 Masonic Cem.	1,000
H McNamara to Hiram Tubbs....	Sundry properties on Potrero	5
Chas E Richards to A J Gunnison	Ne cor Hampshire & Santa Clara 100x100	500
A J Gunnison to Richard Finlay..	Same	300
J C Van Reusselare to G O Wilson	E Church n Horner, 65x117:6.....	....
Geo Wallenrod to Julius Finck...	W Rondel Place 225:10 s 16th, 22:2x64..	1,950
Benjamin P Avery to L S Welton.	S Post e Webster, 50x137:6.....	2,000
L S Welton to Benj P Avery.....	Se Post and Webster, 88:6x137:6.....	2,500
Tide L Comrs to John Mitchler...	N 3d Ave, 150 se Q, 50x200	520
Geary St Ex Hd to S B Caswell....	Lots 42, 50, blk 261 and 1, blk 300.....	1,050
Martha B Hunt to J Rieter.....	E Valencia, 110 n 20th, n 25x160	300
James M White to Thos Breeze...	Lot 18 sec 2 Masonic Cemetery.....	100
Jacob S Cohen to Ernest Suskind.	Sw Ellis and Hyde—sub 50-v 1331	4,000

Monday, April 28th.

Spring Valley H Ass'n to R Cowan	Lots 67 and 68, Spring Valley H'd	$ 720
Same to Fred Bedarf	Lot 124, same	360
Same to Shultz & Luebeck	Lot 68, same	360
Henry Toomy to Alice Toomy	E Taylor s Bush, 20x62:6	Gift
Ida Precht to Alfred Bannister	Ne Bush and Jones, 127:6x60	19,000
Ida Precht femme sole to same	Same	10
H Ballentine to W C Foreyth	Subdivision Mission Block 4	800
M de la Montanya to J Morchio	W Kearny n Broadway, 27x90	4,000
Bay View H'd to Daniel Barry	Lot 6 blk 530	500
Jas Roberts to Chas G Roberts	Lots 14 to 24 inclu, bl 127, O'N & H Tct	[illegible]
Alex Austin to Antoine Borel	E Mission, 235 s 25th, 18x115	[illegible]
Owen H Clancey to John Clancy	Lots 10 and 11 blk 52, City Land Ass'n	50
Richard Harris to Oliver Dale	Kentucky n Solano, 50x100	2,500
A Himmelmann to H F Merrifield	Sac'to w Steiner, 25:10x120	700
Bay View H'd to Jos Bassett	Lots 2 and 3 blk 466	1,000
City Land Ass'n to R P B Wood	Lots 27 and 28 blk 35	180
A H Rose to W F Davison	E ½ Potrero blk 462	7,800
A A Jennings to Chas Ruppel	Church n Park, 150x114	2,000
D Cuneo to Lee Leong	Spofford s Wash'n, 18:4x47:8	2,500
Felton Tract H'd to Jos Boardman	Lots 25 26 and 27, blk 1205	515
D C Van Nostrand to Mary Wood	Illinois n Alameda, 55x100	0
A J Moon to John R Jarboe	Valencia s Hermann, 50x80	5,000
J B Shay to Peter McCannon	N Pine e Scott, 50-vara 2 blk 426 W A	5,500
Pt Lob Av H'd Ass'n to O Hubbell	Sundry lots in blks 639 642	2,500
James Brooks to City & County S F	Und half nw cor Kearny and Pac, etc	10,800
Asa Hull to John Fay	S Sac w Davis, 30x130	8,000
Robt J Tiffany to David Scannell	Undivided half por blks 314 and 281	[illegible]
Ira G Hoitt to Geo C Wickware	Se Market and 10th, subdiv M B 4	2,300
P Crowley to Henry Brown	N Green w Montgomery, 57:6x20	2,000
C M A Buckley to M Livingston	Undivided ½ blk 385, Outside Lands	1,500
Z D Parker to Jno B Lewis	Se Heron ne 8th, ne 20x80	100
Levi Parsons to Geo Hearst	Portion Outside Lands	14,000

Tuesday, April 29th.

Abraham Lewis to H Borkheim	E Polk s Turk, 28x82, sub 50-v 4 bl 6 W A	$ 1
Henry Borkheim to A Lewis	Same	1
Michael Reese to City & Co of S F	N Pacific, 80 w Stockton, 137:6 w 17, etc	1
A Himmelman to heirs J W Sul'van	Se Franklin and McAllister, 165x137:6	1
Paul Tract Hd Ass'n to A Cameron	Lot 10 blk 52, Paul Tract H'd	500
Same to James Cameron	Lot 11 blk 52	500
Spring Val H'd to G Holtzberger	Lot 243, Spring Valley H'd	360
Orin Jones to Lizzie E Jones	N Sutter e Leavenworth, 25x68:9	4,000
Wm Humphrey to James Boyd	N Bush, 81:3 e Fillmore, 25x127:6	1,000
Geo Tait to Lawrence W Palmer	W Webster s Hayes, 92x25:6	1,200
Same to Edgar Bishop	W Webster to S Hayes, w 90, s 25:6, etc	1,200
Thomas Brown to Wm J Gunn	Lot 10 blk C, Pacific Sav and H'd Ass'n	470
Jane Sullivan to John Schussler	S McAllister to E Franklin, s 120 e 27:6	2,500
C Curtis to Gustave Touchard	Sw Broadway and Battery, 70x137:6	49,504
John Cox to Edwin Rudman	W Guerrero, 60 s 25th, 25x125	1,000
Daniel Sweeny to Mary A Sweeny	Nw 15th and Shotwell, 120x170	Gift
Ferd Vassault to John Landers	S Bush w Leavenworth, 52:6x137:6	7,615
Frank Cavagnero to F Genaro	W Kearny n Union, 20x80	1,600
R Cushing to Andrew Louderback	Und half lots 7 and 10 blk 362 S S F Hd	10
Rufus C Markel to Wm McAfee	W Treat Ave s 23d, 60x122:6	5,400
A F Block to Isaac F Block	Portion Outside Lands	5
John C Pelton to A M Pelton	N Pine w Polk, 38:6x137:6	Gift

Wednesday, April 30th.

Geary St Ex H'd to A M Wardwell	Sundry lots in blks 262, 87 and 165	$3,500
Theresa Kahn to Solomon Reiss	Lots 5 and 6 in Central Pacific Hd Ass'n	100
Morris Coleman to John Lynch	Nw Silver sw 2d, 25x70	3,300
Abbie Whitney to Wm Bennett	S Clay w Powell, 58x71:6, subj to mortg	1,300
The Associates to Jos Guberlet	Lot 13 blk 454, Property of Associates	100
Henry Winkle to same	Lot 87 Ben Franklin H'd	300
A Austin to Marie Clerc	Portion of blk 114, W A	3
Geo Ensbery to James Cornyn	Lots 30 and 31 blk 52, City Land Ass'n	150
S D Cary to John B Avaline	Se Grove and Baker, 130x105	4,000
Fred Lumblade to Samuel Hill	Lot 44 blk 10, City Land Ass'n	100
Kate E Learned to Cath'ne A Brush	E Steiner s Ellis, 50x63:9, blk 361, W A	1,435
J W Lees to H H Ellis	Lots 4, 5, W A blk 218	1
H H Ellis to E A Lawrence	Same	210
Martha B Hunt et al to M Kedon	Ne cor Valencia and 20th, 85x80	680
John Blake to John Kern	N Sagamore w Capitol, 50x125	175
Wm J Gunn to Dr L P Gautier	Lots 1 to 8 inclu blk 43 Excel'r Hd Ass'n	3,000
C Taubmann to Chris Taubmann	Lot 782, Gift Map 2	Gift
E Duffiey to John Rohr	E 7th nw Brannan, 20x80	1
Natale Feroglare to C Ferrea	Subdiv 50-vara 387	Gift
Ed Sumner to Mark Livingston	Block 385 Outside Lands	10,000

Thursday, May 1st.

Geary St Ex Hd to E B Shaw.....	Lots 19 and 20 in blk 262.....	$ 700
Calvin M Verrill to J Fitzsimmons	Se Everett ne 4th, 30x80, subj to a mortg	2,600
Thos Sheridan to G B Deferrari...	W Laguna, 29 s Willow Av, 5x51:9½...	300
James King to Fannie C O'Donnell	E Bambier Place, 50x90	Gift.
Geo Treat to Camilo Martin.....	W Kansas s Napa, 308x100.....	500
Henry Hustmann to Thos Hill....	N Post w Hyde, 34:4x137:6, sub 50-v 1324	8,000
Thos Seridan to Guiseppe Fontana	W Laguna, n Eddy, 25x51:9	1,525
Spring Val H'd Assn to W Schultz	Lot 248, S V H'd.....	360
Sun V H'd to Alta White L Works	Lots 1, 2, 3, blk 2, S V H'd	5
Edward Martin to same	Same	5
J H Townsend to J H Blumenberg	S Pine e Sansome, 34:4x96	16,500
James Curtis to H P Livermore...	E Mission s 20th, 60x122:6.....	7,500
Hib Sav & Loan Soc to J Hornung	S Pacific w Mason, 22x68:9.....	2,400
Chas G Wilkins to A R Neustadt..	S Sacramento, e Polk, 30x118.....	7,100
John L Hunt et al to Conrad Greb	E Valensia, 60 s 19th, 50x80—sub M B 67	470
College H'd Ass'n to Thos Norris.	Lot 8 blk 10.....	300
T P Riordan to David Bole.....	Ne cor Nevada and Nebraska, 33:4x100.	1,510
Geary St Ex H'd to David Bole...	Lots 44, 45, blk 261.....	700
L D Allen to Seth Walker	S Pine w Webster, 25x100.....	500
M Shawl to Jacob Bloom.....	N O'Farrell, 137:6 nw Mason, 37:6x137:6	....
Jacob M Pike to Malichi Kean....	25th w Sanchez, 50::1x114	3,000
J W Tucker to Minnie H Tucker.	Se cor 41st Ave and B e 30:8, etc.....	3
Henry Toomy to Westley Diggins	S O'Farrell e Broadway, 100x137:6.....	2,500
Samuel Crim to J M Shotwell.....	E 14th Ave s 1, s 157:1, etc	69
Chris B Wyatt to B J Shay.....	N Pine w Pierce, 137:6x187:6.....	4,000
Ruth A M Weston to Wm Bahr....	Easterly 56 ft Precita Valley Lot No 78.	1,400
Wm A Bahr to W Strueven.....	Same	Gift
Michael Burns to Mary Burns.....	E 6th n Tehama, 25x75—sub 100-v 219..	Gift
Sav & Loan Soc to Wm Hinkel...	W Laguna s Fell, 27:6x85	3,000
City & Co S F to Wilhelm Borgren	E Hampshire s 22d, 25x100.....	prem
Ann M Richards to John C Pelton	N Pine 230:6 e Van Ness, e 2:6x n 137:6.	250
Jno C Pelton to Anna M Richards.	Same	125

Friday, May 2d.

Jean H H Rene to Louis Dutertle.	E Dupont to N Broadway, 45x97.....	15,500
E H Washburn to John Sanders Jr	Sw Decatur se Bryant, 25x60.....	6
Fred O Wegner to W B Cummings	S Pine e Kearny, 25:11x137:6.....	1
Edney Tibbey to Adam Grant	N Bush w Leavenworth, 97:6x137:6.....	28,000
John Center et al to M M Milwain	E Howard n John, 60x122:6.....	1
John Reynolds to Samuel Reynolds	Sw cor Guerrero and Ridley, sw 180, etc	part'n
John H Clark to Bridget Lyons...	N Church, 74 n 25th, 40x75	1,000
Duncan McDonald to Robt Watt..	One acre McDonald Ranch.....	700
H S Gates to E P Billings	Se cor A and W 27th sts, 125x75.....	42
Chas Neuhaus to Edward Newman	Ne 6th se Harrison, 50x160.....	10,000
Tide Land Com'rs to R Flaherty..	Se Q and 3d Ave, 200x100.....	310
Joseph B Crockett to E W Burr...	Und ⅛ tract of land known as the Gore	5
Lucy B Page to J B Crockett.....	Same	1,000
James Hewn to C C Pendergast...	Sundry lots in southern portion city....	100
Geo W Frink to Thos Byrne.....	Nw cor Hayes and Devisadero, 109x10:5	100
F W Macondray to Vic Koppel...	S Fell e Octavia, 27:6x120.....	5
John P Tibbets to Peter Donahue.	Ne 2d nw Bryant, 60x125.....	12,000
Jas B Chase to Domingo Quintaros	S Broadway e Kearny, 22:10x68:9.....	2,273
James Dows to Chas F McDermott	Mission Block 42½.....	16
Chas McDermott to Chas Main....	Same	26,000
James Mairs to Chas McDermott..	Same	5
John Middleton to same	Same	....
Andrew J Moon to Anne E Greene	Portion Mission Block 5.....	5
Thos W Dennis to Hannah Bean..	N Tyler E Deviso, 30x75.....	1,375
Wm J Gunn to Alfred Bannister..	Se Sutter and Franklin, 120x42:6.....	7,000
Tide Land Com'rs to M Blinn.....	Lot 1 to 22 inclusive, blk 570, Tide L'ds	7,080
David Brown to Wm H Gaylord..	Lot 28 blk 552, Bay Pk Hd Assn.....	250
Bay Park H'd to same.....	Lot 29 blk 552.....	365

Saturday, May 3d.

Tide Land Com'rs to N Lebhardt.	Block 748, Salt Marsh and Tide Lands..	$ 882
Chas B Young to John G Wilkins	N Henry w Noe, 52x115, subject to mortg	2,000
L S Welton to Mary B O'Connor..	S California w Buchanan, 25x137:6	531
Masonic Cem Ass'n to W J Gunn.	Lot 14 sec 19.....	152
Henry C Swain to Wallace Everson	E 35th st 120 n of C, 120x120	350
S L Cutter to Josiah W Dodge....	S Filbert e Larkin, 25x82:6.....	1,575
Fol and Howard P U to T C Walton	Lot 52, Howard and Folsom St Prop U'n	1,000
Wm Woodward to J B Mersing...	Nw Folsom, sw 8th, 50x75.....	7,700
Fanny Lafferty to Rich'd P Davies	Sw Gardner nw Bryant, 25x75.....	2,500
F G Truett to Byron Pinkham....	S Santa Clara e Mission, 100x37:6	900
Samuel Tyler to same	Sundry lots O'Neil & Haley Tract.....	750
Jacob Prince to same.....	W 12th se Market, 50x75:11.....	3,500
Richard Dillon to D Hennessy....	N 23d e Noe, 25:6x14	500

Real Estate Transactions—Alameda County.

Woods & Bovee to O Paving Co ..	West Oakland: Strip 15 inches x 27 feet Division street	....
O Paving Co to L Pearson	Same: Same	16
Burr & Dean to S & L Soc'y	Alameda: S Encinal 150 e Willow, th'ce e 100x150	2,500
L McGlauflin to G Kustel	Same: 70 Railroad Av x 49:6 near Mastick Station	133
L McMackin to D Nickson	Same: 60x66 near Mastick Station	600
E Terry to N Porter	Same: Tide Land at Bay Farm Island	1
A Eldren to J L Alexander	Brooklyn T'p: 403 acres, Mountain L'd.	6,000
S Foster to C T Cooper	Oakland T'p: Lot 18, Regent St H T'ct.	400
G M Blake to University of Cal	At Berkely: 10 acres	...
H Durant to M A Reilly	Near Berkeley: 270x160	8,500
R Sisterna to Berkeley L & T I Asn	On S F Bay four miles n from Oakland: 30 acres	24,000
J J Stokes to G E Freeman	Livermore: Lot 1 in blk 19	150
C H Bradley to H Bay	Oakland: 187:6x100 sw cor Castro & 13th	10,000
W F Bacon to E Flemming	Same: S line 21st 100 w from Brush th w 50x100	650
E Zimmerman to G Zimmerman	Same: 200x100 ne cor Harrison and 2d	5
N Stoel to C E McGregor	Same: E Lindon 450 n from 28th thence n 50x125	1,500
M Sanderson to M McCarty	Same: 50x50, se cor 10th and Castro	1,100
M H Mansfield to F Warner	Same: E line Brush 50 feet n from 5th thence n 50x75	750
E Bigelow to N Huntington	West Oaland: N 8th 45 e from Wood th e 53x97	1,650
G A Chase to same	Same: 45x113:5 ne cor Wood and 8th	1,100
H Schussler to J O'Connor	East Oakland: 150x140 n corner Adams and Contra Costa	2,400
A G Abell to S T Wells	Same: 300x300 Patten, Jackson, Strode and Franklin	1
W B Clement to M P Kay	Alameda: E line Park 125 n from Webb thence n 25x98:2	650
P H'd Ass'n to L D Towne	Same: S line of San Antonia 250 w from Walnut thence w 100x300 to San Jose	2,000
Wilcox & Bigelow to W Blair	Oakland Tp: Lots in White House Tract	4,000
J D Mullikin to W W Carter	Same: 122:6x100:2 sw cor Tel'ph & 39th.	1,000
Oakland H'd Ass'n to R L Bushnell	Same: Lot 120 Maxwell Tract	5
J E Marchand to T J Murphy	Four miles n from Oakland: 20 acres	5,000
A J Kopsch to H W Carpentier	Same: A Tract near San Pablo Avenue.	....
J W Brumagim to J Anselmi	Near Temescal Creek—100x135 Teleg'ph and Merced	600
J Siloa to C Martin	Four miles ne from Haywood: 10 acres.	1,200
S Merritt to C Paolitti	Berkeley: Lot 1 blk 1 Villa lots adjoining University	7,000
W G Craw to S T Cull	Near Haywood: 396 acres	....
H S Fitch to J Bailey	Fitchburg: Lots 8, 9, 10 in blk 9	500
Same to A M Crane	Same: Lots 1 to 12 in blk 24	2,000
A Collins to W Haywood	Haywood: One lot	700
F Polishwiski to C Hermann	Same: 200x100	600
Swift & Coleman to Sac Sav Bank	San Leandro: Blk 10, lots M & N blk 18	1,500
M S Palmer to L Levy	Livermore: Lot 12 in blk 14	175
E Barry to E Dixon	Near San Jose: 10 acres	1
F Rollins to J T Stevenson	Road Centreville to Alvarado: 25 acres.	4,000
W Morrison to G W Patterson	Near Centerville: 29 acres	3,790
J Kearney to J O'Brien	Oakland—110x51:10 nw cor Brush & 17th	2,350
J Fillmore to same	Same to same	2
T Cleary to M Trainor	Same: N 5th 125 e Jefferson th e 25x100	Gift
A J Bryant to W Bryan	Same: 125x150 ne cor Harrison and 8th.	12,000
G Preda to D Cavasso	Same: E line Chestnut 169 s fm 2d 25x132	1
A C Henry to D Roach	Same: E l San Pab 70 s fm Alden 70x150	1,150
M Lourson to E L Miller	Same: N l 4th 125 e fm Brush th 25x100.	1,000
T B Bigelow to E W Chamberlin	Same: W line Center 175 s fm R R Av thence s 25x143:9	500
J B Scotchler to J E Bacon	Same: N l 16th w fm Kirkham, 50x104:9	700
L McAlpen to C G Howard	Same: Lots 1 and 31 in blk A, Oak V Hd	800
H K W Clarke to E R Carpentier	Alameda, ⅓ int in 25 acres Lewellyn T't	....
F Dentra to P A McDonald	Same: 83 acres at Bay Farm Island	1
Same to same	Same: 61 acres same	1
G Manly to J C Walsh	Same: Lots 10 a 19 in blk 83 near High st	800
Whitcher & Alden to E Mulholland	Near Temescal C'k and Tel Ave, 50x100	480
C L Des Rochers to F L Taylor	Oakland Tp: Part lot 9 in plot 13	2,400
J J Scotchler to G Tommasini	Same: Lots 23x86 Regent st Hd Tract	107
Same to F Cerino	Same: Lot 50 in same	70
L Merritt to J Wentzell	At Berkeley: 120x100:7	1,000
Same to J A & A Edgar	Same: 110:3x120	800
Flint & Haven to C Schmidt	Brooklyn Tp: Lot on Moraga Valley Rd	425
J Bauer to A Hermann	Mission San Jose: ½ interest in ½ acre	1,625
A G Oakes to A Collins	Haywood: 40x300	500

D L Emerson to P McCarthy	Oakland: E line Henry 138 s from 5th th s 25x125	$ 400
E A & A E Rushell to C Stoel	Same: W line Market 300 n from 28th th n 50x125	3,000
N Stoel to E A Rushell	Same: N line 12th 125 w from Broadway thence w 25x100	3,500
H Vrooman to R M Murray	Same: Lot 55 Buena Vista H'd Tract	425
H A Rockfellow to P Barrett	Same: S line 3d 125 w from Cypress th w 20.10x158	500
Villa Hd Ass'n to W H Miller	Same: Lots 42 to 47 in Villa H'd Tract.	1,800
W H Miller to R B Miller	Same to same	2,100
Hall & Brown to Board of Educa'n	Same: S line Alden Ave 240 w fm Grove thence w 200x280	3,600
F Warner to C Stoel	Same: W line Market 250 n 28th thence n 50x125	3,000
H Stule to C Bruister	Same: S line Caledonia Ave 413:6 e from thence e 100x141:6	500
F Senram to G Jirweirt	Same: S line 14th 90 e from Wood th e 50x103:3	850
G W Dam to L N Gordon	Same: W line Union 50 s fm 30th, 50x115	300
T B Bigelow to J Campbell	Same: S lide R R Ave 50 w from Chester thence 26x96:3	475
A Campbell to W Dix	Same: W line Campbell 85 s from 13th thence s 25x115	500
S T Damon to S Hill	Same: 100x150 ne cor Madison and 3d	4,000
G W Dam to J H Gordon	Same: W Magnolia 200 n from 28th th n 100x133:3	5
H L Haven to J T Haven	Same: E line Chester 138 s from 5th th s 75x125; also e Peralta bet 3d and 5th	1,100
E McLinn to E H Willet	Same: S line 5th 25 w Chester thence w 37:6x113	660
F K Shattuck to E Hunt	Same: N 12th 100 e from Grove thence e 75x125	1
E Hunt to E P Stone	Same: Same	7,000
M Ryan to C S Hoffmann	Same: S line 11th 125 e fm West, 25x100	1,600
F Warner to W Hayes	Same: 100x125 ne cor 28th and Filbert.	1,400
E Bigelow to G W Armes	Same: E Harrison 714 n fr 12th th n 468 x 150; also w Alice n fm 12th, 312x150	22,500
M Curtis to E Conlon	Same: S line 22d 75 w fm West, 25x80:4	250
J H Meridith to L S Sawyer	East Oakland: 103:6x40 w corner Charter and Alameda	500
O Whipple to J H West	Same: 50x150 e corner Jones & Webster	600
E C Sessions to P Olofson	Same: W line Alameda 90 s from Shatton thence 50x127:6	1,250
J Taylor to E Taylor	Same: 150x130 bounded Jackson and Franklin and nw by Clay	9,000
E Evens to J Studerus	Same: Ne Madison 75 se from same th se 25x144	525
H E Emmons to S James	West Oakland: E Wood 50:7 n from Atlantic thence n 50x105:7	1,950
O H Tufts to C V D Hubbard	Same: N 8th 98 w fm Willow, th 32x86:9	2,500
C Minturn to O Eldridge	Alameda: Bounded by willow, Walnut, Buena Vista and Marsh	15,000
G C Eldridge to L A Hastings	Same: ½ inst lots 1 to 5 Jones' acrs lots	5
F Franks to A & P K Jenner	Same: S line Santa Clara 148 w fm Park thence w 75x150	2,750
T D Mathewson to N Page	Same: 35 acres s by R R Ave e by Fitch n by Marsh	1
A L Tubbs to A Merrill	Same: The Chapman Estate 111 ac tract	5,000
Hays & Caperton to H R Smith	Same: 177:6x140:2 sw cor Santa Clara Ave and Broadway	1,350
T J Murphy to J E Marchand	Oakland City and Township: Sundry lots	1
J E Marchand to T M Antisell	Same: Same	1
H Center to R Riley	Near Mission San Jose: 25 cents	2,600

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The Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business, in London and San Francisco, and between said Cities and all parts of the world. The San Francisco Office is authorized to draw Bills of Exchange or issue Letters of Credit upon either of the undernamed Founders and Proprietors of the Bank, or at the option of the buyer upon the following Houses, with whom the Bank has established credits, viz: LONDON—The London Joint Stock Bank, No. 5 Princess Street; Messrs. Bischoffsheim, Goldschmidt & Co.; Messrs. Fruhling & Goschen; Messrs. Frederick Huth & Co.; Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co. (successors to Messrs. George Peabody & Co.); Messrs. Stern Brothers. NEW YORK CITY—Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co., 53 Exchange Place. BOSTON—Third National Bank. PHILADELPHIA—Messrs. Drexel & Co. PARIS—Drexel & Co.; Bischoffsheim, Goldschmidt & Co.; Messrs. A. J. Stern & Co. FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN—Mr. Gebruder Sulzbach; A. J. Stern & Co. GERMANY—Bank of Saxe Meiningen. AMSTERDAM—Banque de Credit and de Depot des Pays Bas. ANTWERP—Nottebohm Brothers; F. R. Bischoffsheim. HAMBURG—John Berenberg, Gossler & Co. BERLIN—Deutsche Bank Actien Gesellschaft. GENOA—Dapples & Co. NAPLES and FLORENCE—Anglo-Italian Bank. VALPARAISO and LIMA—Fred. Huth, Gruning & Co. MANILA—Russell & Sturgis. CHINA and JAPAN—Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation. AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Union Bank of Australia; Bank of New South Wales. IRELAND—Provincial Bank of Ireland, and all its branches, viz: Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Clonmel, Londonderry, Sligo, Wexford, Belfast, Waterford, Galway, Armagh, Athlone, Colerame, Kilkenny, Ballina, Tralee, Youghal, Enniskillen, Monaghan, Banbridge, Ballymena, Parsonstown, Cavan, Omagh, Dungannon, Bandon, Ennis, Ballyshannon, Strabane, Dungarvan, Mallow, Castlehill, Kilrush, Skibbereen, Enniscorthy, Fermoy, Newry, Drogheda, Nenagh, Templemore, Carrick-on-Suir, Carrick-on-Shannon, Clogheen, Newcastle, County Limerick.

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The steamship COSTA RICA, Captain Lapidge, will leave at 3 P. M., as follows: Saturday, May 24; Tuesday, June 24; Thursday, July 24.

Returning, will leave Honolulu June 7, July 8, August 7.

For Santa Barbara, San Pedro and San Diego.

Steamers will leave at 9 A. M., as follows: PACIFIC, Capt. Douglass, Saturday, May 10th; Thursday, May 22. ORIZABA, Captain Johnston, Friday, May 16th; Wednesday, May 28th.

For Monterey, San Simeon, San Luis Obispo, and Santa Barbara.

Steamers will leave at 3 P. M., as follows: SENATOR, Captain Harloe, Tuesday, May 13th; Monday, May 26th.

For Magdalena Bay, Cape San Lucas, Mazatlan, Guaymas and La Paz.

The Steamship CALIFORNIA, Capt. Metzger, will leave at 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, May 13th.

No freight received or bills lading signed after 3 o'clock P.M. on the 12th.

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San Francisco.

Capital, - - - $5,000,000

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Advertisements of the Leading Business Houses in San Francisco.

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No. 132 California St., Merchants Exchange Building. Fire and Marine Insurance Company. Capital, $750,000. OFFICERS: John H. Redington President, George H. Howard, Vice President, Charles R. Story, Secretary, N. B. Eddy, Marine Secretary, H. H. HIGHLOW, General Manager. DIRECTORS. San Francisco—Geo. H. Howard, E. D. Atherton, H. F. Teschemacher, A. B. Gregan, John H. Redington, A. W. Bowman, C. S. Hobbs, B. M. Hartshorne, D. Conrad, Wm. H. Moor, Geo. S. Johnson, H. N. Tilden, W. M. Greenwood, S. L. Jones, Geo. S. Mann Cyrus Wilson, W. H. Foster, Jr., Jos. Galloway, W. T. Garratt, C. Watterhouse, A. P. Hotaling. Oregon Branch—P. Wasserman, B. Goldsmith, L. F. Grover, D. Maclay, C. H. Lewis, Lloyd Brooke, J. A. Crawford, D. M. French, J. Lowenberg, Hamilton Boyd, Manager, W. L. Ladd, Treasurer, Marysville—D. E. Knight. San Diego—A. H. Wilcox. Sacramento Branch—Charles Crocker, A. Roseboro, Mark Hopkins, Jas. Carolan, J. F. Houghton, P. W. Earl, Isaac Lohman, Julius Wetzler, Julius Wetzler, Manager, I. Lohman, Secretary. Stockton Branch—H. H. Hewett, Geo. S. Evans, J. D. Peters, N. M. Orr, W. F. McKee, A. W. Simpson, A. T. Hudson, H. M. Fanning, H. H. Hewlett, Manager, N. M. Orr, Secretary. San Jose Branch—T. Ellard Beans, Josiah Belden, A. Pfister, J. S. Carter, Jackson Lewis, N. Hayes, Noah Palmer, B. D. Murphy, J. J. Denny, Manager, A. E. Moody, Secretary. Grass Valley —William Watt, Robert Watt. Nevada—T. W. Sigourney. Feb. 17.

REMOVAL.

The Commercial Insurance Co. of California, have removed their office to No. 28 California street, in Tallant's New Bank Building, Northeast corner California and Battery streets, San Francisco. This Company transacts A GENERAL FIRE and MARINE INSURANCE business, determining rates commensurate with the hazard assumed, and independently of any combination. The attention of the insuring public is invited to this fact, and also to the following list of Directors, comprising many of our wealthiest and most responsible citizens:

DIRECTORS.—W. W. Dodge, Claus Spreckles, Selden S. Wright, W. B. Cummings, C. F. MacDermot, James M. Barney, C. W. Kellogg, A. W. Jee, Peter Dean, C. J. Deering, John H. Wise, Levi Stevens, James Gamble, E. T. Gile, W. B. Hooper, G. L. Bradley, D. H. Haskell, H. S. Crocker, F. S. Freeman, N. D. Thayer, Jas. Phelan, Charles Main.

C. W. KELLOGG, President.
H. G. HORNER, Secretary. May 3.

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April 23.] N. E. cor. California and Sansome sts., opposite Bank of California.

MORRIS SPEYER & CO.,

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Jan 29. MORRIS SPEYER & CO., General Agents.

BRITISH COLUMBIAN IMMIGRATION OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Every information respecting British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, their resources and capabilities, will be supplied to intending settlers and others upon application to W. R. H. ADAMSON, Immigration Agent for British Columbia, 315 California street, San Francisco. Nov. 16.

NOBLE & GALLAGHER,

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JAS. H. HAM.] **PETERS & HAM,** [WM. B. PETERS.

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American Commission Merchant, . . 1 Rue Scribe, Paris.

[March 29.]

C. W. GILBERT.] **GILBERT & MOORE,** [H. A. MOORE.

Manufacturers of Office, School Furniture, and Settees.—Sales room, 219 Bush street. Factory, 445 Brannan street. Feb. 1.

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Chemists and Apothecaries, 321 Montgomery street, between Clay and Commercial, San Francisco, California. Dec. 24.

NOTICE OF THE CALIFORNIA PLACARD EXCHANGE.

The Directors of the California Placard Exchange and Bureau of Information for the Pacific Coast, hereby announce that they are now prepared to receive Placards, consisting of Chromos, Photographs, Lithographs, Diagrams, Maps, Business Cards, etc., and Public Notices of every kind relating to all Business Matters bearing upon the Interests of the Pacific Coast. These collected in one General Repository, easy of access, properly classified and made most attractive, will fill a great public want and powerfully stimulate our common interests. In a word, the Exchange will present to the eye of the visitor an Epitome of the Pacific States and San Francisco as they are, of their productions, manufactures and wealth, bringing a knowledge of the varied and vast interests of California and the adjacent Territories to a focus. Every occupier of one or more feet of Placard space will be charged at the rate of ONE DOLLAR PER SQUARE FOOT PER MONTH, and will be entitled to receive ONE HUNDRED TICKETS FOR EACH FOOT. Thus, if 10,000 feet be engaged, there will be admission tickets given to One Million of visitors. All orders for these attractive announcements will be received at the office of the Company, 607 to 615 Merchant street, San Francisco, where every information will be readily supplied. It is expected that the Exchange will be thrown open to the public about March 3d. J. MELVILLE, Secretary.

California Placard Exchange and Information Bureau for the Pacific Coast, Nos. 607 to 615 Merchant street, San Francisco. March 8.

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, $5,000,000. D. O. Mills, President; W. C. Ralston, Cashier. AGENTS—In New York, Messrs. LEES & WALLER; in Boston, TREMONT NATIONAL BANK; in London, ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION. Letters of Credit issued, available for the purchase of Merchandise throughout the United States, Europe, India, China, Japan and Australia. EXCHANGE for sale on the Atlantic Cities. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, St. Petersburgh, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Bremen, Vienna, Leipsic, Sydney, Melbourne, Yokohama, Shanghai, Hongkong, Frankfort-on-the-Main. March 28.

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THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital Stock, One Million Dollars. Levi Stevens, President; R. N. Van Brunt, Cashier. Banking House, 415 California street. July 2.

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John C. Gostling & Co., London.—The Portland Cement supplied by the above is now considered superior to any manufactured, and as a proof of this, we may mention a few of the important works where it has been extensively used, viz: by the Metropolitan Board of Works, in the Main Drainage and Thames Embankment; the Thames Conservancy, in repairing and constructing New Locks, etc. (the preceding have used upward of One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Tons). The Government Works at Portsmouth Dockyard are now being supplied at the rate of Twelve Thousand Tons per annum. The above quantities will in themselves speak for the good quality of this Cement, and the Certificates given by eminent Engineers are the results of tests made from that always supplied, and not from Cement manufactured specially for testing, as is often done, by well known makers. This Portland Cement is particularly adapted for all works where great strength and durability is required, and for uniformity of color cannot be equaled. In order to test the quality of all Portland Cement before using, a sample should be gauged neat and immediately immersed in water, and let remain there seven days before breaking. All orders to be addressed to the Sole Agents for California and this Coast, MACFARLANE, BLAIR & CO., 302 California street, S. F.
Or to J. C. GOSTLING & CO., 83 Grace Church street, London. May 3.

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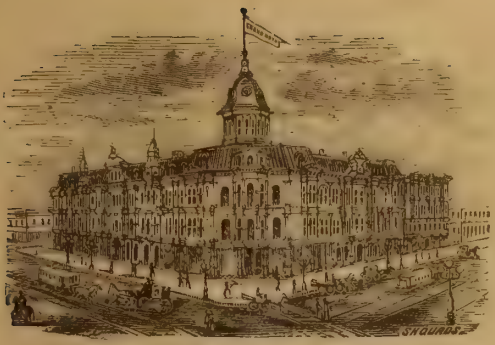

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THE CALIFORNIA

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JUNE, 1873.

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CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

FINANCE IN QUEENSLAND.

Australian Treasurers will have reason to remember the year 1872 as one of great financial prosperity. There is scarcely a colony on the mainland but can boast of an income in excess of the estimate, and in one instance at least, that of New South Wales, the surplus over expenditure is almost embarrassingly large. Queensland, although she has not attained to the same enviable distinction as her next door neighbor, has yet a handsome balance to the good. Beginning the year under hopeful auspices, her receipts have not only realized expectations, but have exceeded them by a round £150,000. To this result every important department of revenue has contributed something, and the colonists reasonably congratulate themselves upon the fact as indicating that the state of things over which they are in a position to rejoice is not merely accidental.

For some reason or other it has become the custom among writers about the colonies to place South Australia and Queensland in the same category, and for this reason, if for no other, the financial operations of our northeastern sister have for us a special interest. In examining into them we find that in many respects, either as to processes or results, or both, they differ widley from our own. Take, for example, the item of customs, which forms the *piece de resistance* in the finances of both provinces. In Adelaide the Treasurer's anticipations never rise above £270,000 a year, an amount, by the way, which, up to this time, he has not been privileged to handle, whereas the Brisbane Chancellor is able this year to record a receipt of £403,640. exclusive of Excise duties and an export charge upon gold, wich would increase the sum to £430,000. Towards this comparatively enormous total imported spirits pay £128,824, wine £16,776, ale, porter and the like £20,218. That estimable section of our community who view with dismay the extent to which intoxicating liquors circulate among us may console themselves with the reflection that the consumption here falls far short of the quantity required to produce an income of £160,000. Then tobacco, snuff and cigars yield £45,319—a very healthy looking item indeed; tea £29,335, not so healthy; butter cheese and dried fruits £20,468—a singularly unsatisfactory line, as it shows that dairy pursuits have not received the attention they should meet with in so essentially pastoral a country, and ad valorem duties £105,582. The excise on colonial spirits brings in £16,000, and the duty upon gold, an item that shows a slight decrease upon 1871, £11,318.

It will no doubt interest the people of South Australia, who at the very suggestion of increased taxation are accustomed to betray a restiveness which hitherto has effectually answered its object, to know that the burdens uncomplainingly borne by Queenslanders are nearly three times as heavy as those placed on our shoulders. Excluding the excise and gold duties, but taking into account the stamp tax, which produces an amount of £28,219, the levy upon Queensland taxpayers last year yielded £431,860. This, divided amongst a population of 120,000 souls, gives a total of nearly £3 12s., almost thrice the average sum paid by South Australians, who, under the head of customs, contribute something short of £1 8s. each, and have no equivalent for the stamp duty fund. The land revenue of our Eastern neighbor approximates closely to that of this colony, but there is a wide difference in the items. Out of an aggregate of £340,000 the absolute sales of land only bring in £13,000, the principal dependence of the Treasurer being upon the rents of conditional purchases, £115,000; and pastoral rents, £111,772. In 1872 there was an extraordinary amount of activity in the mining departments, the mineral selections realizing £45,900. It is not to be supposed that this branch of income will maintain its productiveness, although the fact that selectors are allowed to obtain the fee-simple of mineral lands tends to keep it in a flourishing state. The only other departments of revenue worth mentioning are those of railways, which brought close in upon £90,000 —a compratively moderate sum considering their length; the post office, which yielded £23,000, and the electric telegraph, from which £16,500 was received. The gross income for the year, irrespective of special receipts devoted to special services was £988,889.

In the matter of expenditure there are some points in connection with the Queensland accounts worthy of notice. In the first place it is observable that the establishments almost without exception show an increase upon 1871, amounting in the aggregate to several thousand pounds. How far this is due to the natural expansion of that department, and how far to the relaxation of that economical policy which a depressed state of public finance rendered necessary does not appear, but the expenses of Government certainly seem large for a community like

Queensland. The actual outlay during the year upon what may be termed ordinary services reached £852,000, an amount slightly, but only slightly, in advance of the estimate. On the police the enormous sum of £80,000 odd was laid out; upon the conveyance of mails and the maintenance of the post office and electric telegraph departments the no less considerable total of £71,500 was expended, whilst for the purposes of education only £28,249 was provided. We mention this latter item, not to object to the smallness of the sum, for it is largely in excess of the South Australian appropriation, but to show that the experiment of free schools now being tried in Queensland is not so outrageously costly as might be imagined. With regard to several other services there is a commingling of loan and ordinary expenditure which to our ears sounds strangely incongruous. Thus the expense of immigration, which last year amounted to over £33,000, was partly met out of the General Revenue and partly out of borrowed money, by far the larger portion coming from the latter source. Railways and roads, light-houses, telegraphs, harbors and rivers, and steamers for public use have been similarly dealt with, and even municipalities appear to depend for their subsidies upon the Loan Fund. Heretical as our Treasurers and Legislature have become in matters financial, they have not yet espoused such liberal views as seem to animate Queensland politicians. We have got as near to borrowing for the maintenance of main roads as our natural abhorrence of such a system will allow, but we have not openly and deliberately provided the Treasurer with a chest of borrowed money from which to make up current deficiencies at his will. As a matter of fact, last year's outlay from loans upon the services mentioned reached £142,037 in Queensland, and that in spite of the fact that the revenue surpassed the ordinary disbursements by nearly £150,000.

Looking at the Queensland accounts as a whole we may gain from them instruction both as to what we should do and what we should avoid. They show conclusively that in the matter of taxation for general State purposes South Australians are specially favored; whilst in other respects, and notably in regard to the appropriation of loans, a more sound policy prevails here than among our northeastern neighbors. —*Australian Paper.*

ENGLAND'S AFRICAN DIFFICULTY.

We are Impressed with the heavy anxiety Africa is becoming. Dr. Livingstone is not yet out of the wood, and the last expedition to his relief has met with the usual impediments of a march to the interior. If it is not war with the natives, it is sure to be mutiny in the force, the failure of supplies, or the utter prostration of the party by fever. Inadequate as must be the conception here of the hardships of an African march, we seem to get sufficiently familiar with records of travel in this region to judge a calamitous end to an expedition far more probable than a successful one. Livingstone has seemed to possess a charmed life, though what he has suffered has scarcely had a parallel in human experience. The rugged desolation of the country, fierce heat, perils from wild animals and scarcely less savage inhabitants, is all made finally dangerous by the curse of a slave traffic. Even the blacks, who would be blessed by such an expedition as that led by Sir Samuel Baker, look with suspicion upon the strangers, and conjecture that they have come to engage in the very trade they desire to suppress, while all the slave participators hate the interferers. The strength of this feeling is evidenced by the treatment Sir Bartle Frere is receiving. The slave market must be flourishing surprisingly for the Sultan of Zanzibar to treat with indifference the Ambassador of Great Britain. Yet so it is; and we have plenty of evidence that this systematic slave trade has a hold in the interior that will tax all the courage, enterprising benevolence, and patience of the British nation. It is a responsibility we shall not shrink from. England has determined that the East African coast shall be cleared of slave dhows. It may be a work of time, valuable lives and much revenue may be risked in the attempt, but it will be ultimately successful, and the Sultan of Zanzibar should take note that he will have to succumb, like Theodore, sooner or later, and that he may as well yield sooner and save himself trouble. Opposition will only intensify our zeal; and if the fate of Sir Samuel and Lady Baker be unhappily as reported, that also will add to the conviction that we must not withdraw our hand until the slave trade in Indian waters ceases, and the traffic even far into the interior of Africa paralyzed. At present, it must be admitted, there is a difficulty in Africa almost as intricate and troublesome as that in Central Asia.
—*Overland Mail.*

It is Currently Reported that a deputation of toothless old ladies are to wait upon Beecher on his arrival here (if he ever comes) and present him with a splendidly bound Bible. We should imagine that it would, like sending a present of a string of sausages to any one who lived near the dog pound, be a present not appreciated. Too much shop about it. Give the old boy something that does not savor so much of shop. Give him, for instance, a couple of faro boxes and a file of the *News Letter*. He could make money then, and gain a little information at the same time. We give Mr. Beecher the credit of possessing more common sense than the boobies who toady him, and are sure that no one despises them more than he does himself. If these rampant old she cats have cash to spare, let them spend it on our poor. We have plenty more deserving characters here than Ward Beecher; people to whom a loaf would be of more use than a dozen Bibles would to the Boss Parson.

A MYSTERY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The river hemmed with leaning trees,
Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang:
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang!

No clue of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew;
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

The river wound as it should wind;
Their place the mountains took,
The white, torn fringes of their clouds
Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,
Walked with me as my guide:
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim remembered dream?
Or glimpse through aeons old?
The secret which the mountains kept,
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed,
A tender hope I drew,
And, pleasant as a dawn of Spring,
The thought within me grew,

That love would temper every change,
And soften all surprise,
And, misty with the dreams of earth,
The hills of Heaven arise.

HOW THE LONDONERS SPENT EASTER MONDAY.

Fine Weather, a Bank Holiday, and the almost universal cessation from business on Easter Monday, caused the main thoroughfares of the metropolis to be thronged from an early hour in the morning with thousands of persons of all classes and ages making their way to the various railway stations. The day was bright, sunny, and warm; the wind had changed to the southeast; and a clear sky took the place of the oppressive gloom of Good Friday. From seven until ten o'clock trains crowded with excursionists were dispatched as rapidly as safety would permit from the various London termini—Margate, Ramsgate, Brighton, Portsmouth, Southampton, Dover, and other towns on the south, southeastern, and southwestern coasts being those more generally resorted to. The suburban traffic from the Waterloo station of the southwestern line to Hampton Court, Kew, Putney, Richmond, etc., was enormous, and the station was thronged until a late hour in the afternoon, hundreds at last leaving greatly disappointed with their fruitless efforts to find accommodation in the crowded trains. The scene at the stations of the Chatham and Dover and Crystal Palace lines were of a similar character, and the officials report they do not recollect a day when the traffic was greater. After twelve o'clock the crowds and crush at the river steam-boat piers was equally as great. As a consequence of this outpouring of the holiday population of London, the suburban districts of popular resort were all thronged with visitors—Hampton Court, Kew Gardens, Greenwich Park, the Crystal Palace, Blackheath, Hampstead Heath, Clapham Common, each having a more than average contingent; while the places nearer home, such as Battersea and the Victoria and Regent's Parks were all crowded from early morning until dusk. The out-door places of amusement, such as the Zoological Gardens, the Surry Gardens, Cremorne, and the North Woolwich Gardens, were also crowded with visitors. The International Exhibition was opened, and visited by more than 10,000 persons during the day. The number of visitors to the Zoological Gardens was 42,320, and to the British Museum about 14,000. By four o'clock in the afternoon 10,210 persons had passed into the Bethnal Green Museum, and two hours earlier the visitors at the National Gallery were between 7,000 and 7,000. More than 43,000 holiday-keepers went to the Crystal Palace, and 10,450 visited the Brighton Aquarium. It is universally admitted that on no previous Easter Monday has so large a number of the inhabitants of the metropolis kept holiday, and that there was but little disorderly conduct or intemperance to be seen in the streets, which were thronged with the homeward-bound holiday makers until a late hour at night. In the evening the theaters were crowded, although, with very few exceptions, the programmes remained unchanged. At the Adelphi a melo-drama founded on the story of "The Wandering Jew" was produced, and at the Gaiety a burlesque by Mr. Reece, called *Martha*. The other houses presented a remarkably stationary aspect. At the Haymarket there was the *Wicked World;* at the Lyceum, *Charles I.;* at the Olympic, *Little Em'ly;* at the Strand, *Old Soldiers;* at the Prince of Wales, *Man and Wife;* at the Queen's, *Old London;* at the Globe, *Time Works Wonders;* at the Opera Comique, *The Bohemians;* at the Court, *The Happy Land;* at the Holborn, *Much Ado About Nothing;* to which a particular effect is given by Mr. Creswick's performance of the two parts, "Benedick" and "Dogberry;" at the Vaudeville, the *School for Scandal;* and at the Alhambra, *Black Crook.*

The Australian Preserved Meat Companies are now arranging for freezing their meat in casks. The entire animal will be frozen and landed in England as fresh as when first shipped.

CURT CORRESPONDENCE.

Butler pronounced brevity to be good, whether we are or are not understood; a dictum that capital letter-writer Mrs. Cibber, of histrionic fame, did not accept, for writing to Garrick, she excuses her prolixity, saying: "If I attempted to be laconic, I must either omit what I wanted to say, or run the risk of expressing myself so as not to be understood; besides, my mother taught me, when very young, that the farthest way about was the nearest way home, and you see the force of education!" Some theatrical celebrities managed, nevertheless, to be both brief and intelligible. When Knight, by the advice of an admirer, offered his professional services to Tate Wilkinson, the manager replied: "Sir: I am not acquainted with any Mr. Phillips except a Quaker, and he is the last man in the world to recommend an actor to my theater; I don't want you." Knight retorted: "I should as soon think of applying to a Methodist parson to preach for my benefit as to a Quaker to recommend me to Mr. Wilkinson; I don't want to come." Twelve months after, the comedian received another epistle: "Mr. Methodist Parson, I have a living that produces twenty-five shillings a week; will you hold forth!—T. W." And the pair made a bargain of it. Some of these epistolary crackers are very amusing. Lord Berkely wishing to apprise the Duke of Dorset of his changed condition, wrote: "Dear Dorset: I have just been married, and am the happiest dog alive. Berkeley." His interesting news being acknowledged with: "Dear Berkeley: Every dog has his day.—Dorset." Mr. Kendall, some time Uncle Sam's Postmaster-General, wanting some information as to the source of a river, sent the following note to a village postmaster: "Sir: This department desires to know how far the Tombigbee river runs up?—Respectfully yours, etc." By return mail came: "Sir: The Tombigbee does not run up at all; it runs down.—Very respectfully yours, etc." Kendall not appreciating his subordinate's humor, wrote again: "Sir: Your appointment as postmaster is revoked; you will turn over the funds, etc., pertaining to your office to your successor." Not at all disturbed by his summary dismissal, the postmaster replied: "Sir: The revenues for office for the month ending September 30th, have been 95 cents; its expenditure, same period, for tallow-candles and twine, 1.05 dollars. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance." His superior officer was probably as much disgusted with his precise correspondent as the American editor who, writing to a Connecticut brother: "Send full particulars of the flood"—meaning an inundation at this place—received for reply: "You will find them in Genesis." A good specimen of Yankee brevity is the order received by a commissariat officer, named Brown, from a Colonel Boyd, which could scarcely have been couched in fewer words than: "Brown: Beef.—Boyd;" the colonel receiving his supplies with a note running: "Boyd: Beef.—Brown." Talleyrand acknowledged a pathetic letter from a lady friend announcing her widowhood, with a note of two words: "Helas! madame!" And when the easily consoled dame wrote not very long afterwards, soliciting his influence on behalf of an officer she was about to marry, he merely replied: "Ho! ho! madame!" More satisfactory to the recipient was Lord Eldon's note to his friend Dr. Fisher of the Charterhouse: "Dear Fisher: I cannot, to-day, give you the preferment for which you ask. Your sincere friend.—Eldon. (Turn over) I gave it you yesterday." Pleasant to all parties concerned was the correspondence between the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Cork: "Dear Cork: Please ordain Stanhope.—York." "Dear York: Stanhope is ordained.—Cork." When a member of Lord North's administration, Fox one night took the liberty of walking into one lobby while his chief went into the other. As he sat on the ministerial bench the next evening, one of the door-keepers handed him a note. Upon opening it, the rebellious politician read: "Sir: His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of the Treasury, in which I do not find the name of Charles James Fox.—North." Not more agreeable to the recipient was Henry Drummond's answer to a letter asking him to join the advocates of the Maine Liquor Law: "Sir: I think the Maine Liquor Law perfectly detestable, and will do my best to prevent its being adopted here.—Youre, H. Drummond." As a rule, a man with a grievance is too proud of his wrongs to be laconic, but here is an exception to the rule: "Sir: I was a lieutenant with General Stanhope when he took Minorca in 1708, for which he was made a lord. I was a lieutenant with General Blakeney when he lost Minorca in 1756, for which he was made a lord. I am a lieutenant still!" Surely such an appeal ought to have proved resistless, almost as resistless as that of the dying dramatist: "Dear Bob: I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moments of his life, thine.—G. Farquhar." Bob Johnson the jockey, noted in turf annals by his connection with the famous mare Beeswing, was as chary of his words as his master was of his money. Having to write to Mr. Ord to let him know how things were going on at home, Bob compressed his information into the smallest possible compass: "Sir: The meer's weel; I'm weel; we're a' weel.—Robert Johnson." A pretty connubial effusion was that of the French lady: "I write to you because I have nothing to do, I end my letter because I have nothing to say." Not so pretty the note chalked upon a tea-tray by a woman who hanged herself after a tiff with her husband: "Dear Jim: You have driven me this little affair. Be good to the dog, and ask Mrs. L. to be kind to the birds."—*Chambers' Journal.*

We have to Record the Death of S. R. Buie, J. P., who died April 22d, at Lytton, B. C. He came to British Columbia in 1858. Deceased was a native of Scotland, and was born in 1837.

THE BANK FORGERIES.

Austin Bidwell, alias Warren, one of the men concerned in the forgeries on the Bank of England, who was arrested on his arrival at Havana a short time ago, has made an unsuccessful attempt to escape. He got away from the prison where he had been lodged, but was recaptured on the sea shore about twenty miles above Havana. In escaping he was severely bruised in the hands and legs. The London detectives have arrived out, and have fully identified the prisoner. It will be remembered that judgment on the application of George Macdonnell for a *habeas corpus* was deferred by the New York Court until Saturday, April 12. On that day an elaborate judgment was delivered by Judge Woodruff discharging the application. Macdonnell was remanded. In the meantime fuller depositions have been sent to New York containing the further evidence which has been developed. The Boston *Advertiser* gives the following account of the past career of Macdonnell: "Under the assumed name of George W. Bradford he operated in a cattle swindle in Portland, Maine, several years ago; and, while under arrest there, was delivered up to detective Coyle, of New York, who had the papers for him for a swindling operation at Tiffaney & Co.'s, the Broadway jewelers, and he was sentenced to Sing Sing for two years. In the Summer of 1868, he and his brother Michael, professing to be commission merchants, attempted to steal $500 out of the Hide and Leather Bank of Boston on a bogus check drawn by a Chicago house; but the bank officers were too smart for them and they made off to escape arrest. Michael, in October of the same year, having in his company a young man named Hill, appeared in Worcester, Massachusetts, and by forging a certified check got $20,000 out of a bank there, and then stole a horse and wagon to aid them in escaping. Hill was subsequently arrested in New Jersey for a forgery perpetrated in connection with Michael Macdonnell on the Sturtevant Bank and got seven years in the State Prison, but was pardoned out last Fall. George Macdonnell was one of the gang at the time of these forgeries, but did not appear as a principal. From the admission of his confederates, however, it appears that George was the inventive head of the organization, and planned a gigantic system of forgeries in the United States. Deposits in small sums were to be made in different banks and certified checks to be obtained thereon, which were to be altered, and, by simultaneous action, the forgers expected to make a haul amounting in the aggregate to hundreds of thousands of dollars. After Michael had been in prison over a year, George came here and tried to get him released when the Legislature was in session, but met with no encouragement. Michael then tried to bribe the son of the late warden, Willard, to aid him in securing outside assistance, and gave him a letter to W. W. Bidwell, in New York, which was never delivered. This Bidwell, it now appears, was one of the confederates of Gerorge Macdonnell in the English robbery. These facts go to show the gang is an old one, and the New York detectives in concealing that fact evidently have some motive for it. Michael's term in the State Prison will expire next Fall, and he will go free now that the Worcester matter is settled."

A RAILWAY TRAIN STOPPED BY LOCUSTS.

The Statement that a train has been stopped by a host of locusts will seem to most persons to be one of a most extraordinarily exaggerated nature, and yet we are assured that such was the fact on the line between Castlemaine and Sandhurst recently. As the 7:45 train did not arrive here to time, the station master communicated with Castlemaine by telegraph, and was informed that it had been started at the usual time. Having waited for some time, he ordered a special engine to be got ready to proceed down the line, but before it could start the train arrived, being half an hour behind time. The guard reported that when near Harcourt the train was suddenly brought to a standstill, and on inspection it was found that an obstruction had been caused by an immense accumulation of locusts on the line, covering the ground to the depth of about four inches. As the insects were crushed under the fore wheels of the locomotive, the line became so slippery that the driving wheels would not grip. The rails were sanded to no purpose, and at last small pebbles were used, and even then four trucks had to be left behind. The trains which arrived later reported that they had not experienced any such difficulty, the locusts probably having cleared off the line. How they got there in such numbers it is not very easy to guess. It was raining at the time the 7:45 train encountered them, and it is most likely a heavy flight of them had been driven together by a strong gust of wind, and been beaten down by the rain. It is a wonder the people in charge of the train did not think of getting some boughs and fastening them on to the guard irons, in order to act as a broom, a course which would be necessary if the progress of a train were impeded by a fall of snow, and which is common enough at home. From this strange occurrence, persons who have seen nothing of the dense flights of locusts, with which many of the provinces have been infested of late, will be able to gain some idea of the immense numbers in which they frequently pass over the country.—*Bendigo Advertiser, Australia.*

Pacific Coast Consul for Sweden and Norway.—WASHINGTON, May 13.—The President has recognized Gustave O'Hara Taaffe as Consul for Sweden and Norway at San Francisco, for California and Oregon, and the Territories of Washington and Alaska.

THE DEVIL'S WALK THROUGH SAN FRANCISCO.

"By the bye I must to bed at break of day
A-watching the Devil has gone
To walk his round little lower than earth,
And see how his stock goes on." COLERIDGE.

To San Francisco city he went,
And his work grew more fun,
While sparks of delight, flew in showers bright,
At the prospect of rich, rare fun.

He took a long stroll down Kearny street,
He stared into every store,
And a look of surprise came into his eyes
At the gorgeous sights he saw.

And he said, "how this city has grown
Since the last trip I took up here,
When a few wretched shede, with hammocks for beds,
Made a home for the Pioneer."

He looked at the flagstaffs while walking,
And he pulled up a passer by:
"Can you tell me," he said, "what big gun is dead,
That these flags are all half-mast high?"

And the passer-by thus gave answer,
(For a drop was he in his way),
Says he, "Don't you know why those flags are so?"
Why, they're hanging the Chicken to-day."

So the Devil went off to the jail,
He burned his way through the dense crowd,
Pushed by the reporters, got up to headquarters,
In front of the Chicken, and bowed.

He laughed as he saw Father Spreckles,
Who was praying with all his might,
For he knew very well there'd be sport down in hell,
And a chicken for supper that night.

He thought that his friend, Sheriff Adams,
Made the whole thing go neatly and nice,
His tail gave a switch, as without e'en a hitch,
The Chicken's neck snapped in a trice.

And he told the good Sheriff if ever
He came to the regions below,
He'd give him a billet (he knew he would like it),
Worth a million of dollars or so.

He saw the reports in the dailies,
And smiled at the horrible way
They poison the city; says he, "Its a pity
They haven't a hanging each day.

"Why not hang a reporter, and send
The rest to record his last kick,
Then beat out his brains, divide all the remains,
And feed on the offal till sick."

How he smiled, with a cynical leer,
As he thought what fools men must be,
To import the Chinese, with their loathsome disease,
The small-pox, from over the sea.

Well he noted the number of stores
Where murderous weapons are sold,
And danced with delight as he pictured the sight
Of corpses all bloody and cold.

Then he called in and had a good drink
Of lager, all creamy with foam,
He dipped in his tail, turned the beer into ale,
Drank it off, and then started for home.

ANTI-CHINESE.

There was a Meeting of the Anti-Chinese held about ten days ago at Dashaway Hall. It is hardly necessary to say that it was not a crowded meeting. The entrance fee was twenty-five cents, and that was more than enough to keep away most of the valuable citizens, who cry out against the Chinese. Of course, the presiding officer was A. M. Winn. There could be no perfectly empty and insane project devised in this city, over which he did not preside, or try to preside. All creatures are made for some end or other, and Winn's end is the other end.

For being, by Nature, more designed
For resting than for toiling,
He sits upon his parts behind,
While others do the boiling.

The resolutions offered and adopted declared opposition to the immigration of Chinese, and called upon the Legislature to amend the Eight Hour Law so as to compel those hiring white laborers to work them only eight hours a day; and they also proposed a correspondence with the Anti-Chinese Association of Sacramento, with a view to the formation of a State Anti-Chinese Association. The first resolution and the last are good for what they will bring; the second is characteristic of the intelligent men who bear up the buoyant Winn. The gist of their complaint against the Chinaman is that he is so frugal and so industrious, working early and late, that the white laborers cannot compete with him; and in order to help them in the already unequal struggle, it is proposed to take from them two hours of each day's time! The shop of United Mechanics clearly understands by the Rule of Three a solemn resolution that three means four.

Mr. Philip A. Roach was the speaker of the evening. He said that the press was rallying to the cause of labor; which was only his fun, there being no press

in the room, but plenty of empty seats. He spoke about the wonders wrought by "Celtic and Teutonic" labor in the East. If he had been talking to ordinary men, he would have said "Irish and German;" but your United Mechanic likes a good, full sounding, incomprehensible adjective; it reminds him of Winn. Mr. Roach forgot to mention that the war cry now raised against Chinese cheap labor was raised thirty years ago ago in the East against Irish cheap labor; and with quite as much reason. The labor-market of the country was in what the working-men regarded as its normal condition. Men could find work at good wages near their own homes; and society seemed to be progressing as favorably as possible, a sturdy, industrious and moral class of laborers gradually conquering the stubborn earth, and Americanizing it, when all at once the floodgates were opened, and a sea of wild and hungry women rushed in, ready to work for prices, at which the American would starve, and fairly drove him from the field. This is the literal truth. It was the wild Irishman who supplanted the native American; and Mr. Roach knows as well as anybody that while the American could not live for less than two dollars a day, the Irishman, until he was civilized, lived for fifty cents, and spent a good part of that for whisky. These are facts, which Mr. Roach knows; why could he not be honest, and bring them out, since they certainly have a bearing on the present case? It is all very well to talk of Celtic *and Teutonic* labor; but what have the Teutons to do with the matter? They do not look at the thing as Mr. Roach does; they do not agree with the United Mechanics; they have no hatred to the Chinese, and no disposition to interfere with them. The Germans are white, to be sure, and they are citizens, and numerous, and they have votes; and these facts, taken together, may possibly have had some influence over the mind of Mr. Philip Roach, when he thought of associating them, in a secondary position, with his Celtic friends. He will loudly repudiate the "secondary position," and protest that he thinks the Germans just as good as the Irish. We are ready to believe him; and we call upon him, at once, to say why it is that these Teutons, the equals of his Celts, do not put themselves forward in his Anti-Chinese movement? We say nothing of the Americans, who are palpably inferior to the Irish; but why don't the Germans rally to the battle-cry of "Down with the Chinese?" We can tell why. The Germans are not perfect; but they are, for the most part, men engaged in serious business, and working at it intelligently and with perseverance. Such men have no particular reason to fear the competition of Chinese or Irish, or anybody; and accordingly, they do not attend Mr. Philip Roach's lectures. It is even doubtful whether they know his name, which we take pleasure in revealing to them.

The presence of the Chinese in the northern portion of the city, says Mr. Roach, has depreciated the value of rents, and now the city is compelled to open a new avenue at a cost of two millions, to give the general public an approach to the northern part, etc. This is very pathetic; the worse so that Mr. Roach resides in the northern part referred to, and knows perfectly well that rents have not depreciated in that quarter, because they always were depreciated; he knows also that the general public has avoided North Beach because it was given up to the poorer classes of foreigners, Irish, German, Mexican, Spanish, Greek, French and Italian, much more than because it was Chinese, which it is not: and he cannot help knowing, at least as well as any respectable resident of North Beach, that Montgomery avenue was imagined, and brought into shape, and pushed through by an exceedingly small number of public-spirited citizens, and that the obligation of the city in the matter amounts to zero. North Beach property never was up; how could it be specially down to-day? Every city has some such neglected quarter. What Bostonian would build on Copp's Hill, what New Yorker on First Avenue, what Philadelphian in Southwark?

The whole of Mr. Roach's tirade, for it was nothing else, may be summed up in this; the Chinese are pagans, and industrious, and pig-tailed, and we don't like them, and they have no votes; and so, let us twist every fact out of its plain meaning, and pander to every senseless prejudice, born of fanaticism and ignorance, and see if we can't secure a few hundred more votes for that great day, when there may be a man up for Congress, whose name begins with R. As for the swamping of the country, let it be swamped, if a few Chinamen can do it. We care not a fig for the morality that can bear no temptation; or the religion that can bear no light, or the liberty that can bear no freedom; and when a Republic gets to the point of proscribing immigrants on account of yellow skin and pigtail, we can only regret that it did not wake up fifty years before, and shut its gates against men who say "would" for "should;" and prefer whisky to opium. The real difficulty in this Chinese question Mr. Roach has not even hinted at. It is pointed out to him, however, in the New York *World*, of May 6th, where he will find a letter from San José de Costa Rica, full of most interesting facts on the Chinese coolie traffic from Macao. The one question for us is, whether we shall supervise the immigration of the Chinese, and see that it is carried out in accordance with the letter and spirit of our institutions, or whether we shall leave it to the unchecked control of the Chinese companies. Forbid it we cannot, until General Winn is elected President of the United States, and the Hon. Philip Roach, Secretary of State, to astound mankind with all he knows, and all he keeps from knowing.

The Palace Car "Avon" arrived with a party of English capitalists on board, among whom are E. H. Green, of the London and San Francisco Bank, and Mr. Rodewald, one of the Directors of the Bank of England. They are the guests of Milton S. Latham.

SHEAVES.

A sad autumnal sky—a twilight sky,
All colorless and gray;
A low wind whispering through the withered grass
And wandering away;
Bare trees save for a handful of brown leaves;
A quiet reaper resting with her sheaves—

How poor they seem! how few, how worthless all!
Ah! for another spring;
Or if the Summer, late and cold at best,
Might come again, and bring
The light and warmth that best mature the grain
Before the frost falls and the latter rain!

And yet He knows, and judges all aright:
Some by the wayside fell;
Some came to naught; and some the birds devoured;
And He alone can tell
What bitter chance or circumstance decreed
The utter failure of the cherished seed.

But it may be in a diviner air
Transfigured and made pure,
The harvest that we deemed as wholly lost
Waits perfect and mature:
And the faint heart that now defeated grieves
May yet stand smiling 'mid abundant sheaves. —*Mary L. Ritter.*

BLODGETT'S PATENT ROAD SCRAPER.

A Labor Saving Machine.—This road scraper is used extensively in the Eastern States, where it is considered a great improvement over the antiquated scraper, cart, or wheelbarrow. The old-fashioned scraper dislocates the arms, and the cart and wheelbarrow breaks the back and otherwise strains the body, so that between the three the work of the road maker and grader is hard, compared with the facility with which the work is done by this improvement, inasmuch as it will do a great deal more work in less time, and at less expense; while the driver rides (instead of tramping all day at the tail of his team), having at the same time complete control over the scraper, so that he can depress or elevate it, either to take up or discharge a load at any desired place.

A detailed description of this valuable machine is not necessary to convince any intelligent and practical road-maker, that will inspect the model, of its being a most valuable labor-saving invention, for either grading railroads, wagon roads, streets, excavating and leveling town plats, removing building and paving stones, for farm use, and for many other purposes where the surface of the earth requires to be graded or leveled.

A gentleman from California, while in the city of New York, saw and conversed with several railroad contractors and others who had used a large number of these scrapers successfully in clay and gravelly ground so hard as to first require plowing. He became so well satisfied that it would be just the thing for the light and sandy soil of California, that he purchased the patent right for the State of California with the view of organizing a grading company, so much needed in the cities of San Francisco, San Jose, Sacramento and other towns and cities throughout the State, for leveling sand-hills, grading streets, railroads, etc.

With such a machine there is a grand opening for the manufacturing and selling or working by contract in grading railroads, streets and building lots.

We are prepared to treat either for the sale of said patent right for the State of California, or if a fair equivalent is offered in cash and capital stock, would be willing to place said right in the hands of responsible parties for the purpose of forming a joint stock company.

A model may be seen at the office of the undersigned, who are authorized to negotiate for the sale of said right.

CURLE, STEWART & Co.,
SAN FRANCISCO, May 15, 1873. 331 Montgomery street, Room No. 18.

PUBLIC FEELING IN ALSACE.

The French Journals eagerly publish accounts of any *gaminerie* on the part of the Alsatians tending to show continued attachment to France. There was great excitement lately at Mulhausen in consequence of the appearance of a tricolor flag fastened to the topmost branches of an immense poplar tree in the town: A crowd instantly collected, and the police were soon on the spot. They offered ten, twenty, nay, thirty thalers, to any one who would remove the offensive emblem, but no one came forward. At length a German carpenter attempted the feat. This was not an easy one, for the poplar tree had been covered with tar for several yards from the ground. The carpenter, however, contrived to reach the first branch, which instantly broke in his eager grasp, and he fell to the ground. He tried again, but the next branch also gave way, and it was now clear that the individual who had carried the French standard up to its present lofty position had sawn through all the branches on his way down. The discomfited climber was then entrusted to an easier task—that of cutting down the tree—which accordingly soon fell to the ground, amidst a storm of yells and hisses. The crowd instantly divided the flag into a thousand shreds, which they pocketed with enthusiasm, while the last on the spot contented themselves with twigs of the poplar, which was soon a mere skeleton tree. Next morning a black cross was found fixed to the stump, with the inscription, "Fallen in the service of the country."

THE WOMEN OF LOWELL.

If the N. Y. Graphic is to be believed, there are one hundred and sixty-two women of Lowell, Mass., who have discovered a cure for the social evil, and a preventive of ante-natal child-murder, vagabond children, foundling asylums, and other diseases. The cure and the preventive are one and the same; and it requires only the passage of an Act by the Massachusetts Legislature to put this wonder-working charm within the reach of all. It seems that the census of 1870 reveals the fact that there are in Massachusetts 50,000 women more than men; and on this hint the one hundred and sixty-two speak out, calling for the legalization of polygamy, so that the 50,000 may be absorbed into already existing families. It is needless to say that these good women appeal to the Bible, in support of their petition; and enforce this appeal by a reference to the marriage customs, which still prevail in that part of the world where the Bible originated. It is only one more proof, if any proof were needed, of the marvelous completeness of God's word, as recorded in the Book, that theories of the latest and most advanced school of progress find in the Holy Scriptures their most fitting illustration and their strongest support. There can be no doubt as to the practice of the patriarchs and heroes of the Old Testament. They were men of great breadth of view, and extremely free from anything like our European conventionalities on the subject of marriage; though we must confess that we have never been able to regard Jacob as a really capable, thorough-going patriarch. He certainly showed excellent qualities of mind and heart in the imposture played off on his blind father, and very superior psychological and physiological attainments in getting the better of his uncle Laban on the sheep question; but we had a right to expect something better than the vulgar and clumsy way in which he worked out his right to his two wives. Any German or English bumpkin could have toiled for seven years, to be rewarded at last with the hand of the wrong girl; it was not necessary to be the patriarch Jacob, to be so dull. It is true that he did what he could to redeem himself, in the matter of hand-maids; but he has no special claim to acknowledgment on that score. So far as the Bible is concerned, the ladies of Lowell are partly in the right. The men after God's own heart undoubtedly had several wives apiece, after their own hearts; but we fear that there must be something missing in the Lowell copies of the Bible. We do not allude to any of the commandments; the constituents of Butler must know the Decalogue by heart. The fair petitioners of Lowell are sure that the measure they demand will put an end to the social evil, because the Old Testament is full of polygamy. They evidently do not know that it is also full of the social evil, specially so called, as well as of other evils, hardly to be named in the uncompromising English tongue. They cannot have read the book of Leviticus; but they must have heard of Joshua's spies who entered Jericho, and took shelter with an accommodating landlady. They must have read of Judah and his daughter-in-law, sitting by the wayside, as one of a well-known caste. Is it to be believed that they never heard of Samson and his flirtations among the laughing dames of Philistia and Israel? What was it the men of Benjamin did, which required the extermination of their tribe? And the sons of the Shechem! Not to multiply citations, it may be enough to ask these ladies, if the story of Lot and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah really testify to the superior morality of polygamous countries in antiquity? It might be better to leave antiquity and the Biblical heroes to their repose; and perhaps we shall have better success with the Orient of to-day. Travelers tell us that there is nothing changed in the East; and we believe they tell the truth. The East has always been polygamous, and the monstrous vices, which men never name, have always flourished in the East. The ladies of Lowell cannot all have traveled in Egypt and Turkey; but they can read, and we refer them to writers like Stavorinus, and Sonnini, and Pückler-Muskau, and Roger de Beauvoir. Some one of the hundred and sixty-two may have an acquaintance in the navy, who has visited the Levant; let her, if she has courage, and she must have a good deal, ask him what are the stories current in the mess-rooms about the rosy midshipmen, who go ashore at Smyrna and Constantinople. Let her ask him what houses those were which he himself saw in Constantinople; houses well-known to the police, and frequented openly, though the Turkish law punishes with death the deeds done therein, every day in the year. The social evil, in the limited sense which we give to the phrase, flourishes in the polygamous countries, not less than in those which maintain the sanctity of the marriage relation; and, if it were not sad, it would be laughable to see the crass ignorance of the reformers on this point. The social system of our European civilization is far from perfect; but, in order to arrive at a correct estimate of its merits and demerits, we must know what is in other systems, as well as what is in our own. It may safely be assumed that our Bible makes a false point of departure for us. We learn from it a theory about multiplication of the species, which is in itself at the bottom of much of our social wrong. There is not any virtue in bringing children into the world; but there is crime of the deepest and blackest in destroying the life once begun. No one feels called upon to weep over the seeds of the flower, or the tree, or the fish, which perish untimely and without being developed; neither should any weep over a man or woman, who lives an honorable life, but lives and dies without leaving a child. There is no necessity for leaving a child. Each creature is complete in itself, and responsible only for itself, if it does not assume the responsibility of others. It is no hardship that fifty thousand women in Massachusetts should be without husbands; they are probably much better than if they had each a husband, or a half interest in one. The world will hardly go on if there are not marriages, and very possibly there is no need of the world's going on; but it is certain from all history and all reasoning, that the world gets on even worse with polygamy than with monogamy.

Court Chat.

The Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by the Princess, laid the first stone of the Norfolk County School at North Elmham on April 14. The place was gaily decorated, the streets were crowded and their Royal Highnesses were received with much enthusiasm. The school has been originated on the Devonshire model, principally through the exertions of the Rev. J. L. Brereton, and the necessary capital (£10,000) has been provided through the organization of a limited liability company. Replying to an address, the Prince said: "It is a sincere gratification to contribute—in however small a degree—to the education of a class with which as a landowner I am so intimately connected; and it is with the strongest feelings of hope and confidence in the beneficent results that I now proceed to lay the first stone of a school first projected and still mainly intended for the advantage of the agricultural community. The Princess, by her presence on this occasion, desires to be associated in all my good wishes for the ultimate success of the undertaking, and we both beg you to accept our warm and cordial thanks for the kind sentiments you have expressed towards us." The proceedings ended with a luncheon, served in a marquee upon the ground, and to which the Prince and Princess of Wales were invited. About six hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down, under the presidency of Lord Leicester. The Prince of Wales, in acknowledging the toast of his health, said: "My lot being cast in Norfolk, as a country gentleman it has always been my earnest desire to do all in my power to further any good work which may be set on foot in the country; especially it has given the Princess of Wales and myself great pleasure to lay the foundation stone of this Norfolk County School, which I sincerely hope may prosper in every possible way. The school has been founded by the tenant farmers of Norfolk upon a new principle, and I have not the slightest doubt that it will flourish. I take a deep interest in this school, as I do in the education of all classes of our community. And it will afford me the greatest pleasure to connect myself still more closely with the school by presenting a prize, leaving it to the managers to decide in what shape it shall be given. I wish to show you that not only am I ready to come here to-day to lay the foundation of this school, but that I also desire to have a permanent connection with the institution." On leaving the marquee the Prince and Princess paid a visit to Lord and Lady Sondes at Elmham Hall, and returned to Sandringham by way of Lynn and Wolferton.

Unexpected Manifestation of Loyalty.—A remarkable and amusing incident occurred, says the Madras *Mail*, in connection with Lord Northbrook's visit to the Colaba Lunatic Asylum, which illustrates in a notable way the deep and sincere loyalty of the Parsee nation towards the Queen. Mr. Ruttonjee Furdoonjee Parnek, of Messrs. Monesse & Co., observing the Viceroy's cortege passing Lower Colaba Causeway toward the Asylum, thought of paying respect to His Lordship on his return in a truly oriental style. By the time the Viceregal party passed on its return Mr. Ruttonjee's bungalow, he had all the ladies of his house, upwards of a dozen, neatly dressed with silk and jewels, and kept them ready to "do respect" to the Lord Saheb. The ladies had silver trays of flowers, rose-water, cotton soaked in essence of rose, etc., ready in their hands, and stood near the gateway of the bungalow. As soon as the Viceroy's carriage drove up from Upper Colaba, Mr. Ruttonjee made a sign to the coachman to pull up, and Lord Northbrook happening to see the Parsee's signal ordered his driver to stop. No sooner was the carriage stopped than all the young Parsee ladies rushed towards His Lordship and began to shower flowers, rose-water, etc., upon him, his carriage and his horses. When a Parsee lady wishes to pay her respects to a gentleman of high position, or when she wishes to bless him, she raises her hands and cracks her fingers against her temples. This was done by the ladies of Mr. Ruttonjee's family, showing the greatest respect to the Queen's representative. His Lordship was so pleased with this unexpected manifestation of loyalty that he repeatedly bowed to Mr. Ruttonjee and his family, and expressed himself highly pleased with the manner in which respect was shown him. Lord Northbrook's party then drove on to Parell.

On April 17th the Queen, accompanied by Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice, drove from Osborne to Packhurst, where Her Majesty presented new colors to the 79th Cameron Highlanders. Newport was *en fête*, and so, indeed, was the whole district through which Her Majesty drove. The 102d Madras Fusiliers, under the command of Colonel Jaffson, kept the ground and formed a guard of honor for Her Majesty. The Queen's colors were received from the hands of Her Majesty by Lieut Campell-Money, and the regimental colors by Lieut. Methuen, Her Majesty saying, "It gives me great pleasure to present these new colors to you. In thus entrusting you with this honorable charge I have the fullest confidence that you will, with the true loyalty and well-known devotion of Highlanders, preserve the honor and reputation of your regiment, which has been so brilliantly earned and so nobly maintained by the 79th Cameron Highlanders." After a few remarks by General Miller, the regiment presented arms and heartily responded to the invitation of Viscount Templetown by giving three cheers for the Queen. The royal party then left the field amid enthusiastic applause.

A Rich Escheat to the Crown.—Letters of administration of the effects of Mrs. Maria Mangin Browne, late of 21 Hereford street, Mayfair, who died on December 21, 1871, a widow, without child or parent, brother or sister, uncle or aunt, nephew or niece, cousin-german, or any know relative, and intestate, have been granted to Mr. John Grey, the solicitor for the affairs of Her Majesty's Treasury, the personal property being sworn under £250,000. By the death of this lady, without leaving a will and without relations, this large property, nearly a quarter of a million, falls to the Crown.

THE "NEWS LETTER'S" PRINCIPLES.

Our "Declaration of Principles" last week, as we expected, created no little excitement in financial circles. Scores of leading citizens, operators of every variety, financial strategists of all classes stopped us even in the street, eager for more accurate information as to our system, and especially the precise figures of our tariff. We listened patiently to the varying tales of their woe, and sympathized as fully as we could with their misfortunes, growing, as they generally did, out of a misunderstanding of our ways of doing business. "Oh!" they cried, often with an intensity of agony that was touching, "had we only known in time that you were 'on it,' what a saving it would have been to us!" And this was the wail of agony that went up from all. There is not a swindling scheme that has miscarried, not a political job overthrown, not a fraudulent stock operation that has been aired and shown up by us for years past but might have been saved and all parties enriched, except the verdant public, had the *News Letter* been "interviewed" in time and its just anger judiciously mollified. The schemes we have crushed out simply for want of a proper understanding with the parties is absolutely amazing. It is distressing to think of. And the worst feature of the whole is the fact that all regrets for the past are quite unavailing. And to think how intense must be the grief of "operators" to learn, after we have metaphorically "kicked the stuffing" out of their little games, after we have furiously pitched in and knocked them galley west, smashed them hopelessly out of existence, that all that lay in the way of perfect accord and good feeling, all that stood between them and the warmest advocacy and earnest and sincere commendations from us, and the most splendid and triumphant success for them, was a few paltry dollars! We might have been "fixed" in the winking of an eye if they had only known we were "on it." Almost the first sufferer developed by the "Declaration of Principles" was one of the leaders in the "Atlantic and Pacific Railroad" enterprise of last year, and one of our wealthiest and most respected citizens. He came in as early as Sunday morning. Mr. Sneath at present resides in the country. He was much fatigued with his journey, having driven all night from his residence in order to see us and have a private talk. It will be remembered that some time since, Mr. Sneath becoming alarmed at the growing corruption of our city government under the domination of Gorham, McRuer, Caleb T. Fay, Pickering, Tim McCarthy and the *Bulletin* newspaper, transferred his property and residence to an adjoining county in order to escape such malign influences. It was from the above mentioned rural district that Mr. Sneath had driven during the night. At 9 o'clock A.M. of Sunday morning he staggered into our sanctum looking more dead than alive. In his hand he held a copy of last issue opened at the "Cash Box." His haggard features and blood-shot eyes gave evidence of the terrible excitement under which he was then laboring. He addressed us in a voice scarcely above a whisper, supporting himself by the back of a chair as he spoke. "Is it true," he demanded, "that the *News Letter* is 'on it?'" "Bigger than a sheep," was our off-hand and business-like answer. "How long has this been the case?" he continued. "Always from the first," we answered, without hesitation. "Good heavens!" groaned the unfortunate man, "then the Atlantic and Pacific could have been saved?" "Slicker than goose-grease, easier than swapping jackknives," we continued. The great Atlantic and Pacific man staggered into a chair completely overwhelmed. We gave him a glass of Napa soda and he revived. Then he told us his sad tale. He had been the victim of misplaced confidence. We shall not go into particulars. It is enough to say that he had depended upon the *Bulletin* and *Call*, believing that those journals would be able to pull him through even against our opposition. Seeing with chagrin that we were misunderstood and could not make a red by favoring the job, we most reluctantly set our foot upon it with such effect as might be expected, considering the influence of the *News Letter*. It is perhaps enough to say that its fate has become a matter of history. But need we give at length the mournful stories that were poured into our sorrowing ear during that day, of blighted hopes and of misplaced confidence? Need we speak of misguided Harbor Commissioners and other worthy but unskillful officers who have passed us by and settled with the *Alta* to their sorrow? Of diamond swindlers, who thought themselves secure with the *Call* on their side, but who too soon learned the weakness of that small-fry sheet? Of mining speculators who hoped to gull the public by "fixing" the *Chronicle's* reporter for the Board of Brokers, and who found themselves "fixed?" And so on to the end of the pitiful chapter. Let these perhaps unmerited disasters be a lesson to the people of this coast. A hard lesson, it is true, but possibly in the end all the more lasting and useful because of its severity. We say to the whole race of operators, political, financial and religious, "be not deceived by appearances." You thought there was one honest journal in San Francisco, and acting upon that idea you came to grief. Had you tried us you would have discovered your fatal error. We are not a whit more honest than the *Bulletin*, the *Alta*, the *Call*, the *Chronicle*, or even than the *Post*. We only appear to be so because we are more intelligent, more refined; because our appearance is more gentlemanly like than the appearance of the editors of those journals, and our daily walk more decent, our manners more elegant, our deportment and breeding superior, and all of this because of our careful, early training and better birth. But all who think that money can only be used with those journals and not with us make a woful mistake, and one that is replete with disaster and loss. Let this be a warning to them.

Floating Capital---The heiresses bathing at Long Branch.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

There Once was a Pilgrim with a Voice, a meek gentleman, with a mild demeanor and a very long nose. In the course of his pilgrimage he struck this city of sin, the Pacific Coast Sodom. There were souls to be saved and dollars to be made here, so the head-quartered pilgrim lifted up his eyes—a passing saint—and a new sacred concert hall being then in course of erection, the sanctified wanderer communed with the manager, and, for the pure love of the souls of his fellow creatures, engaged to warble them up to heaven for six months. And what if he was to receive four hundred a month, was a Christian to enter upon assembly controversy and cavil like a worldly-minded publican and sinner about filthy mere? No, he, the milk-and-honey seeker, follows a divine example and "refuses no good thing." Besides, the tender pilgrim, although an angel, is not a cherubim, which has neither hawk nor hoity for the pilgrim has both, and a great deal of them. We heard him warble one Sunday evening, and were melted into tears. His voice reminded us of our grandmother although we don't remember that she had such amazing flexibility of mouth, except when that sainted old lady was extracting the nutriment from the time-honored bootjack. And oh! the saintly rolling of his eyes. Well might he be rapturously compared to a domestic water fowl during a confusion of the elements". Preferring the books of words was a sort of catechism. To the question as to how a service of praise might best be conducted, the answer was that a good Christian character should be engaged, who should be well paid for his services unless he were able and willing to give them for nothing. What a profound appreciation of the interests of men in general, and the dear pilgrim's in particular, is here evidenced! The pilgrim is a poet, too, as every one who reads the following sweet stanzas must confess:

We're "saved for a holy war, Under our leader, Jesus Christ,
Eterna joy, eternal joy. For the term of our natura. life.

Mark the delicate imagery and the originality of the rhymes. Well, well, the salt of the earth is queer stuff we know, but if such men as the Pilgrim with the Voice are picked ready for heaven, then drivel, cant and snuffling hypocrisies make the brine. "TRANSLATION.—Duck in a thunder-storm.

The Ponderous, Pompous Stoebel Stuebel St. Uman comes once more before an appreciative public in his familiar role. The curtain falls upon the immortal Pangloss as he exclaims, "I'm an L. L. D., I'm an A. S. S." It is the fashion to confer degrees. Why, then, may we not freely and heartily invest our friend by expert with the patent right to use the three magical letters inscribed in his diploma by a benevolent Faculty. It is the fashion, too, to make presents to those in office. Since the gentleman has a fancy for splitting straws, we advise that a search be prosecuted among the debris of Maguire's Opera House for the Opera in "properties," and that they be formally handed over to him. What a charming tableau would be presented as our obese official stood over the tendonous coffin of the defunct Charleen, refusing him a hole in the earth till the last piece of hay in the unhappy Danish monarch's wreath had been spun into fragments, tied in its own particular tape, and docketed in its own particular pigeon hole. Or will it be necessary to sing Dirvine over again, that our learned Agrand may be sure that every detail of the tragedy was executed according to the letter of the law? It has been whispered that the precise Mr. D would have been in at the death, but that he was busily engaged in searching the pages of Stoebel or Stuebel in order to determine the state of the gentle Mortimer's mind. With his usual attention to the minutest details, he had started for the sacramento boat with the work of the "German" metaphysician under his arm, intent upon finding out whether the towel with which Mortimer brushed away imaginary flies was dirty or clean, when he was stopped by a clerical looking individual, asking for a burial permit. How was he to know? James McGuire, whose soul delights in a funeral, to know that he assailed a mammoth mind inopportunely? We wish that James had charge of the interment of official defuncts. He should be provided with a burial permit, during the coming September, of such mammoth proportions, so heavy with seals, and so gaudy with red tape, that of its own weight it would bear down into the waters of private life a certain old nitsy of whom we wot, so effectually, that his addled head would never come to the surface again. Even when the last trumpet sounded, a few gray hairs and a little wax bung on to six yards of red tape would be all that the devil would get, or the Judge judge.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has done some good, but one of their best acts was that which forbade cars stopping except at corners. That was a step in the right direction, and one meant to save the horses. Now the *T. C.* would like to suggest the passing of a law that would benefit both man and beast, viz. one that would limit the number of people taken aboard. The law does not, or rather ought not, to make any difference in dealing out its justice between men and women, and the *T. C.* most emphatically objects to women getting into cars already loaded to excess, and of course expecting a seat to be given up to them. The ugliest buddy looks agrieved if, when she gets into a crowded car, some one does not give up his seat. Let the cars be licensed to carry so many, and let a fine be imposed upon any conductor who allows more than that number to ride on the car. The passing of such a law would be a kindness to both man and beast, and would do infinitely more to promote the comfort of both than the street corner stopping law, or, in fact, any law that that officious body has yet had brought into force.

The Hempen Rope has done good work this week, and has done its work in a masterly and scientific way. No strangling to death, but good broken necks. On the day of the "Chicken's" exit from this vale of tears, and after "sweet Jesus" had received the handsome present of his soul, the *Town Crier* observed an old man standing on the corner of Montgomery and California streets. A suit of shining black fitted the occasion. A high collar and black scarf formed a setting for a face, whose expression was anything but a happy one. Despite the paint that was thickly laid on that bloated visage, despite the dyed hair and debonnair manner, the demons of remorse and unrest had stamped their indelible marks on that old Judas' face. Does he ever in his dreams see the pale face of a girl, hear her screams for help, and the dull splash she makes as she sinks in the black slimy mud? Does he ever dream of a slight built, light-haired little man, whose pale face and white lips are hidden from sight by a black cap? Does he ever hear the heavy thud as his body and soul part company? Yes; the *Town Crier* thinks he sometimes—nay, often—does. Money may buy secrecy and rosewood coffins, but peace of mind—never!

The T. C. likes short courtships, and in this way thinks Adam acted like a sensible man. He fell asleep a bachelor and awoke a married man. He appears to have popped the question almost immediately to Eve, and she, without any flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of this first event, however, we have our own thoughts, and sometimes when in a poetical mood have wished we had been Adam. But the deed is done, the chance was Adam's and he made the most of it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden. We like a private wedding; Adam's was private. No envious beaux were there; no croaking old maids; no chatting aunts and palsied, mumbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky the canopy. Still, with all these advantages, the *T. C.* thinks Adam was a little young to marry. He was only two or three days old. They were both mere babies, only larger sized ones than we produce; without a house, without a pot or kettle—nothing but love and Eden.

The Returns from the Lava Beds are highly encouraging, and eminently satisfactory to admirers of the "boys in blue." They show a total of seventy-one killed and sixty-seven wounded—on our side. The enemy have lost six squaws, three braves, and a few cartridges and ponies. The eagles at the City Gardens have refused to be comforted; they will eat no meat and drink no water. Their feathers droop and their claws are falling off. Some malicious boys have told them the latest Lava Bed news. The *T. C.* has, however, received private telegrams from Squashington, to the effect that after an outlay of three million more dollars, and some slight sacrifice of life, things will look better. He intends making a pilgrimage to the City Gardens, to console those three mourning eagles. Since this was written, he has heard that two of them have disgorged several yards of red tape, and feel considerably better.

We have Known for a Long Time that our worthy Bishop was an autocrat in his little way, and one whose knowledge of the English peerage perhaps exceeded that of his Bible. A gentleman, too, who esteems his little pamphlet, containing the pedigree of the mighty house of Kip, to be of more service to mankind than any tract ever published. But we never knew till this week that he had any infallibility about him. He may have, but we don't quite see it standing out either in his sermons or actions. And yet he dares to excommunicate, yes, actually excommunicate. The *T. C.* trembles in his boots. His knees knock nervously together, and his pen trembles in his hand. On second thought, however, he gains courage. He knows what the *word's worth* in our days.

If We Havn't Diamonds in California we have Rubies. They don't however seem to be appreciated by the Baptist part of our community. These good people have been fearfully scandalized by the appearance in their midst of John A. Ruby, a gentleman who gave up the stage for the pulpit, and his wife for another lady. These holy Baptists therefore think that he is not of a sufficiently pure water for them. They have "withdrawn the hand of fellowship" from him. Poor fellow! how the *T. C.*. pities him. No doubt, however, it will be a saving of soap to Ruby, as all the Baptists the *T. C.* has had the mortification of knowing, used so much water when baptized that in after life they repudiated the use of both it and soap. What is most singular is that the Baptists, though they have lost their Ruby, still keep a Pope.

The Bulletin, an evening paper published in this city, devotes three columns to Devine and crime in general. Like "a dog returning to its vomit," it rakes up the hated memories of our worst criminals, and gloats over each horrid minutiæ like a vulture over a rotting corpse. Surely, we are bad enough now without bringback the nightmares of our earlier days. It can do no good, possibly may do harm, and the *T. C.* asks, why do it? Surely, there is matter enough in the office without making a Newgate calendar out of an evening paper and turning the dreams of its after-supper readers into a series of fearful nightmares, in which a black cap, bulging eyeballs and purple faces play a prominent part.

"It is Rumored that D. W. Perley will challenge Harry I. Thornton. We think it quite likely, but wonder who will fight the duel for him.—*San Francisco Chronicle.* [Charles De Young, of the *Chronicle*, is just the man to fight the duel for him. He is a man of wonderful prowess. In several personal encounters he has shown extraordinary powers of endurance, and has always come off *flying*.

REMEMBER.

If within your crystal soul a question,
If its [illegible] throwed aroused
By excess, perplexes; [you—
Know no worshipped saint I hold above
Remember that I love you.

If [illegible] blessing,
But [illegible]
If [illegible] parted.
[illegible] still confound you;
[illegible] you—
Remember that I love you.

If you cannot answer all the [illegible]
[illegible] question,
If [illegible]
[illegible]
Know, than worlds, even so, I'd rather
move you—
Remember that I love you.

If your features, warmed by my caress-
[illegible]
Grow with a divine illumination,
But be [illegible] of silence,
Stirred by no pulsation;
[illegible] to reprove you—
Remember that I love you.

And there is a meaning in "I love you,"
Stripped in later days of embryo guessing;
As the autumn woods unveiled to sunshine
Flame in heart-confessing;
Know in golden truth I do approve you—
Remember that I love you.

—*Mary B. Dodge in Appleton's Journal.*

THE MECHANICAL MULLETT.

Lo, for These Many Weary Weeks—[illegible] that this goodly city [illegible] too great to be [illegible] Mullett, known to some [illegible] and obliging as [illegible] A. M. Winn. Winn [illegible] the Incarnate Shape upon [illegible] Mullett [illegible] the Mullett [illegible] Mullett [illegible] a portion of a [illegible] upon the [illegible] Winn [illegible] of [illegible] Mullett [illegible] Winn and [illegible] by [illegible] to [illegible] Winn [illegible] a State Council and constitutes himself chief officer; he institutes an Ecumenic Order (whatever that may be) of something or another, and installs himself as the [illegible] Council extols the Ecumenic, and the Ecumenic extols them all back again, while Mullett Winn, the "Head Center" of each of the three, shakes hands with [illegible] "Hy-a-tyee" of the Council is such a good man. And this fraudulent nuisance [illegible] ty with his turgril inanities, his pestilent prosaics, his [illegible] rable grammar, his twaddling nonsense, his interminable [illegible] nuisance manages to grow fat, oily and sleek by [illegible] ns, while the working-men who listen to him and support [illegible] as long as they [illegible] of his [illegible] carcass. Not the lice of Egypt, nor even the coolies of China, nor all the "bloated [illegible] are capable of inflicting one-half the injury upon our [illegible] Mullett [illegible] Is it possible that [illegible] Winn [illegible] a nuisance?

If Heaven has many such souls buzzing around as the one that Father [illegible] Wednesday, we don't wonder [illegible] Heaven [illegible] to run with [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] and the [illegible] of the [illegible] Most of the people that [illegible] to the [illegible] as [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMPHIP COMPANY.

Why Does the Company Persist in sending to sea such steamers as the *Mohongo*, and steamers in such condition as the *Constitution* and *Pacific* are reported to be by passengers who have recently traveled in them? Again, what excuse has the Company for harassing its creditors, small and large alike, by putting them off from week to week, and even from month to month, contrary to its former custom—which is still the custom of every solvent house in San Francisco—of prompt payment on or before "steamer day?" If it be true, as freely charged in the daily press of New York, that the Pacific Mail Company is practically insolvent, that a million dollars of its assets are represented by a worthless mortgage, given by its President to secure his own indebtedness; that the same President, having himself bought the rotten and worthless steamers of the late Australian line, in the hope of getting a subsidy from Congress, and, having failed in this, turned them over to the Mail Company for another million of dollars; that the corporation which a year ago publicly reported its cash assets as high as $3,500,000, is now without cash, and in debt to the extent of $4,000,000 to $5,000,000 for new steamers, which it has no means of paying for. If these things which we read in the daily papers are true, then we can understand the cause of such a policy as we have been feebly trying to describe. Nothing could make it wise, or even decent. But if, on the other hand, the Company intends to continue its business, it behooves it to make an immediate and vast change for the better. As an example of the consequences of persistence in its present injurious course, we need only point out that within a month the Chinese merchants here, formerly among the firmest, most profitable, and least troublesome of the Company's customers, will unquestionably show the sincerity of their complaints by transferring their patronage to the foreign steamers now here and en route from Hongkong. Who or what is to blame for all this, we neither know nor care. Our duty is simply to report the facts as they come to us from every quarter. The remedy rests in other hands. —*Commercial Herald.*

WHAT NEXT?

The New York Herald describes in a recent number what it calls the strangest marriage ever performed in Brooklyn: A fair is nightly held in the Academy of Music, at which 3,000 ladies help on the work of finding money to rebuild the tabernacle destroyed some time ago by fire. The announcement of the marriage of a couple at the fair in masquerade costume of a century old naturally caused a flutter among the ladies. It was, however, found that the luxury of witnessing the happy pair united by the "antique" clergyman was something to be paid for, as a card sold at the doors plainly showed: Price hereof, "four Yorke shillings to ye Weddinge and ye Faire." The couple were found by advertisement. Any two persons willing to be married on the stage of the Brooklyn Academy, and in costume of a hundred years ago, were to be provided with outfits free by the managers of the tabernacle. The couple who drew the lucky number in this latest device for raising contribution were named Willetts, and were "natives of Conn., Mass." The bridegroom appeared in a blue velvet coat trimmed with silver binding, a white satin vest edged with gold and small gilt buttons, white silk stockings and smalls. From "his throat depended a lace handkerchief," which completed his toilet. The hair of the bride "was powdered," we are told, "to the consistency of the summit of Mount Blanc on a wintry day," the writer forgetting in his enthusiasm that the summit of Mount Blanc does not change its "consistency" in Summer. Miss Willetts wore a gorgeous pearl satin dress, "trimmed in all the fanciful trickiness of the Palais Royal," and "high-heeled shoes of the Regency." She was, of course, received with loud cries of "Isn't she sweet?" A "supper of pork and beans" followed, and then the newly-married couple divested themselves of their "borrowed plumes," and "relapsed once more into the normal and bucolic Connecticut apparel." The force of eccentricity could no further go; but the invention of crowding a "Ladies Fair" by so ingenious a method is, on the whole creditable to the enterprise of the managers.

Bradlaugh, the atheist demagogue, has gone to Spain. England and the English must rejoice at getting rid of this pestilential social bed-bug, who only lives to make mischief, and whose life, like that of the bed-bug, is only spared on account of the smell it would make to kill him. The *T. C.* heartily hopes that the Carlists may get hold of this interfering scoundrel and give him the punishment he so richly deserves. We don't think he can do much harm in Spain, however, as he can't talk Spanish, and his ugly face is not one that, like Napoleon the Great's, inspired men to do and die for him.

There was Great Delicacy in the manner in which a foreigner, having a friend hung in this country, broke the intelligence to his relations on the other side of the water. He wrote as follows: "Your brother had been addressing a large meeting of citizens, who had manifested the deepest interest in him, when the platform upon which he stood being, as was subsequently ascertained, very insecure, gave way, owing to which he fell and broke his neck!"

REQUIESCAT.

More was buried with you, love,
Than just the beautiful clay
You left to chill the passionate kiss
When you passed from our life away.

More was buried with you, love,
Than the spring of your young renown,
And the glow of the fresh green laurel leaves
That were weaving to make your crown.

More was buried with you, love,
Than golden hopes and dreams—
Than all the glittering halo hung
Round a true heart's noble schemes.

For oh! when the heavy sods lay straight,
In the black December weather,
The light of a home and the strength of a life
Were left 'neath their weight together.

There were many around your grave, love,
With an honest tear and prayer,
But one, as she knelt beside it, knew
Her youth, too, rested there. —*Young Englishwoman.*

A TERRIBLE RUMOR.

A Terrible Rumor about the fate of Sir Samuel and Lady Baker and their adventurous followers is the talk of the hour. As it is not at present confirmed, we may hope that, like the reports of the death of Livingstone, it is unfounded. Still it is but too probable that the intrepid travelers have perished. The expedition to the White Nile which the Khedive of Egypt entrusted to Sir Samuel Baker three years ago has not prospered. The last news previous to this rumor was sufficiently ominous to prepare us for even so disastrous a termination to the expedition as the murder of the few remaining survivors. The travelers started prepared for hostilities. The object of their mission to get at the sources of the slave traffic—had only to be mentioned to invite violent opposition. They were accordingly a strongly-armed party at starting, numbering about 1,000. They soon encountered opposition that thinned their ranks. Before the Albert Nyanza was reached, the hardships of the march and hostile attacks of inhabitants had reduced the thousand to two hundred. Gondokoro, the depot of the slave trade, had been destroyed, and Ismailia reared in its place. The news of these severe measures ran in advance of Sir Samuel Baker. Who was he? who was the Khedive of Egypt, that these people of the interior were to submit to either? Opposition became all the more threatening as the diminished strength of the expedition became apparent. Sir Samuel and his intrepid wife, with not more than thirty of their followers left, were last reported entrenched in a fort among the people of a hostile chief, in want of supplies, months away from help, and with camp destroyed to keep it from the savages. What more probable than that, as the report says, they at length surrendered, and then were barbarously massacred? So likely is it, that it is ingeniously suggested the rumor may after all be but the echo of what we have all thought imminent. At present no such disastrous news has reached the India Office or the Foreign Office by the usual channels, and this supports incredulity in what no one wishes to believe. The expedition of relief dispatched by the Khedive has gone by way of Zanzibar, but it must be months before we can have conclusive reports by this means.

THE WALL STREET LOCK-UP.

A Trio of Desperate Gamblers.—Jay Gould, Henry N. Smith and Alden B. Stockwell are held to be responsible in the main for the present locking up; and the consequent curses heaped upon them are both loud and deep. They are generally regarded as the fathers of all the mischief brewing or brewed in the streets. Ever since Smith walked about for three days with $5,000,000 of greenbacks sewed up in the lining of his overcoat, he is supposed to be engaged in some financial deviltry; and I am inclined to think the presumption not far from correct. He and Gould and Stockwell have been running in a trio for some time, and they appear to be of advantage to one another. It is said that each supplies what the other wants, and the result is, they form a very strong combination. Independent of the monetary pressure, the question of most interest at present is, how long will or can these three great operators keep on their feet? No one gives them beyond the present year. Some declare they will be borne down before the present Summer vacation. Others swear that they are "broke" now, but are keeping a stiff upper lip. If really bankrupt, which is not at all probable, they certainly are wearing their lip firmly. If they should tumble now, what a howl of delight would rise! Men would embrace each other in sympathy of hatred. Come what may, the three cannot last very long. Nobody does in Wall street. Gould has been on the rampage for about five years; Stockwell about three; Smith about two. It is time their end was approaching. It is only a question of seasons—the best season perhaps the last. As far as can be gathered, Smith and Gould are at present holding up Stockwell, who, with a little more holding, hopes to be able to be independently erect. Smith either has, or controls, from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. Gould controls $20,000,000 to $25,000,000. They are thought to be in league with some of the strongest banks, and thus they have the power to put the screws down until even a bag of double-eagles is compelled to bleed and scream after their scattered little ones.—*N. Y. Correspondence Chicago Tribune.*

RELIGION AND STOCKS.

Mr. Editor:—It is with mingled feelings of sorrow, indignation, shame and regret, that I appear again before the pious readers of the Evangelical *News Letter*. However hard the task for me as a Parson to perform, I am, as a Christian gentleman, still determined to take up my cross and bear it, as did the meek and lowly man of Nazareth, be it never so heavy. Circumstances have occurred within the last week that have lowered your beloved and respected Parson from the lofty pedestal of virtue and integrity, and reduced him to the low level of the common herd of money-getting tricksters, and scattered to the fair winds of heaven the immaculate congregation at The Oaks. The Little Chapel, with its simple furniture, of which your humble servant was the sole owner, around whose holy altar I have so often gathered a few faithful souls to do homage to the unknown God, was sold last week for debt. It was bought by a miserable Sabbath-breaking sinner by the name of Hutchingson, and is now used as a billiard saloon. The holy vessels we used to convey the consecrated fluid to our saintly lips in commemorating the last supper of our Lord, were also purchased by the wealthy scoffer, and are now devoted to the service of Hell in transporting that Pagan beverage, "Old Bourbon," from a ten gallon keg to the profane throats of the followers of Satan. Everything went, even the great enigma, that vast compilation of incomprehensible sayings and doings of long-lost, lying, dead and damned generations, that stupendous, unanswered conundrum of modern times, that book of books, my Bible; that magnificent epitome of all the vile, vicious, villainous acts that have been perpetrated in the name of the Lord, from creation down to the crucifixion. How I wept to part with it. It had been an heirloom in my family for many years, it being the identical book that received the last dying kiss of that glorious martyr, John L. Rogers, who was burned at the stake at Smithfield; mine was the only existing copy of a most extraordinary edition of the sacred word. Its chief beauty and intrinsic value lay in its being heavily illustrated, with superb engravings on stone, of many remarkable events which occurred among God's chosen people, among which were Adam and Eve as they appeared in Eden on their wedding tour; the death of Abel; Cain, in the land of Nod, selecting a wife; the ravens feeding Hagar with biscuit from heaven; two she-bears devouring forty children because their father was bald-headed; Lot and his two daughters in the cave the night after the burning of Sodom; Balshazzar's feast, where the guests came attired in the airy costume of those happy days, a toothpick and pair of sandals; King David's dance before the Lord; Joseph fleeing in his night-shirt from Potipher's wife; Moses interviewing God in a red hot bush; Jeptha's daughter, and what she did; death of Jezabel; moreover, the dog licking the sores of Lazarus; the wandering Jew; Sampson tying together the tails of three thousand foxes in fifteen minutes; the death of Judas, when he hanged himself; second death of Judas, when he fell down and all his bowels gushed out; and many other truthful, pure, chaste and instructive pictures of the sayings and doings of God's chosen ones, that speak to the heart and understanding of a Christian, are now gone from me forever, bringing the inconsiderable sum of three bits, and the ungodly friend who purchased the holy volumn, now with sacreligious nonchalance straps his heathen razor on its consecrated cover. Dear *News Letter*, my heart is bursting for the loss of my blessed book, and the most mortifying feature of the affair is that it was brought about mainly by my own folly in listening to a brother Parson by the name of Grey. He had a miserable little seven-by-nine praying mill at The Oaks, which stood near a livery stable. For some three years he had succeeded in keeping his congregation fast asleep during the entire service every Sunday, until an ungodly man by the name of Softly built the stable; the flies gathered then so thickly that Brother Grey's hearers could not rest. This broke up the congregation. They came there to snooze, and if they could not snooze, they would not stay; so they all left poor Brother Grey to preach to the flies. It was finally decided as the people would not come to the church, they would move the church nearer to the people. Accordingly Brother Grey and a few friends concocted a scheme to raise funds to move the holy building, and there is where your Parson and his followers fell. The Rev. Mr. Grey called at the Little Chapel, attended by a bronze beauty, with bewitching snuff-colored eyes and hair of that beautiful cross and lovely intermixture between the morning beams of an oriental sunrise, a hard-pressed brick, and a piece of ancient mahogany furniture. The effect was striking; she purred like an innocent kitten playing with an unsophisticated mouse, while Brother Grey stated his case. He said on general principles stock gambling was wicked, but in this case the end justified the means; that he wanted to move his church, and the Lord would smile on his efforts in whatever direction he chose to make them, to raise the needful. He said he had learned from several leading Devines, of San Francisco, who gambled largely in mining stocks, that there was to be a corner made in Pictou, and if he could induce the Parson and his friends to subscribe largely to the stock, then the whole of his congregation would invest; they would then sell out on the rise, and move the church with the profits. He said we need not really buy the stock; only sign an order and an agreement to take some, as an example to his people, to induce them to buy. In an evil hour we consented. Pictou went up; we were happy for a few days. Grey sold out at the top of the rise, and pocketed his margin. When the crash came, the unfeeling dissembler held us to our agreement, sold us out and closed our little sanctuary, leaving us nothing but some worthless slips of paper and the memory of a fascinating pair of snuff-colored orbs; but he did not wholly succeed. I procured a writ of "*Lock, ñe Poram*" from Justice Reverly's Court against him for fraud, and enjoined the church between two trees, about midway between its starting point and its destination, and there it

stands to-day on wheels, between Wood and Willow street, West Oakland, a monument of the envy, jealousy and double dealing of a brother parson. Since my misfortune, I've been interviewed by several of the daily papers, and have been offered small donations from them. Father McGill, of the *Catholic Guardian*, offered me a string of holy beads, with a cross attached made from gopher wood, but I refused them all. My distress is not for sale. Those papers have only a small local circulation, extending from Lone Mountain to San Andreas, whereas the *News Letter* has a world-wide reputation, and is eagerly sought for by all the leading clergymen of the United States and Europe. Feeling sad and lonely, I sat down on the side of an ash tub, in front of my late parsonage, wrapt my weary form in the ample folds of a gunny sack, and composed the following little gem as a farewell, and hung it on the fence. I then arose and departed, pursuing my lonely way towards the setting sun:

Farewell, Little Chapel, dear scene of my labors,
With a sad sinking heart I must bid you adieu;
I am sold out and robbed by my orthodox neighbors,
I was caught in the corner of cursed Pictou.

Good-bye, Deacon Scott! Farewell, the Blonde Sister!
Our Bethel is closed, there's no rum in the jar;
The Azure-Eyed Girl, and the old Judge that kissed her,
From Pet Lamb and Parson must wander afar.

From the horns of the altar I spoke to the Savior,
And begged he would listen for once to my prayer;
I promised three weeks of religious behavior,
If he'd only raise Pictou a dollar a share.

Alas! for my faith in the lovely redeemer,
My fond hope of glory received a sad shock,
For Jehovah took sides with the orthodox schemer—
Away went my money, and down went the stock.

Yours, mournfully,
THE OAKS, May, 1873. THE PARSON.

AMERICAN NOTES.

Boston, April 8th, 1873.—With the opening spring and early summer there will be, I trust, a peaceful invasion of this country by a goodly number of British tourists, who, however much traveled, need not fear the exhaustion of novelty until they have ridden into the Yosemite Valley, roamed through the Redwood forests, and penetrated to the head-waters of the Kern River, in California. It scarcely needs the prophetic eye to discern, in the not distant future, a time when the most fashionable of "grand tours" for Europeans, and especially for Englishmen, may be our Pacific Coast, which surely contains all, with the sole exception of the undoubted picturesqueness of antique ruins, that one can find in the most famed Continental resorts. For your tourist, and above all your fashionable and self-pluming tourist, is ambitious; if his neighbor boasts of having spent a morning on Monte Rosa, he is not content until he has struggled to the summit of the Matterhorn; already Switzerland, even the Tyrol and the Danube, are commonplace; and what with Mr. Cook, the Suez Canal, and Alpine Railways, Jerusalem, Bagdad, and even Mecca bid fair soon to become so. Happily Asia and America are left, and the choice between the Hindoo Koosh and the Sierra Nevada, or between the Sea of Aral and Great Salt Lakes, may not be an easy one to the tourist of the coming generation. Englishmen who are travelers must find some difficulty even now, for I suspect that, considering the curiosity in regard to the Central Asian question, it must be interesting to your more venturesome travelers to visit—if it is possible—the north Indian frontier, the Oxus, and Samarcand; while on this side neither nature nor the people who have been molded by it out of English stock can be indifferent to them.

The more we learn of California the greater seem the attractions to the toiler and pleasure-seeker on the western slope. Until quite recently we of the eastern seaboard really knew very little of our distant sister State, and even yet our knowledge is provokingly scant where what is known stimulates so lively a curiosity. Men of science have not as yet thoroughly investigated the causes of the wonderful conformations in the Yosemite Valley; and the mines of California, and her less glittering but more substantial resources, are only just beginning to be understood. The Pacific Railroad has evidently, however, already brought about a striking change. This is seen by the great increase in the foreign population of San Francisco and other cities since the line was opened. It is asserted that a large proportion of the best emigrants, the most intelligent and most capable physically, who land on the Atlantic seaboard, considering the distance across the continent, go to California; there are German, English, Scotch, Dutch, and Scandinavian, as well as Chinese colonists, at San Francisco, and in many of the contiguous valleys. Almost every one has been accustomed, when thinking of California, to think first of its gold and silver. But gold and silver are fast running behind other products which the settlement of energetic populations is rapidly - so rapidly that it hardly seems real—developing, wheat, barley, vegetables, fruits, hops and beets, cotton, sheep and cattle raising, and, perhaps the most prolific of all, the vine - these agricultural industries flourish one and all within the ample limits of the Golden State.

The variety in the same species of products, too, is worth noting. As an instance, the variety of fruits which can be raised on a single farm, quite exceeds anything in Yankee, or English, or even Italian experience. A recent writer says, that he often saw on the same farm the apple, pear, peach, cherry, quince, plum, nectarine, pomegranate, fig, orange, lemon, lime, almond, olive, English walnut, apricot, strawberry, and grape; this was in semi-tropical Southern California. The best farming regions lie in Sacramento valley in the north, and the San Joaquin valley in the south. The latter contains some eighteen millions of arable acres capable of supporting in prosperity at least half a million souls, of which less than a million acres are as yet under cultivation. California, I am convinced from narratives, the accuracy of which may undoubtedly be relied on, offers brilliant rewards to two classes of Europeans. To the well-to-do tourist it presents a wide diversity of scenery and sport, much of which must be novel to the most extended experience. He travels thither in positive luxury, living in a most comfortable moving hotel, with its drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, its promenade atop the train, even its boudoirs, libraries, and reading-rooms. He may turn aside at Salt Lake, and observe the dominions of the patriarch Brigham; the route over the Sierras dwarfs, so they say, anything to be seen on Fell railways or over Splugens; and California once fairly reached he finds himself, it is true, in the midst of a new, strange, and polyglot civilization, but one wherein he will look in vain for any of the discomforts usually existing in young settlements. It is boldly stated by a recent and unusually intelligent traveler that "the San Francisco hotels are the best and cheapest in the world; the noble art of cooking is better understood in California than anywhere else where I have eaten." He pronounces the people with whom tourists come in contact to be courteous and obliging, and *not* invariably extortioners; and says that the pleasure drives about San Francisco are admirable, the country roads kept in excellent order, and that the cost of all things is less by a third in California than in the Eastern States; the country inns are clean, the beds good, the food abundant, and the weather certain, while the climate is "exhilarating and favorable to an active life." Perhaps some of your readers would like to know the estimated cost of the trip to California. Starting from Liverpool, the ocean journey costs £16 to £20; from Boston or New York to Chicago, the fare is about £8. Setting out from Chicago, for, let us say, a trip of six weeks, including visits to Salt Lake, San Jose, the Geysers (Yellowstone Springs) the Big Trees, Yosemite, Sacramento, and San Francisco, and the return thence to Chicago, this will cost for railway and stage fares, with the use of the "palace" and sleeping apartments, about £70 sterling. For a little over £100, therefore, a trip may be taken from Pall Mall to California and back, this sum being in addition, of course, to "rations," excepting on the Atlantic steamer.

The other class of whom I spoke as entitled to expect a welcome from California worth the journey thither, are the settling immigrants. It is difficult to see why any able-bodied young or middle-aged man, with average pluck and a reasonably strong determination to get on, should not arrive at competence in California in a few years, and at opulence in a score of years. The climate is lustily healthy—the very best to be found for the wife and the bairns; the air is brisk and bracing, the temperature equable. Land is is not only very prolific, but it is very cheap, with deep rich loams, and easily brought under cultivation. For those who do not seek farms, there is employment at hand, with good remuneration, and an ample chance of rising. There are very few poor in California; the necessities of life are within reach of all; nature is complaisant and bounteous. This is especially true in the southern part of the State. Let me add that it is possible to secure land in the most fertile of Californian valleys, the San Joaquin, after citizenship has been acquired, for literally nothing. Eighty acres of Government land, as fertile as any on the continent, may be "pre-empted," or secured in fee, by any one who enters upon it, and makes certain specified improvements within a specified period. The San Joaquin valley, as far as the vacant lands are concerned, is divided off into sections of 640 acres, some belonging to the railroad companies, and some to the United States. These lands are conveyed, with perfect titles, on very easy terms and at very low prices; the railroad companies allow the price of the lands sold by them to be paid for in five annual instalments. A railway is already nearly completed throughout this magnificent valley, from Stockton to the Kern River, and another is to be built. A series of great irrigating ditches has been constructed by the settlers there; two crops annually may be gathered from the rich soil, and land of the best quality in the valley will shortly be put in the market by the railways, in lots of from 40 to 640 acres, at ten shillings sterling the acre; and here the immigrant may not only profitably grow cereals, cotton, and sub-tropical fruits, but may freely graze his stock upon the vacant Government lands round about him. I need not say that to make this distant journey, to settle in this new land, and to draw from it competence or affluence, while it does not require a great deal of ready money as capital, does require good muscles, energy, and a "go-ahead" spirit. I believe that Englishmen, Scotchmen and Germans would almost invariably thrive in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valley; Irish settlers might not, and in any event Irish emigrants are found to be disinclined to spread out westward of the Atlantic seaboard. There may be a misgiving in the minds of some who contemplate this journey, or settling in California, that the dangers incident to savage wilds still exist there. The Pacific railroad journey is, however, much safer than from Paris to Madrid; and it may be taken for granted that an English lady who should accompany her husband from New York to San Francisco would not only find it a more comfortable jaunt than any route she might traverse on the European continent, but need fear no peril not incident to all railway journeys; while

the emigrant settling in the San Joaquin valley need not have any apprehension from Indians or rude settlers, as the railway even now has carried order and civilization with it, and the rapidly growing population is adding new security every day.—*London Graphic.*

GHOSTS AND GOBLINS.

It Would Be Easy to fill page after page with the details of the various ideas entertained about ghosts, goblins and demons. Such ideas extend not only to the appearance of such beings, their apparel, appurtenances, and so on, but to the noises which they make either of themselves or by means of various supernatural objects which they are supposed to carry about with them. Thus—

"The sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell."

And it is to be noted that as ghosts commonly show no face, so few have been known to speak with full voice. This may be because the noises heard at the hours when ghosts are seen are not such as can be by any possibility mistaken for the human voice in its ordinary tones, while, nevertheless, an excited imagination can frame spoken words out of the strange sounds which can be heard in almost every house in the stillness of night. This also serves to account for the notion that ghosts can clank chains, or make other dismal noises. Sounds heard at night are highly deceptive; a small noise close by is taken for a loud noise at a distance (not necessarily a very great distance); and a noise made by objects of one kind will be mistaken for noises made by objects of a different kind altogether. A friend of mine told me he had been disturbed two nights running by a sound as of an army tramping down a road which passed some 200 yards from his house; he found the third night (I had suggested an experimental test as to the place whence the sound came) that the noise was produced by a clock in the next house, the clock having been newly placed against the party-wall. We all know Carlyle's story of the ghostly voice heard each evening by a low-spirited man—a voice as if one, in like doleful dumps, proclaiming, "Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I am meeserable,"—and how the ghost resolved itself into a rusty kitchen-jack. There is a case of a lady who began to think herself the victim of some delusion, and perhaps threatened by approaching illness, because each night, about a quarter-of-an-hour after she had gone to bed, she heard a hideous din in the neighborhood of her house, or else (she was uncertain which) in some distant room. The noise was in reality the slightest possible creak (within a few feet of her pillow, however), and produced by the door of a wardrobe which she closed every night just before getting into bed. The door, about a quarter of an hour after being closed, recovered its position of rest, slightly beyond which it had been pushed in closing. In another case, the crawling of a snail across a window produced sounds which were mistaken for the strains of loud but distant music. It is, perhaps, not going too far to say that our modern spirits, who deal in noise-making as well as in furniture-tilting (of yet more marvelous feats we say nothing), are not unacquainted with the means by which the ear may be deceived as in the cases just considered. Some sounds said to be heard during dark *seances* suggest the suspicion. It will be seen that the opinion to which I incline—as the best and perhaps only natural interpretation of events supposed to be supernatural—is that real sights and sounds are modified by the imagination, either excited or diseased, into seemingly supernatural occurrences. It does not seem to me likely that in any large proportion of recorded (and presumably veracious) ghost-stories there has been an actual phantom of the brain. Such phantoms are sometimes seen, no doubt, and unreal voices are sometimes heard; but the condition of the brain which leads to such effects must be regarded as altogether exceptional. Certainly it is not common. On the contrary, the play of fancy by which images are formed from objects in no way connected with the picture raised in the mind is a common phenomenon. Although some minds possess the faculty more fully than others, few actually want it. I suppose there is not one person in a thousand who cannot see "faces in the fire," for instance, though to some the pictures so produced are much more vivid than to others.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

An Important Discovery near Cape Horn.—A very important discovery has been made by the captain of the British barque *Cedric*, of Liverpool, which has arrived at Valparaiso. He reports to the authorities of that port that he had found a splendid bay, with safe anchorage, in the island of Wollaston, situate in lat. 55.32 S., and long. 67.35 W., in the Hermit group of islands, south of Terra del Fuego, twenty-nine miles from Cape Horn, and protected from all winds and storms. The *Cedric* anchored fourteen days in this fine bay taking in wood and water. The vegetation all round is described as magnificent. The Indians were found docile, and they used canoes of bark, covered with the hide of the sea-lion. The captain of the *Cedric* says the harbor is superior even to that of the Falkland Islands. The Chilian Government, in consequence of the information, was about to send orders to the Chilian coast surveying expedition in Patagonia, to proceed to and examine into the claims of the island.

SPRING FLOWERS.

When Spring, like dainty maiden,
Trips lightly o'er the grass,
The south wind calls the flowers,
To haste and see her pass.
Soon in the pleasant woodlands,
And in the sheltered dell,
Come forth the little beauties
That love the spring so well.

The sweet arbutus blushing,
Her toilet first has made;
Amid the snows and mosses,
She greets the lovely maid.
No need to blush so, darling,
Your sprays of scented bloom
Are full of wondrous sweetness
And delicate perfume.

The wind-flower waketh early
Afresh from Winter's sleep,
Forth from surrounding snow-drifts
Her star-eyed blossoms peep.
Ere yet the snows have melted
From sunny garden beds,
The snow-drop and the crocus
Uplift their little heads.

Meek violets close nestled,
Spring beauties in their train,
Feel in their joyous pulses
The touch of April rain.
Face lily pale is peering
From out a cloak of green,
See bloodroot fair is coming
To greet the youthful queen.

Jack in the pulpit preaches,
To hearers in the wood,
The flowers nodding listen,
As if they understood.
Songs without words come floating
Down from o'erarching limbs,
For in this vast cathedral
The birds sing all the hymns.

Wake-robins sit demurely
In plain and sober dress,
But if occasion offer,
Can flirt with Jack, I guess.
Cowslips and dandelions
Besprinkle meadow grass;
While many now are gathered
By winsome lad and lass.

She's coming, calls the south wind,
The bee is on the wing,
The birds all singing sweetly.
Fly to her welcoming.
No royal queen such honor
From subjects ere receives,
But thou art worthy of them,
Proclaim the birds and bees.

Led on by wild birds' music,
And to the bees' low hums,
To crown fair Spring so lovely,
A gay procession comes.
With banners gayly waving,
And sunny skies o'erhead, [time,
The fair, sweet flowers of spring-
March on with airy tread.

GRANT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

How He Receives His Visitors.---On entering the White House one is struck with the cheapness of the building and lack of decoration. Turning to your left after passing the outer door, you are met by an usher with "please step into the reception room—up stairs—first door to your right." In the reception room you hand your card to a colored usher, who vanishes. In a short time "the President will see Mr. P." is called from a door at the rear, and you are immediately escorted to the office of the President of the United States—a room about forty feet square, with wall and ceiling frescoed in excellent taste; on the left side a fire-place with dark marble mantle, glass, a nicely mounted clock, etc. In front of you, in the rear of the room, two windows, which overlook the Potomac, showing green fields, sparkling water, and the distant city of Alexandria, the damask curtains forming a rich red border to a beautiful scene. On your right, two or three sofas and some comfortable arm chairs trimmed in brown silk, a map, stand, etc. A table covered with blue cloth, circled by eight chairs, finished in brown leather, under a chandelier in the center of the room furnishes the President and Cabinet with desk room. At the head of the table sits a medium-sized man with full beard, dressed in black, using a common pen and an ordinary glass inkstand with a much-used blotter, which rests on a pile of plain cards and a well-worn lead pencil.

"Good morning, sir," is the salutation as you enter—spoken in good round Saxon—as the President of the United States rises and extends his hand. "Be seated." As there are three others in the room, the proffered seat is taken and your casual waits his turn. The first visitor walks to the table, and takes a seat to the right of the President.

"I am from St. Louis, for some time connected with the —— paper, an agricultural paper, and for many years identified with the agricultural interests of the State of Missouri. Not being advised as to the method, I wrote you some weeks ago asking an appointment in the consular service at a point where I could gain knowledge for the agricultural cause, etc. I enclosed my recommendations to you at the time of writing."

"Yes, I remember. You are Mr. P. of St. Louis. I referred them to Governor Fish, and was much impressed with them. You are recommended by Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, and Mr. ——."

"Yes, Mr. President. I would like an appointment in Russia or in the Argentine Confederation. I am used to cattle and the breeding of them."

The President then entered into a conversation with him on cattle in general, and then showed thorough knowledge on the subject, much to the surprise of the applicant, who finally stated that he was a graduate of Dartmouth and not an office-seeker by profession.

"Are you acquainted with Governor Fish?" said the President. "No?" (writing a card.) "Well, to-morrow being cabinet day, I will speak to Governor Fish about

your case. You can see him in the meantime. I have said to him on this card: 'This will introduce Mr. ——, who is an applicant for a consulship, etc. Take this to Governor Fish, at the State Department."

"When shall I call again?" "Call to-morrow at 2½ o'clock, after I have seen Governor Fish. Good morning."

And the Missourian bowed himself out and the President was ready for the next, who came forward and took the seat just vacated. He was a negro. His head looked like an enlarged oven, and as knotty as a red oak. He was dressed in the shabby genteel manner, with a flaming red necktie. The President gave him a long, searching look, and saw what he was; then settled himself back in his chair for a siege.

"Mr. President, I am a native of Westminster, England, a graduate of Cambridge and barrister in the English courts, also a short-hand reporter. Came to Halifax and found but little to do. I came to Boston, staid two years in the practice, and found two colored lawyers there, who were doing the business. As I am not and could not become a citizen of the United States, I was not popular. I then came to Washington and obtained employment as a short-hand reporter with Mr. Miller on the *Globe*. Then I worked for Mr. Douglass, who publishes a paper in the interest of the colored man, and now I am out of work and destitute. I have heard, sir, of your kindness and charity to the people of my race, and I come to you to see if you could not suggest something for me."

"Yes, I have the same interest in your people that I have in other citizens of the United States. Have you been to the Howard University?" inquired the President.

"Yes sir; but they did nothing for me."

"Have you been to see Mr. Colfax? He takes a great interest in your people."

"Yes sir," replied the colored man, "but he can do nothing for me." "Well, what can I do?"

"You don't seem to understand me, Mr. President. I am out of means, and you are said to be very charitable." "Yes, I am as charitable as I can be," said the President.

"Yes, I know you are, and the slightest pecuniary aid will be of the greatest help to me." "If I were to give to all who ask from me, I could expend a large fortune."

"Yes, but, Mr. President, you don't seem to understand the situation. I am entirely out of money." "I generally confine my charity to such as have a family."

"Mr. President, I have a wife and three interesting children."

Met at every point, the President drew his pocket-book and gave the fellow a green, and then the colored gentleman for the first time took his eyes from the President's face. He carefully folded the note, brushed his dilapidated beaver with his elbow, put the bill in his pocket, and made for the door, saying as he departed, with the flourish of a Beau Brummel, "Mr. President, I shall never forget your kindness—never, so help me God. Good morning."

"Good day, sir," the President remarked, as he turned to greet the next, who was a young boy, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes.

"I have been turned out of West Point, Mr. President. I want to get back (he had failed in his class examination), and come to you to know what to do. Here are my papers, sir," handing his credentials and recommendation from many prominent men to the President, who read them and said, "You cannot get back without the recommendation of the academic board. It would be a violation of law if you were appointed without it." Then looking closely at the boy, "if you will get their recommendation—why then your Congressman can reappoint you."

"I am too old enter on a new appointment, and the Congreseman from my district won't appoint me. The one who first appointed me is out, and a new one is now in."

"Very well. You write to the academic board at West Point, through the post adjutant, and get their permission to re-enter, asking that you may go into the third class and go on with your studies. If they consent, I will then appoint you to West Point."

"Will you?" said the boy, his face lighting up like the harvest moon; "what shall I write?"

The President then told him what to write, repeating it. "When you have written the letter, fetch it to me and I will revise it and indorse it."

"Where shall I write it?" "Sit here at this table or go to the next room."

The boy went out with a quick step and a heart too full to speak. The President then turned to your casual and entered on the business which brought him, incidentally mentioning when and where we had met, and the circumstances years ago. When you consider the number of persons he meets, and the hundreds of faces passing before him daily, you are astonished at the memory this man possesses.—*Washington Correspondence Ohio State Journal.*

The Chief Cause which led to the recall of Minister DeLong from Japan was his persistence in making presents to the mikado, after he had been reminded that it was contrary to the wishes of this government. On the first occasion of this kind, he was reminded that, under the general instructions to our ministers, such proceedings were forbidden, as all presents to a sovereign must be made through his own diplomatic representative. But Minister DeLong repeated the act, and was again reminded of his instructions. Besides these objections to DeLong, it was thought that some other person should be appointed who would more faithfully represent the United States in Japan. The President will on his return appoint a successor.

RAINDROPS.

Drip, gentle rain—each drop that falls
A soothing solace sweetly brings,
And to my heavy heart recalls
A host of half-forgotton things.
They woo me from my night of pain—
Drip, gentle rain.

Drip, gentle rain—oh! take me back
To childhood and the Long Ago,
When life was one bliss-bounded track,
And my boy bosom, all aglow,
Pulsed happiness with every vein.
Drip, gentle rain.

Drip, gentle rain—upon my brow
I feel my mother's good-night kiss—
She's with the holy angels now—
As you on many a night like this
Made music on my window pane.
Drip, gentle rain.

Drip, gentle rain—upon my tent
Half lost in sleep, I hear once more
Thy soothing music, strangely blent
With hurried cannons' mouthing roar
On old Virginia's battled plain.
Drip, gentle rain.

Drip, gentle rain—out in the night
That blindly stares my casement on,
I see loved faces once so bright,
I hear loved voices dead and gone—
There's a strange magic in thy strain.
Drip, gentle rain.

Drip, gentle rain—my life is drear,
Its sun seems shrouded in eclipse,
And oftentimes death stands so near
I feel the cold blast of his lips,
And trouble troops an endless train.
Drip, gentle rain.

Drip, gentle rain—all is not lost:
The golden gleam of trusting love
Across my spirit tempest-tost
Spans like a blessed bow above,
And hope revives—peace comes again.
Drip, gentle rain.

THE DISCOVERY OF AUSTRALIA.

The Meritorious Geographical Historian, Mr. H. M. Major, has by his most recent researches unexpectedly ascertained that Australia was discovered, and a portion of its coast had been mapped out, long prior to the voyage of the yacht *Duyphem* in 1605, or that still earlier navigation on our shores by the Portuguese commander, Eredia, in 1601, under the Viceroy Saldanna's orders. The autographic report of Captain Eredia to King Philip III., with sketches, charts, and portraits, has just turned up in the Burgundian Library of Brussels. Mr. Major, who made this latter fact known by his previous studies, has now carried the history of the discovery of Australia much further back. He had already in his researches got access to about six very old French maps of the globe, mostly now in the British Museum, on the oldest of which the year 1542 was written, Australia being called Tare le Grande. But now Mr. Major has found even an engraved map of 1531, also issued in France, on which Australia appears as Regio Patalis (the open region.) This important chart was constructed and issued by Orome Finé, an astronomer and mathematician of note living in Briançon. Another map of remote date has just been brought out of the obscurity in which it was buried; it is one dedicated to the unfortunate chief of the Huguenots, Admiral Count Coligny, in 1554, and is now deposited in the library of the War Department of Paris. This particular map bears the name of Guill le Festu as author. This well-known navigator was a native of Grasse, and on all these newly-discovered maps the geographic names can be traced to words of the Provence. Corsali's notes of 1515 refer to New Guinea only. On the French maps, as far back as 1542, portions of the east coast, as well as of the west shores of Australia, are laid down. Thenet, the cosmographer of Henry II., accompanied Le Festu in some of his navigations, and it may be that the latter himself shared in these early French explorations along the seaboards of our continent. Sir Henry Rawlinson, in his recent Presidential address to the Royal Geographic Society, enters at length into Mr. Major's important historic disclosures, and hopes that now further evidence of these early maritime surveys will be brought forward from French libraries and archives.—*Melbourne Telegraph.*

Singular Discovery.—A singular discovery has been made at the old Conciergerie in Paris. At the Court of Cassation fire had destroyed two out of the three towers, and a few days since the yards in one of the turrets revealed a horrid tunnel reaching the level of the Seine. There it forms a gallery sloping downwards to the bed of the river. The attempt to penetrate into this dreadful dungeon was fruitless, as the interior is lined with sharp iron spears and points, which cross each other in every direction. When this Tower St. Louis was used occasionally as the dwelling of the Kings of France, captives of note were confined in its underground prisons, and when the powers that were becoming anxious to get rid of any one of them, they led him through a passage formed in the interior of the wall towards this newly-discovered dungeon. A secret door was opened, and he was participated into the yawning chasm, and there, transfixed by spikes, he perished in slow torture. Of course, it may be easily imagined that it was only portions of skeletons that ever reached the bed of the Seine.

THE DEVIL'S WALK THROUGH SAN FRANCISCO.

"From his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the Devil has gone,
To visit his nice little farm, the earth,
And see how his stock goes on."—COLERIDGE.

So pleased was the Devil with 'Frisco,
That he made up his mind he would take
Each week a short tour
To visit his poor,
So he started again at daybreak

The young city had hardly awoke
When the Devil arrived in hot haste,
And no one he sees
Save a few Chinese
And women more gaudy than chaste.

He called in at Ben's, took a cocktail,
For his journey had made him feel tired.
An officer there,
Asleep in a chair,
He paused for a time and admired.

And he thought to himself these police
Have pretty good times on their beats;
Good whisky each day
And pretty good pay
To listlessly loaf round the streets.

Then he watched an old drunkard come
The officer changed his location, [in;
Made the drunkard stand drinks,
Tipped the barman three winks, [tion.
Then marched him right off to the sta-

He knew very well that policeman
Had himself been as drunk as a lord,
But, then, why of course
He belonged to the force
And could take all he wanted abroad.

As the morning grew older he went
Down to look at the bulls and the bears;
He thought that a broker
Had better play poker
And let him look after their shares.

He pitied the honest old miner,
And laughed at the silly sardines
Who lose all their coin,
Then thieve and purloin,
And always live over their means.

He looked all around for Ward Beecher,
And he smiled when he thought of how
That parson would be, [sold
All his converts to see
Bowing down to the demon of gold.

He went up and interviewed Russell,
Whom he found looking cheerful and well,
And told him that he,
When he got back, would see
They gave him snug quarters in hell.

The Devil called round on the lawyers;
They were most of them hungry and thin
And killing each other,
As Cain did his brother,
When murder was said to begin.

Then he met a fat, clean-shaven priest,
Tipped him a satanical wink
And breathed in his ear
The words priests hold dear,
"Come with me, old boy, for a drink."

And the Devil rubbed his sides with glee
As he thought how many a soul,
By priests prepared,
Had frizzled and flared
When dropped in his brimstone bowl.

Religion he knew was the cloak
That vice most delighted to wear;
The hypocrite's leer
Was to him more dear
Than vice's most open glare.

He heard of a murdress in jail
(He'd read it in Sunday's live sheet);
But the Devil got sold,
If the truth must be told,
Like the rest of the boys on the street.

And so mad was old Satan to think [sell,
He'd been fooled by this ninety-ninth
That he let fly his hoof,
Burnt through the jail roof,
And disconsolate went back to Hell.

HON. CHARLES DE LONG.

The Hon. Charles E. De Long, our Minister to Japan, whose recall has excited so much comment, lived in Marysville, California, in 1850. At that time De Long was a waiter in the restaurant connected with the Western Hotel at D and Second streets. He was always ambitious to become a politician, and claimed to be a Democrat of the Jacksonian school. The guests of the hotel were not unfrequently amused by little Charlie's—he is about five feet high, and does not weigh more than one hundred pounds—dissertations on the politics of the day. He was often known to lay down his tray while waiting on a customer, and begin a heated political argument. In 1851, when John Bigler was running as the Democratic candidate against Waldo for Governor of California, De Long was a violent partisan of Bigler. On one occasion during the campaign an open-air Bigler meeting was held in front of the Western Hotel. The Hon. Jesse O. Goodwin presided. Senator Wm. M. Gwin was speaking, and Congressman Milton S. Latham was to follow. De Long was anxious to make a speech. He circulated among the audience and told them to "holloa for De Long." At the close of Senator Gwin's speech a shout went up for De Long. Mr. Goodwin stepped to the front of the platform and said, "If Mr. De Long is present will he please come forward." De Long, who was in waiting at the rear of the platform, instantly mounted the rostrum and was introduced to the audience. A breathless silence prevailed in expectancy of De Long's speech. Just as he was about to begin, a huge specimen of the genus Pike broke tongue and said at the top of his voice, "Wal, I be gosh durned if that ain't the little critter who was here a minute ago and told me to holloa for De Long." The intending orator was completely unnerved. He stammered and hung his head. He could not say a word, and amid the jeers of the audience slunk off the stand.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Harry Baker, a pioneer of '49, is dead. He was a miner in Arizona for some time, when he took to politics. He died at his residence on Howard street.

We Hope it is a Fact Patent to the Entire Community that the character of Miss Marchant is unimpeachable; that her vestal lamp burns with undimmed fire; that she is, in short, a modern Madonna. For ourselves, unbiased by prejudices against her antecedents, we loudly aver our belief. So does George Lawless, who has been thoroughly convinced of it. The gentle-mannered youths who congregate in the classic vicinity of Ninth and Minna streets loudly asseverate that she is a shining light. Then why should it not be true? What would we do with knights and squires when our gentle dames are so fully capable of taking care of themselves? We have read much balderdash concerning trenchant blades and trusty swords, but our faith shall hereafter rest in the potency of a riding whip wielded by the strong arm of an irate female.

The Reporters are reveling in a pool of Chinese nastiness, and are gloating over every detail with disgusting relish. There is not a heathen among their sandwiched sleepers, not a reek among their millions of vile smells, not a jar among their many discordances, not a fester of their masses of filth, not a sin from their list of horrible crimes, not a loathly detail of their beastly women, not a queue from their vermined heads, not a hair from their nasty queues, not a chronicle of their lonely deaths, not a funeral of their unlicensed burials, that is not seized upon and dwelt upon, placed in its own particular paragraph, clothed in a mass of wordy matter, and disseminated among a discriminating, ease and pleasure loving people. Why will the papers print such nasty things? Ugh! It is enough to give one the pestilence to read them.

We Learn from the papers that Mirambo, King of the Wayoweh, Central Africa, is dead. We cannot regret the decease of this mighty prince. We can bear with despots who observe the decencies of life; but a tyrant who dresses himself in a single banana leaf, and even on Sundays wears only one ring through his nose, cannot be countenanced conscientiously. A monarch who would take the trousers sent from missionary-inspired ladies of Aberdeen, split them in half, fill them with sand, and make a war-club of each leg, cannot be forgiven upon the ground of mere eccentricity. Mirambo had a habit of shoving his crown suddenly under his son when the prince went to sit down, so that the spikes would make him screech. The father enjoyed this joke as much as if he had been brought up and educated on a comic journal.

Train is Mad. Of course he is; we knew it was so, and said it was so, long ago. He was not a harmless lunatic, either. No man with such a rotten bridle attached to such an unscrupulous tongue could be harmless. He was, however, a fit man to represent Fenianism, and no madder than the generality of Fenian maniacs are. The *T. C.* would suggest, were it not for the expense, that all the brotherhood should be examined by a commission of lunacy. He feels certain that if clear cases of lunacy were not made out in all cases, some facts corroborative of the Darwinian theory would be brought to light. It is just possible that a full grown tail might be discovered. The face part is already acceded.

We Knew that Charles de Young was a talented youth, nay, ever a brilliant one. He can sum up the value per line of copy to a nicety, and has lately completed a severe course of grammatical exercises, besides being nearly able to write; but we never were aware that he was a lawyer. The *Bulletin*, of Friday, says, in a short report of the D. and D. Asylum, "Charles de Young questioned the witness, for the prosecution." No doubt he gave him fits. The *T. C.* wonders what his fee was? If at all in proportion to his talent, it must have been considerable, say, "ten cents." We believe, however, that volunteer busy-bodys are usually paid with "more kicks than cents."

We Thought we had Finished the Breed in our Midst when we choked off the "Chicken" last week, but straightway another of the blood springs up. Another of the same kind, we opine, judging from the readiness with which Mr. Simpson avows the relationship, and the gusto with which he relates the earlier eccentricities of the unpopular defunct. We hope it will shortly occur to Mr. Simpson to betake himself again to the pleasures of the briny deep, for now that necktie entertainments are fashionable, we might lay hands upon him, and too many of one family would make the business monotonous, especially to the old parties in Waterford.

If a Man Can't Beat His Mother-in-Law, who can he beat? Weall must have a vent for our angry passions somewhere and it won't do to beat our wives for they are useful creatures around the domicile, nor our children for in these precocious times they haul us up before a Court of Law, and generally get judgment in their favor. We advise matrimony to the sympathetic Judge, in which case he could gaze upon nothing more calmly than a mother-in-law, her two eyes poulticed with beefsteaks, her front teeth knocked out, the demensions of her chignon forcibly reduced, and herself in a state generally approaching the gelatinous.

For Some Time Past we have been signing "Anti-Coolie" and "Eight-Hour" petitions. They are spread on a little table near the post office, between a couple of antiquated old book stalls. We always find it convenient to sign one of these petitions every time we pass. We have signed the Eight-Hour petition seventy-eight times this week and scattered our name along the columns of the Anti-Coolie petition ninety-six times, if we recollect aright. We are in favor of both these movements, and will tackle them with renewed energy next week.

In Oxford County, Me., when the citizens wish to punish a male seducer they give him free passes to Chicago, and then burn him in effigy.

A Seafaring Man, by Name Simpson, has discovered in the defunct Chicken a long lost cousin. The scene when Crowley showed him Devine's carte was truly heart rending. Even the hard heart of the Chief was melted when the seafaring cousin wept over the picture and declared he was "a d—d bully boy." The following touching lines are said to be a joint composition, written on police paper:

"O cousin, so you've slipped your wind? Your mainmast carried from the deck,
I'm truly grieved and sad to find Your hull a smashed unsightly wreck;
Your manly beak can peck no more, O how your cousin mourns your loss!
All blunt the spurs so sharp before, Of bully boys you were the boss."

Once More the man whose name should never be mentioned without d—d in front of it, drags himself before the public. The *Town Crier* only wishes that Gorden had sent his dirty soul (if he has one) on its way to hell. Not content with ruining a family, he must still haunt their house, and scrawl his loathsome notes to his victim. The *T. C.* only wonders that a deputation does not wait upon Mr. Robinson at his rooms on Pine street, and administer that punishment which the law seems incapable of doing.

The Examiner discourses learnedly and at length on the foul vice of "padding," as practiced by the New York *Herald* in particular, and various other journals in general. Now that we know what to call it, we shall never read one of the *Examiner's* leaders, conveyed from the New York *World*, without feeling tempted to cry out "Padding!"

"Non Possumus" Friend Kit (not one of our staff), means "we are not able." Nor are we to make head or tail of your bad writing, vile grammar, and truly original spelling. We should advise you to employ the subject of your scrawl, Father Gallagher, to bury your pen and yourself with it.

Mr. Cummings, of Peoria, not coming home early enough, Mrs. C. went for him with a rolling-pin, and he came to terms and home in right smart order.

POST CARDS.

The Postmaster General has kindly let us have a peep at the first batch of post cards that will appear in a few days. We withhold names, but give their text. The first one we saw was evidently from an irate washerwoman, and ran as follows:

"SIR:—You walk around and look a big gun, with your sham diamond studs and clean shirt front, but let me tell you, that unless your washing bill is paid you will sport no more spotless linen. Yours, etc. ——."

The next was evidently a love affair, but why so public a conveyance should be preferred we are at a loss to find out:

"I waited two hours near the Post-office on Wednesday. Why didn't you come? Shan't go any more, so look out for a fresh fellow to fool. I won't be Mary's "little lamb" any longer."

This is another:

"Mind when the Municipal election comes off you vote for M——. If you don't, look out for squalls."

This one is evidently an Irish piece of composition:

"Terence, deer, and why didn't ye send me the dollars that ye pramished. Its sarraferl times we're having away in this lone place. Now send the money, and I won't write anny more on the outside o' these kards. However, I don't think yerl iver git this; it looks too small to travil. Send the money by Fargo-Wells."

This one, we imagine, is an order for whisky:

"Put me up two gallons of that same sort of "soothing syrup." The last did much good. The picture is in rapid progress—colors bright and shiny."

What a little insight into domestic diplomacy the following favors us with:

"MY DARLING MARY:—B. is coming home to dinner with me this evening. I have ordered some trout and a couple of ducks. Get the silver out, make everything nice, and express confusion at B.'s unexpected visit. Yours, HUBBY."

We pity this distracted youth with a sympathetic pity:

"LILLY:—Why will you persist in going East? If not a calla lilly, you are certainly a callous one, and this transplanting means the uprooting of all the tendrils of my tender nature. 'I never loved a dear gazelle,' etc. Forgive my apparent disconnectedness, for 'Thou art leaving me in sorrow, Lilly.'"

"Brevity is the soul of wit," to be sure, but we don't see much in the following:

"No."

The Library of Sir Richard Tufton has been sold in Paris for £5,000. It included a beautiful quarto MS. (Horæ) of the 15th century, profusely illustrated, in vellum, which fetched £1,200.

VEILED.

At old Egyptian festivals, we are told,
Was aye a guest
Who through the feast sat rigid, silent, cold;
Whom no one prest
To share the banquet, yet who still remained
Till the last song was sung, the last cup drained.

The cup, the song, the jest, and laugh went round,
No cheek turned pale,
No guest amazed did query e'er propound,
Or lift the veil
To learn the wherefore one alone sat mute,
With whom nor host, nor friend, exchanged salute.

Usance and rose-crowned drapery did all;
That thing of bone,
That hideous skeleton in festive hall,
Evoked no groan;
No thrill of horror checked the flow of mirth,
Unseen, unfelt that grisly type of earth.

But did the host return when all were gone,
The lights put out,
The unseen presence of that nameless one
Might put to rout
All the gay fancies born of wine and song,
And speechless dread the fleeting night prolong.

At every hearth, in every human heart
There sits such guest,
We may not, cannot bid it thence depart.
E'en at the best,
We can but crown with roses, veil and drape;
The thing exists, though we conceal its shape.

We shroud our skeletons from public gaze,
And from our own:
Ignore their presence with life's lamps ablaze,
Till left alone
With festal fragments, wine-stains, lights gone dim,
We feel them with us, icy, bloodless, grim.

Our nerves would quiver to unveil the bones
Of the dead past;
We lock them in our hearts, with sighs and moans,
To keep them fast;
'Tis but in solitude we turn the key,
And dare to look upon them as they be.

JOHN STUART MILL.

One of the Most Notable Events of the past week or two is the death of John Stuart Mill, whose name is familiar to every civilized nation on the globe, and who, in the last twenty-five years, has been a recognized leader of thought and opinion in the realm of philosophy and political science. The power of his intellect and the nobleness of his character will be readily conceded even by those who dissent most earnestly from some of the views of which he was champion. Living under a monarchy, he was at heart a Republican; and through personal intercourse with the intellectual leaders of many nations, and through his published writings, which now speak in many tongues, he has been the persuasive teacher of the philosophy and the practicability of human freedom. His mind was too clear and his courage too great to recoil before the logical results of his own doctrine of the rights of man; and he accordingly early avowed and powerfully defended its corollary in the rights of women. His accomplishments as a scholar were well-nigh universal. He was equally at home in the niceties of Greek scholarship, in the profoundest problems of mathematics, in art, in all modern letters, and in every practicable question of the hour. Buckle said of him that he was the only man in Europe worthy of being the modern successor of Aristotle; and the most vigorous thinkers of England have for years been proud to sit at his feet. His house, near London, was always the seat of a cosmopolitan hospitality; and every pilgrim, from whatever land, was surprise at the intimate knowledge which he showed of the most distant nations. Americans can never forget that in the years of our trouble he never misunderstood us; and his voice of approbation for the national cause, and faith in our success, sounded through Europe with an authority not to be overcome.

The Declared Value of printed books exported from England in the last three months was £183,084, being an increase of more than £20,000 in the like period of the previous year.

Court Chat.

Marriage of Prince Albrecht of Prussia.—The marriage of Prince Albrecht of Prussia, a son of the Emperor, with Princess Marie of Saxe-Altenburg, was celebrated on Saturday last with more than usual pomp. The bride is the only daughter of Ernest Duke of Sachsen-Altenburg, and of Agnes, daughter of Duke Leopold, of Anhalt, and therefore already connected by marriage with the house of Hohenzollern, for the second daughter of Duke Leopold is the consort of Prince Frederick Charles, another of the King's nephews. The young Princess was born in 1845, while the bridegroom has reached the mature age of thirty-six, possesses pleasant German feature and a genial unaffected expression. The Prince having postponed his own marriage for some time, the Emperor determined to honor the occasion with his choicest favors. The entrance of the Princess into Berlin, which was made a few hours before the wedding, was in the grandest style of the Berlin Court. Dragoon Guards opened the procession. Half-a-dozen magnificent carriages containing the chief dignitaries of the Court, and accompanied by gorgeous attendants, followed. Then came the State carriage of the Royal Family, which is best described as a house on wheels, all gilt, and surmounted by helmet and crown. Surrounded by Chamberlains and *garde-du-corps*, and drawn by eight horses of the finest East Prussian breed, the equipage presented a superb appearance, and was greeted with the boisterous applause of the public. Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess and Her Highness the Princess of Altenburg, with the Mistress of the Robes of the young bride, occupied the interior of the stupendous vehicle, the exterior being crowded with pages and other functionaries of appropriate rank and degree. Just inside the Brandenburg Gate the procession stopped to give the Burgomaster of the capital time to deliver a short and cordial address to the bride, whose girlish beauty and modest, unpretending demeanor at once captivated the hearts of the multitude. After a few words of thanks from the bride in reply, the cavalcade moved on to the old Palace, where the Crown Prince and Prince Albrecht received the two Royal ladies at the portal of the Inner Court. Having been presented to the Emperor and Empress, who were waiting for her in the Brandenburg Chambers, the bride withdrew to the suite of apartments provided for her, to make her appearance again a few hours later, when the time for the wedding had arrived. The ceremony was performed in the evening in the Palace Chapel at seven o'clock, in the presence of the Emperor and Empress, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Altenburg, and all the members of the two Royal and Princely families. The supper was of the most superb description, which was followed by the ordinary pageant of the *Fackel-Tanz*, which, in accordance with the time-honored customs of the Court, closed the day. The *Fackel-Tanz*, or Torchlight Minuet, is a Courtly rite performed, curiously enough, not by the Chamberlains, but by the members of the Cabinet, on the occasion of Royal marriages. The torches, symbolical of hymeneal bliss, have, indeed, long been superseded by tapers of exquisite odor and light; but now, as two hundred years ago, the Ministers of the Crown consider it an honor to be selected to move gracefully up and down to the measured cadence of the music, and, candle in hand, pay their respects to the newmarried couple. So highly valued is the honor of sharing in the display that in the present instance a question had arisen as to the member of the Cabinet who should have the precedence of the others. Count Roon, being the Prussian Premier, claimed precedence of Prince Bismarck, who in his Prussian capacity is only Minister of Foreign Affairs; while Prince Bismarck, asserting the German Chancellor to be a more important personage than any Prussian Minister, Premier included, insisted on his right to lead off the Minuet, and marshal the luminous host before the Royal throne. The Prince had it his own way, stepped first and foremost, and held the biggest taper. The Ministerial prelude over, the bride, likewise in accordance with the traditional etiquette, walked up to the Emperor and, bowing low, requested the honor of dancing with His Majesty. This was the signal for a general polonaise of the Court, Ministers always keeping ahead, torch in hand. At the conclusion of the polonaise the young couple retired, the members of the Cabinet having previously resigned their tapers to a like number of pages whose office it is to light the happy pair to their apartments. Immediately after occurred the remarkable ceremony of the distribution of the Garter, common to all classes in the Middle Ages, but now-a-days observed only by Royalty and the country folk of some primitive districts. A riband called the Bride's Garter, with her initials interwoven in it, is presented to the gentlemen of the Court, who pin it round their coat-sleeves, carrying it home as a trophy of the day and a reminiscence of the event. On Sunday there was another grand *Cour* at the Palace, followed on Monday by a State banquet in the White Hall, in the Royal Castle. The Court festivities in honor of the Royal marriage were brought to a close on Monday evening by the attendance of the whole Court at a grand performance of Glück's opera of *Iphigenia in Aulis*. On the arrival and departure of the bride and bridegroom, to whom the seats of honor at the side of the Emperor and Empress were allotted, the whole house rose.

Birthday of Princess Beatrice.—April 14th being the sixteenth anniversary of the birth of Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, the occasion was duly celebrated at Windsor with the usual rejoicings. Early in the morning, and at intervals during the day, the bells of St. George's Chapel and St. John's Church rang merrily, royal salutes being fired from the Long Walk and *Royal Adelaide* frigate and Fort Belvedere, at Virginia.

LEAN HARD.

Child of my love, lean hard,
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it;
Poised it in mine own hand; made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength;
For even as I laid it on, I said:—
"I shall be near, and while she leans on me
This burden shall be mine, not hers;
So shall I keep my child within the circling arms
Of mine own love." Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come;
Thou art near enough: I would embrace thy care
So I might feel my child reposing on my breast.
Thou lovest me? I knew it; doubt not, then,
But, loving me, lean hard.

THE "EXAMINER'S" LIBERTY.

The "Examiner" thinks that our "friends of the Latin races entertain very curious ideas of freedom": and explains itself by finding a close resemblance between the old Puritains, who consecrated Plymouth Rock, and the Mexican Republicans. The Puritans expelled from their colony all who differed from them in matters of faith, and now the "enlightened and progressive Mexican State of Puebla has decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits from its confines." It is hardly necessary to argue, for the thousandth time, the threadbare subject of Puritan intolerance. The world has long ago separated into two camps on that matter, and it will remain divided, so long as there is a difference between principle and prescription. The principle which moved the Puritans was the sacredness of the individual conscience; and the proof of this is that the real liberty of America is traceable directly and unmistakably to the men who

Moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Greed and selfishness and intolerance existed among the Puritans, and their descendants; but these vices and failings are not peculiar to any class of men. The cavaliers of Carolina and Virginia were as selfish and intolerant, as greedy of what they considered gain, as any inhabitant of Cape Cod or Rhode Island. The men of New England were not as picturesque, or as attractive as the Southerners; but, with all their hardness, they had in them a "divine particle" which the others lacked, and which is the spirit of life in any society that is to hold its own in the press of the "thoughts that shake mankind." The difference between these colonists is the difference between the Spaniards and the Englishmen, of the Sixteenth century. Externally, the advantage was certainly not on the side of the English; the countrymen of Cervantes and of Lope were the equals of any men on earth. But they cast in their lot with the powers of evil, in the great debate which divided the world; and like their choice was the choice of the cavaliers of America. One may dislike the Puritans; but no free man is at liberty to cast a slight upon their name, or affect to sneer at the intolerance which they shared with the men of every country, and of every party, in their day. The enemy against whom they fought has many shapes; and one of them, for three centuries past, has been known by the name of Jesuitism. The *Examiner* may affect to patronize "our Latin friends," because they recognize the deadly enemy of their peace and progress in the society which has blighted every good work and withered every hope, again and again, in the unhappy countries under the sway of the Roman Church; but the Mexicans know what liberty means better than the *Examiner*. The Mexicans have fought their way towards the light; the *Examiner* deliberately and consistently turns its back on the light, by advocating slavery, hatred of "inferior" races, the right of a church to dictate in matters of conscience, and the claims of such bodies as the Jesuits to an exceptionally gentle and tender treatment at the hands of critics. The Mexicans have read history; the *Examiner* has heard that there is such a thing, but denies its existence. The progressive State of Puebla will go on, as we believe; and Mexico will reach, within the life-time of the *Examiner*, the high table-land, on which the full sunshine of freedom rests.

When Paris was invested by the Prussians, no less than seventy applications were made to the Government to employ pigeons to communicate with the outer world, and all rejected with loud laughter. Those laughed best who laughed last. Of the total 363 pigeons placed at the disposal of the Government, only 73 re-entered Paris; several were wounded by Prussian balls. Two pigeons made four return voyages respectively, and are now the pets of Mme. Thiers and Jules Favre. Of the 115,000 dispatches received during the siege, and "reduced" photographically, their total weight is not more than the thirteenth part of an ounce! Drovers' dogs were tried, by being sent up in balloons, with a collar full of dispatches.

Special Brevities.

New Method of Heating Railway Carriages.—A new invention for the purpose of heating railway carriages has been tried on the Caledonian Railway, which will in all likelihood soon supersede the present mode of heating by hot-water pans. Recently a carriage left the General Station, Perth, fitted up with the new apparatus, which is simply a small oblong copper casement placed under the floor of each compartment, and is filled with a patent composition for fuel. This composition is in cakes of different sizes, some of which, on being ignited, undergo a slight process of combustion for twenty hours, while smaller ones burn for ten or twelve hours. The great advantage over the present system is that, whereas the hot-water pans only serve to keep the feet warm, these patent fuel cases diffuse a genial warmth throughout the whole compartment making it most comfortable. The invention is a German one, and is said to be extensively used on the railways in that country, while it has also been introduced by a few British companies.

A Remarkable Revival is in progress among the Baptist mission churches in the north of Sweden. There are now in Sweden about 9,000 Baptists in 220 churches.—The Jewish ministry has so little attraction for the young men of that money-making nationality, that their only theological school in this country, the Maimonides college at Philadelphia, will soon suspend its session.—Dr Treuenfels, the Jewish rabbi, considers the Darwinian theory exceedingly flattering to Israelites, because through all their dire struggles for existence in the past ages, the race has maintained itself in its original purity, and that, therefore, they must be physically and intellectually the most able, indestructible,—the first among all existing races.

A New Gun has been invented by an American and named after him the Taylor mitrailleur. Its main new feature is that the barrels are in a water casing, so that their heating from rapid and continuous fire is obviated. The barrels are grouped elliptically, and a lateral or horizontal range is thus secured, an advantage not possessed by similar guns, which throw their projectiles up and down at right angles with the ground. The gun is self-discharging, and the loading, firing, and cleaning, by single shot, or *en fusillade*, is accomplished by means of a steel lever and a small steel crank. The gun, it is said, has been successfully tried with a calibre of ¼; and it is believed that a calibre of 100 is possible with this patent. When firing *en fusillade* 700 rounds a minute can be fired, and by volley 1,000 a minute.

The London Correspondent of a Birmingham paper alludes to a new book containing remarks about the diet of literary men, and states that he is acquainted with a well-known writer who cleaves to oatmeal porridge when he is in working trim. In this respect he imitates Gerald Massey, who swears by oatmeal porridge as a brain-inspiring compound, and frankly acknowledges his indebtedness thereto. "There is a deal of phosphorous in oatmeal," Mr. Massey says, "and phosphor is brain. There is also a large amount of phosphorous in fish. Consequently, I never miss having a fish dinner at least once a week, and take a plate of good, thick, coarse, well-boiled Scotch oatmeal every morning."

A Discovery was Made by Mr. John Glasbrook, in an old adit level, at Pwllyewn Colliery, near Landore. The men are sinking a new pit there, and in an old adit level, filled with rubbish, came across two old wooden shovels, evidently used by the miners hundreds of years ago. The handles of these shovels are of ash, the blades of oak (still as hard as steel). There is not a particle of iron even in the fastenings, and those implements of trade must have been left where now found at least two hundred years.

The Art Journals of Paris are speaking of a fresco by Raphael, which M. Thiers went to Auteuil a day or two since to inspect, and which was discovered about six weeks ago in the neighborhood of Rome under a mound of earth. This large composition, which measures 16 feet by 10 feet, will probably be purchased for the Louvre.

A Greek of Varna has left a considerable fortune to Greek educational and charitable institutions. £500 is devoted to two scholars to be sent to Mount Athos to catalogue the MSS. in the monasteries there, with a provision for printing. £100 is given as a prize for a history of Varna, from the days of King Lysimachus to 1860.

London to Edinburgh on a Bicycle.—On the 5th of April two gentlemen left London on their bicycles with the intention of riding to Edinburgh. After a most enjoyable trip, they arrived at their destination on the 15th, apparently in very good condition, having accomplished 408 miles with eight days' riding.

The Once-celebrated Tenor Singer, Signor Donzelli, died recently at Bologna, aged eighty-four. He came to London in 1828, and at once gained a reputation. He was one of the few tenors who have been successful as Don Giovanni, in Mozart's opera. His voice was one of immense power and brilliancy.

The Graphic is said to be growing into one of the wealthiest journalistic properties in the world. It is certainly doing very well, and has merited success by the well-directed enterprise of its management and the excellence of the work done.

The British and Foreign Bible Society are now engaged in the translation of the Bible into the Japanese language, and the first instalment, that of the Gospel of St. John, has been completed and printed.

COOK, THE TOURISTS' FRIEND.

The Tide of Summer Tourists, says *Appleton's Journal*, is flowing Europeward, the steamers being crowded by anticipation for months to come, greenbacks converted into rouleaux of sovereigns and napoleons, the seamstress, milliners, and tailors, overcrowded with work on tourists' suits, and brown-stone fronts already putting on the blank, forbidding, "not-at-home" face, which stamps them as deserted. In view of the unusual number of European travelers, consequent upon the Vienna Exposition, why does not some enterprising Yankee organize a thorough system of excursions to the Austrian capital and back? At present, only the dimmest estimate can be made of the cost of a trip thither; after leaving the steamer in the Mersey, or at the mouth of the Seine or Elbe, nine voyagers out of ten have but the haziest notion what their outlays will be in fares and hotel expenses; and the financial aspect is of the first importance to the *paterfamilias* who contemplates taking madame and his two blooming daughters such a distance. In this matter of excursions, the English—and one Englishman in particular—have quite outdone us, who boast so much of our go-ahead-ativeness. Those who trust themselves to the patriarchal care of Mr. Cook, throw on his willing shoulders pretty much all the care of their own whatever. "Cook's tourists," to be sure, are more or less sneered at in England, and by none more than your cockney, who three years ago saved a matter of twenty pounds sterling by becoming a "Cook's tourist" himself, in a run on the Continent. Of course, people who are able to travel luxuriously, to have their couriers, take their *coupe* and coachman with them, engage suites of apartments at the Hôtel Bristol and the Schweitzerhof a week beforehand by telegraph, and travel first class with the "princes and fools," may dispense with Mr. Cook and his kind altogether. He is emphatically the peculiar boon of the peripatetic middle classes, of those who are able to travel, if they can only do it moderately, and who must, as they travel, count the cost thereof. To these, Mr. Cook benevolently steps in and informs them that, at certain stated prices, he will take them almost anywhere or everywhere they wish to go. If they desire to see Paris or Vienna, Madrid or Naples, St. Petersburg or Constantinople—nay, even, for that matter, Jerusalem, Bagdad, and Damascus, the Pyramid of Cheops or the domes of Seringapatam, they have only to pack up and deliver themselves over, at the London railway-station, into the hands of Mr. Cook, or one of his lieutenants. He takes charge of the trunks and portmanteaus and umbrellas, he provides clean apartments and healthy food at the Continental hotels, he attends to the health and comfort of all his perambulating flock. He does all this on advantageously cheap terms, dealing as he does by wholesale, and being a most envied customer to the less aristocratic Continental hosts. Notwithstanding the English fondness for being, eating, and traveling alone, Mr. Cook has been a distinct success, and may be looked upon as a sort of educator of the masses, as "travel tries a man," according to Lord Bacon. Every year may be seen shoals of cheerful "Cook's tourists" crossing the Channel; and on the Continent you find them everywhere, wearing for the most part contented faces, climbing cathedral-spires, floating down German streams, flitting through Louvre and Dresden galleries, driving in groups in the Palais Royal, crawling into the Great Pyramid, and leaning wondering over the precipices of the Tête Noire, or vigorously mounting the pass of the Great Saint Bernard. They are happy, for the idea of lost baggage does not intrude on the sentiment inspired by the monuments and the scenery, and there is a fillip of pleasant curiosity in not knowing what hotel they are going to, and what sights they are coming upon next. They are safe in their numbers, and in the experienced skill of Mr. Cook; and they come home again with many new and pleasant acquaintances made, and with many useful things in their heads which it will be a life-long pleasure to recall. There is no reason on earth why there should not be an American Cook. Arrangements might be made with the ocean steamers, in the present stage of lively competition, to carry parties of from ten to sixty at reduced fares; and the Continental lines and hotels would need little persuasion to induce them to yield material concessions. Americans are sociable beings; there is a very large class who would rather travel *en masse* then alone; and it is safe to say that hundreds would avail themselves of an opportunity to go to Vienna this Summer, could they do so at a certain determined price, inclusive of every necessary expense, and relieved of the baggage bugbear and bore. Not only would they save money in fares by such a system, but, in being attended by competent managers and guides, they would be far less exposed to the wholesale swindling for which Continental hotels and shop keepers and guides regard English and Americans as the fairest of game. Mr. Cook and his assistants go shopping with their "tourist," and thus enable them to pay the real market-price for their gloves and Indian shawls and silks and trinkets. The lodgings to be had at Vienna are no doubt fast being taken up, and an enterprise such as we suggest should be organized at once if at all. It would be a luxury indeed could people of limited means be assured, not only of a trip thither without many of the ordinary discomforts of traveling, but also of a temporary local habitation after arrival there, and the certainty of seeing the splendid exhibition in such comfort as is to be had at all away from home. The more the Americans who travel, the more intelligent voters and cultured men and women we shall have; for it is always true that traveling is a good regimen for ignorance, prejudice, and want of self-control.

It is Stated that within sixty days all the offices of the Central Pacific Railroad Company will be removed from Sacramento to San Francisco.

LOVE'S EMBLEMS.

They decked her out in snowy white,
Wreathed pearls amongst her hair,
And in her dainty hand so slight
I saw my flowers all there.

'Twas but a pink moss rose or two,
And snow-flakes tipped with green,
While maiden-hair, still wet with dew,
Twined round and peeped between.

I said, as I culled the flowers with care,
"This night I'll watch for a sign:
If these are preferred to some more rare,
I shall know her heart is mine."

I read it all in her loving eyes,
Raised shyly to smile on me;
And the sudden look of glad surprise
Was pleasant and bright to me.

I took the little hand in mine.
The hand that held my flowers,
And kissed the lips that had given the sign,
Love's Paradise then was ours.

MILLS' SEMINARY.

The Commencement Exercises of this justly celebrated institution, at once the pride and promise of the State, were held yesterday, and were characterized with unusual interest. The successful career of this school is so generally well known as to need no recital at this time. We have space but for one essay. So many were good it was hard to choose, but the following, by Miss Eliza G. Brown, of Cachville, Yolo County, is a fair specimen. The fair authoress shows much practical sense in this composition; also that she is a reading and thinking young lady, of which there are far too few in California. Miss Brown's essay is as follows:

THE FORMER AND THE LATTER.

It has been asserted that the world is degenerating. There is a certain class of people that are always telling us of the good old times and contrasting the days of our great-grandfathers with the present degenerate age. As we look back through a hundred years we certainly see that great progress has been made in civil and religious liberty, and with freedom of thought and speech comes invention and progress in the great worlds of science and art. The application of steam to all kinds of machinery has cheapened every fabric and multiplied comforts and luxuries immeasurably. In the last twenty-five years a thousand million dollars have been expended in the construction of railroads, and yet capital is proportionally greater now than ever before. Look upon some of our immense stationary engines and see how noiselessly and steadily they turn the ponderous wheels, then pass through the mighty mills and see the labor of a thousand men performed by this untiring agent, and yet the work multiplies on every hand. Stand upon a Western prairie at night, the moon silvers a twin-track that glistens far into the darkness, we hear a distant hum that grows upon the ear and detect a faint spark that brightens as we gaze. Soon the sound increases and the eye of the iron-horse overpowers the moon's imperial gleam. Mark the groaning train with its living freight moving fearlessly on at the rate of forty miles an hour as into the darkness it rushes, bearing absent friends to their loved ones, bringing good news from afar and tidings from every land. Compare this with the old lumbering mail coach of fifty years ago, moving at the rate of four miles an hour. A journey from Boston to New York was then a greater undertaking than it is now from Boston to San Francisco. Instead of the weekly mail, we now have half a dozen a day. Instead of news from Europe once in three or four weeks, it now comes to us morning, noon and night. Coal, with all its wonderful resources of color, light and heat, has taken the place of tallow candles in our homes, of oil, and darkness in our streets. The steam printing press has superseded the hand printing press, and the number of books and papers has been and is being immensely multiplied. The increase in general information and intelligence has been proportionally great. Wonderful is the progress made in the practical application of science to every department of industry. But it may be said, "All this is admitted, yet morally we have deteriorated." As individuals and as a nation we are constantly growing worse. Those who make this assertion forget that there has been a great increase of population, and with this an increase of crime, for we know in this world offences must come. But is there not a corresponding increase of that which is good? It is true that wars are more dreadful than formerly, but it is also true that they are less frequent, of shorter duration, and more is now done for the alleviation of suffering and for the comfort of the armies than ever before. Hospitals, asylums and works of benevolence at home and abroad have greatly increased.

Chicanery and treachery did not originate in our country, as some would have us believe. There have been Judas Iscariots and Benedict Arnolds from time immemorial. There were things as bad as *Credit Mobiliers* fifty years ago. It is true there is much corruption and wickedness in high places, but so there has always been. Public sentiment is a stronger power now than formerly, and will correct these. We hear no longer of the divine right of kings. The people govern now, and if those whom they choose to rule over them fail to do their duty, they are set aside. Kings and Queens, Presidents and Senate, henceforth will be controlled by the will of the people. One reason that there seems to be an increase of crime is because the reports come to us with lightning speed. A murder is committed in London, a theft in Paris, a burglary in Berlin, and we have it all in an hour afterwards. That which lost much by time and distance formerly, is painfully present now. We believe the aggregate of good people and of good deeds

is the greater this moment than ever before, and that good governments are increasing rather than diminishing. It is said that we ladies are given more to frivolity and fashion to extravagance in dressing and equipage than our grandmothers were. But could we behold the women of Washington and Adam's day we should find the fashionable ladies wore their top-nots just as high, powdered their hair just as much, dragged as long trails, dressed and lived just as extravagantly for their times as do the ladies of the present day. It is our private opinion that the gentlemen are just as open to these charges as are the ladies, and that they not only like to dress and live well themselves, but enjoy seeing their wives and daughters do the same.

No doubt, we go to excess and there is need of reform, but it is not a hopeless case, nor is it at all probable that we are really much worse in our heads and in hearts than were those who are held up as our patterns in the dead age of the past. We think women all through our late war showed themselves just as heroic and self-denying as did the women of the revolution. Some there are who seem to take pleasure in seeing the dark side; the disagreeable there is in everybody and everything, but we would rather be sightless till we can see the good as well as the evil. We enjoy the light better than darkness, and we joyfully believe the FORMER was not better than the LATTER.

THE COMING STORM.---WHO WILL BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR IT?

It Must Be Evident to the Most Casual Observer that the attitude assumed recently towards the Chinese dates from the intemperate style of handling the question of Chinese immigration by one or two incendiary and sensational sheets that have sought to "fire the Irish heart," and promote mob law and violence towards that class of our population. The effects of these mischievous articles are manifest in the increasing and audacious defiance of law and order by the hoodlum element as daily exhibited in our streets in attacks on unoffending Chinese, culminating in a cold-blooded, deliberate murder on Wednesday night last. I wish to call public attention to the source and instigators of the growing danger of acts of violence and disorder, that will add materially to our laurels and character for christian-like deeds. I am no advocate of the influx of the Chinese—do not propose to discuss that question; I simply say, that certain newspapers are sowing the seeds of the whirlwind, and advocating a course that will culminate in acts disgracing us in the eyes of every nation of the earth. The Constitution of the United States makes no distinction nor exceptions; it opens the country's arms to all. Is it proper that those who are themselves foreign to the soil, after finding a home here with us, to assert the right to dictate who shall or shall not come to our shores? It is a most wonderful example of "cheek," but that is not a matter for discussion now. I simply say that *any* human being coming to us is entitled to the protection of our laws without distinction, and it is disgraceful to see the indifference manifested by those sworn to protect and administer the law. The key to all this wonderful and sudden zeal in the raid on the Chinese may be found in the fact that election is near. Otherwise, would these highly virtuous gentlemen of the Board of Supervisors have troubled themselves on the subject of cubic feet of atmosphere a human being requires in order to insure him a refreshing sleep? Why not concern themselves as zealously about other "dregs of society." They can find whites and blacks, and all nations, inhabiting filthy dens, and short of the regulation allowance of oxygen all over the town. I feel quite solicitous about the "Board;" they have gone short on so many things, I have every reason to fear that if called upon suddenly for a conscientious exhibit of motives, they would go to protest *en masse*. How disgusting to see men who ought to have independence enough to express their honest convictions, and stand by them, "truckling" to the foreign vote, they all want to serve the city another term—do violence to their feelings out of zeal for the cause. Oh, gloria humbug! I am not a champion for the celestial. I would rather be staid at home; I don't court that style of immigration; but once here, and coming here under the broad invitation of our Constitution, do not let us murder them in the public streets. If we do, the blood be upon the heads of those setting this ball in motion. We can put our finger on them now, and now is the time to do it, that we may not forget in our hour of travail to whom we are indebted for laws outraged and a community disgraced. T. B.

Another Epidemic of Trichinosis.---About two hundred persons who had eaten raw ham, purchased at the shop of a butcher in Magdeburg, have been attacked, reports the London *Medical Record*, with grave symptoms of the flesh-worm disease, due to the incision of their tissues by hosts of living trichinæ. One is dead. The living trachinæ have been found in numbers (as is usual), in small parts of the muscle, and removed by a little instrument devised for the purpose, from the arms of some of the patients (of whom twelve are in the hospital), among them being the butcher who sold the diseased pork. The swelling of the face and limbs, and the acute muscular pain characterizing the disease, have been observed in all the cases, and some are still considered to be in danger. The penalties of the Germanic custom of eating raw ham are severe.

THE DEVIL'S WALK THROUGH SAN FRANCISCO.

"From his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the Devil has gone,
To visit his nice little farm, the earth,
And see how his stock goes on."—COLERIDGE.

The Devil once more set out for earth,
He switched his scaly tail.
He clattered his hoofs
On passing roofs,
And sparks flew out like hail.

His sulphury breath made the night-bats cough,
The owls cried "lawk a daisy;"
"What the Devil's up?"
"Then there's blood to sup,"
Or else the 'old man's' crazy.

But he heeded not the night-bird's screech,
But steadily went on his way,
And landed here,
In his city so dear,
With the first gray dawn of day.

He stopped a passing milk cart,
And helped himself to a tin,
But he threw it down
With an angry frown;
It was cursedly blue and thin.

He watched the butcher carts, laden
With dead hogs by the score,
And he thought of the swine
That the curse divine
Sent headlong down the shore.

He saw the quack doctors' shingles,
For he found them in every quarter;
"Ah, ah!" cried he,
"They swarm, I see;" daughter.
And he thought of the horseleeche's

He laughed at the fortune-tellers' signs,
And he said, "Superstition rages,
With as strong a sway
In the present day,
As it did in the darkest ages."

And the Devil walked through China-
But to him it was all "my eye;" town,
For Chinese souls (!)
Ain't worth the coals,
It takes to make them fry.

He saw Michael Reese eating peanuts,
So for pity's sake asked him to dine;
And Michael said "Yes,"
"I'll join you I guess: stand wine."
But you know, "old man," you must

But Michael he cleared all the dishes,
Both his own and the Devil's too;
And the Devil said,
When he collared his bread,
"I say, my old friend, this won't do."

Then the Devil got up in a rage,
As hungry as when he sat down,
And swore that old Mick,
At the restaurant trick,
Could whip any two in the town.

He called on a few politicians,
All thirsting for dollars and dimes;
A sneer hard suppressing,
He gave them his blessing,
And hoped they'd have pretty good times.

He called on his lordship the Bishop,
Who gave him some claret to sip,
And also a book
With a pamphlety look,
"Some account of the great house of Kip."

But the wine that the Bishop gave him
Made his stomach ache all day,
So he curled up his lip
At the house of Kip,
And it's pedigree threw away.

And he thought, as he strolled along,
What a lot of earthly leaven
These parsons show
Who'd have you know
That "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Then he met his friend Briggs on the
And asked if the "Tiger" was well; street,
But Briggs shook his head,
"My poor 'Tiger' is dead,
And I fear that you've got him in hell."

So the Devil just telegraphed home,
To ask if the "Tiger" was there:
In less than a crack
An answer came back,
"He's alive and in Frisco, I'll swear."

Then the old man looked so knowing,
And said, as he stroked his chin,
"You can't fool me
That way; you see,
It's a little bit too thin."

But the shades of eve were falling,
And the winds were blowing cold,
For the Devil's tail
Shrank in like a snail
'Neath his red cloak's ample fold.

So bidding farewell to the city,
To Chinaman, nigger and white,
He started off back:
And a cloven track
Marked the road he went that night.

A Fortune-Teller's Advice.—A Southwark reader favors us with a copy of a fortune-teller's letter to a foolish young girl, duly paid for at a high price: "Dear Madam I feel happy to tell you that you are a person Well Born and under the Controle and Government of a planet Called Venus. This denotes a long life and long gurneys and travel by land and Sea and that the most difficult part of your life is to be from your Birth up to the year 1873 and your stay wear you are will be short. The change will be Much to your Advantage and you are to have Money left you by a person a long way off. You have a Young Man that has some thoughts of you at the present but the Future Husband is quite a stranger and he will cross your path soon when you are on a short gurney he will speak to you walk and talk to you. He will tell you that he would like to Make you Acquaintance with a View to Marriage. He is a tall dark young Man he has a short temper. He will be a kind loving husband and his name Thomas Freman he is a Engineer by trade and you will be the Mother of 3 Children." Our correspondent adds: "In this age of enlightenment one would imagine that 'fortune-telling' would be exclusively confined to the community of the black country—at least, entirely eradicated from the environs of London; but unfortunately it is now as predominant in our midst as in the days of the Tudors. These fortune-tellers—mostly of the gipsy caste—are, as a rule, women of middle age, who go from house to house, chiefly in the West-End, making servants their dupes, they having to pay a good price for the information imparted to them."—*South London Press.*

A DINNER AT DELMONICO'S.

Recently Mr. Wm. M. Soper, Superintendent of Appleton's educational department, while walking up Broadway, was accosted by a modestly dressed young man, who cordially grasped his hands, saying:

"I am exceedingly glad you have arrived. Of course you received our telegram, and are here in response to it. I am delighted to see you, I assure you. The store is closed for the day, but you must come around early in the morning and we will fix up matters in a very short time, and you can return to Kentucky a richer and a happier man.' Mr. Soper here suggested this might be a case of mistaken identity.

"Impossible," said the young man blandly. "Your name is Barlow, Henry Barlow, of Louisville, isn't it?"

Mr. Soper politely replied in the negative, and the stranger overwhelmed him with apologies, adding that Mr. Soper's resemblance to "Mr. Barlow" was so remarkable that he should esteem it a great favor if he might be permitted to mention it to the real Mr. Barlow, who was hourly expected on important business. Therefore, as an act of kindness, would he give him his name? Mr. Soper, suspecting something wrong, gave him the address of G. B. Damon, of Kansas City.

Mr. Soper resumed his walk up Broadway, but before he reached his hotel his hand was seized by another young gentleman, whose garb and manner were such as to inspire confidence. "My dear Mr. Damon, how do you do? This is indeed a pleasant surprise. How did you leave our good friends in Kansas City? When did you arrive, and how long do you remain? Where are you stopping?"

Mr. Soper "saw it" at once, and viewing the fun which he saw ahead as racier than that which he might find in a theater, he politely replied that he could not remember where he had seen the young gentleman, but that his face was familiar. "Is it possible, Mr. Damon, that you do not recollect me? My name is Hammond. I am a clerk in the Kansas City Post Office. I have handed you your letters morning after morning for more than a year."

"Now that I look at you again," returned Mr. Soper, "I remember you perfectly, and I am only too glad to meet some one from home. I am very glad to see you, Mr. Hammond, very glad," and he cordially extended his hand to greet with greater warmth his fellow-citizen who took such a kindly interest in him.

Mr. Hammond here inquired whether Mr. Damon had dined. Mr. Damon had not. Would he go to Delmonico's, and honor him with his presence at dinner? And to Delmonico's they went. At the close of the feast Mr. Hammond paid the bill, whose items are as follows:

A DINNER FOR EPICURUS.

Clam on Shell	60
Green Turtle Soup	80
One pint Hockheimer	$1 00
One pint Sherry (old)	1 00
Boiled Salmon, a la Hollondais	1 20
Roast Lamb, mint sauce, a la Delmonico	1 50
Tomatoes, Asparagus, Green Peas, Potatoe Croquettes	1 75
One quart Consular seal Champagne	4 50
Wild Pigeon en compote Francaise	1 50
One pint Claret, pontet canet	2 00
Plum Pudding, glacée	1 00
French Coffee	50
Havana Cigars	50
Total	$18 20

As Messrs. Soper and Hammond were stepping out to the Fourteenth street sidewalk, Mr. Soper took Mr. Hammond's hand, saying:

"Mr. Hammond, I am delighted to have met you, and I am glad you recognize me, and am pleased that I know you. You must visit me in my own house as soon as we get back to Kansas City. I shall be proud to introduce so elegant a gentleman to my family and friends. I am gratified to meet you for another reason than that we are citizens of the same place. In examining my funds this morning I find that I am short. I don't think I have enough to pay my hotel bill here and my fare home. Mr. Hammond, you know who I am, and I shall be very much gratified if you can do me the kindness to lend me $100 until we reach home, when I shall make it my immediate duty and pleasure to call at the *Post Office* and refund you the amount."

Mr. Hammond vanished, uttering the single monosyllable, "Sold!"

In the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, an elephant had been turned out of his house to allow of a chase of the rats that devoured his food. The rats ran about in all directions, and while the elephant was stooping to pick up a morsel of bread which one of the crowd had thrown to him, a rat, fancying he saw a means of escape, took refuge in the interior of his trunk. The elephant made frantic efforts to relieve himself of his unwelcome visitor, but in vain. Suddenly he paused and seemed to reflect, then he went to his basin, filled his trunk with water, and amidst the great excitement of the lookers-on, ejected the water and the unfortunate rat with one sublime effort, and the exclamation, "'Od rat it!"

AT THY GRAVE.

[illegible]

LONGCHAMPS'S SCREED.

[illegible]

In his lecture the reverend Pastor said that the life of the Chinese, as he had seen it, was unspeakably foul; and that they could bring to this commmunity only degradation and evil. He was very full and very plain on this savory chapter of Chinese experience; and accused them of practising horrors, not to be named. All of which may be true, for the Chinese are men; and the most highly-endowed race in history is deliberately accused by Herodotus of inventing the abominations alluded to. What is possible in depravity to the highest race is possible to one physically and mentally inferior; but we believe neither Herodotus nor Lobscheid; and the latter owes us eternal gratitude for putting him in such good compony. We do not believe Herodotus, because, with all his perfect honesty, he knew nothing of the Chinese; and we do not believe Lobscheid, because, with all his titles and orders, he never heard of the Greeks.

This whole business of sensuality, as peculiar to one race or another, is ridiculously overdone. Every people has at times descended into the pit; and history is nothing more than a partial record of man's struggles with the beast that is innate in him. While it is perfectly true that one people may be more inclined to fleshly indulgences than another, and this at all stages of its career, it is criminally stupid, in a man supposed to be well-informed, to insist upon isolated or frequent cases of brutality as conclusive and decisive proofs of national ruin.

Still more stupid is this in the case of a presumable scholar, who has made Chinese dictionaries. There are no doubt bad and beastly words in Chinese speech; but in what language are they not? The difference against the Chinese is mainly this: that the writers of Chinese dictionaries are foreigners, who understand little of shades of meaning, and put down in their own recollections, if not in their works, words which no European language allows even to the thought of the lexicographer. "How shamefully rich," says French, "is the language of the vulgar in all countries, in words which cannot be spoken!" But no dictionary records these words; while a European, pastor Lobscheid, or another, compiling his Chinese dictionary, learns, and is horrified at learning, words which are Chinese, no doubt, but not in Chinese literature.

For here comes in what is Mr. Lobscheid's greatest outrage on the Chinese people. He charges them with the profoundest wickedness, and yet he knows perfectly well that their literature—and they are a reading people—is singularly clean. A Protestant minister does not need to be told that "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and certainly if the Chinese were so degraded as he says, their literature would be tainted all through. But it is not. Compared with the Japanese, it is purity itself; and it is absolutely less indecent than any European literature, except the Spanish.

Pastor Lobscheid has shown that he is unacquainted with Greek; but he may know something of Latin, and we venture to ask him,

> What proper person could be partial
> To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial?

And yet the Roman has taught us all morality, no less than equity. Of the higher elements of Chinese literature we say nothing. We are of the West; and whether through prejudice, or ignorance, we confess to a belief in the superiority of Western literature. But we wish to see justice done, even in a hasty lecture. The Chinese have faults enough to bear the blame of, without incurring resposibility for what does not belong to them. These and other considerations are so many arguments against the exceptional immorality charged upon the Chinese; but the conclusive proof that this people is at least as clean as others is found in the enormous population of the Empire. If there is one physiological fact better established than another, it is that the foul vices of unrestrained licentiousness are fatal to the reproductive powers; and we leave to Pastor Lobscheid the task of bringing about an agreement between this well-known fact and his ideal picture of the depravity, which eats out the life of a people, whose number defies calculation. Our missionary says that the Chinese have overrun and invaded Borneo and Java and Siam, besides the Sandwich Islands; that in Borneo, they have reduced the natives to slavery, and in other places have monoplized all trade and commerce and manufactures. *Quod erat demonstrandum;* and of course we admit these things. At the same time, slavery existed in Borneo before the Chinese saw it. It always has existed in Asia; and it is exactly nine years since it ceased to exist in the Christian country which Mr. Lobschied has chosen for his home. Rajah Brooke made something of the Dyaks; but neither he nor any other who knew them pretended to think them better than the Chinese. As for trade and commerce and manufactures, do not these things generally fall into the hands of the men most competent to practice them? If the Chinese monopolize these industries in various countries, it must be because they are more capable and more persevering than other races; and does the author of thirty works in different languages regard capacity and industry as vices? Some of his readers might be suspected of entertaining such a sentiment; but hardly the writer himself.

"Every effort," says this revealer of China, "has been made by the people and the governments of Europe to draw the Chinese within the sphere of civilization; but all in vain. They have learned nothing of the Europeans but the arts by means of which they may be able to work injury to the men of the West." It is hard to say whether the Christian or ignoramus is more prominent in this delightful extract. We have not visited China, neither have we tried to preach the gospel; but we have some little knowledge of the efforts made by European people and governments to civilize the Chinese. As our readers may have heard, these are always of two kinds: cannon and cajolery. If the European Lobscheids, past and present,

failed to juggle the Chinese out of their heathenish ways and cash, an appeal was made to the force of cannon-shot; and after a few cities had been knocked to pieces, the missionaries went to work again at their cheerful task, till there was another hitch in the machinery; and so on, *da capo*. It was and is a perpetual see-saw of Christianity and chiseling, swindling and sanctity; and in all seriousness, we respect the Chinese from the bottom of our hearts for the sturdiness with which they distrust and resist the European and American influence. There is but one drawback to the satisfaction with which we regard their attitude: their refusal to be converted by him has driven the Rev. Pastor Lobscheid, author of Dictionaries, and Knight of thirty different degrees of darkness, to settle upon San Francisco, already more than sufficiently afflicted with gabble and quackery and rigmarole.

THE NEW POSTAL CARDS.

We Have Noticed Among the Majority of our Indwellers a lack of comprehension as to the utility and convenience of the new postal cards (price one cent), so for the purpose of elucidating the principle of this new mode of communication, we subjoin a few messages taken at random from different post bags:

SAN FRANCISCO, May 25, 1873.

DEAR MAC:—Keep that matter of the Indian Reservation quiet. I will get up a story that they are insolent and arming, and then you can go up and get all the credit of pacifying them. Bury the hatchet for the time being, and cut no more government timber. Yours, T. M.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, 2 P.M.

DEAR JANE:—There is to be a special meeting of the Chinese Conversion Society this afternoon. I am particularly requested to be present, so that you need not expect me home to dinner. I shall not be surprised if we don't break up until a late hour, so don't sit up for me. Yours affectionately, ONESIMUS.

SAME DATE.

DARLING JENNY:—That old reprobate of a husband of yours has gone off by the four o'clock boat to blazes with Fanny V——. I will be up in half an hour's time with a team, and we'll go and dine at the Cliff. Be ready, for there is no moon, and we shall have to come home before it gets quite dark. Wrap yourself up warm and believe me ever YOUR ALFRED.

MAY 26, 1873.

MR. JOHN SMITH:—There is a balance of fifty cents owing me by Mrs. Jane McLaughlin, of Urania Place; account inclosed. Please collect and bring money to my office. I see by your advertisement that your charge for collection is five per cent. MICHAEL R——.

DEAR BOB:—Can't do it, old fellow. Stocks gone to the devil, and not a cent in bank. Have you no collats at all that we might take to Jerry L. Bring me some nice flowers from Oakland to-morrow. I have got the sweetest, prettiest little affair on hand you ever saw. More when I see you. Yours, FRED.

No DATE.

MISS DAISY B.:—Cfmpwfe pmf. Pi uibu uif ojhiu xfef bhbjo dpnf xifo j dpvme gafft zpv vp nz uiapccjoh jfbsu boe dbmm zpv podf npaf njof gps dwds. Opuijoh dbo bigbsbuf vt opx. Pve mpwf tibmm cf bt fufsobm bt uif Tjfsbt hoe bt cffa bt uif uipvtboe gppu mfwfm jo Dspxo Qpjou. Sfnfncfs efbsftu uibu gps zpv j ihwf tbdsjgjdfe uif nptu bggfdujpobuf boe efwpufe pg xjwft; jg fwfs zpv cidfjwf nf Ebjtz fjuifs zpv ps J nvtu cjf boe J uijol ju xjmm cf zpv. Fwfs zpvs mpwfs XIMC. P. S.—Xpou uif dpngptjups mjlf up tfu uijt va.

DR. B. K. N.:—Don't write me any more poetry; it is like yourself, *totus meus oculus*, as Charley says. NOT YOUR BELLE.

MRS. MARTHA SHOW:—Some people from Sacramento are coming to dinner; three of them. You must get some oysters, I suppose, and put the California champagne in ice; don't forget to wash off the labels. Open the drawing-room window shutters. I will send John from the office an hour earlier than usual, so he may get ready to wait at table. ALF. OR. SHOW.

The Countess Guiccioli's Literary Remains.—The *Allgemeine Zeitung* of the 16th of April has an article upon Swinburne's "Byron," and detailed quotations from the preface of the new edition, in which the hope is expressed that "something at once new and true" may one day be brought to light concerning Byron's life. "However, this, like much else besides, lies in the lap of the gods, and especially in the lap of one goddess, who still treads the earth. Till she speaks we cannot guess what she may have to say." To this phrase the editor adds: "Countess Guiccioli has died meanwhile without divulging anything." "Now," says Mr. Karl Hillebrand, writing to us from Florence, "I have had the privilege of looking through the whole of the extremely valuable manuscript collection left by the Countess, which is still in the possession of her family. It contains, besides the MS. of a work on 'Byron's Stay in Italy,' by the Countess, which is full of unpublished letters and contemporary notices, a quantity of Lord Byron's autograph manuscripts (for instance, of 'Marino Faliero,' several cantos of 'Don Juan,' 'Dante's Prophesy,'" etc.), and, what is a good deal more important, an extensive correspondence, dating from 1820 to 1823, which, however, is hardly adapted for publication."

ON A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

Fair hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show
Like tracks of leverets in morning snow.
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.
Strange that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colors or of oil!
For though a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake;
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance; but you
Can make the motion and the forest too.

—*By Edmund Waller, in the Year* 1605.

OUR STREET ARABS.

At the Last Session of the Mechanics' Deliberative Assemply, a resolution was offered for the purpose of giving an education and useful employment to the vagrant boys of our city, and especially those wandering about our wharves. A receiving ship should be obtained where those boys can be educated in the rudiments of the English language and seamanship. To carry out the spirit of this resolution, a Committee was appointed to lay the matter before the Board of Supervisors and elicit their coöperation. We hope the scheme will be adopted and a place provided where boys, who are now worthless to the community and themselves, shall become useful seamen. The merchants of London, more than forty years since, established for such boys a Seamen's Home, where some of the best sailors of England have been educated. All who are familiar with the Thames will recollect the old receiving ship filled with brave boys, whose instruction fits them for the navy or merchant service. Such a vessel is just the thing for our turburlant, daring, unkept and vagrant gamins.

A NEW MIRACLE.

A Supplement to Our Stigmata.—A Paris correspondent writes us that the Montpelier papers chronicle another miracle, which is said to have taken place in the vicinity of that town, and which will, if sanctioned by the Church, no doubt turn out a good thing for the hotel keepers. It is the old story over again. A little girl seven and a half years old was gathering herbs in the field when she saw at the top of an olive tree a lady in white with a blue sash, who, on being asked who she was, said: "I am Mary, the Immaculate Conception." Some peasants who came up could see nothing, but they believed what the child said, and the next day a number of persons went to the place, and the holy Virgin, according to the girl, again appeared and demanded the construction of a chapel. The third day a still greater crowd flocked to the spot, but it was wet and no apparition took place. The Radicals scoff at this supernatural affair and wonder how it comes that the Virgin when she comes down to earth should never be the bearer of any important message.

Flattery in Rhyme.—They keep a poet, the New York *Tribune* says, at North Easton, Mass., it appears. He was produced on the occasion of the Oakes Ames banquet. Striking his lyre (no pun intended), he sang as follows:

"My text is: 'Lo! how great ado
Is kindled by a little fire!'
Or, clearer, possibly to you—
'Our truth exposes many a liar.'

So few are found the truth to tell,
So many seem the truth's deniers,
That 'Crédit Mobilier' is well
Translated 'Credit more big liars.'"

This is a free translation, certainly; but the poet is a schoolmaster, and has superior literary rights. "More big liars" is a good phrase as applied to Oakes Ames' "deniers" in Congress. The sermon from this text is long; it is tedious in its linked sweetness, and closes thus:

"Then let the honored name of Ames
To old and young these maxims bring,
Heed well your country's lawful claims,
And to the truth unswerving cling!

And best of all for peace and health,
Is this—now clearly understood—
Whate'er you have of this world's wealth,
Just place it where 'twill do most good."

It seems like breaking a butterfly on the wheel to take serious notice of such fulsome flattery as this, especially after we have all had our quiet laugh at the ludicrous juxtaposition of the South Bend and North Easton shows.

The Bulletin Says: "Our attention has been called to a swindle in Eastern Straw Wrapping Paper, the quires of which contain from twelve to fifteen sheets, and yet the reams are sold for full size. Such practices never succeed, and ought to consign those guilty of them to a term of imprisonment and a heavy fine.

THE WILL OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.—[Translation.]

"This is my Will.

I Commend My Son and My Wife to the high constituted authorities of the State *aux grands corps de l'Etat*, to the people, and the army. The Empress Eugénie possesses all the qualities requisite for conducting the Regency well, and my son displays a disposition and judgment which will render him worthy of his high destinies. Let him never forget the motto of the head of our family: 'All for the French people.' Let him fix in his mind the writings of the prisoner of St. Helena, let him study the Emperor's deeds and correspondence, in order that he may remember that, when circumstances so permit, the cause of the people is the cause of France. Power is a heavy burden, because we cannot always do all the good we could wish, and because our contemporaries seldom render us justice; so that, in order to fulfill our mission, we must have in ourselves faith and the consciousness of our duty. It is necessary to consider that, from Heaven above, those whom you have loved regard and protect you. It is the spirit of my great uncle that has always inspired and sustained me. It will be thus with my son, for he will always be worthy of his name. I leave to the Empress Eugénie all my private property. It is my desire that, on the majority of my son, she shall inhabit the Elysée and Biarritz. I trust that my memory will be dear to her, and that after my death she will forget the griefs I may have caused her. With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch, and which comes from my mother; let him carefully preserve everything that comes to me from the Emperor my uncle, and let him be convinced that my heart and my spirit remain with him. I make no mention of my faithful servants. I am convinced that the Empress and my son will never abandon them. I shall die in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, which my son will always honor by his piety.

(Signed) NAPOLEON.

Done, written, and signed with my hand, at the Palace of the Tuileries, the twenty-fourth April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

(Signed) NAPOLEON."

AUTUMN IN THE SIERRA.

Bierstadt's latest, and in many respects grandest work, "Autumn in the Sierra," is now on view at the gallery of the Art Association. It is a view on the South Fork of King's River, Inyo County, and shows conclusively that grandeur exists in other parts of California besides the eternal Yosemite. Neither have the rugged wilds and mountain fastnesses of Inyo ever before been transfered to canvas. The picture itself is a composition worthy of Turner himself: a grand intermingling of crag and cliff and distant mountains, of tarn and forest, of pine and moss and lichen, fresh as nature itself, and in all probability infinitely better put together. We have no idea that this is a servile photographic copy of one given point; but that it is a happy composition, the integral portions of which are chosen from the best that Dame Nature affords, seen under a happy effect, such as might not be by any means her average aspect, and yet nevertheless and notwithstanding be perfectly true, the whole combined by a master hand for the pleasure of some one happy possessor, and (for a short time only) for the delectation of an intelligent public. There are many points in this magnificent picture worthy of note: the bare slippery rocks on the left hand of the cañon are wonderfully true; Mount Brewer, towering grandly over all, is "put in" with the true feeling of an artist mountaineer, and the ideas of hight and depth are really conveyed to the beholder in this work, a very rare thing indeed in art. We must desist, however, from further praise, presuming that not a single reader of the *Mail Bag* will fail to visit it. Were this identical work of Bierstadt's in London, it would be exhibited by itself at the price charged for admission to the whole gallery. The Art Association gives the cheapest as well as the most intellectual entertainment afforded in the city.

The Commercial Herald Says: "The recent large arrivals of Chinese immigrants, per steamers and sail craft, is creating considerable excitement among politicians and others upon this coast; and what is remarkable about it is, that some of the leading *writers, editors and proprietors of the very papers loudest to condemn, each and all of them employ Chinese cooks, servants, etc., in their own dwellings, and employ them also to work upon their farms and to do other menial labor.* The very foremost general in the labor ranks to condemn the employment of Chinese does himself hire a Chinese cook. Where is the consistency in all this? There is also some fear expressed that these immigrants from China may introduce here the small-pox and other pestilential diseases; but of this we have little fear, as our prevailing trade-winds at this, the only season of the year when the Chinese come to these shores, are a sure safeguard in this respect. A majority of the steamers arriving from Hongkong during May have for a time been placed in quarantine, until all danger was removed.

A Deed has been Placed on Record conveying a half interest to property on the southwest corner of Market and Tenth streets. It has a frontage of 272½ feet on the former and 195 feet on the latter street. The consideration named is thirty thousand dollars.

AFTER THE FAIR.

So Aileen, my darlint, you've been to the Fair,
And its moighty foine times you were havin', my lass,—
It must be I'm leavin' my wits wid'em there,
Is it talkin' oi am to meself in the glass?

My Larrie came to me—to-morrow's three days—
And says he, very saucy and pert-like, says he,
The lads bid ye come to the Fair, if ye plaze—
Is it dancin' their hearts into shoe-strings ye'll be?

Ah! thin it's themselves must be moindin' their hearts,
But it's very poor shoe-strings I'm thinkin' they'd make—
It's little I'd see o' the lads o' these parts
The while I'd be dancin' wid Pat o' the Lake.

You're right, lass, meself'll be seein' ye then,
It's dancin' wid Peggy I'll be, dear, ye know—
Just look at me wance, darlint, don't look again—
For its jealous you'd be, since you're loving me so.

I went to the Fair in a swate satin gown,
But it wasn't wid Pat I was dancin' at all,
But two foreign gintlemen, come from the town,
And wid two powdered heads on them smiling and tall.

It's Larrie was watching me angrily then,
And says I in his ear, very saucy and low,
"Just look at me wance, darlint, don't look again,
For it's jealous you'd be since you're loving me so."

We stood on the door-stip, my Larrie and me,
And says he, very soft, lookin' up to the skies,
"A moonkey ye're lovin', too mane, dear to be
In the light o' your swate, lovin' beautiful eyes:"

And thin, very hoigh and offended, I said—
"Sure it's stories you're tellin', you never can prove,"
And then very soft—"Are you losing your head?
Whist! Larrie, my darlint, it's *you* that I love!"

PROGRESS OF THE PLACARD EXCHANGE.

The Placard Exchange is steadily and surely carrying out its great work of practical utility. Since our last notice considerable additions have been made to the æsthetic as well as the business department of the Institution. Watkins has adorned the walls with some admirable photographic landscapes, and four large views of San Francisco taken in different directions from the intersection of California and Powell streets. This elevated spot commands almost the entire city from Black Point to the Mission, and the various public and principal buildings are depicted with singular sharpness. Mvybridge's views of the lava beds are painfully interesting at the present moment, and the most cursory glance conveys the idea of danger and difficulty; he has likewise sent in some portraits of Modocs and Warm River Indians, including their leader, the renowned McKay. This artist starts in a day or two on an excursion to take photographs of the scenery and points of interest on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad. As he proceeds, his pictures will be sent to the Placard Exchange for exhibition. The Kimball carriage manufactory is preparing some beautiful models of their different carriages, which will be on exhibition next week. The various sections of Professors Whitney & Hoffman's great geological and topographical map of California are also open to inspection, and hours may be profitably spent in the study of the varied character of hill and valley, of table lands and the plains of our State. The San Joaquin Irrigation Company have also sent in their map showing the drainage of the fertile valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and the various sources of supply culminating in the great Tulare Lake. There is likewise on view at the Placard Exchange a large map of the Tamalpais estate of the late J. McShaffter, which is of great local interest. Among other objects of art we must not omit a very pretty water color drawing taken from an elevation near General Cobb's country seat at Saucelito. The bay with its various islands and San Francisco in the distance, is happily delineated, and a good idea of this charming suburban locality is given. De Young's County Directory Charts line the walls, and will be found most useful for reference. In short, the Placard Exchange may be said to have arrived at its first stage of perfection. The various rooms are open free to all who behave themselves properly, and are desirous of availing themselves of the manifold resources which the Institution affords, whether for information, instruction, amusement or intelligence. The telegraphic news of the Globe is daily posted; the appliances for letter writing are most ample, and no expense has been spared to accommodate the dweller, the immigrant or the passing traveler.

The American Newspaper Reporter is a most useful little sheet to the editor, printer, compositor and general public. It is edited by George P. Rowell & Co., Park Row, New York.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

May the Devil or Captain Jack scalp us if we are not in great agony of soul. We groan with the tribulations of this life and our heart is burdened with pious meditations. This ball of mud whereupon we vegetate and cut up high antics before the Gods has been the scene of startling events, but bloody tragedies no longer thrill our veins with horror. We have become so familiar with them that they are taken down with the relish of our mint juleps. To die a murderer upon the gallows seems to have a terrific fascination for men. In exaltation of spirit the murderer kisses the crucifix and goes to meet Jesus, while his hands are yet red with the blood of his victim. Another slayer informs us that "the finger of God is upon him," and without the first pang of remorse, swings from the gallows as gaily as if he were going to a wedding feast. Priests and preachers, and merciful women, flock about the murderer's cell, bringing comfort and consolation to the blood-stained criminal, while hundreds of honest people, unable to procure bread to put in their mouths, are starving without a word of sympathy. This thing of patting a murderer on the back, if he only believes in Jesus, is criminal in the extreme. It offers a premium for murder, and, as we believe, injures the cause of Christ.

Exterminating the Chinese is the existing emotional insanity which afflicts the stupid public. Our leather-headed servant, the aforesaid public, had better turn its attention to greater evils than the celestials. There is Elder Pickering, for instance, who fills the columns of the *Call* daily with all the revolting crimes and assassinations of the age; high priest De Young, who smacks his lips in every filthy scandal that he can temporarily immortalize in the *Chronicle*: the meek, red-headed Jesuit George, who fills the *Post* with a vile column advertisement of a villainous quack; Fred McCrellish, who butchers the Queen's English in the *Alta*, and hosts of others of less ignoble antecedents. Let us "let up" a little on the celestial lambs, and try our hands at stoning the gentiles. They deserve to be exterminated, the whole lot of them. Send Pickering as Consul-General to the Fiji Islands; Charles De Young, as Episcopalian Missionary to the Hindoos; philosopher George, transplant to a Monkish rookery, and the amiable Fred McC., confine at the bastile of Saucelito, where he may meditate upon the narrow-gauge that leads to Heaven. We repeat let us be mild on the celestials, and exterminate these Christian Heathens. Let him that is without coin cast the first stone. We are not of that ilk, the Lord be praised. Amen.

Oakland is a One-horse Place anyhow, but since the introduction of a lot of mouse-traps on the Woodward plan, which are dignified by the name of cars, its one-horsedness is painfully conspicuous. It takes on an average an hour to get anywhere, and if one does get there, which is uncertain, one feels so shaken and bruised that the car-driver has to be called in to extract the ticket from one's pocket. God help the poor wretch who happens to miss the last cars to this city. In all probability he will have to wander about houseless all night. The young men of Oakland all look as if they belonged to the Young Men's Christian Association. At ten o'clock they put themselves in their little beds, having previously carefully said their prayers, blacked their boots, and rubbed their paper collars with rubber, ready for the morrow. The saloons can't make a living there, while the parsons have to get their clothes let out every three months. The young ladies of Oakland "waste their fragrance on the desert air," for as they remark, the gentle youths of that populous city are such humdrum, effeminate numskulls, that they have to come to San Francisco to see a man.

The Monomaniacs, whose orgies in the late women suffrage Bedlam in this holy city produced a huge public disgust, are now ranting and waring in the cause of free love, or rather free lust. These demented creatures, impoverished in intellect, rotten in heart and base in soul, fill the atmosphere with their putrid rantings. Women cursed in the loins, barren and unfruitful; men without public respect, weak and emasculated, huddle together and get up woman suffrage conventions, as the step that leads to the hells of free love. Generally speaking, the generous public of San Francisco has no desire to crucify the flesh, and the rational enjoyment of the pleasures of this life is sanctioned by church and state, but there is a limit to all things. When the free lovers and suffragist outrage decency by language and actions which would disgrace fetich worshipers, the public is no longer inclined to be generous. These pests become the object of scorn and contempt. In defiance of law and morals they become the self-elected bauds and pimps, who shamefully revel in their infamy. The Insane Asylum or State Prison, and not San Francisco, should be the abode of these moral outlaws.

Whilst Our Police are bug hunting in the Chinese quarters, the hoodlums are rampant. They have lately taken to serenading people at the most ungodly hours. Their hideous noises wake the tired clerk from peaceful slumbers, and cause him to use language likely to do considerable damage to his immortal soul. Slumbering wives awake and vent their spleen on their innocent husbands, and the guardian dog starts up, barks furiously, and makes one more addition to the hellish din. We can stand the amorous cat concerts, or even the dismal howl of the home-sick pup, but the horrible serenades of the San Francisco hoodlum is too much, too much.

"She Only Wore a Single Rose" is the name of a song now popular in England. We always had an idea that the English climate required a little heavier costume. A friend, however, suggests that probably this is the fashionable summer dress. If he is correct, the *T. C.* will spend next summer in England, and will be dressed equal to the occasion in an elegant "fig leaf," a la Eden.

So Boston is on the Gridiron once more. We thought that it had been cooked pretty well before, but it seems that Boston won't go down rare. No, the Hub must be at the head of everything; it was jealous at Chicago's fire, and so it made up its mind to have another big flare up, and whip creation. It seems a rather odd way of getting a notoriety, but Boston people are not like any other people. (The Lord be praised.) They try to imitate the English as much as possible; they succeed in caricaturing them. Their little tea parties are the quietest and most select "scandal squirts" that America boasts of. The fair Bostonians are pale, pretty and exclusive. The young men make first-class tailors, excellent "tape slingers," and fair library clerks. (See Mercantile Library.) And then, has not Boston produced "the autocrat of the breakfast table?" With all these things to recommend her, it seems a pity that she has to resort to making a bon-fire of herself in order that her existence should be known to the miserable wretches, the outer barbarians, who have not been sufficiently favored by heaven to live in the mighty city of Boston.

The T. C. lately engaged a smart and cleanly China boy to help his better half about the house. One day the old lady was out when the *T. C.* came home tired and hungry. Hastily he went to the larder, and there, oh joy! he discovered a piece of roast beef and lettuce-salad all cut up. He tackled the beef at once, and to lose no time, told the China boy to mix the salad, an operation that *Mrs. T. C.* had taken great pains to instruct him in. The boy went into the kitchen with the salad and the necessary ingredients for dressing it. In a few moments a most mysterious noise came from the kitchen, it was a sort of a fu, fu, fiz, fiz. Wondering what caused it, the *T. C.* went on tip-toe to the kitchen door. There he saw the wretched Mongolian, with distended cheeks, blowing an oily spray through his nostrils onto the salad. The *T. C.* sent that salad to a sick friend, and little Ah Wing's hand may at times be seen rubbing a certain part of his person as if something was wrong there.

Two Los Angeles Sardines, having read of the late Virginian duel, decided to settle a little dispute with regard to a yard of green satin that one of them had accused the other of stealing, at the pistols' point. As the red sun was sinking in the west, these two erring youths met by the river side, determined to shed each others' blood. Numerous friends accompanied them to the scene of carnage, and six of the Los Angeles doctors (who are ever eager for bloodshed) were in attendance. Twelve paces were measured off, the word given, and pop went one little gun. When the smoke cleared away, a pair of heels were seen in the distance. It was the principal, with an unexploded pistol. He was making about 2:40 to the nearest looking-glass, to see if he was wounded. The brave sardine who had fired stood bold and defiant, exclaiming "blood, blood, blood!" He, however, was in time appeased, and was sobbingly heard to exclaim, "Sling us along some whisky; I feel kinder scared."

The Town Crier, from a late home paper reads with much pleasure that Mr. Eastwick, M. P. for Folkston, England, has at last found out his proper position. As a speaker he never was a success. As a pioneer for English capital in Canada and California, his egregious mistakes show how unfit a man he is to promote other people's interests. His own he always looked after, and in polite swindles such as letting other people pay his bills, mail his baggage, and stand Sam for his telegrams, he was a complete success; so complete that more than one San Franciscan will long remember him. The position which the *T. C.* has to congratulate Mr. Eastwick upon displaying a wonderful knowledge of his own particular attributes in accepting, is that of Chairman to the Woman's Suffrage meeting lately held in London. He's the right old woman in the right place. No doubt in time he will be promoted to the "Chiltern hundreds," as a mild preparation for a lunatic asylum.

The Heart of the T. C. leapt with joy at the sight of a regular old "Pike county" turn out that created quite a sensation on Montgomery street. So strongly did it remind of home that he pulled some hairs from out one of the pot-bellied epizootic old mare's tail that help the team, to keep in his locket as a souvenir. He would fain have embraced the driver, and have asked him of home, but he feared that there might be some mistake, and his good-natured simplicity taken for the native rudeness of San Franciscan barbarians, so he smothered his emotion, blew his nose, and drank a bumper at the next saloon to "dear old Pike county" and its rustic symplicity. Since the above was written, the *T. C.* has heard that the turn-out above mentioned brought an unsophisticated party to attend the "Rustic Ball." They, however, failed to reckon up the date on the almanac they've had for two years, and arrived just a day too late.

A Great Deal of Anxiety has been Felt by the Friends of Mr. Piper within the last few days: he was seen to come out of the Montgomery street baths. His friends very naturally concluded that he had gone in to have a bath, and were sadly afraid that his constitution being unused to such follies, the results might possibly be fatal. Some suggested that it might be a preparatory step to matrimony. Anxious for the safety of his friend, the *T. C.* hastened to the baths in question and elicited the following facts, viz: that Mr. Piper had been in there during the week, but only stayed a few seconds, his object being merely to borrow a toothpick, which he duly returned. The public therefore need not be fearful of the health of this noble-minded man and rising politician.

The Call defends the Chinese, and don't think leprosy amounts to much. A good, square deal of leprosy distributed through Pickering's system would have a cleansing effect.

THE RIVER TIME.

O, a wonderful stream is the river Time!
And it flows through the realm of Tears;
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broadening sweep and a surge sublime,
As it bends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow!
And the summers like buds between;
And the cars and the sheaves how they come and go,
On the river's breast with its ebb and flow,
As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magic isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying;

And the name of that isle is the "Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and the bosoms of snow,
They are heaps of dust, but we love them so,
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a harp unswept and a lute without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands which are waved when that fairy shore
By the mirage is left in the air,
And sometimes we hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we've heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remembered for aye be that blessed Isle
All the day of life till night;
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closed to slumber awhile,
May that greenwood of soul be in sight!

THE ANNUAL ANTI-CHINESE MOVEMENT.

Every Spring, with a regularity and punctuality resembling the habits of others of the lower animals, the anti-Coolie sets up his vernal bray. Forthwith, our great and beloved brethren of the immaculate and ever-wise daily press fall down one after another like a row of bricks, or, say follow like a flock of sheep, or anything else animate or inanimate and stupid. The melody begins in March, and its latest note offends the tired ear about the time of the annual feast of fire-crackers, spread-eagle and patriotic drunks, which proudly marks the Caucasian superiority over merely Pagan anniversaries. Dearly beloved, our present entreaty is that nothing we may now utter may prevent you from having your bray out after the manner of your species, yet do we ask those otherwise sensible people who are now listening to your discord in silence and in suffering like unto our own, to note that these "hordes of Asiatics" have been coming ever since we can remember, but have never yet come; that the bulk of our Chinese immigrants always arrive here between March and July; that invariably the number returning to China between August and February exceeds the number of arrivals from China in those months; that the average immigration from China is only about 7,500, while the returning Chinamen number about 4,000, and some 2,000 die, leaving an annual increase in our Chinese population of about *fifteen hundred!* Note again, our prediction that the total "horde of Asiatics" this year won't exceed 12,000, and will *probably* fall below 10,000. Yet we beg our daily brethren never by any chance to mention any one of these facts, lest perchance somebody somewhere be displeased thereat.

The Australasian Says:—"Warrnambool furnishes her quota of excitement *in re* the Tichborne case. While on a visit to that bucolic neighborhood lately our informant encountered an old resident of the district who avows herself the wife of the real Sir Roger, married to him in Tasmania in 1854. Her attention was first attracted to the matter by her brother in England sending to her for her husband's portrait. This portrait was duly sent, and is, we hear, recognized as the veritable Sir Roger. The brother in return sent out a carte of Sir Roger taken just prior to his departure from England, and she is prepared to swear that the original of this carte was her husband. Her opinion on the subject was further confirmed by the fact of her eldest child taking up the portrait, looking at it attentatively for some time, and calling it his papa. She distinctly asserts that her husband related to her the tale of the 'Bella,' and is further of opinion that the claimant is Orton, whose name she remembers her husband having mentioned."

Among the other Residences which will be brought into market this season is an estate which, though inferior in historic interest to that of Pope's villa, has about its associations which invest it with something of romance—we mean Plas Newydd, near Llangollen, in North Wales. Some forty or fifty years ago it was well known to Welsh tourists as the home of the eccentric "Ladies of Llangollen," Miss Ponsoby and Lady Eleanor Butler, who, having eloped together from their homes in Ireland in 1779, lived there till their deaths at very advanced ages about the year 1830. It is praised in verse by Miss Seward, who also dealt out plentiful eulogisms on its eccentric occupants. The estate comprises about twelve acres in all, and is well wooded, the trees still forming a rookery, as they did when "the ladies" were alive. The house is "embellished with tasteful carved work, both inside and outside."

A Scheme is at last in contemplation to remove some of the vandalisms which disfigure the noble pile of Cistercian ruins at Kirkstall. The representatives of the late Earl of Cardigan who own the monastery, having evinced a desire to dispose of the place, the lessees, we are given to understand, have resolved upon purchasing the property, and they propose restoring the abbey to some extent. With this object in view, Sir Gilbert Scott, the eminent ecclesiological architect, has been instructed to report upon what should be done. Recently he spent several days viewing the place, and during his stay he was the guest of Major Butler, of the Abbey House. Until his report shall have been presented, all other steps necessarily remain in abeyance.

After Receiving the Reports of all the regiments of which he is commander, the Emperor was conducted into the Palace by the Czar and all the members of the Imperial Russian family. The Emperor Alexander then presented his guest with a portrait of himself, a sword of honor, the Cross of St. George, the Iron Cross for merit with the inscription "Sa Echabrost" (for valor), together with vases and an inkstand of lapis-lazuli. The German Emperor is said to have been overwhelmed at the cordiality of his welcome. The Grand Duke Nicholas afterwards presented to him the flag of the Kaluga Regiment, of which the Emperor William is also commander.

The Welcome Bidding to the English Princes by the Vienna Press is extremely hearty. The *New Free Press*, the leading paper, devotes an article to the subject, explaining the Prince of Wales' presence to be more than a mere act of courtesy. "England (says the journal in question) took up the idea of the Vienna Exhibition at first with least enthusiasm of all countries, but it now by the presence of its Prince gives a pledge of its sympathy which is valuable, coming from the most industrial and most prosperous nation in the world.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur arrived at Vienna on the evening of April 25th. They were received at the railway station by the Emperor of Austria, all the Archdukes, the Dukes of Modena and Coburg-Gotha, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and the British Ambassador, Sir A. Buchanan, accompanied by the British Exhibition Commissioner, Mr. Owen. A guard of honor lined the station, and on the arrival of the illustrious visitors the band struck up "God Save the Queen."

The Graphic understands that the Queen has commissioned Mr. Sydney Hall to paint pictures of the two interesting ceremonies which recently took place in the Isle of Wight, namely the presentation of a new set of colors by her Majesty to the 79th Highlanders, and the acceptance of the old regimental colors by her Majesty for preservation in Osborne House. Mr. Sydney Hall had previously made sketches of these events for the *Graphic*.

We Understand that a marriage is arranged between the Hon. Edward O'Neill, M. P., eldest son of Lord O'Neill, and Lady Louisa Cochrane, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dundonald, and grandaughter of Thomas, the tenth Earl—so famous as "Admiral Lord Cochrane," whose great fame was mostly created by his heroism on the Pacific coast.

Lady Paget, the wife of the British Ambassador in Rome, a few days ago missed some valuable jewels; and on the Questra being informed, they found that a servant recently dismissed had disposed of some of the articles to a dealer. The woman was therefore arrested just as she was about leaving by the train for Florence, and some of the objects stolen were found in her possession.

The Anniversary of the Czar's Birthday, on April 29th, was celebrated at St. Petersburg with religious and martial ceremonies. The members of the diplomatic body congratulated His Majesty on the auspicious occasion, and in the evening the Empress of Russia gave a dinner party, at which, among other Royal guests, the Duke of Edinburgh was present.

The German Emperor arrived at St. Petersburg on April 27th, and seems to have been very warmly received. The telegram speaks of an innumerable crowd, who enthusiastically welcomed His Majesty, and whose incessant cheering accompanied him to the Winter Palace.

The Ex-King of Spain is reported to be turning his experience in that country to account by writing a book, which will bear the title of "The History of King Amadeo," written by himself.

The King and Queen of Denmark, accompanied by their daughter, Princess Thyra, are expected in England at the end of the present month, on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

UP IN THE TREES.

Would we were there in the woods together—
Two little birds in the midsummer weather!
Out of the winter, away from sorrow,
With—think of it!—never a thought of the morrow!
Up in the trees, whose branches are swinging,
They sit in the soft airs, singing, singing
A song in which youth and passion are blended,
That is always beginning, and never ended!

Look at them there now, sitting, sitting
Where owls are hooting, and bats are flitting:—
One is singing, the other is sleeping,
While the Lady Moon through the leaves is peeping!—
And now look at us,—whose years are doubled,
We have missed so much, and have been so troubled—
Would we were there in the woods together—
Two happy birds in the midsummer weather! —*John Sydney.*

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

The Victory of the Reactionary Coalition in the French Assembly has taken the world, and the reactionists themselves, by surprise. No man could expect to see a combination strong enough to overthrow Thiers, in the very moment of his greatest power, when he had just outdone all the former triumphs of his skill and sagacity by securing the complete liberation of France from the German troops. It is true that the Assembly was bitterly hostile to him; but he knew the Assembly, and had been more than a match for his enemies, secret or avowed, through two most difficult and dangerous years. How could any one foresee that a week, which developed no new elements of difficulty, would suffice to make the victor change places with the vanquished? "It is only the unforeseen," says the proverb, "which always comes to pass;" and every modern statesman should worship, with a devotion as fervent as that of Sulla, that great goddess Fortune, whose place is so poorly supplied in our Christian mythology by the nondescript, Providence. Things went too well with Thiers; prosperity rose round him like a tide, and he made no offering to deprecate the wrath of the Deity, and the bolt fell upon him, from a clear sky. There will be a good deal of pious declamation over his downfall, and we make haste to contribute our little mite; for we are nothing if not pious, and we know, from long study, that the Pagans have a much clearer conception of the unseen powers than the Christians. There will also be—and we have heard the beginning of it—a fine outburst of Anglo-Saxon eloquence, denouncing the Gallic instability, the incapacity of the French for self-government, and the impossibility of their establishing anything permanent; for your real Anglo-Saxon always has a secret persuasion that the rest of the world is laughing at him, and he finds it necessary to spank his Goddess of Liberty in public, that all men may know she is made of durable stuff, as compared with the plaster of Paris image, from across the Channel. There is no insecurity in the political life of the English-speaking peoples. Anybody can tell what is going to come about in London or Washington during the next week, for instance, while in Paris no man is sure of finding the front door of his house, when he comes home at night. We once knew a good lady, who reproved a young relative for speaking very positively about his plans for a day, two weeks off. "You should never talk in that way. How can you tell where you may be, before two weeks?" "Why, aunt!" objected the culprit, "you were talking this morning about what you would do to-morrow afternoon." "That's a very different thing, sir!" she replied; "we know very well that we shall be here to-morrow, but it's flying in the face of Providence to talk as if you were sure of a week." Limited liability is an Anglo-Saxon invention; it is a pity that Frenchmen have missed it. The meaning of the change in France is not difficult to read It looks to a restoration of the Monarchy; and there could be no fitter instrument for the purpose than Marshal MacMahon. The old soldier's honor is above suspicion; and his honor will make him absolutely helpless against the will of the Assembly. Were he but a soldier, he might be trusted to overlook minor civil duties, in order to use his power with the army against manifest plotters; but MacMahon is so much of a citizen that he will certainly obey the regular, apparent civil authority. There will probably be no convulsion, but a peaceable restoration of the Bourbon line. The moral support of every Government in Europe is ready to bear up such a restoration; and if any proof of its approach were wanted, it is to be found in the "greater confidence" of the Pope, in his prayers for France, now that MacMahon is her President. It is a pitiful result of two years' Republican training, to find that it ends in a great stride backwards; but man is slow to learn and slow to unlearn. It is no easy matter to establish a working Republic; and America is a melancholy example of this fact. The course of political change in France will undoubtedly follow the old road. The Monarchy will be restored and will endure for a time, to be overthrown by a new and greater effort of the Republican party, stronger with every decade of years; and the Republic will again succumb to intrigue or violence, to be replaced once more by the Monarchy; and so on, till the Republic finally triumphs. For the advanced minds of France are every year brought nearer to the great mass of the people; and the intelligent perception of the principles of freedom will at last be almost a matter of instinct.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

The Emperor of Austria opened the Exhibition on Thursday, May 12th, at noon, in the presence of an august assemblage. Precisely at a quarter to twelve o'clock the Emperor and Empress arrived in a carriage and six, when the Minister of Commerce proceeded to their Majesties, and humbly requested them and their august guests to do their Imperial Commission and exhibitors of all nations the honor of opening the Exhibition. Thereupon their Imperial Majesties, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur, the Crown Prince of Germany, the Princess Royal of Denmark and Bavaria, by the Austrian Archdukes and Duchesses, except the Archduchess Gisela and the Count and Countess Landres, and by all the great officers of State and of the household, including a host of ladies, were received at the southern portal by their Imperial Highnesses the Archduke Charles Louis and the Archduke Regnier, and by Baron Schwarz-Senborn, and conducted to the dais under the centre of the dome, the military bands performing the Austrian hymn. The Emperor and Empress took their seats upon the dais amidst great cheering, and were accompanied on their right by the Prince of Wales, who wore the uniform of an English general officer, with the order of the Garter, having on his right his sister, the Crown Princess of Germany, by the Crown Prince of Germany, who was on the left of the Emperor, in Austrian uniform, as well as by the other Princes before mentioned. Handel's chorus, "See the Conquering Hero comes," was then performed by the assembled bands, after which the Archduke Charles Louis read the following address:—

"Most Gracious Sire.—With joyful feelings I greet your Majesty within these halls, dedicated to peaceful progress. Your gracious sympathy has been given to a work which attracts the eyes of all the world to Austria, and ensures to our Fatherland conspicuous recognition in participating in the promotion of human welfare secured by instruction and labor. It would not be becoming in us, to whom your Majesty's confidence entrusted the realization of your sublime wishes, to judge of our own work; but we may be permitted to point out the elements by which it has been accomplished—more especially the high initiative of your Majesty and the generous cooperation and energy of our own and foreign countries, together with the moral and political power of labor and civilization. These elements will impart to your Majesty's creation its intrinsic worth, and will transmit its memory and honor to generations yet to come. May it please your Majesty graciously to accept a catalogue and report of the historical development of the Exhibition, and to declare the Universal Exhibition of 1873 opened."

His Imperial Majesty, who wore the ribbon of the Garter, as well as that of the Austrian Golden Fleece, replied: -

"With lively satisfaction I hail the accomplishment of this undertaking, the significance and importance of which I appreciate to the fullest extent. My confidence in the patriotism and energy of our people, the sympathy and support of the nations friendly to us, have accompanied the progress of this grand work, and which I now gratefully recognize." His Majesty concluded by declaring the Universal Exhibition of 1873 now open.

Immediately upon this announcement the "Hallelujah Chorus" was magnificently performed. At its conclusion Count Auersperg congratulated the Kaiser in the name of the country on the successful completion of the work, saying, that with modesty but with elevated earnestness the people of Austria undertook this work, which gave evidence of the rising power and growing importance of the Fatherland and its active cooperation in the solution of the great problems of civilization. The Exhibition was the embodiment of His Majesty's motto that in the unity of its energies rests the power and importance of the whole Empire. Last in the series of congratulations was a long address by the Burgomaster of Vienna after the deliverance of which the Commissioners repaired to their respective sections.

The Emperor and the Imperial party were then conducted by the Minister of Commerce along the eastern nave, amid hearty cheers, occasional stoppings being made for the inspection of some more than usually attractive feature.

The ceremony from the time the Rotunda was quitted occupied twenty minutes only, but the circuit of the vast building occupied over an hour, the band and choir meanwhile performing grand chorales and magnificent marches, the bands outside performing all the national anthems of the world. Their Majesties congratulated the Commissioners of the various countries as they passed, and especially, as was but natural, spent a long time in the Austrian section.

It may interest ladies to know that the Empress wore a white *peau de soie* pink bonnet, the Court going out of mourning for the day; the Crown Princess of Germany a pale lavender bonnet, and spring walking dress—a fashion followed by the Imperial ladies. Prince Arthur was attired in rifle uniform, with the Order of the Garter, and the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria in light blue uniform.

At the English Court the Prince of Wales presented the English Commissioners, as well as the Secretary, Mr. Owen, to the Emperor and Empress. His Royal Highness also introduced Lord and Lady Dudley, whose splendid collection of jewels evoked warm expressions of admiration from the Imperial and Royal party. Their Majesties also expressed themselves highly pleased with the English section, and especially with that part known as the Indian Court, which they said was one of the finest features in the whole building. After spending a considerable time in viewing the objects here exhibited, the illustrious party returned to the Rotunda, which they entered at twenty minutes before two o'clock, and at once crossed to the eastern nave, where they spent forty minutes, and they quitted the building at twenty minutes past two. The mixed company remaining in the

Rotunda at this time was barely sufficient to form a complete avenue for the brilliant procession, and these consisted chiefly of English visitors, who announced their own presence and did honor to that of the Imperial party by hearty English cheers.

The Emperor and Empress were the first to be conducted to their carriages, which were in waiting at the South portal; the Prince of Wales followed, and after his Royal Highness came the German princes. Nothing could be more successful from a commercial, as well as from an artistic point of view, than this opening festival. The Royal party expressed themselves greatly pleased and gratified with the day's proceedings. No doubt a vast deal remains to be done, and no wonder in such a vast undertaking; but enough has been done to show that this Exhibition will prove one of the most successful industrial gatherings that the world has ever witnessed.

In the evening the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, the English and Colonial Commissioners, together with the Commissioners from all other countries, and the distinguished officers of the Exhibition and of the civil and military services, were entertained at dinner in the Imperial Palace, the illustrious company numbering two hundred. The banquet was of unexampled magnificence—a worthy conclusion to the festivities of the day.

A grand reception followed the banquet, and was attended by the *elite* of the capital, and all the distinguished strangers by whom it is now filled. The grand old historic saloons presented one of the most brilliant sights that ever was witnessed, or could possibly be imagined; pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones being worn in profusion, the rich, graceful, and gorgeous costumes of the ladies contrasting wonderfully with the handsome and varied uniforms, and setting off to perfection some of the finest figures and the most lovely faces in Europe.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

TOO MUCH HONESTY IS BAD.

It is a Most Fortunate Circumstance for the material interests of this coast that the *News Letter* is not unselfish, like the *Bulletin*, that it is not bold and outspoken, like the *Call*, not devoted wholly to reform, like the *Alta*, nor thoroughly honest and high-minded, like the *Chronicle*. In short, it is a precious good thing for the State that we are just what we are, the reverse of all of this. If we were as they are, with our immense and world-wide circulation we should quite ruin the country, by publishing its faults and its ills, so that no one would come to it, or remaining at home, deal or hold intercourse with us. We suppress the truth in the interest of the coast, while they speak it out boldly, fearless or indifferent to the consequences. Suppose we should publish in this journal the circumstance that our merchants are all swindlers and our bankers thieves, would it not affect our credit? Fancy the *News Letter* declaiming day after day that every office holder in the country is a corrupt scoundrel and ought to be in the penitentiary! Or that the governing classes were political bummers and ping uglies in the pay of the powerful corporations, and that such creatures make the laws under which we live, and control every department of the State, executive, legislative, and judicial! Imagine the effect upon public opinion towards California throughout the world, should we gravely announce the fact that a loathsome disease has been introduced into the country, and has taken such hold upon the people that every second man, woman and child already has the leprosy, and that those not yet attacked by this disorder are liable momentarily to the contagion. We don't say these things. We would not say them even if they were true! For we are not honest and don't pretend to be. The honesty now in the State—and the supply is limited—is exclusively monopolized (everything is monopolized now-a-days) by the journals above named. There is none left for us. As a question of fact, there is a good deal of "rough politics" going on in the State, and will be as long as the *Bulletin* and the railroad are opposing elements, striving for the mastery of affairs. For what one won't do the other will. But we mention it not, lest the coast get a bad name. It is true, there will always be stock jobbing and "corners," and ring tricks of doubtful virtue, so long as the leading stock sharps can have access to the *Chronicle* reporters. Coin will tell in such cases, no matter how honest the proprietors may be, and certainly the *Chronicle* proprietors are the most honest men at least upon the Western Continent. But we are as silent as the tomb. Our credit is concerned. And as for contagious disorders of a cutaneous character, they can never, in our judgment, be wholly stamped out so long as the proprietors of the *Alta California* are permitted to run about the streets shaking hands indiscriminately with every body they meet. We do not deny that the leprosy prevails to a certain extent even in the best society, as the morning journals persistently assert. But why publish it to the world? We have had it, and now care but little who else gets it. As for the itch, although it is quite prevalent, yet it is scarcely of a dangerous type. Therefore what good is there in parading the fact. If people want to know our faults let them come and find out say we. Our word for it, they will find it bad enough without our preparing their minds in advance.

What Will Become of the Christian branch of the Press, when one of the heavy editorial writers of the *Catholic Guardian* was at the "Horticultural Rustic" on Thursday night?

CRAPE ON THE DOOR.

Dear News Letter:– In making a call last Sabbath on my old and esteemed friend, Charles Minturn, at his little cottage home, on the rock in Battery street, I was inexpressibly shocked at finding crape on the door. Although he had been in bad health for a long time, and I had often called during his illness, I was still unprepared for the closing scene. In stepping up to ring the bell, my hand coming suddenly in contact with the mournful emblem attached to the bell, the circumstance suggested the following little poem, which I inscribe to the memory of my departed friend, whose noble heart is now still forever. You will be kind enough to give this little tribute a place in your paper, which my friend and myself have so often read with much interest together, and oblige

Yours ever, THE PARSON.

CRAPE ON THE DOOR.

Thou art faded and gone, like the rays of the Sun,
When the night settles down, and the Summer day's o'er;
Death shook from the hour-glass of time, one by one
The sands of thy life: there is crape on the door.

I sought my old friend, in his house on the rock,
No omen of evil the May morning wore,
A dull, solemn echo but answered my knock,
No sound reached his ear: there was crape on the door.

A sad, soothing silence pervaded the place,
But a smile of ineffable sweetness he wore,
And a speaking expression remained on his face,
I am happy, at rest, since there's crape on the door.

There manhood's proud bosom was swelling with grief,
And stern eyes that mocked at a tear-drop before,
Now opened the watery gates for relief,
And wept as they looked at the crape on the door.

We wistfully gazed on the face of the dead,
And asked, is there somewhere an evergreen shore–
Some beautiful realm where the souls that have fled
May dwell with no fear of the crape on the door?

An answer came up from the heart's deepest cell;
We hope yet to meet the loved ones gone before,
But none may return the dread secret to tell
That is hid by that small piece of crape on the door.

THE OAKS, May 26, 1873. THE PARSON.

NEW BANKS AND INFLUX OF CAPITAL.

Two New Banking Corporations are on the eve of being established in San Francisco, for the purpose of carrying on a joint stock banking business, and we are assured will have ample resources, chiefly subscribed by European capitalists. The management will be confided to well known financiers and business men of our city. It is but natural that *we* in common with *all* the banks of this city *rejoice* at the prospect of receiving additional banking capital through these two European organizations. Messrs. Seligman, who have been the main movers in the one, will act in conjunction with Mr. Steinhart, whilst the other bank will be under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Daniel Meyer, assisted by Messrs. Frederick Roeding, Friedlander and others, prominently and favorably known. We sincerely hope that these two institutions will bring us a *permanent cash capital*, to be invested in this country and to aid in its development, not to be loaned on an easy money market in London or New York, and then the moment the Wall street sharks choose to fix up one of their perennial "lock ups," to call upon our business men to pay up advances at a ruinously short notice, thereby virtually proving a curse rather than a benefit to our commercial community, and saving our local banking institutions to carry our people. It will be of no use nominally establishing a bank here and trusting to the previous dividends paid by other banks of this State during the past year; to enable the directors to have all the shares subscribed for, they must show their institutions to have permanent and fixed capital *for use here*. This being POSITIVELY PROVED to be the case, their success is CERTAIN, and EVERY moneyed interest on this coast will give them a HEARTY WELCOME.

It may reasonably be asked: To what do we owe this sudden influx of foreign capital, and what impulse actuates that which is naturally so timid, mistrustful, and so careful in its tread? We answer, the increased and growing importance of California in the markets of the world. When ship after ship was taken up at extreme rates to load wheat from California to Great Britain and that still our granaries were unexhausted, the capitalists laboring as they were under a plethora of wealth, began to believe in this new field for investment that the last twenty years has opened up, and they also will venture to operate in that country, and, as we said before, EVERY MONEYED INTEREST ON THIS COAST will give them a HEARTY WELCOME. BUT WE WANT TO BE QUITE SURE THAT THE MONEY IS COMING HERE TO BE INVESTED IN SAFE AND SOLID SECURITIES AMONG OUR COMMUNITY, IN ORDER THAT OUR WELCOME SHOULD BE MOST CORDIAL AND SINCERE.

TRAVEL AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Every Now and Then some Patriotic Journal bewails the perversity of those Americans who will go and spend money in Europe when there are wide regions of their own country absolutely unknown to them. They are called by very hard names and accused of something very like treason because they prefer Switzerland to California and Italy to Minnesota. A running fire of statistics is opened upon them. Thermometrical observations, steadily continued for twenty-two years, prove to them that the climate of San Francisco is more equable than that of any other place on the habitable globe or elsewhere; and who can do without an equable climate? Then for consumptives—and everybody is more or less consumptive—what a pleasure to reflect as they freeze in Minnesota that they are spending their cash and their last moments among people not less foreign and far more disagreeable than the inhabitants of Mentone or Palermo! Patriotism is a noble superstition, particularly when it makes your heart beat loud and fast to tread the soil of a State born yesterday, the home of nobody, and as utterly insignificant to you as Dongola or Paramaribo. How can any New Yorker or New Englander, any Virginian or Louisianian care two straws for California or Nevada? He may have a friend settled in one or the other whose prosperity rejoices or whose ill-success grieves him; but how can he, by any possible effort, cherish any sentiment for places without history? Nobody in California regards the State as home. We have made up our minds to stay here, we do the best we can to bring up our families in a wholesome way, and we try to flatter ourselves that we are perfectly content with big pumpkins and strawberries all the year round; but every day we think, with longing and regret, of the far-away home in Massachusetts or Maryland, or Pennsylvania, or England, or Germany, and count the hours that have yet to roll away before we can shake off the dust of our feet and return to the dear native land. This is what we all honestly feel: how should a stranger be drawn more closely to this Paradise of the Pacific than we, who know it so well? The question of American travel, as far as it regards this coast, is a settled question. There is no reason why anybody should come this way for the pleasure of traveling, and, in a broad sense, there is no reason why an American should travel in America either before or after traveling in Europe and the East. If men travel merely for the sake of looking at scenery, it matters not which way they turn themselves. There is a good deal of scenery everywhere. If one cares for the communion with the aspects of Nature, he cannot escape from them short of a cellar. But if one must wait, before admiring a landscape, to be sure that the stars and stripes float over it, he may rave himself hoarse about its beauties, and in vain; we know him and his breed. The very prodigality of Nature in distributing her favors has made it impossible for any man cultivated a little above the savage to be exclusive in admiration of mere natural beauties. Sure of finding these under every sky, the civilized man seeks, in addition to these, some human interest to decide him in the choice of his Summer's jaunt. He has but a few months to give, and how can he hesitate between England, or France, or Spain, where every little hamlet has a history and a glory and a life of its own, and California, rich in gold and pumpkins, or Michigan, where men cut timber and dig copper? It is easy to talk about the crimes of history and the noble simplicity of American farmers and miners, but we live among these simple nobles and find them to be no better, while they are far less interesting than the Visconti and Inez de Castro and Warwick and Mary Stuart. The whole theory of travel, from the American point of view, is a false one. If travel is good for anything, it is good to widen one's sympathies, to correct his prejudices, to cheer and to elevate his thoughts of the race, so diverse, so complex, so marvelously gifted, and so indisputably one in its strenuous effort towards the highest good. The average man, absorbed in business, is but little fitted for traveling with profit to himself; but for him, as for the more cultivated, there is more possibility of good in foreign travel than in journeys at home. In his own country he finds everywhere the same general manners, observances and customs, while in any foreign country he is compelled to note and compare differences and novelties. The single argument of any weight in favor of home travel is that one thereby keeps his money at home; and this differs only in degree, but not in principle, from the miser's plea that, let the people hiss as they may, he applauds himself while counting his money in his chest.

Effects of Vegetable Perfumes on Health.—An Italian professor has made some very agreeable medical researches, resulting in the discovery that vegetable perfumes exercise a positively healthful influence on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone, and thus increasing its oxydizing influence. The essences found to develop the largest quantity of ozone are those of cherry, laurel, cloves, lavender, mint, juniper, lemons, fennel, and bergamot; those that give it in smaller quantity are anise, nutmeg, and thyme. The flowers of the narcissus, hyacinth, mignonette, heliotrope, and lily of the valley, develop ozone in closed vessels. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and those which have but slight perfume develop it only in small quantities. Reasoning from these facts the professor recommends the cultivation of flowers in marshy districts, and in all places infested with animal emanations, on account of the powerful oxydizing influence of ozone. The inhabitants of such regions should, he says, surround their houses with beds of the most odorous flowers.

WANTED, A RIOT.

There Has Been a Steady and Well Sustained Effort on the part of the daily journals during the past week to get up an anti-Chinese riot. But up to the time of our going to press nothing more decisive had come out of it than the braining of an inoffensive creature while quietly walking the street. The lovers of bloodshed and havoc, however, need not despair. All the portents seem to be favorable to their wishes. The chief end of sensational journalism of course is sensation, and the hearty desire of the readers of such sheets to gratify their animal instincts. We confidently predict that within a fortnight, at the utmost, the roughs, "coasters" and "ping-aglies" will consider that their license to begin killing and burning is sufficient, and set about their work. And we are glad of it, not upon our own account, for the circulation of the *News Letter* is secured among the more intelligent classes, and requires no extraneous nourishment to keep it alive. But there are journals which live by excitement, and by the morbid food known as "sensationalism." To such, a riot, a murder, a rape or a seduction is food, breath, life itself, without which they must surely die. Even during the present week one of these ephemeral productions has expired and given up the ghost. Had the Chinese riot happened three weeks ago, this moribund sheet might have still dragged out a precarious existence. But while the grass was growing this steed died. To the survivors we say hope on, and howl on; sooner or later you will succeed in arming the ruffianism of society against the defenceless creatures in our midst, and your hearts will be gratified and your exchequers replenished by the selling of startling news. Chinamen will be slain by hundreds, but your circulations will be doubled. Houses will be given to the torch and goods to the plunderer, but you will sell more newspapers than ever before. The conflagration will spread and extend over our fair city, involving in indiscriminate ruin the mansion of the rich and the cottage of the poor—but your enterprise will be lauded and advertisements will crowd in upon you. The blood of the Mongolians will run in torrents along our gutters, perhaps mingling its tide with the red life current of the fair Caucasian—but the *Chronicle* will beat the *Call*, and the *Call* will run its lightning press by day and by night to satisfy the eager impatience of the public for "the very latest intelligence." Go on, gentlemen of enterprise, the *News Letter* admires you and showers upon you its highest encomiums. The New York *Herald* is the model and thorough type of American journalism; but its glory must pass away before the glory of young San Francisco. For ourselves we would not do this sort of thing, for we are infidels and don't believe the Bible. But to those who stand by the pure faith of the country, it is quite another thing. In teaching that Chinamen should be butchered in their beds, and their houses burned over their heads, these journalists are not only striving to increase their circulation, but they are actually carrying out the teachings of their religion. True, Christ did not say in terms that Chinamen were to be slain in order to create an excitement, and to make newspapers sell; but it must have been because of two facts: first, that there were no Chinamen in Jerusalem; and second, there were no daily newspapers. Had there been, no doubt he would have comprehended the necessities of the case, and made it an article of faith to kill the one for the benefit of the other. Such being the fact, we repeat, gentlemen of the *Chronicle*, *Call*, *Alta* and *Bulletin*, these creatures don't take newspapers, and therefore no harm can be done in killing them. So let your watchword still be, death to the Asiatic, and within a month or two at the remotest you may look for a sensation, by the side of which earthquakes will be as fun and childish recitation.

MANZONI.

The Death of this Great Writer is a fitting occasion for reminding our readers that he is most deservedly famous, as a poet, for his ode on the death of Napoleon, a poem justly declared by De Stendhal to be superior to anything written on the same subject by Lord Byron, or Lamartine, or Monti. "*Il Cinque di Maggio*," the Fifth of May, as it is called, is known by heart to almost every Italian. It has been translated into English by various good writers; but every translation fails to render the Dantesque power and compactness of its lines. Two of its stanzas give such a picture of Napoleon as that in Haydon's great painting, where he stands at sunset, looking out on the sea that holds him captive:

How often, at the silent close
Of some void, aimless day,
His fiery eyes low bent, his arms
Crossed on his breast alway,
He stood, while all the days that were
Assaulted him like foes.

Came on his thought the moving tents.
The ramparts yielding force,
The lightning flash of infantry,
The billowy charge of horse,
And to the hurried, sharp command,
Instant obedience.

They Have Invented a new and most successful method of hanging in New Jersey. It is simple and a complete success. The last man took only nineteen minutes dying. It is on the jerk principle, and does not injure the body for dissecting purposes. The neck never by any chance is broken. The lookers-on have much the best of it, and enjoy the sport amazingly.

BRITISH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY'S DINNER.

Anniversary of Queen Victoria's Birthday---Eighth Annual Festival of the British Benevolent Society.

The British Benevolent Society of this city held its eighth annual festival in the Cosmopolitan Hotel, Friday evening, May 23d, being the eve of the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday. It has been customary for the British Benevolent Society, since its organization, to celebrate the anniversary of this day with festivity. An additional reason for the banquet last evening existed in the early departure of William Lane Booker, the British Consul and President of the Society, for his native land, which he is about to visit. About one hundred and seventy persons assembled in the banquet hall of the Cosmopolitan Hotel, at the appointed hour—half-past 8 o'clock—to partake of the viands with which the table were laden. The walls of the hall were decorated with evergreens and banners bearing patriotic inscriptions such as the following:

THE QUEEN—GOD BLESS HER.

The shamrock, the rose, and thistle—Liberty, justice and fraternity.

England expects that every man this day will do his duty.

THE ROSES OF ENGLAND.

England's daughters are as fair
As any bud that blows—
What son of her's who hath not loved
Some bonnie English rose.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Her civilization hath encompassed the globe, and the industry of her people made her great.

OLD ENGLAND.

May justice and liberty rule in her dominions, and posterity will respect her rule.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

We do not see the hawthorn tree,
But how can we forget
America, and Americans we love,
But England is England yet.

Homeward bound for England—
Sweet memories of yore;
God speed our honored Consul,
And send him back once more.

Here's a health to the land of the brave,
Here's a health to the bold and the free,
And so long as the heather and thistle shall wave,
Here's a health, bonny Scotland, to thee.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

America, may thy eagle soar,
And commerce spread to every shore;
Nations hail thy progress on,
And bless the land of Washington.

America and England,
May your strife ever be
For science and commerce,
Civilization and liberty.

OUR QUEEN.

Beloved by her people and respected by all nations, surrounded by white and red roses.

Here's a health to honest John Bull,
When he's gone we'll ne'er get such another,
With a heart and a pitcher brim full,
Here's a health to old England, his mother.

The names of Macaulay, Burns, Reynolds, Byron, Wellington, Bulwer, Shakspeare, Dickens, and other illnstrious Britons hung in evergreen wreaths over the long tables.

After all had regaled themselves to their hearts' content with the good things spread before them, the Presidcht of the Society, Mr. Booker, proposed the toast, "The Queen," which was drank in silence and followed by music, "God Save the Queen."

The toast of "The President of the United States," was then proposed by the same gentleman, and drank amid loud applause.

Music—"The Star-Spangled Banner."

Next came "The Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family," also drank amid cheers.

Mnsic—"God Bless the Prince of Wales." Sung by Mayer, Maguire, Booth, Wunderlich.

In proposing the toast of "The British Empire," the Rev. J. Hemphill said that during his three years' residence in this country he had met with three classes of British subjects. The first class consisted of those who forgot all about the old country immediately upon their arrival here in the new; who professed to see everything good and great in the institutions of this country, and everything bad and insignificant in

the one they had left. He regarded the Britisher who slandered his country as great a fool as the one who marries a wife and slanders his own mother in hopes of pleasing the former. Wife-love and mother-love were not contradictory, neither should our love for this country conflict with the love for the country that gave us birth.

The second class were those who bring with them to this country green spectacles, and who always wear them, seeing everything done in the country wrong done. He rebuked this fostiliferous class with an anecdote. Soon after the termination of the war of Independence, the English theaters were accustomed to introduce plays wherein the American people were represented in the characters of tinkers, tailors and cobblers, with the view to subjecting them to ridicule. One evening a keen-witted Yankee happened to be in one of the theaters where a play of this description was being presented. His patience was at last exhausted, and raising himself from his seat, he said aloud, "Bravo for old England, who allowed herself to be whipped by tinkers, tailors and cobblers. [Applause.]

There was another class—a better one; one to which he belonged himself. [Applause.] Those who see things good here and in England; who look upon the good things of both countries—speaking the same language, cherishing the same sympathies, believing in the same religion, identified in the same interests. To such a class he hoped all belonged. As Britishers they were devoutly thankful for the amicable adjustment of the disagreements which threatened to plunge the two countries in a disastrous fratracidal conflict. His prayer was for a long-continued, unbroken peace to exist between the two nations; that the "Union Jack" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" might forever wave in unison over land and sea. [Applause.]

Although the land called GREAT Britain was small enough on the world's map to be covered by the digit of a man's hand, nevertheless it governed one-quarter of the population of the globe. Their good Queen Victoria—God bless her! [applause]—was the largest landed proprietor in the world; her scepter swaying over an empire on which the sun never set—an empire over the like of which the proud eagle of Rome never flew; embracing within it all colors, creeds, nations, climes, and manners of products; whose name was the dread of the tyrant and the hope of the slave; whose alliance was earnestly sought and appreciated by the strongest and proudest nations on the earth; whose people were thrifty, whose merchants were princes, and whose peers were peerless. [Applause.] England had her faults, but he would ask that nation that was without faults to cast the first stone. No other nation on the globe had a juster right to boast of social progress. Her Constitution, founded on the experience of ages, was the boast of every Briton, and the admiration of every thoughtful man in the world. There was something about British law that commanded the respect of all. The best of all was that there was no sign of approaching dissolution. The British Constitution was neither old nor infirm, nor was it afflicted with vertigo. Macaulay's prophecy remained unfulfilled, and he believed it would remain so long. The New Zealander who would stand on London Bridge and gaze on the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral was yet unborn. Thrones and empires have tottered and fallen, but Queen Victoria sits secure on the throne of her kingdom and in the hearts of her people. [Applause.]

He concluded his speech with an eloquent peroration on England's glory.

After the playing of "Rule Britannia" by the band, Professor Thomas Price responded to the toast proposed by the Rev. Mr. Hemphill. Professor Price spoke of the empire in the following terms:

From a commercial and manufacturing standpoint, Great Britain is unparalleled in the history of nations and empires. Its foreign trade at the commencement of the present century was valued at £60,000,000 sterling. It is now £480,000,000. In 1854, the total imports of the United Kingdom were only valued at £3,906; in 1871 their value was £327,000,000.

The total mercantile marine of the world is estimated at 15,500,000; of this Great Britain owns one-half, the latest official returns placing the tonnage of its shipping at 7,700,000 tons. Estimating their value at £12 per ton, the capital invested in these vessels amounts to £96,000,000. The estimated value of ships and cargoes sailing to and from the ports of Great Britain annually, is estimated at £60,000,000.

The steam shipping employed in the freight and coasting trade has increased from 104,680 tons in 1850 to 1,000,000 tons in 1870.

Mr. Bowman was called upon to respond to the fifth regular toast—"The United States." He said that upon receiving the note of the Committee, communicating the fact that the distinguished honor of responding to this toast had been conferred upon him, he had consulted with a friend who was experienced in such matters, as to the correct manner of discharging the duty. He had been assured that the proper and orthodox thing to do, in responding for the United States of America on such an occasion, was to impress upon the British mind the greatness of the country in which it was our privilege to dwell; to call attention to the well-known fact that it is the greatest country on the outside of the terraqueous globe, and that in the inevitable course of manifest destiny it must soon absorb all the rest of creation. Acting upon this suggestion, he had industriously prepared a mass of statistics, covering forty-five pages of foolscap, establishing beyond question—and he would defy any bold Briton to controvert any of his conclusions—that there were more miles of railroad in the United States than in the whole British Empire, "upon which the sun never sets;" that our commercial marine exceeded in the amount of its tonnage the commercial marines of Great Britain, France and Russia combined; that our navy of twelve frigates and a monitor could sweep the seas from Zembla to the Line; that our men were the cutest, and our women the prettiest now extant on earth, and that the American eagle could soar higher and scream louder than any other fowl. Since entering the dining hall, however, he had been informed that the British residents of San Francisco were generally in the habit of reading the patriotic leaders in the daily papers, and that they had occasionally enjoyed the pleasure of listening to a Fourth of July oration. If such were indeed the case, he inferred that the British mind must already be duly impressed with the greatness of our glorious country, and he would therefore reserve the statistics with which he had so laboriously fortified himself, to be used month after next in a Fourth of July oration which he expected to deliver at Platt's Hall. The Rev. gentleman who had proposed the toast of "The British Empire" had devoutly thanked God that "Macaulay's prophecy" about the New Zealander sitting on an arch of London Bridge, and contemplating the ruins of St. Paul's, had not yet been fulfilled. Considering the short time that had elapsed since the utterance of the so-called prophecy, it might perhaps be questioned whether Macaulay had ever dreamed that its fulfillment would be so soon called for. Was not the Rev. gentleman a little premature—a little impatient? But Macaulay had intimated another prophecy. He had suggested that the success of American institutions, thus far, was due not to any intrinsic merit of republican government, but to favorable circumstances. He had said that when our population should become dense, and the vast area of our virgin acres should be occupied, that *then* the crisis would come that would test our institutions. The intimation, or prophecy, clearly was that our popular form of government would not stand the test. I do not think, Mr. Chairman, that this latter prophecy is likely to be sooner fulfilled than the former. I trust and believe that many generations may pass before the fulfilment of either is witnessed. No thinking man can be blind to the danger mentioned by Lord Macaulay. It is not to be lightly regarded, and it was certainly uttered in no malicious or unfriendly spirit. My chief hope for my country, that it may endure the test of a dense population, is, in the right education of the masses. So long as the majority respect justice and the rights of property, republican institutions are safe. I am encouraged by observing an elevation in the tone and spirit of the guides and shapers of public opinion—an increasing fairness and moderation and cosmopolitanism. I see it in the press and in public discussions, and our popular literature. As an illustration of this improvement, take the more recent tone of our speakers and writers toward England. When Dickens published his American Notes, the whole nation was frenzied with unreasonable wrath. He did not caricature us one-half so extravagantly as he had caricatured his own countrymen. He told some disagreeable truths, and perhaps added to them a little artistic embellishment. But the press howled against the ingrate who had eaten our dinners, drank our champagne, and then failed to tickle our vanity as a *quid pro quo*. There were whole communities who were in a frame of mind to have lynched him. H. Edwards Lester wrote his "Glory and Shame of England," a book full of malice, hate, and all uncharitableness. Backwoods journals, and journals of the backwoods type, railed and vituperated against England and everything English. But even then the nobler representatives of our literrture did not partake of this ignoble spirit, and to-day no trace of it remains among any but the most ignorant classes. To-day, I verily believe, that Whittier's well-known verses embody the sentiment of the great majority of our people who are Americans by birth:

O, Englishmen! in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers!
We, too, are heirs of Runnymede,
And Shakspear's thought and Cromwell's
Are not alone our mothers'. [deed
Thicker than water, in one rill,
Thro' centuries of storm,
Our Saxon blood has flow'd; and still
We share with you its good and ill,
The shadow and the glory.

Joint heirs and kinsfolk, leagues of wave
Nor length of years can part us;
Your right is ours to shrine and grave.
The common freehold of the brave,
The gift of Saints and martyrs.
Our very sins and follies teach
Our kindred frail and human;
We carp at faults with bitter speech,
The while for one unshared by each;
We have a score in common.

None have spoken with a finer and more loving appreciation of what is distinct-

ively English, in her customs, her scenery and her social life, than such representative American writers as Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson and others. Hawthorne calls his book "Our Old Home," and he talks of our moss as if he felt more at home in Old than in New England. How some of these Yankees do gloat over English scenes before for the first time! They go into fits and ecstacy about: "the dark wainscot indigenous to farmed by the kiss of April into blooming sweetness," "the glorious verdure of meadow and lawn, the dark rich flats of lovely Worcestershire, and the extensive and varied scenes of rolling Hereford, white with apple blossoms. Meadow and orchard, farmstead and park, afford them an equal delight. A stroll through a gallery of old family portraits in a country house inspires Irving to the production of the most finished piece of prose in the language. Another picturesque old house calls it from Henry James a rapsody in which he spouts such as it thus tenderly: "Poor, ruined, superannuated home! Its hoary beams and wasted beneath the great burden of its many gables, seem to ache and groan with memories and regrets. Such an old house is an American can with an indefinite feeling of respect. It is so thoroughly saturated with ease and comfort of heart and affection, that it seemed to offer to our grateful eyes a small, rude specimen of the great, English social order." He sees an old woman "with a red cloak and double frills bonnet and pleated pleated cheeks," and "a towering gentleman in a white smock frock and short gaiters, with mighty calves and big, red, rural face," and they constituted an ugly. "An old rook-haunted churchyard, with its gray, gray tower, its huge bank yew and its cluster of village graves, with their crooked headstones, is to him a most touching picture. And this is the tender, affectionate spirit that pervades the writings of nearly all cultured Americans in speaking of their "Old Home." And it is such men as these men, who are above the influence of vulgar prejudices and mean animosities who are now forming the popular mind. Its love, and in their utterances is my hope for my country, and in English men of the like attributes of spirit is my hope for yours. Both nations have perils to encounter and storms to weather. Both need wise statesmen and deep thinkers. Both have already endured the tests of prosperity and adversity, of foreign and domestic war. Both have come out stronger and nobler from every ordeal. Why may we not be encouraged to hope that our young flag may, like yours, "brave for a thousand years the battle and the breeze," and that both may for a thousand more, and for thousands after that, float together on every sea and shore of the habitable globe, caressed by every wind that blows under the whole heaven."

The address to the Chairman, delivered by W. H. Rhodes Caxton, was as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN: It is said that the man who has no enemies and no detractors must be a nobody, who owes his immunity from attacks or jealousy to his insignificance. But I think the statement is one of those hasty generalizations that express only a partial truth, and involve a serious error. "Positive men," we are often told, make bitter enemies and devoted friends. This is true, no doubt, of a majority of them, but I think it is true of them, not so much because they are "positive" as because of certain other qualities which are frequently found associated with what we call positiveness. So far as my observation goes, the most positive men are apt to be a little dogmatic; they are not only fixed and resolute in their own opinions, but too much disposed to show their contempt for the opinions of others. They are generally combative, and often rash. I have known positive men who had a habit of wantonly pursuing a course calculated to provoke hostility. But really I can see no reason why a man may not be "positive" and yet modest, why he may not be firm in his own convictions, yet tolerant of opposing ones, why he may not combine thoughtfulness with energy of character, and the greatest courtesy with the most independent decision. I have believed, upon theoretical grounds, that such a combination of qualities was not an impossibility, and I have occasionally seen a character of this admirable sort depicted by poets and novelists. Still, I might have had doubts whether the picture was not a mere dream, had it not been my good fortune to encounter in actual life one who fully realized it, and showed that it was no figment of a poet's or romancer's brain.

It is my most agreeable duty this evening, to propose the health of a gentleman in whom are united those qualities which command and respect, with those that conciliate affection. A gentleman who has been for twenty-four years in this city, taking a conspicuous part in its business and society, and who yet has no living enemy. A gentleman in whom the positive characteristics that built the man of action, are tempered by such rare modesty, sweet gentleness and goodness of heart and such perfect courtesy in all things, whether great or small, that it has been my good fortune, even in a community which has been considered a critical and censorious one, to win universal respect and esteem.

But eulogism is so well deserved that no man disputes it is apt to be tedious.

> "I will not drown in wordy praise
> The kindly thoughts that rise;
> If friendship owns one tender phrase
> He reads it in our eyes."

Gentlemen: I have the honor and the pleasure of proposing the health of Wm. Lane Booker, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, and President of the British Benevolent Society. I know that all present will join me in the wish that his consul-ship may be to the home of his youth what he one of unalloyed pleasure, and that our separation will only be for a short season.

THE PRESS—PROPOSED BY GOMAR EVANS.

When Dr. Faust introduced into Paris the first printed copies of the Bible he excited the hostility of the Monks, who saw in the new invention the ruin of their vocation of transcribing the scriptures, and who persecuted him under the plea that the work was executed by the aid of the Devil!

If Faust were now to witness a Hoe or Walker's printing machine automatically throwing off within an hour 20,000 broad sheets of printed matter, he, too, in turn would, I fancy, think that Satan had something to do with the press. And to judge from some publications which I have seen, I should not wonder if he has. The good book says that "of making many books there is no end."

The exquisite mechanical skill displayed in the operations of the printing press, it might be supposed would have so far revolutionized the method of book making as to render these words obsolete. It is not so, however; they are as absolutely true to-day as they were in the time of Solomon.

There is no end to the rapacious cravings of the press; the rakings of the chiffoniers of the world fail to satisfy its hungry maw. Its ceaseless cry is, "Give! Give!"

There is no end to the labors of the unfortunate children of destitution who, early and late, in the gutter ply the sordid trade of the chiffonier.

There is no end to the click of the composing stick in the hands of the weary and toil-worn workman.

There is no end to the burning of the midnight oil which dimly lights the brain-racked author and editor.

Truly, "of making many books there is no end."

In cosily reading the contents of the morning papers, we may inadequately realize at what cost of toil to others we obtain immunity from labor in acquiring the necessary information as to the movements of the world around us; and the gossip, too, as to that, thanks to the pertinacity of the interviewer who subjects to his importunate questions every character of notoriety, from the criminal on the scaffold to the deposed monarch in his retirement.

In all human institutions there is a mixture of good and evil. If the press sometimes trenches upon the privacy of domestic life, if by its advertisements it gives encouragement to fortune telling and lewdness, and aids the enterprises of the charlatan and quack, the good predominates. To it we owe, in a great measure, in England, at least, our political liberties; to it we owe partially the present high state of our intelligence and civilization; and to it we shall look for the spreading of that civilization to the end of the earth.

The leaven is now working in Japan. There is published in London a newspaper in the Japanese language, which will carry to the homes of Japan a knowledge of our ideas and progress.

In Pekin, a magazine now being published under the auspices of the foreign ambassadors will open the almond eye of the Chinaman to the superiority of western literature.

With a free press, free schools and freedom of conscience in matters of religion, we shall soon reach the millennium. Gentlemen, I toast the Press.

THE PRESS—REMARKS OF SAMUEL WILLIAMS.

Mr. Williams said it had been hinted to him that the press was an awful sinner, but he noticed that those who had the worst opinion of newspapers were those who tried to use them and failed. "Whenever," said he, "I find a man particularly violent against journalists, I make up my mind that he has been nosing about an editorial sanctum with a thundering big axe which he wanted to be ground, but couldn't find any fellow mean enough to turn the grindstone. Then it depends very much upon whose's bit. As long as newspapers praise us and damn our enemies they are a very good institution—the 'Paladium of Liberty,' and all that sort of thing—but when they prick our pet bubbles and smash our pet schemes, we suddenly discover that they are the scourge of society. When, for instance, the *Hangtown Scalper* denounces Jones, whom I don't very much love, as a thief and blackguard, some how it don't make me feel very hand; and when it accuses Brown, who euchered me on that little corner in stocks, of having robbed his neighbor's till and seduced his neighbor's wife, I inwardly chuckle, pat the writer on the back and cry 'hit him again!' Do we not advertise liberally in the *Weekly Truthslayer*, and pay for getting puffed in the *Libeller's Own?* Are we not cheek by jowl with the fellow who does the heavy ribaldry for the *Daily Morning Scavenger?* And did you not pay him twenty dollars for writing that atrocious lampoon on por Smith? Are there no bad papers? Yes, plenty of them. Some of the most accomplished villains I ever knew were newspaper men; wretches so base that to call them brutes would be to slander the meanest member of the brute creation. But I have always found that the honest men were in the majority. I believe them to be in the majority still. When I think otherwise I trust I shall have self respect enough to abandon a profession that has become the nursery of rogues.

"The reformation of the press lies with the people. If you would purify it, commence at home. Make it impossible for a journalistic prostitute to live. If your morning or evening paper offends against decency—becomes the vehicle of personal defammation—a mere hound baying at good men's heels—kick the vile thing out of your house; and if its depraved conductor comes round to call you to account, kick *him!*"

After the regular toasts of the evening had been disposed of there was an unanimous call for Hon. W. H. Rhodes (known better as Caxton), who was present by

special invitation. After thanking the gentlemen for the compliment of calling on him for an address, amongst other things he said:

"Whatever is most valuable, most enduring and most glorious in American institutions has been borrowed from the British Constitution and the English laws. My studies for the past twenty years have rendered me familiar with the genius and spirit of English law. That law is not the product of a day, or a century—nor is our American Constitution. It has been in process of formation for a thousand years. It is a vulgar error to suppose that America sprang round into existence like the fabled goddess of old. And when I speak of American liberty, I go further back than the settlement of this continent. I seek deeper for the root of that noble tree whose branches are now our shield. I go far into the recesses of the Middle Ages and search there for the dawn of American freedom. I can see its seed budding in the steel-clad breasts of the nobles at Runnymede. I behold it flashing in the sword of Cromwell; it uplifted the scaffold of Charles; it was watered by the blood of Hampden. I can hear it in the dying appeals of Sydney, in the tones of Russell, in the strains of Milton. It hoisted James the Second from the throne, shackled the ambition of William the Third, and built an impassable barrier around the prerogative of George the First. It has always been the boast of the hardy Briton, and circulates to this day in the veins of the Anglo-Saxon wherever he may be found. Nor is it less false that the United States is a more Democratic country than glorious Old England. For two centuries the House of Commons, representing the third estate of the realm, has governed England. A century and a half ago, Montesquieu, the *author of the 'Spirit of Laws,'* declared that the British Empire 'was a republic in disguise.' So it is to-day. But it is a purer Democracy than our boasted America. Here the voice of the people can only be heard in the Senate once in six years, in the Presidential chair once in four years, and in the house of Representatives once in two years. There, it necessary, every month in the year. The voice of the people of England can be consulted, under the English Constitution, upon every great question that agitates the public mind. The Ministry have only to be outvoted, the Queen dissolves the Parliament, and an appeal goes forth at once to the source of all power, the people of England. In our own country the voice of the people can never be distinctly heard on any one proposition, and generally, long before a succeeding election, the interest has died away and the hold-overs succeed in twisting or smothering public sentiment.

Sir, for one I deny that the most renowned British philosopher, statesmen, poets and heroes are not ours. Whatever was England's before 1776, belongs equally to us. Newton and Hale and Powers, and above all, Shakespeare, are ours also. We inherit their blood, their laws and their language. Yes sir, the English language, the *only tongue spoken by freemen*, has carried with it the laws, the institutions and the policy of the mother country, into the jungles of the Ganges, the bush of Australia, the forests of New Zealand, and the Sierras of California. Go back, Mr. President, to your own gallant Isle, and tell them that these are the sentiments of an independent American, who glories in all that is most glorious in the history of your native land. Tell them that hand and hand, the mother and the child are yet destined to rule the earth: that together, as they roll down the centuries, they will sweep away the last vestiges of slavery, ignorance and oppression; that behind them they will leave a track glorious with every achievement that can ennoble man: and if united in the future, as in the immediate past, they can defy a universe in arms. Sir, I propose this sentiment: England—whose whole history has been one majestic wave of glory, on whose proud crest has ever been borne the ark of popular rights.

NOT IN THE PROGRAMME.

"The Queen's Letter," by Mr. S. D. Mayer; "Hard Times," by R. Wunderlich; "The Fine Old English Gentleman," by S. W. Leach; "The Englishman," by Archibald McKinlay; "Here's a health, Bonnie Scotland, to thee," by M. Gilchrist; "A Goblet of Burgundy, or The Queen, God Bless Her." by J. P. McCurrie.

Finale.—All hands joined in "Auld Lang Syne."

The floral and other decorations were designed and arranged, with the assistance of some ladies, by John Brewster, one of the Committee of Arrangements. The dinner, and all its tasteful arrangements, were got up under the supervision of Mr. R. H. Adamson, and the vocal music by C. H. McCurrie.

After the Secretary's health, proposed by D. W. White, had been drank, Mr. C. Mason's health was proposed and drank, with musical honors, to which Mr. Mason responded in his maiden speech, alluding in kindly terms to the forbearance of Mr. Booker for his shortcomings, and his desire to do all that he could as his representative in his absence. Mr. McCurrie proposed Mr. Porter's health, which was drank with musical honors, and the affair was brought to a close with all the company joining in band and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The Sacred Village of Bethlehem has been the scene of an unpriestly collision between belligerent members of the Church Militant. From Constantinople it is reported that the Roman Catholic priests at Bethlehem broke the lamps of a church—a proceeding which was resented by the priests of the Greek Church, who evinced their resentment by tearing down the curtains. Five priests of each Church are said to be wounded.

Commercial Summary.

Notwithstanding all the Clamor of Short Crops, ruined harvests, etc., the promise is now of an abundance. It may be that our harvest of cereals will yet equal that of last season. The very prolonged spell of cool weather, lasting almost continuously throughout the month of May, has answered well the purpose of late rains, and now that the roots of the Wheat plant have lengthened their fibres and reached down into the wet strata, we already see and are advised from many quarters that large fields of flowing grain that had been given over to hay has now assumed a healthy grain color, and is promising a fair average yield. These are not isolated cases, but they are the words of cheer which reaches us from many valleys and plains of vast extent now waving with the golden grain.

The Most Notable event of the week has been the great decline in Refined Sugar. The California and Pacific, joined with the Bay Refinery, opened fire early Monday morning upon the Golden Gate, reducing rates of all White Sugars ¼c per pound, but not changing the price of Yellow "C." This shot was insufficient, and the following day another ½ broadside was set off, making a forced reduction of 1¼c per pound on all Whites, and reducing Yellow Coffees ½c, making the Crushed 11c and Yellow Golden 9¼c per pound. This important reduction stimulates trade not a little. Jobbers are now more than ever disposed to stock up at the decline, particularly as this is the fruit season, when increased quantities are used by the masses. Since our last the bark D. C. Murray has arrived from Honolulu with farther receipts of the Hawaiian product, 360 tons, and this with the decline in Refined knocking off a half cent from the highest grade of Hawaiian, making the price of best "Washed" Island Sugar, 9½c. Syrups are not effected by the decline in Sugars; prices as for sixty days past. This decline in Sugar will without doubt cause increased orders from Salt Lake and the Northwest, and at same time check the foolish shipments of Crushed from New York to the Pacific via the Cape Horn, and to which we have before made reference in the *News Letter* "Biz."

Coffee has been somewhat neglected since the rise to 20c; holders, however, are firm in their views and not disposed to release their grip, believing that higher prices even will rule before mid-Summer shall have passed away.

Spices are very scarce and high, with little business.

Rice has been largely auctioned by S. L. Jones & Co., and by reason of very heavy imports during the week from Hongkong per steamship Lord of the Isles, and divers ships prices favor the buyer. Stocks liberal.

In Regard to Teas, Messrs. Macondry & Co. held a cargo sale at Jones' auction rooms, Thursday, and with satisfactory results, as compared with previous sales. About one half of the catalogue was disposed of to the trade, and the balance withdrawn.

Bags and Bagging Material are more sought after by reason of the greatly improved crop prospects. Gilroy and Dundee Burlap Grain Sacks, hand sewed, are wanted at 15c. for standard 22x36.

Metals of All Kinds are neglected, and prices quite nominal.

Coals arrive very freely from Sydney and other foreign ports, at the same time coast supplies, and also receipts from Nanaimo, V. I., feed the market freely and causes less anxiety to stock up.

Wools continue in good request, mainly for shipment East overland. Prices about the same as last week, say 20@23c for good to choice Northern Fleece, long staple; clean average, 16@18c. Burry and dirty, 12½c or thereabouts. Hides are unchanged in value; Leather is dull and neglected. Tallow sells at 6@6½c.

Wheat moves off freely for export with several cargo sales during the week at $1 82½@$1 85; at the close $1 87½@$1 90 is asked. Contracts for new Wheat for July delivery made at $1 80@$1 85 for good average shipping parcels. Our total exports to the United Kingdom—

	Wheat. Ctls.	Value.
Since July 1st, 1872, of 325 vessels	9,433,146	$17,051,111
42 vessels since July 1st, 1871, with	1,299,392	3,066,799
120 vessels since July 1st, 1870, with	3,536,295	7,071,807
173 vessels since July 1st, 1869, with	4,700,361	8,026,739

In addition to this there are yet on the berth loading 13 vessels, aggregating 11,500 tons registered tonnage. Other ships now arriving, both under charter and free, will drop anchor in the harbor and wait for the new crop. Prospects are flattering for a big business in the season of 1873-74.

Grain Freights to the United Kingdom, £3 10s.@£3 12s. 6d., and for Cork for orders £3 17s. 6d. with dispatch.

Quicksilver remains without change, delivering from Almaden light at 95c. Export orders cannot now be executed.

The Barley Crop promises to be a full average one and of superior quality; present price $1 25@1 45.

Oats are a drug on the market; by reason of excessive supplies from Nebraska and Oregon, prices have fallen to $1 85@2. **Corn,** $1 30.

Hay Crop large and good price, $12@20.

LOCAL DOTTINGS.

The New Postal Cards [illegible] of use in the United States.—The Chinese are [illegible] more than [illegible] that [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] Chinese [illegible].—The Hall [illegible] is to be opened in [illegible].—[illegible] with [illegible] is [illegible] at the Theatre.—[illegible].—Most of the [illegible] of the [illegible] will [illegible] next week.—[illegible].—The Master of the Mint has been [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] the city with [illegible].—[illegible].—Cupid [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE LAW LIBRARY.

We Don't Like Monopolies of any sort, and we never did. When such must exist we feel that railroads do the most good, and are therefore the least objectionable. But here in California the fashion is to heap the heaviest abuse upon railroads because they are useful and necessary, and to permit gas monopolies, and water monopolies, and other mere private schemes for gouging the public, to pass without comment. The most ingenuous and hateful of close corporations at this moment is, without doubt, the Law Library. When that institution was a private affair, and depended on the liberality of its members for existence, the public had no right to complain, no matter what were its rules of admission or however restricted its membership. But it is not a private, but a public institution. The people are paying to support it—a tax is levied upon litigants for its endowment. Three dollars is exacted in advance of every suiter demanding justice in our courts, as a condition precedent to the hearing of his cause, for the maintaining of a library, not for the benefit of the whole bar, but for the wealthy and influential members of it alone. Against this we protest. When the promotors of the Law Library elected to go before the Legislature and to ask aid from the general public for their institution, the effect of their action was to throw the affair open to the bar in general; not, of course, absolutely free, but at a reasonable fee for admission and fair monthly payment. This they are not doing. They retain their terms at a standard which practically excludes some of our most worthy lawyers from participation in the benefits of a library paid for in most by their own clients. We repeat the Law Library is a close corporation for the advantage of the wealthy lawyers, and ought to be reformed.

Report of Wool Market.—San Francisco, May 27, 1873.—The market during the week under review, has been active at unchanged quotations for choice, but at slightly lower figures for Burry and defective. Choice Wools have, throughout the season, been taken up by buyers almost before they could be taken from the cars, and they are still much sought for at from 22@23 cts.; short, fine, heavy Wools, free from burr and seed, are selling slowly at from 15½ to 17 cts.; and are accumulating. Burry Wools are in large stock, but sales are small and at low figures. Some of the best clips of Los Angeles County have been sold at 16@16½ cts. The Woolen Goods Market throughout the country is quiet, and prices are very low; gold is advancing in price and money remains dear, so that the prospect of any great advance in prices is very dubious.

Watt & McLennan, Wool Commission Merchants,
625 Sansome street, San Francisco.

If Some of Our Efficient Police Officers would, instead of hauling off some decrepid old Chinaman (the leg of whose glazed pig happens to hang a quarter of an inch over the sidewalk), turn their attention to the way our sidewalks are blocked up by merchandise and horses owned by white men, they would do more good. The way in which horses are allowed to block up our sidewalks is simply disgraceful. Not content with the street, the beasts monopolize what is supposed to be meant for man's exclusive use. Besides, suppose some of these horses should take it into their head to kick—a habit that horses have—what then? No; let some of our Chinamen hunting "stars" give up killing mice and have a shy at the rats.

A Sharp Shock of Earthquake was felt at Doncaster, England, at a few seconds after half-past two o'clock, on April 29th. Many dwelling-houses and other buildings were shaken to their foundations, and people rushed out into the streets to learn the cause. Persons who were sitting at the time of the occurrence are said to have been jerked forward, or to have been thrown bodily off their seats. Furniture was displaced in upper rooms, and many tradesmen had their goods in their shops disturbed. One gentleman galloped to the Great Northern plant works, thinking that an explosion had happened. The weather was fine, but cold during the day.

At Constantinople, a number of old rusted helmets deposited in the Church of St. Irene were lately sold to a jew as old iron, at about 12c. or 15c. the pound. There were about 600. The purchaser commenced cleaning them, and then discovered that they were of fine steel, and adorned with Arabic inscriptions, showing that they dated from very ancient times. He began by selling them at 20 piastres (25 centimes each) the piece, then 30, 40, and even 50, until at last an Armenian bought up all that were left at 22f. 50c. each, and put them up to sale in the bazaars. The government has repurchased them at from £2 to £3 apiece.

Private Advices state that the old walls of Adrianople, which are in course of destruction, have been found to be of pre-Byzantine character, the lower layers consisting of huge stones placed side by side, without cement. Probably this would be found to be the case in a great many other instances, and the dates of the structures could not be determined by this circumstance only.

SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE.

MAILS FOR	CLOSE. A.M.	CLOSE. P.M.	ARRIVE. A.M.	ARRIVE. P.M.
Alameda	.....	3.40	.....	1.00
Benicia and Rio Vista (by C P R R Co.'s steamers	.....	3.40	.....	9.00
Cloverdale and Coast Points	.....	1.40	11.15	.....
Eureka	.....	1.40	11 15	.....
Marysville and Sacramento	6.30	3.40	8.00	9.00
Napa Route via Vallejo	.....	3.40	12.40	.....
Northern California, Oregon and Washington Territory	6.30	.....	.....	9.00
Oakland	6.30	3.40	.....	8.00
			.....	9.00
Overland	6.30	.....	.....	9.00
Petaluma and Coast Points	.....	1.15	.....	12.00
San Rafael	9.15	.....	9.00	.....
San Jose	8.00	4.15	9.30	6.00
Southern California and Arizona	8.00	.....	.....	6.00
Stockton via Western Pacific Railroad	6.30	3.40	8.00	9.00
Vallejo and Benicia	7.00	3.40	12.40	9.00
Visalia, Kern and Tulare County	.....	3.40	.....	2.40
Great Britain, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays	.....	9.00	.....	.....

MAILS DISPATCHED by sea-going steamers will be closed one hour before the advertised time of sailing of steamers.

GENERAL DELIVERY open daily from 8 a.m. till 6:30 p.m. On Sundays the office is open from 9 to 10 a.m. Postal Money Order Office open from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily, except Sundays.

N. B. STONE, P. M.

NARROW GAUGE.

Editor News Letter:—I am pained to learn that Mr. E. N. Robinson has repeatedly charged me with a want of fairness in publishing a part only of the correspondence that has taken place between us through your columns on the question of "Narrow Gauge Railroads." He has made this statement to several of my friends of late, and I beg you to publish this brief note in reply. I published the first half of the correspondence, each letter in its regular order—and in the order in which they first appeared. The Postcript of the *News Letter* would contain no more. I simply filled the space allotted to me, and that his last letter was not published is not my fault. I should be glad to see it again in print. His arguments have helped my side of this controversy immensely; and the more we have of them the better. I will contribute something to aid him in getting out another edition of the *News Letter* which shall embody everything he has ever written on the narrow gauge question. Surely Mr. Robinson cannot accuse me of unfairness after such a liberal proposition as this. Hastily yours. EDWARD CURTIS.

San Francisco, May 29, 1875.

San Franciscans Abroad.—Paris: Mrs. Archer, Hotel Chatham; Mrs. A. L. Barnes, 15 Rue de Presbourg; Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, George Crocker, Grand Hotel; Mrs. F. A. Hassey and son, Hotel Frederland; Mrs. S. C. Hastings and Miss Flora Hastings, Grand Hotel; P. A. MacRae, Hotel de l'Athenee; Misses Motley, Hotel Chatham; Samuel Postlebek, Grand Hotel; Mrs. Reis, Ferdinand Reis, and Christine Reis, 15 Rue de Presbourg; Mrs. E. H. Tuthill, Miss Anna Tuthill, 111 R. Neuve Matheweine; Mrs. S. M. Wilson, 75 Av. de l'Imperatrice. London: Mr. and Mrs. Hager, Langham Hotel.—*American Register.*

An Interesting Discovery has been made by a peasant who was laboring in a field near Arles. This consists of a work in glass, in two parts, one in common glass in the form of a vase, the other comprises an ornament superposed on red glass, and is enriched with ova decorations; on one of the sides is the inscription, "*Divus Maximinianus Augustus.*"

A "Chronicle Reporter has been getting married. His name is Smith. This looks like high salaries on that sheet, or perhaps Verdenal posts him on stocks.

The Countess Gray has quite recovered from her recent indisposition, and during the last two days has taken carriage drives.

It Is Said that the last annual dividend of the Alaska Commercial Company was at the rate of $45,000 per share.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lessons I have to learn,
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain, [will
I must work at my task with a resolute
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dew must fall;
And the sun and the Summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The pond'rous mill-wheel goes
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain:
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depth be driven [all
With storm and tempests, we need them
To render us meet for Heaven.

NOTES BY THE PARSON.

[From the San Francisco News Letter of June 7th.]

Dear News Letter:—Since the closing of the Little Chapel at the Oaks, I have received numerous invitations from all denominations in San Francisco and Alameda counties to visit their various places of worship. Some have offered me the choice of a pew free for a year; others have offered me a life membership, with the title of deacon. One religious manufactory, the Church of the Advent, made me a most tempting offer, the leadership of a female bible class, but I thought of my morals, and my better judgment prevailed. A learned Rabbi sent me a small package of shew-bread, with an invitation to visit his synagogue, and assist him in disseminating the word of God according to Moses; he stated in his note that, having read my interpretation of several passages of the sacred word in the *News Letter*, he was struck with the force, beauty and correctness with which they were rendered, and thought he would like me for an assistant. I was waited upon personally by a lovely chestnut-eyed widow from San Lorenzo, who said her dear husband was then slumbering in the calm embrace of death, laid out in a beautiful silver-mounted casket in her front room; she begged I would come and preach his funeral sermon, take charge of his congregation, and board with her the balance of my days. I have also been invited to visit several of our educational institutions, and pass a criticism upon the graduating classes. Of course I saw through the polite maneuver at once; each priest, parson, or school superintendent, hoped to receive a favorable criticism and special notice in the *News Letter*, and have his name handed down to an admiring posterity in that literary epitome of the day, the *California Mail Bag*. To the clergy, up to this time, I have given an elegant and dignified refusal, couched in the polished language of Chesterfield, but so modified as to leave them a lingering hope that it was just possible I might do them the honor at some future day to attend their various sanctuaries. Deeming it a duty that I owed to the public, I decided to visit the Asylum for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, and make a report in which the people would have confidence. When I arrived at the institution, I found a terrible war being waged within the building by two newspaper special reporters, over the bodies of two men by the name of Wilkinson. The investigating committee, seated on high stools, seemed perfectly bewildered and dumbfounded at the noisy charge and counter-charge of the belligerents. The *Alta* man flourished his blanket-sheet, shouting to the committee at the top of his voice that every soul in the Asylum was living on the fat of the land, and he could prove it by Wilkinson, who had ganged one of the pupils, using for a measure his coat sleeve around her waist. The *Chronicle* man indignantly retorted, and swore he could prove by the children that the food was poor in quality and insufficient in quantity to the last degree, but in his speech the *Chronicle* man rather over-reached himself. He said: "Gentlemen of the jury! Place yourselves in the position of these poor deaf, dumb and blind creatures. This dear girl, whose attenuated hand I hold in my philanthropic palm, has been shut up within the walls of this gloomy building, living for months upon the smell of an oiled rag; I ask you, gentlemen, to listen to the statement of this emaciated anatomy (the girl weighed about 200 pounds.) She lay prostrate and speechless for six long weary weeks in the month of April, incessantly crying for bread, and this hard-hearted man, Wilkinson, remained immovable as a rock, and gentlemen, this other interesting case—this lovely boy—has existed for six weeks on the smell of a snowball."

At this point I left, disgusted with the partisan spleen of the daily press. As I was leaving the grounds a pleasant gentleman stepped up, and in a very polite manner introduced himself as the proprietor of Mills' Seminary, and said his carriage was in waiting, and at my service, to convey me to his temple of learning, which lay hid among the hills of Alameda; would I take a seat and listen to some of the exercises of his scholars? I consented with pleasure, and was charmed with the good breeding, genteel demeanor and lady-like deportment of the young girls. The scholars were all well up in the different branches of their various studies; but what deserves especial notice were the various specimens of composition by the young lady pupils. A touching essay by Miss Mary Whipple, daughter of our

old friend Stephen Whipple, entitled "The Mission of Trials," was a superb effort, and was delivered with a purity of diction and beauty of expression that conveyed a touch of pathetic feeling to the heart of every listener; but for breadth of comprehension, depth of feeling, and volume of thought, the chief feature and crowning effort of the day was an essay by Miss Ruth Mattlews, entitled "The Realm of Science." The subject itself was a grand conception, the essay was a masterpiece, and the style, tone and manner of simple eloquence in its delivery, enchained the mind and fastened upon the imagination of her hearers, bearing them with her whithersoever she went. The gifted young lady lured us away to the loney depths of the untrodden wilderness, and read us an instructive lesson from the eternal silence that broods among the tangled ferns; she plunged with us beneath the sea, and sought old Ocean's hidden cells, and with a master-mind portrayed the wondrous work that Nature's hand performs within the everlasting stillness of a submarine eternity; on the swift pinions of the mind she bore us through the azure vault of heaven, and in the fields of endless space showed us the myriad worlds of light moving along their brilliant course in grand majestic silence forevermore. Back to our own dull earth she came, and with prophetic finger raised the curtain of the low green mound—

> And showed the lone, low narrow bed,
> Where we must lay the weary head,
> When death spreads over us his pall,
> And everlasting silence covers all.

The essay was the soul of a beautiful poem, rendered in simple, unembelished prose, and the writer showed her good sense by not going beyond the grave and speculating on the glory of a seven-by-nine heaven, or the horrors of a sulphur hell. The young ladies wished me a pleasant good by, loaded me with roses, and we parted. Of course, I am aware that the reason I received marked attention was from the fact of my being "The Parson" of the *News Letter*.

I remain yours, happily, THE PARSON.

The Oaks, June 1, 1873.

RUSSIA AND CHINA.

Recent Telegrams from St. Petersburg point plainly to the fact, that by no one is it better understood than by the Russians, that in undertaking the expedi- against Khiva they are engaging in a warfare which may possible rouse against them the opposition of all the Tartar races of Central and Eastern Asia. With wise caution they have been for some time keeping themselves well informed of the disposition of the several Asiatic States towards themselves, and more directly with that of China and the Mahommedan Dependencies on her western frontier. Only the other day the return was notified of Colonel Barabasch from an expedition to Kanchow, in the Province of Kansuh, and the other North-Western Provinces of China, and another party who have been engaged in explor-ing the neighborhood districts are now on their way back to Russia. This anxiety as to the probable attitude which China may take in the Central Asian question is but the natural outgrowth of the policy which has been so persistently pursued by Russia towards that country. From the moment when, in 1651, the Chinese first came into collision with the Muscovites on the Amoor, down to the present day, the history of Russia in Eastern Asia has been one of unswerving aggression. Little by little she has encroached, now on this point now on that, on her weaker neighbor's territory. Year after year the Russian settlements advanced further down the Amoor, until 1860, by a grand diplomatic coup, the Chinese Government, under pressure of defeat by the Allies, was persuaded to cede to them the whole seaboard of Manchuria between the river Usuri and the sea, from the mouth of the Korean frontier.

These national humiliations are deeply felt and resented by the Chinese at the present day, and there can be but little doubt that if ever the time should come, as foretold by Tseng Kwo-fan, when China shall be strong and the European nations weak, the Chinese will seize on Russia's difficulty as their opportunity. Nor is such a contingency as improbable as at first sight it may appear to be. It must be remembered that the present rulers of China are members of the same Tartar race which, in comparatively modern times, overran the whole breadth of the Eastern world from Constantinople to Pekin. Unfortunately for themselves, the last two centuries, which have enriched us with so many scientific improvements and civilizing influences, have conferred no such anvantages on them. While Europe has advanced they have stood still, until it has even come to be computed that at the present time the decendents of the very men whose names were once a terror to the world, are, in the day of battle, valuable only in the proportion of fifty to one European soldier. But this, as far as their own Tartar troops are concerned, the Chinese have determined shall no longer be the case. For some time they have, as has been frequently noticed in these columns, been sedulously supplying them with European arms of the most approved description. Their native military exer-cises and manœuvres have been discarded, and their battallions move only now to the words of command as laid down in foreign drill books. Time thus employed will work wonders, and its possible that before very long China may again be in position to make her voice heard from Pekin to the Caspian Sea.

THE MARRIAGE IN THE ICE-PALACE.—A STORY OF THE RUSSIAN COURT.

[BY L. VON SACHER-MASOCH.]

Anna Ivanovna, younger daughter of Prince Ivan Romanov and Duchess of Courland, had become a widow. With all possible speed she quitted the foreign, inhospitable country in which her married life had been spent, and clapped her hands with childish glee when she beheld once more the spires of her beloved St. Petersburg. And in fact Anna Ivanovna was little better than a child, a big, whimsical, and very spoilt child, too. A genuine Russian of the eighteenth century type, she attached no mean importance to her knowledge of reading, which she had acquired from Ostermann, the son of a Lutheran pastor, at that time Chancellor of the Russian Empire; and it was with no small pride she informed her old teacher that since she had last seen him she had learnt how to write her own name. She was then thirty-two years of age, above the middle hight, and well built, though inclined to corpulency; her rounded features betrayed an easy, good-tempered disposition, though a trace of cunning lurked about the sharp corners of her small Mongolian eyes, which occasionally flashed with an almost cruel expression.

She had made herself very comfortable in a small wood-built palace belonging to her—for ease and comfort were her first consideration. So she would sit in her drawing-room in a large, well-stuffed easy chair, as if she were in a pagoda to be worshiped, graciously offering her hand to be kissed by anybody who sought the honor, and very soon as tired of her new existence as she had been in her faithful Duchy of Courland.

Several times a day she would inquire for Ostermann, whom she wanted to divert her with news and gossip; but Ostermann was often ungallant enough to have no time to talk to her, and at last he proposed a substitute—Prince Anatolius Galitzin.

"But can he read, too?" was the big child's first question.

"Why does your highness ask?" returned Ostermann.

"Because I shall want him to read me the newspapers, and nice stories, and other good books, such as are written abroad now," said the duchess; "for you know, my dear Ostermann, I am very fond of the sciences."

Ostermann assured her that the prince not only combined all the qualities of a man of learning with those of a gentleman, but had the additional charm of being very young and very handsome; and on learning the latter Anna Ivanovna at once gave her consent.

Prince Anatolius Galitzin, thanks to his French tutor and German master, enjoyed an education far superior to that of most young men of his day. He was quite at home in French literature, and although only twenty he could hold his own against any ordinary scholar.

When the tall, handsome young man entered and kissed the tips of the duchess's fingers, the lady behaved in a manner altogether unbefitting her high position. She fell deeply in love with him, and acted in his presence somewhat like a peasant-girl at her first ball. She sniggered, held her handkerchief up to her face in order to steal sly glances at the prince, turned crimson at the most innocent words he uttered, and when he read anything strange or extraordinary from the books he brought with him, she would playfully slap his face with her fat hand, or pat him on the back, and burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

Galitzin, who had cultivated his taste by the contemplation of reproductions of antique statues and copies of Italian paintings, naturally thought of nothing less than love in the presence of the corpulent duchess, and appeared totally insensible to the familiarities in which she sought to disguise her feelings. He had wished to advance himself as a diplomatist, and for that reason alone had taken the opportunity of rendering the chancellor a service. At length the fat duchess, finding she could make no impression on the young man, went so far as to tell him that he was her slave, and as such she would treat him graciously, and allow him to kneel down and declare his love for her.

"Pardon, your highness," returned Galitzin, "but my loyalty forbids my making use of such a permission."

"Pretty loyalty, indeed," said Anna Ivanovna, passionately, "that forbids your doing what I desire!"

"Your highness truly remarked just now that I was only your slave," interposed the prince, while big drops of perspiration on his forehead showed his anxiety.

"You are my slave," exclaimed the duchess, with a dignified air, "and you must obey me. I tell you plainly, I love you, and I command you to love me!"

"I am not in a position to yield obedience to your command," Galitzin replied, as he took his hat and made towards the door.

"What! you will not obey me!" cried Anna, angrily. "No."

The duchess was furious. Too lazy to rise from her arm-chair, she shouted, "Come here—come to me directly. I will pull your ears!" And when Galitzin quitted the room with a low bow, she began stamping with her feet, and crying, like a naughty child: "I will have him! I will beat him—I will beat him!"

But the prince was gone, and when, on finding he did not come for some days, she asked Ostermann to send the "pretty gentleman" back to her again, the answer she received was that Galitzin had quitted St. Petersburg, and gone abroad. At first she was speechless; she could not conceive how a man, who was only sent into the world to serve and amuse favored mortals like herself, could dare to treat

her with such contempt. Then she began throwing the things about and breaking them; she kicked the waiting-woman who came to undress her, ordered the cook to have fifty blows with the knout for putting too much salt in her soup, and at last gave way to a violent fit of crying.

"What can I do now?" she said to Ostermann. "I hate the sight of books; they remind me of that deceiver. Oh, I have it! He would have loved me if I had not been so fat; for am I not a pretty woman, and a duchess too? How can I possibly get thin again?"

Osterman advised exercise. "Walking is too tiring," she objected.

"Then try riding." "Yes, I will ride."

So her equerry selected a very heavy horse, a perfect elephant, in fact, and upon this she mounted with a good deal of panting, and made her first trial in the riding-school. She met with better success than she had expected, and soon got to like it so much that she rode about the grounds of the palace for several hours a day. Although the effect was plainly visible in her diminished corpulency and increased activity, she was still far too lazy to spring from the ground into the saddle, even with the help of her equerry. When she went riding one groom would lead the horse to the door while another brought a strong wooden stool, by help of which she got on to the horse's back.

One day a fresh groom, unaccustomed to the duty, appeared without the stool.

"What are you about? Where is the stool?" asked Anna Ivanovna, angrily.

"The stool—what for?" asked the new groom, with a half-impudent air that pleased the duchess; and looking at him more closely, she discovered that he was young and very handsome, and that he looked very well in his close-fitting uniform.

"What for?" repeated Anna Ivanovna, lazily; "why, for me to get on to the horse with."

"Oh, if that's all, you'd better make use of my back," exclaimed the impudent groom, throwing himself on all-fours beside the horse. His mistress liked this much better; she smiled, and putting her foot on his back, sprang into the saddle with the equerry's help. The handsome groom must have found the princess rather a heavy burden, but he was young and strong, and made no trouble of it, and of course Anna Ivanovna did not either.

"What is your name?" she asked, taking the reins. "Ernst Johann Biron."

"You're not a Russian, then?" "No, a Courlander."

"I like you, Ernst Biron," said Anna Ivanovna, giving him her hand to kiss; but he threw himself on one knee, exclaiming, "That is not for me."

"Why, what would you have, then?" laughed Anna Ivanovna.

"If I am to kiss at all, let me kiss your foot."

Anna Ivanovna slowly drew her foot out of the stirrup and held it to the handsome groom, who pressed his lips upon it with graceful reverence.

"Get yourself a horse and come and ride with me!" commanded the foolish woman, who at that moment had fallen as deeply in love with her groom as she had with the prince six months before. From that time Biron accompanied her every day on horseback; soon after she made him one of her personal attendants at the palace, and scarcely six months more had elapsed before it was in everybody's mouth that Anna Ivanovna, Dowager Duchess of Courland, had elevated her groom to be her favorite.

[Continued on page 81.]

INTOXICATION AMONG THE MAORIES.

The Resident Magistrate at Waimate, Bay of Islands, in a letter to the Assistant Under-Secretary, Native Office, New Zealand, just printed, speaking of the condition of the natives of that district states that the greatest evil prevalent among them is the extent to which they give way to habits of intoxication. These unhappy people seem to be fully aware of the curse attendant on civilization, for some of them, the magistrate says, are endeavoring to break off their habit of intemperance, and if the temptation could be kept from them there would be hopes of still further reformation. But these hopes are frustrated and the energies of their friends paralyzed by the efforts which are being made to inundate the district with spirits. Large quantities of Auckland distilled spirits are carted into the interior, and not only sold wholesale by Europeans, but distributed over the gum diggings, and there retailed by Maori vendors employed for the purpose. The result is obvious. These spirits are brought to their very doors and sold at a much cheaper rate than the foreign article; the temptation becomes too great for resistance, the Maori falls an easy victim, and the European drives a brisk trade. The natives, even with the winter before them, and a scarcity of provisions (at the date of the magistrate's letter), were selling their gum for spirits, and thus parting with that which would procure ahem the food and clothing which they so much required. Thus does barbarism retreat before advancing civilization.

Jenny Lind again in Public.—Lovers of music will be glad to hear that Madame Goldschmidt, better known as Jenny Lind, is going once more to sing in public. The occasion will be at a concert which is to be given at the Duke of Northumberland's house, near Charing-cross, on the 13th inst., in aid of St. Savior's Mission Church; and there will, doubtless, be a large assembly of those who, having once heard, can never forget the magnificent voice of this splendid soprano.

JACK'S STORY.

Religion be all very well in its way,
And handy, may-be, now and then,
But prayin's better for women and kids
I think than for able men.

As a parson you plays your game, sir,
When you sings and preaches and prays,
You'd be but a fool if you didn't,
Considerin' you find it pays.

I'm a sailor, thank G—d, not a parson,
A sanctified son of a gun,
And sailors is ock'ard to tackle,
As you'll find, sir, afore I'm done.

You've spun me a yarn about Jesus
And things as I don't understand,
Now I'll tell you o' something as happen'd
One night on the Goodwin Sand.

'Twere three year ago come November,
I was mate o' the Ocean Belle,
We warn't far off o' the Goodwin,
And the night was as black as h—l.

Our ship she was old and rotten,
The wind was blowin' a gale,
And the way we was pitchin' and tossin'
'Ud a' turned a nigger pale.

I knew we was in for a dustin',
But I didn't begin to funk,
I goes astarn to the captain,
And finds him three-parts drunk.

He knew just as well as I did
There was nothing more to be done,
So I goes to the other fellows
And tells 'em one by one.

Some on 'em takes to swearin',
And some on 'em takes to rum—
That's a way tars have o' preparin'
Their souls for kingdom come.

But one on 'em slinks away, sir,
And makes for the cabin stairs,
And underneath we could hear him
A shoutin' out his prayers.

It might a' been half an hour
When on we goes with a thud,
And the old ship creaks and shivers,
And cracks fit to curdle your blood.

But we didn't begin a funkin',
Or sayin' "Thy will be done;"
We did a darn'd sight better—
We fired the minute gun.

And arter we waited an hour—
More like a week it seemed—
Something we seed on the water,
And "Hip! hurrah!" we screamed.

And over the roar of the billows
We caught the answering cheer,
And the splash of oars in the lifeboat,
And we knew as help was near.

Well, to make my story short, sir,
We'd hardly left the ship
Than she gives a sudden roll, sir,
And under she goes with a dip.

And when we looks at eacn other
In the light of the dawning day,
I'm d——d if we hadn't forgotten
The chap as went down to pray.

My argument may be rotten,
As rotten as that old ship,
But I think if he hadn't been prayin,'
He'd a given old Jones the slip.

For the men as took to swearin',
And the men as took to drink,
Were saved by the Ramsgate lifeboat,
While he was left to sink.

G. B. Sims.

GREAT WITS AND MADNESS.

Kingsley defines civilization to mean, as its Latin derivation would imply, "a feeling of fellow-citizenship." It is a feeling that we are all members of one state family, and bound to help one another in cases of wrong and distress. Certain it is, that the care taken by a people of its insane is one of the surest tests and gauges of its civilization. In Egypt the insane were once keep in large, deep pits, and fed upon snakes, under the notion that this was the best means of cure. Was not this in itself a sufficient proof of the low and degraded condition of the country? Let us take care that we do not expose ourselves to a similar charge.

It is, strangely enough, the insane to whom we are indebted for some of the noblest inheritances of humanity. Charles Lamb, the author of the matchless and immortal Essays of Elia, and of much else, writes in one of his letters, "I am now out of confinement and warranted not to bite." And his wife, the gentle Mary, killed her own mother in one of her fits of derangement. Cowper, whose Olney Hymns are universally sung, and whose lines "God moves in a mysterious way," are a daily comfort to so many in Christendom, was prevented from marrying by his frequent attacks of hypochrondria. Byron was mad from disappointed self-esteem all his life. Chatterton's melancholy end, in his solitary lodging, must be attributed to the same cause. Hugh Miller, one of the finest Scotchmen of the self-elevating religious type that ever seemed painfully faultless, felt in a few moments maddening pain from over mental exertion. The state of Shelly's mind for long periods can be guessed from his marvelous sonnet—

"Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

Coleridge, whose words we are often quoting without knowing it, suffered from moral insanity which made him put himself in personal charge of a physician. The dreary sunset of the life of Walter Scott, as good a man as he was poet, lawyer and novelist, is well known. Brunel, the maker of the *Great Eastern*, had to travel up the Nile in charge of a medical man for brain disease; and Douglas Jerrold thought, at any rate, that he was mad, when he read R. Browning's "last poem," and could make no sense out of it. And how many there must be whose eccentricities and periods of aberration are carefully concealed by their friends, the personal experiegce of most of us can suggest.

Court Chat.

Considerable Interest has been excitited in Paris by the announcement of two Oriental marriages which are about to take place. One is between the Vicomte Charles de Thouals and a young Chinese lady, a convert to Christianity, and the adopted child of a French merchant of Canton. This gentleman brought his fair daughter back with him to France, and had her educated at a first-class school in Bordeaux. The young lady's name was In-Tse, but on her baptism she added Marie. The other projected marriage is still more remarkable. A Japanese dignitary, attached to the embassy now in Paris, Lakana by name, young, rich, and handsome, has asked and obtained the hand of Mdlle. Hébert, the daughter of a wealthy coal merchant, now retired from business and living in good style. The *fiancee* appears only to have stipulated that her suitor should embrace Catholicism, to which request he made no demur. The Japanese are naturally a religious people.

The Suggestion that Thiers should at this crisis select a Prime Minister from the Left recalls the fact that Emile Ollivier, the last hope of the Empire previous to its fall, called in too late to save his country's ruin, now lives unknown, unremembered in an obscure Swiss village with his wife, mountain walks his sole occupation. How strange do the following lines, written three years ago, sound to us now :—

Avec Ollivier, Daru, Thiers,
L'Empire va tout de travers;
Avec Daru, Thiers, Ollivier,
L'Empire est déjà friponnier;
Avec Thiers, Ollivier, Daru,
L'Empire aura tôt disparu.

The Marquis of Lorn presided on Monday evening at the annual dinner of the German Hospital, which was established in October, 1845, at Dalston, for the relief of Germans, but which does not shut its doors on natives of any country who meet with accidents. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was originally announced as chairman of the evening, but had received the command of Her Majesty to attend her. About two hundred gentleman sat down to dinner, and the gallery was filled with ladies. The company included :—Baron de Krause, Baron von Lindenfels, his Excellency Count Bylandt, Chevalier de Schaeffer, (Consul-General for Austria and Hungary,) Baron von Reuter, Baron Ernest von Bunsen, Baron von Schröder (the Treasurer), Dr. Wallbaum, the Rev. Dr. Coppel, and others.

Mr. Vance has given a most successful concert at St. James' Hall. By invitation of the Duke of Argyll, the troupe of Tennessee minstrels who have arrived in London to give a series of concerts in aid of the Fisk University, Nashville county, have attended at Argyll Lodge, and sung a choice selection of their melodies before a fashionable and distinguished audience. During the evening the Queen visited the Lodge. Her Majesty was pleased to express her gratification at the performance. Among the distinguished company present were the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland and Dean and Lady Augusta Stanly.

The Fashionable Season at Brussells has been brilliantly concluded by a superb reunion at the British Legation, on the occasion of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur's short visit there. On Saturday, May 3d, their Royal Highnesses dined with the King, and at ten o'clock proceeded to the hôtel of the Legation, which was prepared for their "reception" with great splendor. The King and Queen and Count and Countess of Flanders, attended by their respective suites, honored Mr. Savile Lumley by their presence.

Lord and Lady Egerton of Tatton entertained a party at dinner on Wednesday, May 7th, at their residence in St. James' square, including his Excellency the Netherlands Minister and Countess Bylandt, the Earl and Countess Amherst and Lady Margaret Amherst, the Earl and Countess of Cottenham, the Earl and Countess of Dartrey, the Earl Fortescue, Lord and Lady Ruthven, Lady Hamilton Seymour, Hon. Henry Brougham, Hon. A. Yorke, Hon. Miss Willoughby, Sir. Thomas and Lady Abdy, Mr. Rochfort. Mr. Danby Seymour. Covers were laid for 26.

Duchesses are Taking to Literature Now, the Duchess of Brissac having just published "Homme d'Honneur," under the *nom de plume* of "Enodie." The book is a great success. This reminds me of a *bon mot* of another Duchess during the late Empire. Being told that Madame X. had just been made a "lady of honor," she said, "What a pity they cannot make her husband a man of honor."

The Countess of Cardigan entertained at her mansion in Portman-square, Marie Marchioness of Ailesbury, the Countess of Stradbroke, General and Hon. Mrs. Curzon, Admiral the Hon. H. J. Rous, Hon. George Vaughan, Rear-Admiral Beauchamp Seymour, C. B., Captain Berkeley, &c. Her Ladyship has returned to Deene, Northamptonshire, but is expected in town for the season.

The Death of the Earl of Zetland is announced from Richmond. This took place rather suddenly on Tuesday, May 6th, and the town was considerable saddened by the intelligence. The late earl was in his seventy-ninth year, and had been up to a recent period the Grand Master of the Freemasons. He is succeeded in the earldom by Mr. Dundas, the member for Richmond.

The Next Pope.—The *New Free Press* of Vienna states that the Powers entitled to a veto on the election of the Pope agreed, during the late illness of Pius IX., to veto the election of any cardinal favored by the Jesuits. Spain it is said, has not been included in the agreement.

THE BIRD AND BELL.

O'er lanes of flaming furze I heard
A singing, soaring, sweet wild bird;
But the bright glass, the empty toys,
The cruel tempter's false decoys,
Lure larks from their celestial blue,
And souls of men from rapture true.
A fowler caged the silly bird.
I wept. But then a bell I heard
Stream silver from a steeple high,
Which floated prayer-fraught to the sky.
Deepest delight is seldom stirr'd,
Yet, touched by tone of bell or bird,
It overflows. The bird is given
By Fate to earth, the bell to heaven.
Though men are rich in heart and brain,
One rises high, but falls again;
The other fills the ringing skies
With lovely deeds until he dies.

THE WITCH OF BERNSHAW TOWER.

Bernshaw Tower, formerly a small fortified house, is now in ruins, little else than the foundations being visible above the surface. It stood in one of the many beautiful ravines branching off from the great gorge of Cliviger, about five miles from Burnley, and not far from the noted Eagle's Crag. Its last owner and heiress was celebrated for her wealth and beauty; she was intellectual beyond most of her sex, and frequently visited the Eagle's Crag in order to study nature and admire the varied aspects of the surrounding country. On these occasions she often felt a strong desire to possess supernatural powers; and, in an unguarded moment, was induced to sell her soul to the devil in order that she might be able to join in the nightly revelries of the then famous Lancashire Witches. The bond was duly attested with her blood, and her utmost wishes were at all times fulfilled. Hapton Tower was then occupied by a junior branch of the Townley family, and "Lord William" had long been a suitor for the hand of "Lady Sybil" of Bernshaw Tower, but his proposals were constantly rejected. In despair he had recourse to a famous Lancashire witch, one Mother Helston, and after using many spells and incantations, she promised him success on the next All-Hallow's Eve. On that day he went out hunting, according to her directions, when, on nearing Eagle's Crag, he started a milk-white doe, and his dogs immediately gave chase. They scoured the country for many miles, and, at last, when the hounds were nearly exhausted, they again approached the Crag. A strange hound then joined them, which Lord William knew full well. It was the familiar of Mother Helston, which had been sent to capture Lady Sybil, who had assumed the disguise of the white doe. On passing the Crag, Lord William's horse had well-nigh thrown its rider down the fearful abyss; but just as the doe was making for the next precipice, the strange hound seized her by the throat and held her fast, until Lord William threw an enchanted silken leash around her neck, and led her in triumph to Hapton Tower. During the night the Tower was shaken by an earthquake, and in the morning the captured doe appeared as the fair heiress of Bernshaw. Counter spells were adopted—her powers of witchcraft were suspended—and soon Lord William had the happiness to lead his newly wedded bride to his ancestral home. Within a year, however, she had renewed her diabolical practices, and whilst enjoying a frolic in Cliviger Mill, under the form of a beautiful white cat, she had one paw cut off by the man servant, Robin, who had been set to watch by Giles Robinson, the miller. Next morning Lady Sybil was found at home in bed, pale and exhausted; but Robin's presence at the Tower, with a lady's hand, soon dispelled the mystery of her sudden indisposition. The owner of the hand, with its costly signet ring, was soon detected, and many angry expostulations from her husband followed. By means of some diabolical process the hand was restored to Lady Sybil's arm; but a red mark round the wrist bore witness to the sharpness of Robin's whittle. A reconciliation with her offended husband was afterwards effected; but her bodily strength gave way, and her health rapidly declined. On the approach of death the services of the neighboring clergy were requested, and by their assistance the devil's bond was cancelled. Lady Sybil soon died in peace, but Bernshaw Tower was ever after deserted. As Mr. Roby truly observes, popular tradition "still alleges that her grave was dug where the dark Eagle Crag shoots out its cold, bare peak into the sky; and on the eve of All-Hallows, the hound and the milk-white doe meet on the Crag a spectre huntsman in full chase. The belated peasant crosses himself at the sound, as he remembers the fate of the Witch of Bernshaw Tower."—*Lancashire Legends.* (*Routledge.*)

Instinct in Dogs.—Perhaps the following anecdote on the instinct of dogs, which has lately come to my knowledge, may prove of interest to some of your readers: A family residing in Yorkshire possessed two dogs, one a mastiff and the other a small dog. The owner, visiting Hastings, took the small dog with him, and at the house where he stayed there was a larger animal, who, disregarding the laws of hospitality, woefully maltreated his youthful visitor. The little dog upon this disappeared, and in a few days returned, bringing with him the mastiff from Yorkshire, which set upon the Hastings dog and thrashed him to within an inch of his life. Having performed this piece of retributive justice he returned to his home in the north, while the little dog stayed to rejoice over his fallen antagonist.

Krupp, the well-known cannon manufacturer, has gone to Rome to undertake a contract to supply the Italian War Department.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A Lady Correspondent in London writes to us as follows: The somewhat dreary comedy at the Haymarket, and the audacious burlesque upon it, which is nightly filling the little Court Theatre to overflowing, are giving their names to all sorts of nicknacks and articles of feminine and masculine adornment. The "Sothern" mantle, whether named after the clever Miss Robertson, or her magnificent prototype at the "Court," is a graceful flowing cloak, with long ends intended to be made in a light material, and worn as a summer mantle or opera cloak. The Princess Mary Adelaide of Teck appeared at the theater last week in a white cloak of this description, the ends crossed in front and thrown over her shoulders. They hung quite low behind, and were finished off with long white tassels. Her Royal Highness is looking extremely well, none the less that she is somewhat thinner than she use to be. Another article which takes its name from the popular fairy piece and its travestie is the "Darine" train, which differs from the pointed and square trains now in vogue, in being long at the sides as well as at the back. This train is very full and flowing and is graceful on a tall figure but clumsy on a short one. As to gentlemen's belongings the number of articles which are named after the three Ministers who so unexpectedly find themselves in fairydom is endless. The "Ayrton" hat is being extensively worn at the West-end, and is of the whitest and glossiest of silk, rather wide in the brim and heavy in the crown. The "Gladstone" coats, ties, and wraps which are ticketed everywhere now are of the straightest and most formal cut, and always ludicrously remind one of the queer personation of that tenacious Minister in Miss Litton's little theater. The only article I have seen named after the third person in the trio is the "Lowe" umbrella, certainly a curiosity in its way. It is so constructed that it will open quite flat after the fashion of the Japanese sun shades, and yet by a new contrivance start its pointed ribs at will, and so let the rain run off. Buckles are being very much worn for trimming ladies' dresses this month. I think they are much lighter than massive buttons which every one seems so fond of. Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian wore a dress trimmed with buckles at a public ceremony last week. They were of cut steel, and were placed in the center of all the rosettes up the front and sides of her costume. I have seen a dress of prune silk prepared for her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales trimmed with mother of pearl buckles. The method of putting them on was somewhat stiff and formal. A pointed strap of the silk, edged with velvet, met through each buckle, and confined it to the dress. They looked to me countless in number, going all round the top of a box plaited flounce up both sides of the front, and round the tunic. Those on the body and sleeves were smaller. The dress was accompanied by another, also made for her Royal Highness, in which the most notable thing was an arrangement of three sashes, supporting and crossing the pannier. The dress itself was of the pale, faded-looking pink so much in vogue now, trimmed with a darker shade. The sashes were of velvet and silk of the same color. They were most artistically arranged to show sometimes one side and sometimes the other, and all terminated in a large bow, with a single long end on the upper part of the right side of the pannier. I have seen some very pretty things in "paper hugeene" latey. Even frills for the neck and sleeves of dresses are made of it, and very dainty and clean-looking they are. Some of the collars look like the most delicate embroidery, and they are said not to tear, though I should rather doubt that fact.—*Glasgow Mail.*

ART UNION OF LONDON.

At the last Meeting of the Art Union, prizes were awarded to the following San Francisco gentlemen: A. Laver, £75; A. Abbott, B. Abbott, F. Abbott, F. F. Abbott, each a volume of Etchings, by the Etching Club. The following letter, a part of which we quote, was received by Mr. A. Laver:

444 WEST STRAND, April 25th, 1873.—SIR: We have the pleasure of informing you that at the annual distribution of prizes, which took place this day in the Royal Adelphi Theater (by the kind permission of Benjamin Webster, Esq.), you became entitled to select for yourself, under the regulations appended, a work of art of the value of £75, from any of the following exhibitions of the current year: *The Royal Academy*, Burlington House; *The Society of British Artists*, Suffolk street; *The New British Institution*, Old Bond street; *The Crystal Palace Picture Gallery*, Sydenham; *The Society of Painters in Water Colors*, 5 Pall Mall East; *The Institute of Painters in Water Colors*, 53 Pall Mall; *The General Exhibition of Water Color Drawings*, Egyptian Hall; *The Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy*, Edinburgh; or that of *The Royal Hibernian Academy*, Dublin. We are, sir, your very faithful servants,

LEWIS POCOCK, EDMUND E. ANTHROBUS, Hon. Secs.

We suggest that when this work of art arrives it should not only be exhibited in the "Pheard Exchange," but at the Art Union in this city, which is a branch of the London Union.

The Latin and Greek Priests at Bethlehem have had another fight over their respective rights to the church. Ten priests were wounded in the *melee*.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

It is Said there is but one road to Heaven, the which is narrow, crooked and declivitous, beset with brambles and thorns and other tantalizing obstacles devised with great care and pains by the parties above. If it be true that there is but one road, what an astonishing procession must thread its winding way, considering in how many different fashions people are trying to get to that delectable place. A sanctimonious Mormon goes scudding along the path to the New Jerusalem with a half dozen women hanging on to his overcoat, a man being considered their only passport. Babies go creeping in on all fours, providing they have been dipped. Eleventh-hour convicts, sane, walk placidly up to the Second Person, a crucifix in one hand and a soul about the size of a fly-speck in the other, that being all left of the article after its sins were taken out. The faithful of one religion present themselves to Peter, their foreheads smeared with the oil of extreme unction, and expect to slide into a reserved seat on that little bit of grease. Those of another faith creep, wet and clammy, into Abraham's bosom, creating consternation in that capacious cavity as they come fresh from immersion in a "dem'd moist, unpleasant" river. The charred, cracked, singed remains of a Hindoo widow fly by in a cloud of smoke. Mangled bodies, bleeding and flattened from the juggernaut wheel, creep slowly and painfully up the hilly way. Politicians—no, there are no politicians on the road. They have formed a "ring" off at the side somewhere and are trying to upset the government up above, depose the present incumbents and put in their own men. Whitney has his eye on Gabriel and intends to decapitate him the instant he gets there and put a new hand in his stead that can't toot a horn worth a cent. Frank will put a trumpet in his stocking next Christmas, however, and let him begin to practice. A few lawyers go ambling along in seedy shrouds, they not having been of the well-to-do kind, who would not take a trip to Heaven unless in a Pullman Palace car containing all the modern improvements, not omitting the bar—the liquor bar. Sooth to say, there are few on the road who wear a sleek, fat, well-fed, contented look, but there is a host of thin, lean, scrawny people, who have fasted and prayed and mortified the flesh, and have been honest according to their light. And according to their light we have judged them, and have said to them, "Go your own way, if you like the way, and be blessed." But to another part of the procession, a foul, vile, ill-smelling part, it may be a part that is of the earth earthy, of the flesh fleshy, of the dirt dirty, of the filth filthy, yet who have human souls in their bosoms, and who, by the light of those souls, see a glist of Paradise ahead, we say, "Go our way or be d—d." Chinamen, who have always been as thick as maggots in corruption, never expect to go anywhere or do anything singly. They always go in lots. They expect to be translated collectively and by installments, as we carry bottles, so many heads to a hand. They believe that Joss, reaching down his long arms, grasps them by the queue to draw them up to Heaven, and so believing, they wear that queue to give him a good "purchase." What sort of a grip could Joss get on an inch of hair? And since this is their religion, we have no right to trifle with it. We may beat and stone them, if it be amusement to us, we may abuse and vilify them, we may imprison them and fine them, and set them to work when they break our laws, but we have no right to leave a disconsolate Chinaman with shaved crown to cry, "O Joss! great Joss! please hand me down a bit of rope, for the Supervisors have pocketed my queue."

News Letter's Museum.—After desperate, not to say frantic, superhuman efforts on the part of the curators, this wonderful collection of curiosities is now thrown open to the public. Following is a list of the most recent additions: 1. The identical needle used by Miss Sally Collins to titillate the cuticle of her hands, previous to the usual Friday morning inspection. Per favor of Father Prendergast. 2. Six suits of political garments severally laid aside by that astute statesman, F. Pixley, Esq. The coats have been repeatedly turned, and are strongly redolent of Old Bourbon. 3. The brains of those learned judicial lights who compiled the new code. Preserved in alcohol. Persons wishing to see them must bring their own microscopes. 4. Whacks-work model of "our Ebenezer" in his customary act of birching one of his female scholars. Admirers of our modest Professor will be sorry to learn that this statue continues to smell bad, in spite of repeated coats of whitewash. His head is much swollen with gas. Shoddy materia), evidently. 5. Hair-pin displaced from the marble brow of Miss Fraser during her blood-curdling struggle with the monster Thrift. Purchased at great cost from Mr. Hung Kee, Mongolian chambermaid. 6. A piece of the true cross; authenticity indubitable. Purchased from P. T. Barnum, Esq. Also, Christ's seamless coat; genuineness unquestionable. From Mission Woolen Mills. 7. Specimen of cold cheek, from the extensive stock of Ch. De Young, Esq. This interesting article of *virtu* is set in native brass, and is the sublimest object in the whole collection. 8. Slung-shot and two derringers, bequeathed by the "Chicken" before going to his "sweet Jesus." Jimmies, Knuckle-dusters, etc., presented by other murderers, also dispatched to their sweet Jesuses. Among these rare curiosities may be found a Dodo, an honest Congressman, an incorruptible Supervisor, and other extinct animals. A Chamber of Horrors, after Madame Tussaud's plan, has recently been attached, containing life-size pictures of Pitzy pistoling Meeker, Pickering garotting Stanford, Col. Barnes massacreing the Amador rebels, Piper slaughtering the Queen's English; Mrs. Fair, Michael Reese, Devine, Boston Charley, Bungletoe, and other notorious criminals. Contributions solicited.

A Death in a Foreign Land is always terrible; but there are added to such an one new causes of fear and dread, when the omnipresent reporter is hovering around, to photograph the last contortion on your face, and take an inventory of the boots that walked around your coffin in the front parlor. The death of Mr. Orr, U. S. Minister to Russia, was sad enough to be treated seriously and respectfully; but the industrious telegraph seized upon the event to display some of its most Asiatic splendor. The scene in the chapel at the funeral was, we are told, "indescribably sad. After the rector had finished the services, the diplomatists walked around the coffin, and dropped each upon it a little sand, and the civilians present did the same, and as the mellow Russian sunlight broke through the stained windows of the humble church," etc., etc. Was it the attic sand, or the diplomatists, or the civilians, that made the scene indescribably sad? Sand should be chosen in Russia that might have afforded a good deal, unless the price has gone up since the abolition of serfdom. We are left to guess at the difference between diplomatists and civilians, and suggest, with some misgiving, that it may consist in this: the former, as we know, are sent to be abroad for their country, the latter, most probably, to be for themselves. The mellow Russian sunlight is for us no light, but darkness visible. We were prepared to warn that in the native land of whiskey there were mellow Russians, not a few; and reasoning from experience gathered at the other extremity of Europe, we should expect to find them comparatively about a coffin; but a mellow Russian sun passes bounds, particularly when it breaks the window. The German student did indeed surprise the moon, reeling along, almost hand drunk; but there were extenuating circumstances in the case. It was late at night and the weather was cold, and at such a moment a single glass may be too much for an abstemious moon. But a sun that forgets itself at broad daylight! Let us be thankful that we have none such in America, but must send to Russia to find one. Though it is indescribably sad to know, at the same time, that only an American fool can fully enter into the feelings of a mellow Russian sun.

A Salvo of Guns Proclaimed the Fact that Captain Jack was taken, or rather had surrendered, and the Modoc war was over. And it was about time; our flag has been held up a mockery to the world, and Washington, its red tape and orders for extermination, are a reproach and a by-word in the mouth of the civilized world, while Captain Jack is a hero, and will long live as such in the minds of those who admire pluck and straight combined. That he whipped our troops badly there is not a doubt, and had it not been for the treachery of his own people the Captain would have been to-day fewer than our bonded rogues. Over was or ever will be white-vest lace and gold fullers adorn that noble head. Now we have got him, the question naturally arises, "What shall we do with him?" He is a prisoner of war, and as such, must be treated in an humane way. As a general he has shown, in a small way, but big enough for our patriotic-chewing troops, more capacity than the friends who stood about in blue and lack names or to their names. In shooting Canby and Thomas he merely carried out an Indian's idea of warfare, and much as the Times never regrets the death of these men, it shall cannot overlook the fact that the "Boston man" has done far, far worse by the Indian than the Indian ever did by him. The authorities at Washington, we are told, propose hanging the prisoners over to the civil authorities, which is a very nice way of shuffling out of a disagreeable business. Let them, however, do so, but the Times Other prays that the hand that shall dare, and the hand that shall consent to hang Captain Jack, may shrivel into the dirty dust from which they came. He stands now a hero in the world as a true patriot, one whose country's welfare stood first and foremost, and one who dared and did.

And That is Henry Ward Beecher! He never did anything wrong in the Beecher-Tilton-Bowen scandal. Nobody suspects him of it. But the comfortable part of that little farce is this, that Tilton never did anything wrong in the Tilton-Bowen-Beecher scandal, and that Bowen is absolutely pure of all wrong intention in the Bowen-Beecher-Tilton scandal. There could be nothing sweeter, nothing more virtuous, nothing better, nothing purer, nothing more of good report, than the conduct of this trio of perfect Christians, who have swashed back and forth, for two years, up to their eyes in a filthy affair, begging all men to admire their deportment, and the strength of their stomachs. The wholesome moral of their performance is that men who have once become famous can do anything, without disgusting a single worshiper. Bowen and Tilton are not famous in themselves; but they have grappled Beecher with hooks of steel, and those three are one. Who so worships Beecher must perforce bow down before the Tilton-Bowen part of the three-headed beast, as well, for here there can be no division allegiance. Without Beecher, Beecher had never attained to the full dignity of Dalai-Lama. The person and the presence of him have been for many years something half-divine, when he turned up his face in the pulpit, the eye of faith beheld him as it were St. Stephens; when he wiped his forced brow on a hot day, his disciples averred that his perspiration was aromatic, like that of Alexander the Great; but not until he joined with Bowen and Tilton did his followers absorb with joy the result of his digestion, and declare that it was good. And so it is—for them.

The Fire Commissioners have been hard at work chopping old heads off, and putting new ones on, and green ones too, at that. Only the other day a new driver was discharged, or rather "resigned," on account of an attack of whisky on the brain. If all the old hands are put on one side in the way they are now, for political purposes, and new hands put in their places, we fancy that San Francisco will soon add its little blaze to the list of big fires.

A Number of He and She Monsters huddle together at Anthony's Hall, a location somewhere within the fire limits. What they go there for the devil only knows; what they do when they leave, the devil only cares. The females are fat, greasy, divorced concerns; their paramours, toothless and bald specimens of iniquity. They are moral lepers, every one of them. Rotten to the core in blood, bone and sinew; oozing from every pore stench and pestilence, their trails marked with slimy poison, these "reformers," shameless as they are ignorant and debased, are the vile scourges with which an evil destiny afflicts this pious and puritanical community. Insane mockers of all that is holy and sacred, blasphemous idiots reveling in orgies begat of their putrid imaginations, dupes of the most damnable heresies, these "reformers" are the distilled concentration of all that is vile and infamous in human nature. They are the crawling maggots engendered in the corpse of that hugely offensive thing called the California Woman Suffrage Association, and the maggots—through the great law of evolution -are fast being developed into "free love" monstrosities. Combined, they are a ghastly sight, and since it costs only ten cents to see them in all their beastliness, we have not been tortured with looking on the lecherous cabal. Had they placed the price of admission at one dollar, they should have had our coin and been saved this flattering notice. Their filthy exhibitions and filthier persons ought to have one redeeming feature—the devil or Deacon Fitch at the door demanding, Shylock-like, generous blood money.

With that Utter Contempt for circumstances and surroundings characteristic of an intellectual savage, we strolled into the tabernacle of our most beloved pastor last Sabbath evening. The Rev. gentleman is the only Christian shepherd in this metropolis for whom our Pagan heart has a profound respect. Always eloquent and earnest, pure in diction and graphic in style it is seldom, as the acknowledged champion and censor of public morals, that we find aught in his sermons to criticise. They are like the *News Letter*—as perfect as can be in a world of imperfections. On the occasion mentioned, however, the Rev. Dr. made use of an expression which has pained us with an exceedingly great pain. In his illustration of a steamship about to start from the Pacific Mail Company's wharf, he likened the Captain's cry of "cast off the stern line" to the admonition of the Christian preacher to the sinner about to start on the voyage of life. "The Christian's stern line," remarked our reverend brother, "should not be cast off until he is headed in the right direction." We confess we do not like the expression, "the Christian's stern line," but if, by the right direction, the *News Letter* office is meant, we are consoled, for, verily, ours is an unctious half-way haven, where saints and sinners alike can anchor and be d—d, if it only pays.

The Chronicle has lately been seized with an insane and morbid longing to perpetrate a sell on the poor confiding public. Some months ago, her irrepressible and ubiquitous reporter ferreted out a man who had discovered the philosopher's stone, and who made a nice little income of a million a month or so out of the business, the greater part of which he spent in purchasing *Sunday Chronicles!* This palpable lie took no one in. Then came the Hellfire arrangement, the sell 99, and last Sunday our poor little mint had to furnish a subject for the devourers of the "live sheet." How much this kind of humbugging the public will stand remains to be proved, but one almost can forgive the *attempt* at deception in the clever and bright style in which they are written.

Our Irish Servant Girl, who, by the by, is called by innocent Hoodlums "Biddy," came running to us last week with a small piece of paper in her hand and a smile playing over her lovely mug. On close examination we discovered that this scrap of dirty paper was a little evening contemporary called the *Post*. Yet so it was, and there it was in all its majesty of mind and matter. Our domestic pointed with a finger that well matched the paper to a paragraph taking our name in vain, and was evidently much astonished to find that we did not flare up with rage. No, we merely advised this erring Hibernian young lady to discontinue spending her cents on such trash, and having saved them up for long enough, to purchase a cheap edition of Æsop's fables.

No Doubt when the New Law on Pig-tails comes into force, the chignons of our dark damsels will get considerably cheaper, and many an envious blonde will wish that she were a brunette. At present the greater part of the false hair comes from small-pox hospitals, morgues, etc., and some ladies are so very peculiar in their likes and dislikes that they object to it in consequence. When, however, they know that the shining black locks offered for sale grew on a celestial pate, fostered by a celestial sun, their foolish dislikes will vanish, and we shall see countless charmers staggering under the weight of poor John's forfeited pig-tail.

Tired of the Necktie Business, the worthy Calcraft has retired from office, and has taken to roses, and *otium cum degnitate*. He has a very pretty daughter too (who's neck the *T. C.* would not mind hanging round), who, so the story goes, does not know what her dear papa's business is, but, in the simplicity of her maiden heart, believes him a Methodist parson. We feel sure that the pride of Calcraft must be shocked at being for a moment taken as such, his own business being far the more preferable. Calcraft is about producing a new rose, the euphonious name of which is to be the "Strangulata."

One of Our "Dailies," spitefully jealous of the vigorous youth of Brother Pickering, late proprietor of the defunct *Morning Bulletin*, and envious of the beauty of his moustache, maliciously says: "Whom the gods love *dye* young."

THE PINTO MINING COMPANY.

This Company, embracing in its incorporation some of the most reliable names in financial and mining circles, has come before the public with a statement showing the number and richness of the mines which it owns, the area and value of its real estate, and a full description of other valuable resources under its control. All these properties are located in the Pinto District, Eastern Nevada. We have been at some pains to examine this statement, and feel convinced, after a careful perusal and close examination of accompanying views, maps and plans, that the Company has done well to invite the co-operation of our capitalists in developing this magnificent domain. No more attractive or safer enterprise has ever been submitted to our moneyed men. In this opinion we are fortified by the names of the gentlemen which accompany the statement as office holders and Trustees of the Company. Feeling an interest in everything that concerns the Pacific Slope, and for the satisfaction of our readers we have made copious extracts from this statement, which we commend to their attentive perusal. We are informed that this district is situated on the eastern slope of the Diamond Mountain Range, about fourteen miles southeast of Eureka, and about thirty miles northwest of Hamilton, Nevada. The history of the discovery is in brief that in 1867 Captain Moses Wilson and a party of prospectors visited this district and made numerous locations some miles south of the now Pinto Mining Company's mines at Silverado. In the Fall of 1868, a Mr. Duquette was the first discoverer, it is said, of some of the mines near the town now called Silverado.

A company, composed of a number of gentlemen of Virginia, Nevada, represented by Mr. Charles Hanson, acquired considerable property at this place, by location, early in 1869. On the 10th day of March of the same year, for a valuable consideration, they transferred and assigned all their right, title and interest in and to all of their property in this district to the Pinto Mining Company, of San Francisco. This Company owns the following mines:

1.	Duquette	1,400 feet.
2.	Montgomery	1,400 "
3.	Crown Point	3,000 "
4.	Robert E. Lee	1,800 "
5.	Our Own, No. 1	1,800 "
6.	Our Own, No. 2	2,000 "
7.	Independent	1,800 "
8.	Snowdrop	1,200 "
9.	Virginia	3,000 "
10.	Medford	3,000 "
11.	Metaphysical	1,200 "
12.	Emmet	1,400 "
	Total	23,000 feet.

In addition to these mines, the Company owns sixteen (16) quarter-sections of timber land near the mines, the town site of Silverado, with improvements, a hay ranch, and a water privilege running through the same—of about one thousand inches, miners' measurement—and personal property at the mines, of great value, calculated to carry on a mining enterprise of considerable magnitude.

The title to all these mines and real estate is perfect, and a United States patent will be procured as soon as the necessary surveys can be made and maps prepared.

The lode on which the Company's mines are located runs north and south, the country rock being composed of slate and quartzite. Considerable progress has already been made in developing the various mines, showing beyond reasonable doubt the existence of a true fissure vein.

The ores are easily worked by the ordinary mill process, and are not rebellious. Several crushings have been had at the Newark and Manhattan mills, and although the treatment of the ores reduced did not receive that careful attention that was anticipated, the results obtained were quite satisfactory: the first class ore yielded $187 50, the second class $76 and $84 per ton. A subsequent crushing of ore from the Duquette mine, at the Manhattan mill, Austin, yielded $263 89 per ton. Several reports have been made on these mines by experienced miners, and close and searching analysis of the ores given by competent assayers. Of the former, John St. John Fisk, Superintendent of the Phil. Sheridan Gold and Silver Mining Company, Virginia, Nevada, says:

"I find the ores contained in the various mines, of a high grade, especially that of the Duquette, Our Own, Nos. 1 and 2. * * * * * *

"The facilities for working these mines are all that can be desired. Wood can be obtained near the mines, in abundance. The Company's water privilege on Fish Creek, is sufficient to run five hundred stamps, the water from which can be introduced into Silverado at an outlay of $10,000.

"I consider the Pinto Mining Company's property, in Pinto District, the most important mining property I have seen, outside of Virginia and Gold Hill."

Prof. C. A. Stadefeldt, the accomplished metallurgist and inventor, and patentee of the celebrated "Stadefeldt furnace," adds his testimony as follows:

"There is, in my mind, no doubt that your ores can be worked with profit by amalgamation."

Lewis Blanding, Esq., in his report to the Company on the reduction of these ores, says:

"The ores treated by me consist largely of quartz of a firm, compact texture and

fine grain, with a considerably less proportion of lime than is usually found in the ores of this section of Nevada. The quartz is quite hard—not tough, but friable—and readily yields to the crusher and pulverization in the pan. It is soft only where it has undergone decomposition, and this is but to a small extent, its original condition having been uncommonly hard and firm for argentiferous quartz from Nevada."

Prof. A. T. White, State Mineralogist for Nevada, and numerous other scientific gentlemen who have visited this district, have examined the mines, and expressed their confidence in its importance and future value.

The analysis of the ores made by Mr. H. P. Wakelee will at once establish their character. He gives the following results:

Oxide of copper	5.31 per cent.;	equal to 4.25 per ct. metalic copper.
Carbonate of lead	8.30 "	" 6½ per cent. metalic lead.
Carb. of lime and magnesia	4.59	
Silver	.881 per ct.;	equal to 256 95-100 ounces—$332 21
Gold	.trace.	[per 2,000 lbs.
Sesquioxide of iron	3.250	
Insoluble silicious matter	69.100	
Sulphur, arsenic, antimony	8.609	Chiefly arsenic and sulphur.
	100.000	

Of the natural advantages of the location of the Company's mines, the statement says: "The town of Silverado (owned by the Co.) is finely ocated in a beautiful and picturesque little valley, 6,559 feet above the level of the sea, and in the immediate vicinity and at the foot of the mountain upon which the Company's mines are located. The town is protected on the west by a chain of hills, covered with pine and fir timber, which constitutes a portion of the timber lands owned by the Company. It is made accessible from Pinto Creek by a good wagon road (built by the Company) through Pinto Cañon, and also through Independent Cañon, by a natural wagon-road, which intersects Woodruff & Ennor's new Palisade and White Pine stage-road near Maryland Wells. The projected Elko, Hamilton and Pioche railroad will pass within a short distance of the mines. An abundant supply of water has been obtained by sinking wells in Silverado. These advantages, together with the even and mild climate of the country and its accessibility at all seasons of the year, when considered in view of the importance of the rich mineral resources of the immediate neighborhood, cannot fail to make this one of the most prosperous mining districts in the State of Nevada."

We have been thus liberal in our extracts from the Company's statement because we believe the matter to be of great public interest. We recommend our readers to procure a copy of the pamphlet at No. 6 Leidesdorff street and peruse it fully. The company now having the property in hand was incorporated under the laws of the State of California, on the first day of June, 1869, and embraces all the mines above named, divided into 50,000 shares of $100 each. About $70,000 have been expended by the Company in acquiring and developing this property and perfecting the title thereto. The Company proposes to prosecute the further opening and development of the mines with vigor and economy, and for that purpose has appropriated a sufficient number of shares of the capital stock, equal to $25,000, as a working fund, which, it is believed, will place the Company in abundant means to carry out successfully the course adopted by the Trustees for the future management of its affairs. A map of the district, showing the location of the Company's property, and samples of the ore from the different mines, can be examined at No. 6 Leidesdorff street, Hayward's Building, adjoining the California Stock and Exchange Board.

We subjoin the names of the Trustees and officers of this important Company: James A. Pritchard, President; R. C. Johnson, Vice President; Elliott J. Moore, Joseph Trench, Henry G. Langley, Trustees; Alfred K. Durbrow, Secretary.

American Ill-Treatment of Indians.—No American can contemplate the treatment accorded the Indians by this Government ever since its establishment—not to say since the discovery of America by Columbus—without a feeling of profound and acute humiliation. The Government to-day appropriates seven millions of dollars a year for the expenses of the Indian bureau, and perhaps one-fourth of it reaches the Indians. Agents and sharpers absorb the three-fourths. General Grant, as President, has advocated his peace policy; but a few years of such policy cannot—and can we say that it should?—wipe out from a savage memory the recollection of a life-time of flagrant wrongs. Not only have the Indians been butchered by our soldiers, but results have shown that more treacherous and more cowardly means have been resorted to in order to kill them off. Injustice in the form of faithless promises, new and unexpected interpretations of treaties, and other means to kill the Indian's confidence in white men's honor, have made him profoundly suspicious, and to this distrust he adds a naturally treacherous and crafty disposition. The peace policy of the President strikes him as a mockery. He is weak; he is ignorant; he is vindictive, and blood only will satisfy his hate when once aroused. It is with this state of mind that the President has been trying his policy.

Steps are Being Taken to erect a monument in Munich to the late Professor Liebig.

PACIFIC MAIL REPORT.

We are Favored with the Report of the President to the Stockholders of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, for the year ending May 1, 1873, a document of some thirteen printed pages, through which the reader may search in vain for any statement of expenditures, or for any information that would enable him to judge as to the management of the business of the Company or its results. The forms, merely, are gone over, but it is all what Hamlet would characterize as "inexplicable dumb show," winding up with a comparative statement of gross receipts for passengers and freight between the year ending May 1, 1871, and that terminating at the same time in the year 1873. Why 1872 is omitted, or why the comparison is made with 1871 rather than any other year, is one of the many mysteries left unexplained. The figures are:

1871.		1873.	
Passengers	$1,790,917 11	Passengers	$1,800,710 71
Freight	1,894,790 18	Freight	3,022,194 29
Total	$3,685,707 29	Total	$4,822,905 20

The accompanying statement of assets and liabilities kindly vouchsafes to the distressed stockholders a little very imperfect information on those two heads, which may be summarized as follows:

ASSETS.

Cash and call loans	$ 626,000
U. S. 5 per cent. gold bonds	100,000
Cash with agents and pursers	647,000
Total	$ 1,373,000
Shares in Panama and Dry Dock	$1,115,000
76,867 tons of coal	1,129,000
Outfits and supplies	354,000
Bills receivable	840,000
Total	$ 3,841,000
Payments on steamers building	$ 2,365,000
Real estate	2,009,000
32 steamers, valued from $1,580,000 down to $11,000 each	11,652,000
Account purchase of steamers	234,000
Miscellaneous items	261,000
Total assets	$20,362,000
Against liabilities consisting of—	
Capital	$20,000,000
Freights and unsettled accounts	165,000
Balance to credit profit and loss	197,000
Total	$20,362,000

It would be gratifying to know even the worst in regard to the first three items mentioned in the list of assets, set down as of the aggregate value of $1,373,000. Are they all good assets and of the cash value attached to them, or are they otherwise? And the bills receivable, $840,000, how good are they and who are the makers? Here are nearly $4,000,000 of assets that may be worth their face and may be worth much less. The item of steamers, $11,652,000, is made up largely of valuations that have been continued unabated for several years. In a word, the statement gives no more idea of the actual financial condition of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company than would a pamphlet taken by chance out of a wagon-load of paper stock on its way to mill. And without more definite and satisfactory particulars we believe the average mercantile minds, reasoning upon the supposition that the portion of the business of which we are kept in ignorance has been performed no better than that which could not be concealed, will make up the list of assets about as follows: Cash items, stock, etc., worth nominally $3,800,000, actual value, 50 per cent, $1,900,000; real estate, $2,000,000, at 50 per cent, $1,000,000; steamers, $11,600,000, at 30 per cent, $3,480,000. Total, $6,380,000, against a share capital of $20,000,000. A statement of cash and assets supposed to be convertible into cash, compared with the report of the previous year, shows the following results:

	1872.	1873.
Cash and call loans	$1,082,110	$626,140
Time loans	242,100	.....
U. S. Ten-Forty bonds	318,142	.....
U. S. Five Per Cent bonds	100,000	100,000
14,000 shares Panama Railroad stock	1,260,000	45,000
27,249 shares Pacific Mail stock	2,714,900	.....
Cash with agents and pursers	187,600	647,000
Total	$5,904,852	$1,418,140

Perhaps it would be no more than fair to credit to the account of 1873 the payments ($2,364,930) on account of steamers building, but the profits of the successful business reported during the year ought to be more than sufficient to meet that

expenditure. So an inquisitive public wants to know what has become of all these valuable assets? Once they were the bone and sinew of this Company, standing as a terror to those who coveted the valuable trade of this line, and a constant menace to capitalists contemplating an opposition. Are they "strayed or stolen," or have they been sold? And if sold what has become of the proceeds and all the enormous earnings of the Company? One-third of the labor and space bestowed in this pamphlet upon the explanation of matters of little moment, would have made all these dreadful mysteries as clear as daylight.

A new Board of Directors was chosen to-day composed of the following gentlemen: George H. Bradbury, T. W. Park, J. D. Smith, J. M. Burke, C. J. Osborn, Russell Sage, G. S. Scott, George H. Palmer, and Rufus Hatch.

This change in the direction is avowedly in the interest of reform in the management of the Company's affairs, and we have no doubt that it is made in good faith. But it will add to the confidence of the stockholders and the public in the new managers if they make and publish as soon as possible a clear statement of the actual condition of affairs of the Pacific Steamship Company.

Captain Bradbury, who, it is understood, is to be President of the Company, is a gentleman of energy, experience and ability. He was formerly an officer in the Navy, and resigned the position of Lieutenant-Commander to take service with the Company in 1861, and is familiar, from long and varied service, with all the branches of its business. He superintended the furnishing of the new ships for the Pacific Coast and China trade; took six of the ships to the Pacific, and opened the China service with the steamship *Colorado* in 1867. He retired from the service of the Company in 1868, and was chosen President of the Erie Dock and Basin Company, which position he still holds.

THE NEW STATE CAPITOL AT SALEM, OREGON.

The S. F. News Letter, as an art critic, among other general matters concerning the important interests of these Western States, notes with regret the decision of the commissioners for building the new State Capitol at Salem, Oregon. Great injustice is claimed by the San Francisco architects to have existed, in advertising in our papers for an open competition, inasmuch as the responsible parties appointed by Governor Grover thought fit to conduct these preliminaries in a way hitherto unprecedented in the profession of architecture, in showing undue haste in selecting a design for a work so prominent as a legislative building, having fixed on a plan the next day after they were submitted, thereby prohibiting such explanations as our city architects and others intended to make for the information of the Board. It is presumed that no mere competition drawings can entirely express on paper simply the thought of any conception in detail of the architectural designer. We are informed from several sources here that two gentlemen would have been present to make these practical explanations, but owing to two days' detention through head winds prevailing during their passage on the steamer to Portland, this was prevented. To those abroad and out of the State great partiality appears to have been shown; far more prudent would it have been, as in the instance of a large Chicago competition, to have advertised to local architects only, and not to mislead. Our architects here state they could gracefully bow to the choice of the Commissioners had they been honorably beaten; but what are the facts? No Oregon architect save one competed—they prejudging the determined arrangements. All of them, with the building fraternity and the wealthy citizens of the State (who will really pay for the work), have since protested against the hasty action of the Board. And why? First of all, the building is known to have been placed by the Commissioners in inexperienced hands, and contrary to the wishes of the people; the design, also, is a copy of the first design for the Sacramento Capitol. The pride of the rising State of Oregon—if not of the party who mechanically *copied*, for fifteen hundred dollars, another's idea—should be to erect a building having distinctiveness and individuality of character about it. A portion of the work need only to have been erected now, and when completed entire, say in five or ten years, would remain a permanent monument of the State. As it is, in twenty years, this pile of brick, proposed to be thrown together by *convicts*, thereby discouraging *honest labor*, and in the march of the public taste of this country will have to be torn down. We advise the Commissioners, as a matter of State policy, if they are skilled in the erection of ordinary public buildings, not to mention a State Capital, that it is yet soon enough, as we are advised, to meet the wishes of the people for whom they are working, and restore the feeling that a building possessing at least the ordinary standard of a tastefully designed original work is expected. The Commissioners laid themselves open to blame in unusually allowing such plans and specifications as were sent in several weeks before the time appointed first to be exposed, and so allow access to them by any party personally interested in the competition. The Commissioners, in their advertisement, call for a "*permanent and durable State House*," and one not to be torn down in a couple of decades.

A Book, called "The Lives of the Irish Saints," with many hundred wood engravings of old Irish churches, by the Rev. John O'Hanlon, is being prepared for publication, and is expected to throw much light on Irish Christian antiquities.

Special Brevities.

Lord Nelson's Famous Signal.—In a letter of 29th October, 1840, from Captain Pascoe, who was senior and flag lieutenant of the *Victory* at the battle of Trafalgar, to Mr. Cole, of Upper Norton street, Plymouth, he writes as follows: "His lordship came to me on the poop, and after ordering certain signals to be made, about a quarter to noon he said, 'Mr. Pascoe, I wish to say to the fleet, England confides that every man will do his duty.' And he added, 'You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action.' I replied, 'If your lordship will permit me to substitute the word expects for confides, the signal will sooner be completed, because the word expects is in the vocabulary, but the word confides must be spelt.' His lordship replied in haste, and with seeming satisfaction, 'That will do, Pascoe; make it directly.' When it had been answered by a few ships in the van, he ordered me to make the signal for close action, and to keep it up: accordingly I hoisted No. 16 at the top-gallant mast-head, and there it remained until shot away."

The New Fountain for Central Park.—The fountain designed and executed by Miss Emma Stebbins, of Rome, will shortly be unveiled. There will be few objects in the Park more attractive. The base is composed of granite and marble. A pedestal reared on this base supports four figures, representing Temperance, Purity, Health, and Peace. From a basin above the water will fall, forming in its descent a sheet of silvery spray, through which the figures will be seen with much heightened effect. The principal figure which surmounts the structure is remarkable for great beauty of design and exquisite finish. It represents an angel with outstretched wings just alighting upon the rock on which it stands. Water gushes from beneath the feet of the figure and falls into the basin below. This figure is eight feet high, the whole structure attaining an elevation of twenty-five feet. A contemporary has the following regarding it: "It is a democratic fountain of pleasure and promoter of health and happiness in a community where all are sovereigns."

Mr. George Smith, the leader of the *Daily Telegraph* expedition to Assyria, telegraphs, under date Mosul, April 26th, an announcement of successful explorations and important discoveries. He states that he has obtained upwards of eighty new inscriptions. One is an important stele of Merodach-Baladan, King of Babylon, period 1300 B. C.; another, dated 1320 B. C., gives the particulars of the restoration of the causeway to the great Temple of Assur; and there are also tablets of curious and ancient Babylonian legends, as well as historical memorials of Sargon, Esarhaddon, Assurbanipal, Nebuchadnezzar, Nobonidus, Cambyses, and Darius. Mr. Smith says he has also excavated Nimroud with important results, and one of his most recent discoveries is that of a perfectly new text of the annals of Tiglath-Pileser.

Singular Assassination.—A singular assassination has been committed in broad daylight, near the Central Market, Paris. An open cab, with a gentleman inside, smoking his cigar, was standing in the gutter apparently waiting for somebody. Suddenly, a poorly clad individual was seen to jump into the vehicle and stab the occupant twice in the chest and back with a clasp knife. He then took to his heels, but was captured by the police. The gentleman in the cab died in a few minutes, without uttering a word of explanation. On him were found several love letters from a young lady, and cards showing him to belong to a noble family. The murderer calls himself a schoolmaster, and says the motive of his crime was revenge for the seduction of his wife.

English and American Locomotives.—England has finally come to the conclusion that the American locomotive is superior to the machine made in that country. British railroad officials have been a long time in coming to the conclusion. In this connection we see it stated that one of our great locomotive works is now extensively engaged in the business of making and exporting railway engines, and a large number have recently been sent to Brazil for the Don Pedro Railroad. It is a settled fact that the English cannot compete with Americans in the exportation of locomotives, even to Russia, three thousand miles nearer to England than we are.—*Boston Globe.*

The Peacock and the Tiger.—It is a remarkable fact that the peacock and tiger are so frequently seen together. The voice of the bird is seldom heard during the daytime, but as soon as the shades of evening begin to veil the landscape, his loud and disagreeable screams awaken the echoes, announcing, as the Javanese say, that the tiger is setting forth on his murderous excursions. Then the traveler carefully bolts the door of his hut, and the solitary Javanese retreats to his palisadoed dwelling, for the tyrant of the wilderness is abroad. At night his dreadful roar is heard, sometimes accompanied by the peacock's discordant voice.

Le Figaro publishes some Paris news, extracted from an American paper, which it thinks will be as fresh to its readers as to those more immediately concerned: "Alexandre Dumas and George Sand are writing together a tragedy, entitled 'Brutus,' which Victor Hugo declares is superior to all the tragedies of modern times."

The Oldest Organist in the World, says *Le Figaro*, is Mr. S. P. Taylor, who is an Englishman, settled in America. He was a professional organist at fourteen, and now at the age of ninety-five he is still in possession of all his faculties. To play the organ for upwards of three-quarters of a century he must be an organist very well organized, says our versatile contemporary.

THE MARRIAGE IN THE ICE-PALACE.—A STORY OF THE RUSSIAN COURT.—[Continued.]

[BY L. VON SACHER-MASOCH.]

Czar Peter II. died in the year 1730. The next claimants to the throne were the daughters of Peter the Great, and after them the daughter of Ivan Romanov, but Ostermann and the Princes Dolgorucki, who were in league with him, had fixed their attention upon Anna Ivanovna, the younger daughter. Ostermann supposed that a princess, whom he had taught how to read, would be ready to receive instruction from him in other matters. The Dolgoruckis won over the Senate. Anna Ivanovna promised to send Biron away, and to limit the absolute power of the crown in favor of the nobility, and on these terms she ascended the Russian throne.

When Basil Dolgorucki came to announce to her the Senate's decision to confer the crown upon her, he found in the duchess' room an inferior-looking man, to whom he gave a sign to leave the apartment.

That inferior-looking personage was Biron, and the sign Dolgorucki gave him cost the noble his head. Biron stared impudently at the leader of the Russian aristocracy, and did not budge an inch; whereupon Dolgorucki seized him by the arm to push him out by main force. Anna Ivanovna hastened with all the energy of which she was capable to the rescue of her favorite, and Dolgorucki had to content himself with getting her signature to the papers he had brought with him.

The coronation ceremony was barely over before it was discovered that the woman in the imperial ermine was the slave of the man who had once made himself her footstool. Anna Ivanovna, without troubling herself any further about observing the other points she had sworn to, declared herself an autocratic sovereign, which really meant that the man at her side intended not merely to rule, but to rule absolutely.

The Senate reminded her of her promise to dismiss Biron. She answered by riding through the city with him, and showing herself with him to the people. The aristocracy grew visably disaffected, and planned a revolution, and this was what Biron had hope for. The commoner, who had been treated with contempt by the proud aristocrats, and who now reclined on silk cushions like an Asiatic despot, clothed in fur and embroidery, began to take his revenge in truly barbarous fashion. The Empress was thought to be carelessly good-natured, and indeed she dare not oppose him, while he was blood-thirsty as a tiger and as cruel as a hyæna. Not satisfied with putting his enemies to death, he liked to drink the cup of revenge to the dregs. Before he had their haughty heads struck off, he meant to trample his victims under foot and humiliate them. So he began with the Dolgoruckis.

By order of the Empress the proud princes were summoned to the palace. Their indignation knew no bounds, when, instead of being led into the presence of the Empress, they found themselves in an apartment where Biron lay on a couch in his dressing-gown; he observed their wrath with a scornful smile.

"Where is the Empress?" exclaimed Basil Dorgorucki.

"I am here in place of her," said Biron.

"This is a violation of our rights and an insult to the monarch!" cried Ivan Dolgorucki.

"Can she mean us to have audience of her groom?" murmured the others.

"And pray what do you call the documents that you presented to the Empress?" returned Biron, with grim composure; "and the attitude you have assumed ever since she has re-asserted the absolute power that is her right? The former I call a gross insult to the Empress, and the latter—REBELLION!"

"What, do you dare take us to task?" cried Basil Dolgorucki.

"Aye, and what is more, I demand your signatures to this paper," said Biron, motioning to his secretary; "in which you beg the Empress for forgiveness, and submit yourself unconditionaly to her will"——

"Which means *your* will, rascal," impetuously exclaimed Ivan Dolgorucki; "we will never, never sign it!"

"Then down on your knees and beg for your lives, rebels!" cried Biron, rising from his couch and pulling a bell. Soldiers of the Imperial Guard crowded into the apartment, and took the Dolgoruckis prisoners.

After a hasty trial the heads of the family were condemned to death, while the others were exiled to Siberia. But this was not enough to satisfy Biron's lust for revenge. He gave the Dolgoruckis to understand that they might expect to be pardoned if they humbled themselves before him. They asked for an interview. Biron appeared before them in a cloak lined with ermine, and showed his contempt for the Dolgoruckis by flaunting this attribute of the throne in their faces. They threw themselves on their knees before the all-powerful favorite, and asked forgiveness.

"Gladly will I show you any favor in my power," said Biron, with a diabolical smile, "but I cannot give you your lives or your liberty."

And the next day two of the princes were beheaded and the others sent off into exile.

Emboldened by this first success, Biron now began, with the help of the headsman, to thin the ranks of the Russian aristocracy opposed to him to an extent equaled only by Ivan the Terrible and some of the Cæsars. After getting rid of his enemies, he assailed the Empress' friends, determined that nobody of influence

or position should be left alive. Blood was shed in torrents and long trains of exiles wandered off to the rigorous climate of Siberia. Ostermann alone was spared, and he succeeded in ingratiating himself with Biron. The Empress, yielding to the extraordinary power Biron had obtained over her, signed the sentences of death amidst tears and asseverations that she was not the cause of all the misery. On one occasion, when Biron presented some fresh death-warrants for her signature, she found amongst them some of her most devoted adherents, and begged her favorite to have mercy on them. Biron was inflexible; the Empress, whose slave he actually was, threw herself at his feet, and begged him with sobs and entreaties to spare their lives. Biron dragged her to the table, on which the horrible documents lay, and compelled her to sign while he guided her hand.

* * * * * * * *

Biron's power grew absolute when, in the course of a few years, the gout rendered every exertion a torture to the Empress, and so added to her natural indolence. She did not care to trouble herself much about State affairs, and often from sheer apathy refused for weeks to sign the papers presented to her by the man who was the actual regent of Russia. This would excite his fury, and expose her to ill-treatment at his hands, while she could do nothing but cry and complain to her waiting maids.

In the year 1740 the Winter set in unusually early and with extraordinary severity. The Empress had taken cold, and was in such pain that she had not the courage to stir out of her room. She sat buried in furs in an arm-chair close to the fire playing cards with an elderly lady of the court. Though the temperature of the room was stiflingly hot, she kept complaining of the cold and telling the servants to put on more fuel. Biron came in from a ride, whip in hand, and booted and spurred.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed. "Why, it's hot enough to send any one mad!"

"I am so chilly, dear," said Anna Ivanovna, timidly.

"Then go out into the air, and you'll soon get warm," he returned in an authoritative tone.

"But I can't walk, I am too ill," groaned the Empress.

"It's fancy," he exclaimed, and began throwing open all the windows.

"You will be the death of me!" cried Anna Ivanovna.

"On the contrary, I shall save your life," he replied, with a brutal laugh. "Off with these furs, one is enough, and go out into the air immediately."

"I cannot stand," pleaded the Empress; "the gout"——

Biron answered by seizing both her hands and making her stand up.

"There! Didn't I say it was all fancy?" and without more ado ordered the Empress' sedan.

"It will kill me," moaned Anna Ivanovna. But her protestations and tears were of no use, she was compelled to hobble down stairs and get into the sedan unassisted. The chairmen were ordered to carry her as far as the last little huts on the bank of the Neva, and not return for a couple of hours. Two of her ladies followed in similar conveyances.

"Oh, it is bitter cold!" sighed the Empress, as the keen air penetrated through closed windows, and fur, and veil; "bitter cold!" And in fact the cold was more intense than the oldest inhabitants ever remembered it—not a morning dawn without revealing the bodies of people who had been frozen to death in the streets during the night, and even birds drop frozen from the trees and house-roofs. The chairmen were compelled to stop every now and then and rub their hands with snow, to avoid getting frost-bitten, and this served to increase the discomfort and impatience of the suffering Empress. At length the singular procession reached the extreme suburb, where there were only a few tumble-down, thatched huts standing on the river bank. Here the Empress saw a sight which filled her with a kind of horror. A hole had been cut in the ice of the Neva, and in this hole stood a tall, robust woman, in a jacket that left her breast bare, washing clothes. The Empress bade the chairmen halt, and forgetting all else in her astonishment, threw open the window of her sedan, and called out to her ladies:

"Look at that woman standing in the water! What a picture of health she is! How I envy her!"

Then she called the washerwoman to her, and when her summons had been somewhat reluctantly obeyed, the Empress was more struck than ever at the sight of her ruddy cheeks as she stood before her barefoot in the snow.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Anna Ivanovna Nullinova, lady; but it is cold, and I must beg you not to interrupt me at my work," answered the washerwoman.

"Only a word or two, Anna Ivanovna. That is my name, too," said the Empress. "Tell me how you can stand in the Neva like that, and not freeze to death. You seem strong, and healthy, and keep your good looks too; for really you are not at all a bad-looking woman, Anna Ivanovna."

The washerwoman laughed, pleased with the flattery.

"As for my health, that isn't much to brag about," she replied, "for I am frightfully tormented with the gout at times."

"With the gout!" exclaimed the Empress; "and yet you stand in the ice with bare feet. I suffer with gout too, but I am fit to cry at the thought of leaving my room. True, you are still young, and I am forty-seven already, and at that age the blood isn't so warm."

"You are only forty-seven years old!" exclaimed the washerwoman, rubbing

her hands in astonishment. "And you sit in a sedan-chair, and let yourself be carried about just as if you were an old dame of a hundred. That comes of your hot rooms and your furs. Why I am over fifty, and I can run through the snow like a reindeer!"

"Holy Mother of Kasan!" sighed the Empress, "I shouldn't have taken you for a day more than forty, Anna Ivanovna. Oh, how fortunate you are! Tell me how I can get as hearty and good-looking as your are."

"Work, as I do, in the cold water; then take a vapor bath; afterwards roll about in the snow a little, and your gout is gone," said the washerwoman. "But it's time I went back to my washing. God bless you, lady!"

[To be Continued in next Mail Bag.]

NEW BOOKS.

PLAY AND PROFIT IN MY GARDEN. By Rev. E. B. Roe, author of "Barriers Burned Away." Publishers: Dodd & Mead, New York; A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

A very pleasant, chatty sort of book, in which the writer disclaims any intent to "make the world wiser," but being convinced that "a garden is good for humanity, he wishes to diffuse this belief as widely as possible." Besides being agreeable and readable this little book contains a great many useful hints in regard to the management of a garden, the proper time to begin work, the ground to select, the fruits suitable to certain soils and exposures, the expenses of a garden, grafting, etc.—all told in choice language and in a familiar way that is particularly attractive.

UPS AND DOWNS, an Every Day Novel. By Edward E. Hall, author of "The Man Without a Country." Roberts, Bros., Boston, publishers; A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By Archibald Geike, LL. D., F. R. S., with Illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; A. L. Bancroft, San Francisco.

This is the fourth volume of the series of Science Primmers, the preceding ones on Chemistry and Physics, by Professors Roscoe and Balfour Stewart, having met with deserved success. They are well adapted for the use of beginners, and at the same time the subjects are treated with such power as to make them suitable for advanced minds.

THE BEST OF ALL GOOD COMPANY. A day with Charles Dickens. By Blanchard Jerrold. Published by Shepard & Gill, Boston. A. L. Bancroft & Co., S. F.

All those who have read the immortal works of the late great writer, Charles Dickens, have a certain curiosity to know something of this man as he appeared in his own home, and surrounded by his family and friends. The publishers have been gratified in a great degree by numberless sketches in the leading journals of the Old and New World, and finally by a diffuse and rather tedious life of him by his friend John Foster. The present little volume, written also by one of his most intimate friends, is full of interest. It contains a concise but accurate sketch of Dickens' life, many of the best sketches from "The Pickwick Papers," and "Boz," selections from his public speeches, also, some of his few characteristic letters and notes, and a chapter, entitled "In Memoriam," with Dean Stanley's funeral sermon and Charles Kent's poem, "Dickens at Gad's Hill." Nothing could be more brief, more to the point, more interesting than every page of this book. One reads it through, and on laying it down feels how much pleasure, how many emotions, and what charming recollections we owe to the greatest writer of the day.

LITTLE GRANDFATHER. By Sophie May. Author of "Little Purdy Stories," "Dotty Dimples Stories," etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

PUBLIC AND PARLOR READINGS; for the Use of Dramatic and Reading Clubs, and for Social and School Entertainments, Dialogues and Dramas. Edited by Lewis B. Moore. Lee & Shepard, Boston, publishers. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

An unusually fine collection of selections from Byron, Dickens, George Eliot, Jerrold, Alcott, Hood, etc.

THE YEAR. A poem. By D. C. Colesworthy. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

It is Impossible to get a room in Vienna "close to the tiles" under 12s. per day. Dinner can be got at from six to seven shillings, but breakfast is a far more serious matter. The *Times* correspondent recommends none but industrial enthusiasts or millionaires to visit Vienna at present. "No conscientious man of moderate means is justified in coming to Vienna with his wife and daughter." The *New Free Press* of Vienna states that owing to interference of the Government authorities, who have revised the tariffs, the Vienna restaurants have lowered their prices. It is to be hoped that this salutary action of a "paternal" Government may extend to the lodging-house keepers and hotel proprietors.

THE TRUTH.

An arrowy shaft of lightning flame,
Forth from unlettered lips it came;
Winds bore it and the songs of birds;
It clove its way in burning words,
And, on a holy mission sent,
Through languages and lands it went.

Some heard it, but they did not heed,
Some welcomed and performed its deed,
Some fought it and were stricken dumb,
They knew not what a power had come;
And, struggling to eclipse the light,
Were crushed by its resistless might.

It barbed the hero's scorn of wrong,
The poet shaped it in his song;
It nerved the speaker on the stage,
With it the author warmed the page;
And hoary error shrank away,
Dazzled and blinded by its ray.

O, spark from heaven! touched by thy light
The farthest hills with day are bright;
New forms of love and beauty rise,
New splendors tint the arching skies,
The ancient wrongs that vex us cease,
We feel the thousand years of peace

NOTES FROM LONDON.

London, May 20, 1873.—A night or two back, Mr. J. A. Froude, the historian, took the chair at the Newspaper Press Fund Dinner, and, of course, improved the occasion, as the preachers say, to lather up the gentlemen connected with the great English "fourth estate." If we are to believe Mr. Froude (and as Mr. Froude is writing the history of his country he is certainly entitled to some indefinite amount of credit) there is certainly great cause for rejoicing among us representatives of the instrument by which the country is really governed. We wield a mighty power, and to our honor be it said, we never misuse it. The right side of a question is always taken by us; we are always most impartial in our remarks upon politicians; authors never gain by the friendship of critics, or suffer under their enmity or venality, and reporters never, never, never will be slavish in their adherence to orders. I was very pleased, indeed, as I sat and listened to this, and the wish being father to the thought, almost believed the florid statements I heard; but the evening's enjoyment did not bear the morning's reflection, especially as I happened to find in my two daily papers two decidedly opposite and irreconcileable statements, both given authoritatively, about a great public question. Truly there must be a deal of human virtue even in historians as well as in their less important fellow creatures.

I am just now very forcibly reminded of the extreme conscientiousness of journalists in London, by a fact which I will offer in corroboration, or in whatever other way you may like to take it, of Dr. Froude. There have recently been many changes on the staff of the only conservative daily paper in London, and one of these changes was the appointment of a new dramatic critic, who went about his duties in a most truly conscientious manner—that is, he commenced to write plays in the intervals between his arduous labors on the paper, or to rearrange those he he had already written, and had never been able to "place." A fierce attack on a piece played at the Opera Comique was followed shortly afterwards by a much more suave and gentle notice, which latter criticism is accounted for (by malicious persons) by the fact that a new piece in rehearsal at that theater is the work of the critic in question. I believe that malice is on this particular occasion incontrovertible, as I happen to know that our conscientious journalist tried his little game on elsewhere, and failed, since which time his notices have been perfect studies of good faith and gentlemanly feeling.

I said just now "the only conservative daily paper in London." I had forgotten the existence of a new journal which lately blossomed forth under the title of *The Hour*, and which professes to be given over to political conservation. As, however, its hour is very unhappy indeed, and it hasn't yet succeeded in being anything but ridiculous, I fancy I am not, so far, wrong in my original statement. This, perhaps, comes of true conscientiousness, as *The Hour* may wish to conserve its abilities, as well as its politics.

The O'Keeffe against Cullen case has had a dual claim upon the public lately, for in addition to the smart attack and defence which shows, at the Four Courts, Dublin, to an astonished laity, how well and truly the ministers of Christian doctrine act up to the dictates of their creed, a little divertisement was created in the House of Commons on the same subject the other night, in which the Church militant showed herself well worthy her name. Really, your devout people, and your gentlemen with religious convictions, have very strong ways of showing their devotion, and seem to think that for any one else to have a conviction is the hight of rudeness. Perhaps it is, but I don't think that their business is the hight of religion, and it would be better if, on the Byronic principle, it were tempered with rum, or some other equally softening stimulant.

Talking about rum reminds me of the spirit in which the news of John Stuart Mill's death was received by a clerical, and, of course, pugnacious, little paper called the *Church Review*. With a true regard to the time honored old maxim which teaches us to say nothing but good of the dead, and a vivid remembrance of the nearer-home command to judge not, the *Church Review* published its belief that the philosopher had taken habitation in a place nameless to ears polite, accompanied by a kind wish that all who agreed with him might soon find their way there also. This was to be expected in the course of conscientious journalism, but the writer's earnestness carried him just out of his depth when he began to declaim about Mill's want of literary power, and his incapacity to write English. Talk about teaching

your grandmother to suck eggs—that is nothing to the *Church Review* teaching us to write English. Stick to religion, Mr. Reviewer, and don't talk about matters of which you know nothing.

If it be true that Bateman, the lessee of the Lyceum, is going to take Irving, "the creator," over to America, you had better commence at once to put your houses in order. You had better have your playbills printed with mourning borders, your stalls and boxes hung with crape, your funeral marches and muffled drums prepared, and your systems well fortified. Be ready for a long white face, a pair of lanky, knocking knees, a whining, drawling voice, and a general dreary "creation" sufficient to induce in the unfortunate listeners an abnormal demand for drinks, in the vain hope of restoring cheerfulness. And when you are quite prepared, and the bell rings, and the curtain goes up, I trust you will like Mr. Irving and his acting. I do, indeed, for if he becomes popular with you, we may get rid of him altogether.

It is likely that Providence has formed men's minds so as to show how utterly the greatest of us are amenable to circumstances. Bacon, with all his God-like powers, and Marlborough, the mightiest captain of modern days, were both capable of great meannesses; the finest gentleman in Europe, the Prince Regent, had a weakness for getting under the table after dinner; Johnson wouldn't go under a ladder, and old Bob Lowe, through whose hands passed millions, has a most undoubted affection for farthings. But what are all these stories compared with the greater and more mournful reality, that Bidwell *alias* Warren, who had the ability to obtain a hundred thousand pounds from the Bank of England, who planned and executed a robbery which has excited my wonder and admiration as well as those of most other struggling and unpromising laborers, whose only knowledge of money is by reading of it in the papers, or looking at it in the shop windows—this same Bidmell has caved in, and is going to turn Queen's evidence, or as it is more classically expressed, going to switch on his pals. Better a dinner of herbs—no I didn't mean that: better the punishment of a good and righteous action, than an escapement therefrom at the expense of one's virture. (N. B.—This is written in the interest of those others who are not allowed to turn approvers.)

By the way, the "Fiend's Delight," a new book, by a gentleman well-known in San Francisco, Dod Grile, composed of selections from work familiar to readers of the *News Letter*, is about to be issued by an adventurous publisher. This publisher, Hotten of Piccadilly, has already had many rows with the author, and for the last week or two has feigned illness in order to give the frenzied Grile an opportunity of recovering his temper. In the meantime, Dod, accompanied by his friend, Tom Hood, and one or two minions, armed with hedge-stakes, keeps occasional guard over the Piccadilly mansion, to the consternation of the Duke of Devonshire, who lives next door, and other noble neighbors, through whose intervention the matter is likely to be arranged. I dare say, you think the row is about money, but it isn't. It is simply because Hotten wishes to put his own portrait on the title-page, an undue interference with the rights of Dod Grile, who has been specially photographed in his best new clothes for the purpose.

San Januarius, the Patron Saint of Naples, has been behaving unhandsomely—badly. Everybody who is anyways conversant with the history of this city is aware that on the first Saturday in May, and on the 19th of September, a miracle is, or should be, performed. And it happens in this wise. A small portion of the blood of the saint, collected and bottled after his martyrdom, in response to the prayers of the clergy, and groans of a large congregation of the faithful, becomes liquefied, or as in Naples it is vulgarly expressed, "boils." On Sunday last, however, notwithstanding that the image of the saint was carried with great pomp and ceremony from one chuch to another, escorted by a detachment of National Guards, and a host of believers in tail coats and white cravats, the miracle did not take place. Forty minutes of fervent prayers, and forty minutes of cries and howls on the part of the assembled devotees, only sufficed to bring about a partial liquefaction of the clotted mass. Great was the consternation and many the surmises at this strange and unlooked-for event. Years ago it would have created little short of a revolution, and had a "Protestant heretic" been in the church he would have received rough usage. And indeed there seems to be no cause for such a calamity. We well remember that shortly after the revolution of 1860 the priestly party suggested—with the hope of creating a popular ferment that the miracle would not be performed, which Father Gavazzi, who was in Naples at the time, said he was unwilling to believe, as San Gennaro was "a perfect gentleman." But General Cialdini, it is said, sent for the officiating priest, and said to him in a manner which admitted of no misinterpretation—the city being under martial law at the time—that the miracle must take place at 10 o'clock to-morrow, or he would hold him responsible for it. And take place it did, for Cialdini was not a man to be trifled with.

United States Fish Commissioner, Livingstone Stone, was on board the California aquarium car which was precipitated into the Elkhorn River, in Nebraska, and it was with great difficulty that he got out of the car after it had sunk to the bottom of the river, and thus escaped drowning.

Special Brevities.

A Curious Story Touching a Bet.—A Berlin correspondent says:—A curious story has just cropped up in Cassel, Germany, touching a bet made between two officers there. One of the gentleman, who was a Count and an adjutant, laid down the proposition that a man of rank and title could, whenever he chose, marry a rich heiress. He proposed a bet, indeed, that within eight days he could get himself engaged to a certain young lady who possessed the high qualification described. The bet was accepted. This young lady was the daughter of the widow of a man who had been the proprietor of a gambling house, and she was said to have half a million as her dowry. The Count set to work to win the girl's affections, and succeeded. An engagement in Germany is a solemn affair, and is always published in the newspapers. However, as soon as the engagement was arrived at the Count claimed his bet, and then wrote to the girl to say that, on account of her father having been a gambler, it was impossible for him to marry her. The engagement was annulled, and the final results, it was thought, of this humorous affair were a large quantity of champagne and a broken heart. But Emperor William heard of the little romance and did not like the looks of it at all. Probably before the large quantity of champagne had been drank both the officers in question found themselves under arrest. At present, according to the commands of the Emperor, they await their trial by court-martial; and it is highly probable that they may find serious cause to repent of having engaged in that merry jest.

Sacrificing Children to Propitiate Cingalese Treasure Demons.—We have a dismal story of a not unfamiliar kind from Ceylon—a search for treasure, and an endeavor to propitiate the demon in charge by a human sacrifice. Truly, this worship of devils is a bloody business, and in this instance it is an innocent child who has been slaughtered. As the case is in the hands of justice, the offenders will doubtless be punished as they deserve. We have little to say about it especially, and have referred to it in order to remind those who feel a just fury of indignation at a murder so brutal, that human sacrifices, which we of the West are apt to think belong to a bygone age, are by no means uncommon very much nearer than Ceylon. The lawless tribes of Brinjarries habitually practice this inhuman right to avert evil as readily as to ensure good fortune; and until some means be found of making these savages realize that the distruction of human life on any plea whatever is murder, and will receive from the law the punishment of murder, we fear it will continue. It is to be hoped that no driveling sentiment will allow such murderers to escape, that no plea that they are so bound by superstitious bonds that they are not amenable to law, will be offered or accepted. For one case of this kind that is brought to light, there are scores that remain hidden in the horrible villages where they are committed.—*Times of India.*

Mdlle de Malamarre de Tarboy took the veil on Saturday morning at Neuilly. This young lady has left a world of which she was one of its gayest and most gifted ornaments under sad circumstances. She was residing with her family in their ancestral château, which was occupied by the Prussians. The officers were carousing in the dining-room, and one of them seized the young lady round the waist and attempted to kiss her. The maiden, fired with resentment at this outrage, seized a knife on the dinner-table and plunged it into the Prussian's breast. The lady was arrested, a court-martial was summoned; but the Prince of Hesse, who commanded the district, ordered the instant release of the fair prisoner. Never was blood more justly shed, yet it has weighed so heavily on her heart that she has been driven to seek shelter from remorse in the cloisters.

A Most Tragical Scene took place recently at the Hospital of La Charite. A young Corsican, named Buresi, had been recently admitted to the hospital; he was suffering from erysipelas, brought on by alcoholic excesses. Fever supervened. He had unfortunately been placed in a ward tenanted chiefly by dropsical and paralytical patients. Suddenly he sprang from his bed, whipped out a long knife from beneath his pillow, and rushed upon the ward brandishing his weapon and dealing stabs and cuts right and left. Eight minutes elapsed before the maniac could be secured, and by that time seven patients had fallen victims to his fury. It is hardly credible that this dangerous lunatic was quietly reinstated in his bed in the same crowded ward. None of the wounds have as yet proved fatal.

Diamonds Combustible.—An experiment recently reported by Mr. Spence, of Manchester, seems to show that under certain conditions, the diamond is combustible at a much lower temperature than is usually supposed. A South African "off-colored" stone about the size of a small pea, was imbedded in fire-clay, mixed carbonate of soda and hydrate of lime. The crucible containing this mixture was heated in a muffle for three days and three nights, and though the temperature during this time never rose above a low cherry-red heat it was found, on breaking open the mass, the inclosed diamond had entirely disappeared.

A Duel with Swords took place on the Belgian frontier recently between Count de Monastier, late Lieutenant in a regiment of Lancers, and M. Henri de Monteil. The cause of the meeting was an angry discussion on political matters, in which the last-named gentleman struck the other. After several passes the Count fell to the ground, pierced through the lungs. He was removed to Courtrai, but fears are entertained that his wound is mortal.

A COCKNEY WAIL.

The great Pacific journey I have done,
In many a town and tent I've found a lodgment,
I think I've traveled to the setting sun,
And very nearly reached the Day of Judgment.
Like Launcelot, in quest of Holy Grail,
From Western Beersheba to Yankee Dan
I've been a seeker, yet I sadly fail
To find the genuine type American.

Where is this object of my youthful wonder,
Who met me in the pages of Sam Slick?
Who opened every sentence with *By thunder*,
And whittled always on a bit of stick.
The more the crowd of friends around me thickens,
The less my chance to meet him seems to be;
Why did he freely show himself to Dickens,
To Dixon, Sala, Trollope, not to me?

No one accosts me with the words, "*Wa'al, Stranger!*
Greets me as *Festive Cuss*, or shouts *Old Hoss!*
No grim six-shooter threatens me with danger,
If I don't *quickly pass the butter, boss.*
Round friendly boards no cocktail ever passes,
No brandy smash my morning hour besets;
And petticoats are worn by all the lasses,
And the pianos don't wear pantalettes.

The ladies, when you offer chicken salad,
Don't say, *I'm pretty crowded now, I guess;*
They don't sing Mrs. Barney Williams' ballads
Of "Bobbing Round," nor add *Sir-ee* to yes.
I, too, have sat, like every other fellow,
In many a railway, omnibus, street car;
No girl has spiked ME with a fierce umbrella,
And said, *You git, I mean to sit right thar!*

Gone are the Yankees of my early reading!
Faded the Yankee land of eager guests!
I meet with culture, courtesy, good breeding,
Art, letters, men and women of the best.
Oh! fellow Britons, all my hopes are undone;
Take counsel of a disappointed man!
Don't come out here, but stay at home in London,
And seek in books the true American! —*London Figaro.*

THE FOURTH OF JULY QUARREL.

We Regret to Learn of a Falling Out among the Fourth of July thieves. We are always sorry to hear of such fallings out, for it is thus, in many instances, that honest people get their due—a result always to be regretted. For many years past, indeed not much short of a score, a certain class of our "bummers" have been content to well nigh starve during eleven months out of the twelve upon the faith that July would set them right again. And until this present year of grace their faith has, so far as our observation goes, in every instance been justified. For needy and threadbare varlets to the number of half a hundred have invariably set forth in the early days of June with full license to beset, to prey upon, to badger and to cajole, our citizens, patriotic and unpatriotic, for money in indefinite sums, with which to glorify the establishment of "the best government the world has ever seen," and to celebrate the birth-day of the "only free people under the canopy of heaven." All of this under pretense of patriotism. Of the sums so raised about one dollar in ten was put to actual use in the subsequent celebration. The rest stayed peacefully in the pockets of the collectors, just as fat lingers about the ribs of bears and other animals of that family, under a bountiful provision of nature to enable them to hibernate and so survive and await another season of plenty. And matters might have gone on smoothly enough in the same groove for an indefinite period, had the secret been well kept. But it was not. A fresh swarm of hungry scoundrels had learned somehow that there is money in the thing, and are resolved to have a share. Just as Haggin and his crowd got after the old gas company and compelled them to divide, and so robbed the gas consumers, do the outside Fourth of Julysters reach out for the fat privilege of laying patriotism under contribution and stealing, on an average, five dollars from every man who loves the memory of Washington. We regret most cordially that it has occurred, not that we care for the choking off of the old time Fourth of July thieves, but because we fear that the general interests of stealing will be damaged in the contest by the dear and confiding public being put upon its guard and buttoning up its trowsers pocket for some time to come.

The Empress of Japan has set the fashion of wearing uncolored teeth and eyebrows.

Court Chat.

The Prince of Wales in Hungary.—PESTH, May 14.—Yesterday, the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur visited the Academy of the Sciences. The Princes visited the library, the room in which the sittings are held, and the picture gallery. In the evening, a ball was given in the Hotel de l'Europe, at which the Princes were present. VIENNA, Wednesday Morning.—Several interesting incidents are reported from Pesth concerning the English Princes' reception. When dining at the Nobility Club on Monday, the Princes expressed themselves much pleased with the national music there, performed by two military bands and by a Gipsy band. The Prince of Wales listened attentively, and excited a storm of enthusiasm by ordering the national air to be played over again. His Royal Highness also took a lively interest in the Gipsy music—conversed with the musicians, and asked the Gipsy conductor to drink out of his wine glass. In the evening they attended the ball given in their honor at the Hungarian Hotel, when they conquered all hearts by their affable behavior. The Prince of Wales excited lively gratification by joining personally in the national dance. Yesterday, after the races were over, a parade was held before the Princes, of the Pesth fire brigade. Their Royal Highnesses have made themselves extremely popular in Hungary.

There can be no Hesitation in now speaking of the engagement of the Duke of Edinburgh to the Grand Duchess Marie. They met at Hesse Darmstadt a year or two since, and from that time an understanding has existed between them. During Prince Alfred's residence at Sorrento, though nominally staying at the Tasso, he has been constantly at the Imperial villa from morning till night. His Royal Highness is now returning to London, but will leave it again shortly, and join the Empress and the Grand Duchess at Jugenheim, in Hesse Darmstadt. The Emperor will also be there later, and official publicity will then, no doubt, be given to the marriage that is to be. One difficulty existed which has been surmounted. It was proposed as a condition that the Duke of Edinburgh should reside a certain period of time every year in Russia, but he refused to bind himself. Something more than rumor says that the Grand Duchess will bring her husband £20,000 a year, besides £200,000; but a yet larger fortune will be the sweet, amiable disposition of which every one about the Court speaks.

Godoy, the notorious Prince of Peace, died at Paris some time ago in a garret, the Golden Fleece and Garter, Medjidie, and all kinds of Orders hanging about his wretched pallet, as Pope has described the Garter hanging in "the worst inn's worst room," where Buckingham breathed his last. Another Prince has also died at Neuilly, in a meanly-furnished garret, Prince Iturbide, the legitimate descendant of Montezuma, the rightful heir to the Imperial throne of Mexico, having lived for some years as waiter in a *quingette* at Courbevoie. He laid aside his apron and slunk away to a miserable hole in Neuilly, where he died in extreme poverty. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

A Mass for the Repose of the Soul of the First Napoleon was celebrated after all at Notre Dame recently. Notwithstanding the fact that no invitations were issued, the Cathedral was crammed by ladies of the highest rank in mourning, old officers of the grand army, young men with medals or red ribands, bearing bunches of violets. Amongst the persons of note were the Prince Murat, General Bertrand, MM. Jolibois, De Bouville, Theophile Gautier, fils, and others.

The Prince of Wales has had mounted, in the form of an inkstand, the foot of a stag which was pulled down by the Emperor Napoleon's hounds in the Forest of Compiegne on the 19th of November, 1868. The occasion was rendered the more memorable from the circumstance of his Royal Highness having had a rather narrow escape of injury by the charge of two stags, his horse being overthrown and the Prince sustaining a few bruises.

At a Drum given by a foreign ambassador in honor of her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians, imagine the hostess' face of consternation at seeing Sir H. H., who had just come in, walk straight up to the Queen, who was standing apart talking to Lady M——, and shake her cordially by the hands, mistaking her for Lady E. P. Tableau! It was *after* dinner, which is really the only excuse.

People Laugh, and say that it is clear that, looking to the scathing Mr. Gladstone gave the Corporation of London, he has made up his mind not to dine at the Mansion House again this year, even if the Shah of Persia is there.

Among the Art Sales of the Season there is to be a collection of snuff-boxes which was once the property of George IV. Most of the number are decorated with enamel miniatures by Petitot.

The Duke of Northumberland, though not a member of the Chaucer Society, has sent the handsome donation of £30 to the Duke of Manchester's Fund in aid of the Society.

The Coronation of Oscar the Second as King of Sweden was celebrated at noon on Monday, May 12th, in the Stor Church, with characteristic and impressive pomp.

The Hyde Park Patriots want the Duke of Cambridge to erect a speaking platform for them. His Royal Highness thought, on reflection, he couldn't.

A Performance of the *Happy Land* burlesque, in its integrity, will shortly be given at the Crystal Palace Theater.

HIS NOBLE MANHOOD.

No Man is a Hero to his Valet; but a great many men are valets to some hero, the smaller the better. There is a divine impulse in the human breast, which will not be appeased until the lips are bent down to the Pope's toe; whether the Pope be Pius XI., or Chief-Justice Chase. Everybody knows that Mr. Chase was a very mild kind of hero, a sleek man of fair abilities, hoisted into a prominent position by the accidents of war, and never suspected of anything like genius until his death, when he was found to have dabbled a little in Latin litcrature, and to have written some very bad fustian verse. In a word, what did Mr. Chase do, that deserves remembrance? He was the father of greenbacks; but he did not invent them. The French Republic of '93 had set him the example of unredeemable currency; unless, indeed, we choose to go back to Alcibiades, the first ingenious gentleman, who lived on promises to pay as on so much capital. One special destinction Mr. Chase may claim, among American heroes of this later day. He gave his daughter in marriage to Sprague, the Rhode Island Senator, and signalized the wedding, which took place during the darkest period of the civil war, by an unbounded parade, an insolence of display, which, for a moment, shocked even the callous feeling of Washington. Other men in America did their best in the same line, no doubt; but Chase deserves the first place for contempt of decency, because he was then Secretary of the Treasury. Nevertheless, we have been unable to persuade ourselves that he was more than common; and the diligent perusal of the wonderful things told about him since his death has left us more sceptical than ever. His culture seems to have been that of a sophomore, his dignity on a par with Ben Butler's. An ingenuous creature, "L. D. H." writes to the *Cleveland Herald* that, when Chase was inaugurated Governor of Ohio for the second time, a captain of militia ordered his men to press back the crowd, with the words, "Charge bayonets!" whereupon the Governor, in awful wrath, sprang to his feet, and with a voice which rang above the din of the multitude exclaimed, "Captain, I positively forbid any such order!" It is becomingly added that the writer never saw Chase in a "positive passion," before or since. We should think not, indeed. There is a supreme moment in life; and Chase realized it then. The peril was tremendous. Militia captains nearly always slaughter peaceable citizens in a crowd at inaugurations; and generations yet unborn will weep with joy, when they know what horrors were saved to Ohio by Chase's awful wrath, the positive passion which cost him not only the bursting of a blood-vessel in lifting his voice, but his best suspenders shattered in that strain.

A Woman of Business.—Lady Charlotte Guest, the widow of a great Welsh ironmaster, is the owner of one of the largest coal mines in that country. Her ladyship is generally observed to be in a state of the greatest excitement when the time comes for making up the balance-sheet, and orders a copy sent to her by telegraph wherever she may be. Recently she had a grand party at her London residence, and when the festivity was at its hight a courier arrived from Dowlois with a tin box containing the expected document. Lady Charlotte ordered it to be brought to her in the brilliantly-lighted saloon, where she was surrounded by a circle of her aristocratic friends and relations, who probably enjoyed a sneer at the cinder-hole. The company laughed, for they thought of the cinder-hole, but the Welsh ironmaster's wife bided her time, for she knew the laugh would be with her, as she opened the tin case and drew out the document. "And so that's a balance-sheet," exclaimed her friends, crowding round the paper with the double-entries on the red lines, and they looked on it as on a phenomenon. They had never seen one before, and if they had heard of one, they thought it was something belonging to a ship. "But what are the profits?" cried they, as Lady Charlotte scanned her eye over the paper. Lady Charlotte, seeming not to heed them, said, as though she spoke to herself, "Three hundred thousand pounds—a very fair year;" and she recommitted the balance-sheet to the tin case. "Three hundred thousand pounds profit! What! You don't mean that in one year!" "I'd be a Cinderella myself," said a Border Countess, "to a husband with such a business. Three hundred thousand pounds! Only think! And all from that nasty cold iron! It beats the glass slipper!"

A Correspondent Writes from Naples under date May 3d: "The Empress of Russia, the Grand Duchess Maria, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Charles of Hesse and party steamed over to Torre dell Annunziata, and then drove to Pompeii. As it happened, a more unfortunate day could not have been selected, for from one o'clock till late in the evening it poured down in torrents, and, unless my eyes deceived me, our Prince must have had a good wetting. The steamer returned about six o'clock, and the excursionists landed just under the well-known and comfortable Hotel Vittoria. As the Empress left the yacht the band on board struck up the beautiful Russian Hymn, and on landing three *portanterie* were in waiting for her Majesty, the Grand Duchess, and Prince Charles of Hesse. Prince Alfred followed his *affiancee* on foot. It has been an unusually active week with the Imperial party. On Tuesday was the *fete* in honor of the Emperor's birthday; Wednesday was devoted to an excursion to Camaldoli. Some other spot in the neighborhood was visited on Thursday. On Friday the Imperial family, in which I include Prince Alfred, steamed over to the Blue Grotto of Capri, and then stretched across to Ischia.

EMIGRATION STATISTICS.

The Following Statistics are taken from *Crofutt's Western World*, got by them direct from the Emigration Bureau, New York, and show the European Emigration for the month of April, 1873:

NATIONALITY.	APRIL	DESTINATION.	APRIL
England	4,764	Alabama	3
Ireland	13,871	Arkansas	1
Isle of Man	44	Australia	—
Scotland	1,565	British Columbia	—
Wales	457	California	477
Alsace	380	Canada	594
Anhalt	5	Colorado	10
Bavaria	1,147	Connecticut	1,037
Bremen	20	Dakota	9
Baden	718	Delaware	96
Brandenburg, Prov	79	District of Columbia	20
Brunswick	15	Florida	8
Silesia	33	Georgia	29
Hesse Darmstadt	256	Illinois	5,699
Hesse Nassau	202	Indiana	477
Hesse Cassel	—	Iowa	949
Hamburg	47	Japan	—
Hanover, Prov	472	Kansas	123
Holstein	561	Kentucky	59
Lauenburg	5	Louisiana	24
Loraine	80	Maine	72
Lubeck	3	Maryland	216
Mecklenburg	404	Massachusetts	2,776
Rhenish Provinces	322	Mexico	—
Oldenburg	47	Michigan	2,602
Pomerania	2,555	Minnesota	647
Prussia	5,389	Mississippi	3
Posen	1,178	Missouri	399
Saxony, Kingdom	271	Montana	5
Saxony, Province	31	Nebraska	248
Schleswig	595	Nevada	26
Thuringian, Sts	15	New Brunswick	5
Waldeck	129	New Hampshire	37
Westphalia	65	New Jersey	1,668
Wurtemberg	503	New York	14,072
Austria	113	North Carolina	4
Bohemia	393	Nova Scotia	1
Hungary	13	Ohio	2,428
Denmark	1,362	Oregon	17
Norway	419	Pennsylvania	4,710
Sweden	840	Rhode Island	552
Switzerland	681	South America	2
Luxemburg	142	South Carolina	5
Holland	1,117	Tennessee	35
Belgium	65	Texas	46
Russia	115	Utah	6
France	176	Vermont	68
Italy	671	Virginia	55
Spain	1	West Virginia	19
		Wisconsin	2,486
		Wyoming	3
		Washington Territory	—

TOTALS.

Great Britain and United Kingdom	30,212
German Empire	26,615
Austrian Empire	1,662
Denmark, Norway and Sweden	3,235
All other European	7,407
Grand Total	52,568

It is estimated that the number of arrivals at Castle Garden for the month of May will far exceed those of any previous month in the history of this country. It is perhaps proper to state here, that of the large number of these emigrants credited to New York in the above table, the greater portion are those who are undecided where they will go, but will ultimately follow the vast tide that has already gone before them—to the Great West.

Since January 1st, of this Year, Belcher has paid dividends amounting to $3,432,000, and Crown Point, $3,100,000.

THE TWO DAYS.

IL PLEUT.

Quand il tombe de la pluie
Je m'ennuie,
Je ne suis plus bon a rién ;
Sur mon bureau je m'accoude,
Et je boude
Et je dis—quel temps de chien !

Le vent, hurle comme quatre,
Il fait battre
Un maudit volet bruyant ;
Il souffle'il siffle, et la tuile,
Trop mobile,
Tombe a terre en tournoyant.

Les yeux fixés sur mon livre,
J'en veux suivre
Le ses efforts superflus ;
Français, Latin, c'est tout comme,
C'á m'assomme—
Le Grec m'assomme encore plus.

Alors, envoyant tout paître,
Non peut-être,
(Sans quelque innocent juron),
Je plant lá Démosthène
Dans Athéne
Et dans Rome Cicéron.

La plume en main je gribouille,
Je barbouille,
Les marges de mon cahier ;
Des dessins très-romantiques,
Fantastiques,
Enclosent sur le papier.

Arbres des plus pittoresques
Arabesques,
Gens tres maigres, gens tres gras,
Bourgeois comme on n'en voit guères
Militaires,
Maisons, comme on ne'en voit pas.

J'exécute un air de danse,
En cadence
Frappant du doigt mon bureau ;
J'ecoute l'eau qui résonne,
(Monotone),
Fouettant, fouettant le carreau.

Je regarde le ceil morne
Ou sans borne,
Et de l'un á l'autre bout
On ne voit qu'un voile énorme,
Uniforme,
Partout gris, buste partout.

Je rêve a trente-six choses
Si moroses
Que je m'endors à moitié,
Je m'étale, jè m'étire,
Je soupire,
Je bâille á faire pitiè.

Puis jè reviéns a ma tâche,
Et je tâche,
Detravailler un moment,
Quand il tombe de la pluie
Je m'ennuie
Incommensurablement !

A WET DAY.

When the day is wet,
Then I fret,
I'm put out altogether ;
On my desk I lean
In chagrin,
And say—what wicked weather !

The wind, wildly shrieking,
Sets a creaking
My confounded shutters ;
It roars in gusts, and tiles,
Loose ere-whiles,
Fall smash into the gutters.

I attempt some reading,
Not succeeding
In my vain endeavor ;
French, Latin, all is one,
I am done—
Greek is worse than ever.

Soon, enraged past bearing,
Perchance swearing,
(Though my oaths hurt no man),
Demosthenes of Greece
I leave in peace
With Cicero the Roman.

Pen in hand I sketch,
Scribble, etch,
Every space defacing ;
Wonderful designs,
Quaint outlines,
On each margin tracing.

Trees most picturesque
And grotesque,
People fat and people lean,
Men extra-ordinary,
Military,
Houses, such as ne'er were seen.

Then I hum some rhyme,
Beating time
On my study table ;
Listening to the rain,
Dismal strain,
Dripping from the gable.

I raise my glance on high,
To the sky,
But can naught discover,
Save one massive cloud,
Like a shroud,
Heavy, gray all over.

On thirty things I dream,
Till I seem
Drowsy beyond expression,
To rouse myself I try,
Stretch and sigh,
And yawn from sheer depression.

Then I resume my book,
And I look,
And for a moment rally,
But when the day is wet,
Then I fret
Unequivocally !

BEAU TEMPS.

Il fait un temps delectable !
A ma table
Impossible de m'asseoir ;
Doctes cahiers, gros volumes,
Papiér, plumes,
Jusqu'au mauvais temps-bonsoir !

A FINE DAY.

Here's a jolly day ;
At work to stay
Were useless altogether ;
Papers, books, pens, adieu !
No more of you
Until a change of weather.

Dans un ocean de joie
Tout se noie,
L'air est doux, le ciel est pur,
Le soleil, qui rien ne cache,
Le détache
Eblouissant dans l'azur.

Ta douce chaleur caresse
Ma paresse
Riant soleil du printemps!
Dès que je te vois paraître
Ma fenêtre
Pour toi s'ouvre à deux battants.

Le nez au vent, je m'esclaffe
A la ruine—
Oh, qu'on est bien pour cela,
Le coude sur sa fenêtre!
Peut-on être
Peut-on être mieux que la?

Se regarde a la croisee
Opposee
Briller rapide un œil noir,
Lorsque la mine gentille
D'une fille
Paraît, s'en va, revient voir.

Un orgue de barbarie
En bas crie
Accompagnant la chanson
De l'ouvriere rieuse
Qui, joyeuse,
Chante en haut comme un pinson.

Je contemple les carrosses
Et les rosses
Et les pantalons collants,
Les crinolines gonflees
Boursoufflees
Et les robes á volants.

Le fat qui fume un cigarre,
Et se carre,
Cire, dore, canne en main;
Le rêveur á longue mine,
Qui rumine
Cherchant un vers en chemin,

Je vois jouant sur la marche—
Mais qui marche
Dans la rue á si grands pas?
C'est mon pedagogue blême,
C'est lui-même,
Chapeau rèpe, cheveux gras.

J'ai des vers latins á faire
Mais prefère
Ne me point extenuee,
J'ai, du haut de ma fenêtre
Tres-cher maître
L'honneur de vous saluer!

Flooded with golden light,
All looks bright;
The air is soft, the sky
Is pure, and not a cloud
Dare enshrond
The sunlight's brilliancy.

Thy genial beams caress
My idleness,
Thou glorious source of Spring!
I hail thy cheering rays
And in thy praise
My window open fling.

Here I bask, and try
To versify;
Oh, what time like the present!
Arms on the window-sill—
Can there still
Be anything more pleasant?

I stare at an abode
Across the road,
A dark eye's glance discerning,
And anon I trace
A pretty face,
Peeping, withdrawn, returning.

A barrel organ now
Makes a row,
Disturbing my fair neighbor;
The maiden, who, though coy,
Full of joy,
Sings sweetly at her labor.

At all who pass I gaze,
On horse, in chaise,
At swells in tight array,
At crinolines capacious—
Truly spacious—
At dresses flounced and gay.

A snob smokes midst the throng,
And struts along,
Curled, scented, cane in hand;
And there, with downcast eyes,
Goes one who tries
To think out something grand.

And there I see at play—
But who this way
Comes now with step so steady?
Can it my tutor be?
Yes, 'tis he—
Shabby of hat, and seedy.

I have some Latin verse
To rehearse,
But work of all kind scorning,
Ensconced here I much prefer,
Most worthy sir,
To wish you a good-morning!

DEGENERATE MAN AND REGENERATE WOMAN.

There is a Lesson to be learnt from every day life. Mr. and Mrs. Bunsby arrive every morning in San Francisco from Petaluma, or Stockton, or Marysville, or some other interior village. Bunsby has got rich there and Mrs. B. is a kind of authority in matters of dress and deportment. So down to the bay she comes in all the pomp and vanity of last year's fashion, wearing a black crêpe bonnet with a large red rose stuck in the middle of it. Her womanly instinct immediately perceives that she is behind the age, so as she intends to astonish the good folks on her return, she makes inquiries and finds that she must go to the White House and get a new rig. She does so. She walks into that magnificent establishment a dowdy countrywoman, and emerges a fashionable lady of the world, looking ten years younger. She is regenerated, but poor Bunsby's purse is awfully degenerated. Yet she is happy and he is proud.

Eight Chinamen have been tried in the Police Court, and convicted of keeping a lottery shop. We are glad to see this wholesale energy. The case of the Board of Brokers will come up in the same Court during next week.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

On Friday Morning Last, an individual in black clothes, cloth cap, blue check shirt, and no necktie, opened our office door, took a little run, turned a double somersault, and alighted on our table with his feet far apart, his knees close together, his hands on his hips, and his tongue thrust into his cheek. Wagging his head, he said, with a chuckle, "Here we are again. How are you yesterday, to-morrow week?" With that gravity of demeanor, for which the *Town Crier* is remarkable, we replied to the effect, that his being present was unmistakeable, and that we hoped, at the period of time he mentioned, to be in a state of sound bodily health. "Why is an elephant like an oyster?" interrupted the individual, pulling a fine looking child from his pocket and sitting on it. We confessed our inability to distinguish any resemblance between the *bivalvular testaceous mollusk* and *pachy dermatous mammal*, but mildly hinted that his mode of nursing was more original than tender. "All right old man," said the individual with a leer that seemed to hemispherically divide his face, "let's give the che—ild an airing." With that he drew a long string of sausages from his hat and fastening one end around the baby's neck, left it swinging from the window in the quiet and aristocratic air of Merchant street. At this phase of nursery amusement we attempted a meek remonstrance, but the individual put the finger of one hand to his nose, and with the other brought a red-hot poker from his boot. With this he attempted to fondle our seat—of learning, but grasping a chair we offered such a vigorous resistence, that he dropped the poker, leapt through a trap door in the wall, of the existance of which we had heretofore known nothing, and where he had disappeared there hung a copy of the *Danbury News*.

"The President's Parents."—Under this heading appeared an article in Thursday's *Bulletin*. The letter from which it was taken was to the New York *Herald*. No one who has read it can help feeling disgusted at the way in which the newspaper reporters of our press intrude upon private families. They have reached a most disgusting pitch of insolence, combined with flunkyism. The case in question is a combination of the two we have rarely seen equaled. These pushing, insolent and unfeeling snobs were told at the Post Office, Covington, Ky., where Mr. J. R. Grant resides, that Mr. Grant was up at his house, but very unwell. That didn't stop them a bit. No; off they went to his house, rang away at the bell, and the door was opened by Mrs. Grant. Here again they were told that Mr. Grant was far from well, and suffering from an attack of paralysis; nevertheless in they went. They own that their conversation seemed to distress him, but still they kept on with the persistency of the snob who can't see when he's snubbed. All this these enterprising wretches did because this poor, paralysed old gentleman was the father of U. S. Grant. And then we talk of English snobbism; why, we are worse by half. If U. S. Grant has an earache, or eats an extra egg for breakfast, the papers chronicle the important facts. If Miss Nellie bursts a four-and-a-half glove trying to get it on a six hand, it is noised abroad, and is the topic of conversation in many a boudoir. If Mrs. Grant should happen to knit a pair of stockings, the world knows it, and longs for a look at those stockings. Soon we shall have a "White House Journal," for snobbism and shoddy to gloat over and talk about. And this is Republican America, the home of Washington. Alas! Alas!

We Overheard a Case of Doubtful Question and Ambiguous Answer, the other day. Strolling along as is our wont, with ears and eyes wide open, we espied what at first appeared to be chests of tea in front of a warehouse; closer inspection proved them to be fire-crackers, which were being stored in a joyful expectation of resurrection on the glorious Fourth. A merchandise broker stopped and inquired of the storekeeper, "Do they go off easily?" The gruff reply was, "I shouldn't take them in if they did." Now, the paradox is this: Was the broker's question with reference to the mercantile sale of the article or to its principle of easy combustion; and, again, did the reply refer to the dangerous nature of the commodity, or to the length of time it was likely to remain in the warehouse? The gentlemen in question are entreated to leave word at the Placard Exchange as to the meaning of their utterances.

The Town Crier yesterday saw a crowd pass his quiet abode on Merchant street, and looking out of the window noticed a certain tall Irish policeman hanging on to a Chinaman's pig-tail, and taking him to the Police Court was the attraction. The Hibernian gentleman seemed to take as much delight in pulling that poor Chinaman's tail as he did no doubt in pulling that of the pig that shared his bed and board on the "ould sod." He used much unnecessary strain on poor John's appendage, and had really no more business to hang on to it when John was willing to go quietly than he had to lead a white man by the ear. "Set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the devil" is a true proverb, and applies to a lot of our semi-barbarian bullies of policemen politicians, the greater part of whom are unfit to be entrusted with anything but a hod.

We are Happy to See that our Friend Brooks is utilizing his talent for animal painting and has furnished the designs for those zoological monsters which emblazon the hoardings of our city. After having studied that tiger in the Art Association Exhibition, no one can mistake the touch of the great master. There are a couple of lions standing on pedestals waiting for their turn at the gory repast which have the peculiar glare that Brooks alone can give, and a monkey with a grilled posterior so thoroughly done that there is no mistaking the chef.

What a Detestable Egotist a man is. We went to see our friend Jones at Oakland the other day. Jones has a garden full of flowers and fruit, but is miserable because his roses are covered with little green insects, the birds peck at his cherries, slugs nibble at his strawberries, and small worms infest his raspberries. These poor insignificant beasts are but fulfilling the law of their nature, and yet Jones is constantly inventing some engine of destruction to cut them off in the prime of their life. At one moment they are asphyxiated with the nicotin of tobacco juice, at another they are agonized with quicklime or sulphur, they are smoked, they are drowned, they are damned by Jones, all because they levy a small toll on that which nature so lavishly bestows on him. His plea is that they are parasites. Upon that principal man is the parasite of the pig, or of the ox, or of the sheep. In like way man has made a compact with the silk worm, he feeds him on the choicest leaves of the mulberry, keeping off all other insects, but this is only to strip the cocoon of its precious filament.

When the Cruel, and at the Time Almost Absurd order came from Sherman and Grant to "exterminate" the Modocs, much as we blamed those who issued the order, we never for a moment thought that it would be carried into execution. How wrong it was in Grant and Sherman to lower themselves to such a depth of barbarity, the late cold-blooded slaughter of Modoc warriors show. Had that order never have been issued, our flag would not as it now must be, be looked upon with feelings of shame by both ourselves and the civilized world. Grant has grown singularly blood-thirsty, and insanely blind to the usages of civilized nations, since he aired his English in the noble, though somewhat laconic speech, "let us have peace." Has his re-election to office made a Nero of him, and shall we see him setting a light to New York and quietly admiring the blaze from Delmonico's, alternating the sport with dog fighting? We hope not, but in these days of big fires, and heedless cruelty, one cannot be surprised at anything.

We Could not Imagine a sight more likely to inspire us with admiration for our gallant troops, our peerless boys in blue, than the little affair which recently took place at Alcatraz. We allude to the attack by the Piute Indian, Tom, with those fearfully, deadly missiles, bricks, upon the garrison. We ought to be proud of the victory that we have won, and long commemorate the bloody battle of Alcatraz, where the garrison, armed only with rifles, etc., actually conquered a modern Sampson, who had at his command innumerable bricks, and the ferocious and tameless spirit of his race to back him up. But we have conquered and slain him. Six little insignificant bullets, kindly aided by a loving providence, laid prone at our feet a Piute Indian armed with bricks. This makes up for what few mishaps (?) we have had in the lava beds, and makes us once more in love with ourselves.

How Startling it is to here, in the forcible language of Mr. De Young, through the columnes of his paper, that we have such horrible monsters in our midst as the Wilkinsons. Men to whom Devine was a chicken in iniquity; men who have actually said, "dry up" to deaf and dumb pupils, and "shut up" to blind ones. This alone seems almost too bad to believe of any human beings, but when we are also told by this humane self-constituted protector of the poor public that one of these brothers in crime took a little blind girl on his knee, our feelings get the better of us, and friends have actually to interfere, in order to prevent our throwing down the paper, and purchasing pistols and Oakland passes, in order to wipe out such scourges from our midst.

Samuel McCarthy, who studies Darwin, and thought he recognized a defunct relation in a monkey at North Beach, was a victim to miss-placed confidence, for the monkey, not liking the look of his relation, or the rude way in which he eyed him, went for him, and considerably mutilated poor Sam's face. Sam has lately come down from the country, and says if these are city manners he'll soon go back again. The scratching was bad enough, but when on complaining to the owner of the monkey, of the way in which it had attacked him, the owner comforted him by offering him two dollars a week to teach his parrots to whistle "The Wearing of the Green," Sam went home a wiser, but a sadder man.

Another Paradox is the following: Does an investigation imply immense purity in the people who will not suffer incompetency or want of integrity to exist among public officers? If so, and as in every case gross ignorance and fraude have been detected with varied and extensive ramifications among the people, how then can they be pure? A certain man said that all Cretans were liars, but that man was himself a Cretan. How then, etc., Q. E. D.

A Chinaman has been arrested on the complaint of a certain Dr. Ayer, for stealing that gentleman's *Sunday Chronicle*. It seems too cruel, for if the poor Mongolian stole it for reading purposes, which we doubt, he would have been punished enough by seeing his poor countrymen slandered and persecuted (as far it can) by it. We are glad to see that the Dr. was sufficiently ashamed of himself, and his stolen paper, not to prosecute poor John.

We Have In This City a most remarkable man, whose gifts in the seeing line the *T. C.* envies. This wonderfully gifted creature writes leaders for the *Bulletin*, and in one headed "Our Kursaal," he remarks that "the rustle of silks and the blaze of diamonds are nowhere visible." Now, any man who can see a "rustle" could certainly hear the "blaze" of a diamond. The *T. C.* congratulates the *Bulletin* on possessing such a *lusus naturæ*.

RESPECTING PIG-TAILS.

The Historical Origin of the Chinese Pig-Tail is known only to the *Chronicle* man, who does the Oriental learning of that indispensable paper; but it is generally understood to have been introduced into the political life of China by a distinguished mandarin named Tchah-le Tee Yung, who flourished as Censor morum in the time of Lie-ying. Tee-Yung was of an enterprising, inquisitive turn of mind, and eminently practical. He possessed a paper mill, and, it was said, made use of his official position to originate inquisitions and inquiries into the conduct of officers of all branches. These investigations, carried on, as is the custom in China, in writing, created a demand for an enormous quantity of paper of a style and quality like our ordinary foolscap; the Chinese term for the same meaning literally fool-sheet; and Tee-Yung's establishment had a virtual monopoly of that particular quality. In his rage for subjects, grasping right and left at every official or quasi-official, and demanding an investigation into his accounts, it frequently happened that the Censor lighted upon a real culprit, and then he had countless copies of the indictment and the testimony scattered abroad throughout the Empire, so that the name of Tchah-le Tee Yung became a household word from Canton to the Land of Grass. Nevertheless, it was with a certain horror that the peaceful inhabitants of the capital found themselves liable to be haled before the tribunals at any moment and put to the torture by question as, for instance, "When and where did you eat rice on the day before the third day of the second moon, when Wah-Ling removed the mat of sugar from behind the door?" These questions became a nightmare to the simple-minded folk, and they secretly pledged themselves to flee when the emissaries of Tchah-le appeared on the horizon or at the end of the street. This they did, and to the serious damage of the investigation business, so that Tee-Yung, by his influence with the Council, procured the passage of an order making it imperative on every citizen to stand and give testimony to Tee-Yung's men on pain of forfeiture of pig-tail. This order was the first public recognition of the pig-tail in the Central Flowry Kingdom.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO MERCHANTS.

Nothing has Impressed us so much with the health and growing wealth of California as a quiet stroll we took down Front street and Battery this week. There all is bustle and activity, while the immense stock carried by some firms shows that their business is not merely an outside show. There one sees nearly every nationality represented, showing that we are indeed a cosmopolitan people in the strictest sense of the word. We were particularly struck with a large carpet warehouse at the corner of Market and Battery, and wishing to actually judge for ourselves if these large houses were well stocked, or merely for outside show, we entered. The head of the firm (Mr. D. N. Walter, we believe, is his name) politely responded to our request to look over the place, and volunteered to show us over. On the first floor we saw samples of carpets, paper hangings, mattings, oilcloths, damasks, lace curtains, and innumerable goods appertaining to upholstery. We also noticed an hydraulic lift in full play. On the second floor is an immense stock of carpets, matting, chair covering, and other stock, while on the third floor were some of the choicest Auxminster Carpets we ever saw. They have evidently been chosen by some one who has good taste in such goods. The basement is chiefly devoted to the storing of paper hangings and surplus stock. Taken as a whole, we have never been over either in New York or Manchester (the home of the trade) a larger and better filled store. Mr. Walter informed us that their trade was solely confined to importing and chopping. They are the only bona fide direct importers of carpets, furniture covering, etc., in the State. The amount of the stock they carry surprised us, and made us wonder where they found a market. But we suppose they do find one, and hope, for we like to see enterprise, that it is always a good one. Mr. Walter told us also that they have houses at Portland, Oregon, New York, Paris, and Manchester, England.

The Historical "Pit full of Kings" of the Napoleonic era is almost paralleled at present in the gay city of Vienna, where there are now, according to the *Eastern Budget*, six crown princes, viz., the Crown Prince of Germany, the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Conte de Flandre, and the Princes of Brunswick and Saxony. What an opening does this array of Royal personages offer for the "interviewing" energies of a Yankee reporter! Will the "enterprising" proprietor of the *New York Herald* be equal to the emergency?

Why Does not the California Theater give us a little more interesting reading in their programme? The same old things are in from month to month, and good though they *may be* at first, they grow stale. Cannot the genius of Mr. Johns suggest some new features and draw upon his inexhaustible brain and exchanges for them? We think he might, nay, would, if the management "came down with the dust."

THE DEVIL'S WALK THROUGH SAN FRANCISCO.

"From his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the Devil has gone,
To visit his nice little farm, the earth,
And see how his stock goes on."—COLERIDGE.

The devil once more has come to town,
Clad in his Sunday best;
Though little he cares
For sermons or prayers—
He likes the day of rest.

For then the vice of the town is seen,
In all its rich rare force,
Few saints appear,
They take their beer
At home that day, of course.

The "Christian Young Man that day puts on
His latest stolen vest;
And with holy grace
Writ on his face,
Gets drunk on the day of rest.

'Tis then the oleaginous priest,
Prates of the debt man owes
To God; but still
He robs God's till
To paint that ruby nose.

As thus the Devil was musing,
Of men and all their folly;
He saw a sight,
That staggered him quite,
And made him melancholy.

The Opera House was nearly down,
And lots of his favorite dives
Lay prone and flat,
As a sat-on hat,
Or comb from upset hives.

And he said, "Montgomery Avenue,
Although it does me harm,
In moving the holes
Of my bats and moles,
Will beautify my farm."

So he complimented Peachey
On this, the newest attraction,
And said that he
Was certainly
A man of pluck and action.

Then he looked around the P. O. block,
And said, "This part of the place
Is fast improving,
And business moving
This way at a rapid pace."

He took a look at the Placard Exchange,
On Merchant street, and he swore
A better idea,
To make things clear,
He never had seen before.

The Devil called round on Mayor Alvord,
To thank him, for pleased was he
To see him act square,
By the long back hair
Of the villified "Heathen Chinee."

For though he didn't go much
On any religion at all;
Yet he thought respect,
For creed and sect,
Should be shown to great and small.

The Devil got hold of a paper
That told of the Modocs slain,
By the cowardly white,
Who, in open fight,
Would have run away again.

As he read how these mean Oregonians
Did this cold-blooded murder plan,
"No wonder," he said,
"These warriors red,
Despise the Boston man."

Then the Devil called in at Chief Crow-ley's,
To see his museum of crime; [
Unknown to the Chief,
The infernal old thief,
Borrowed Russell's sand-bag—on time.

And the Devil went round that night,
With mischief in his old head;
And many a priest,
Not bruised in the least,
Next morning lay stiff and dead.

The Devil had lots of fun that night,
Knocking good people silly;
And he strolled up Pine,
But could see no sign
Of the Crucifixion Filly.

So he went round to look for Robinson,
The Oakland scandal man;
But Robinson saw
His cloven paw,
And, as usual, funked and ran.

But the old man didn't bother to run
After such paltry game;
For he knew very well
He was booked for hell,
In time, so 'twas all the same.

So, bidding farewell to the city,
He threw his club in the bay,
And got home below,
Ere the first cock's crow,
Proclaimed the dawn of day.

COUNTY CLERK.

Some of our Lawyer Friends have informed us that all our Judges—Dwinelle, McKinstry, Morrison, McKee, Wheeler, Stanly, Blake and Myrick—have addressed to our efficient and worthy County Clerk, Major Wm. Harney, a complimentary letter, expressing to him their high appreciation of him as one of the most competent and efficient officers they could desire, and expressing a strong hope that he may be able to continue to administer the arduous duties which he so well and ably fills. We would like to publish this letter if we could obtain it, for we take a delight in always upholding and commending an honest, upright and able gentleman and officer as Major Harney is. When we look at the vast duties that officer is called upon to perform, we are perfectly astonished how one man can carry out such a work. If we understand right, he is Clerk of eight Courts, together with all the county business to look after—employing some 32 deputies—superintending the minutes of all these Courts, where the liberties and property of the people are at stake (and all, we believe, for $4,000 a year). We think the fool that would set himself up as a candidate for that office (when it would take half a lifetime to understand it), and then to run the gauntlet of the Judges, such a one should be taken before the Commissioners of Lunacy and at once committed. We have a hope that the present incumbent will remain as long as he can, for the public good. It would be "loss to lose" his services or him, and we hope it will never occur. This is common sense and our platform.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTER IN BLOOM.

The Following is Taken from an Eastern Paper, and shows our old friend, Colonel Jack Gambill, now occupying "Thorpes" on the San Bruno Road, at present named the "Star and Garter," is pretty well known as a humorist all over the States: "Everybody in California knows, or or at least knows of Colonel Andrew Jackson Gambill, familiarly called by his numerous friends, "Jack Gambill," for short, in early times a pioneer packer in Trinity and Siskiyou. Aware of the fact that the Colonel had in early life filled the responsible position of stage driver in Tennessee and Alabama, the writer once asked him if he had ever known Land Admiral Reeside. "Know old Reeside, Judge? Why, I never knew anybody else. He was a trump, you bet!" Having struck a favorable theme, he continued: "I druv stage for the Admiral out of Montgomery the whole of the Winter, and it was mighty rough, I tell you. Thar had been a power of rain, equal to California, and the roads were awful heavy. In fact, in some places it was as much as a four-hoss team could do to pull an empty stage. Well, in addition to the regular mail under lock and key in the leather bags, there was always a lot of canvas sacks filled with about a ton of documents and seeds, mostly the latter, franked by members of Congress. I'd start out about two o'clock in the morning with all this deck load, making things awful heavy. As I would be about startin', the Admiral would take me one side and confidentially remark: 'Jack, you've got a big load of passengers and a tremendous large mail; you'd better distribute the Congressional matter as soon as you can.' 'All right,' says I, and sho's your born, about a mile out of town, in crossing over a creek swelled by the late rains, overboard went every canvas bag. They floated down stream and lodged in a pile of drift wood on a sand-bar about three-quarters of a mile below. The water in the branch fell early in the Spring, leaving a large pile of loam about the drift pile, and as the warm weather cum on, them Congressmen's seeds began to sprout, and by the middle of Summer you ought to have seen my truck patch. There was punkins and squashes by the wagon load, watermillions and mush-mellons by the million; parsnips, carrots and all kinds of beets, rutybeggars and other sorts of turnips. And gourds runnin' all over the drift-wood and up the trees; you'd ought to have seen them gourds! The niggers from all the plantations tharabouts was in clover. They cum from all quarters and gathered gourds until they couldn't rest. I s'pose you remember the old saying: 'A fool for luck, a poor man for children, a Frenchman for dogs and a nigger for gourds.' Well, Judge, the seeds they gathered from that ere truck patch of mine that Fall was scattered all over northern Alabama, and although my mode of distributing them thar Congressional documents may not have been exactly according to Gunter, yet I consider it did the country at large a powerful sight more good."

DANBURY v. GOTHAM.

Almost any Man who Obtains any Particular Reputation, or who deems himself remarkably clever, is inclined, whether invited or not, to go to the metropolis, where he may have a larger audience and a truer appreciation. Chas. F. Browne, Mortimer Thompson, Bret Harte, D. R. Locke and others, did or have done this, and several of the newspaper publishers have made an effort to induce Montgomery Bailey, the Danbury *News* humorist, to change his residence from the Still river to the Hudson. Bailey is wise as well as droll, and therefore declines the invitation, though it is backed by abundant shekels. In a recent letter on this subject he said: "I like this town, where I have lived most of my life, and the town likes me. My small paper is only a weekly, but I own it and am content with the little but satisfactory independence that I enjoy. I know I've gotten a good deal of reputation lately; it won't be any less if I stay here; and if I go to New York I am dreadfully afraid I should soon be an old story and dwindle down to an imperceptible point. Your big cities like fresh oranges, but it very quickly sucks them dry and throws them away. I don't want to be sucked dry right off, so I think I'll remain where I am. I've seen from my country home how clever fellows turn out who go to New York with grand expectations. They gave up something and in the end found nothing. I am glad you want me to come and I'm gladder that I don't want to come. Danbury, insignificant village as it is, is good enough for me, and as I don't want to steal anything, or get murdered, or get up a reputation for genius, I respectfully but firmly decline to pitch my tent in Gotham."

An Obsequious Foreigner, cringing to the last mob-cry, has conspicuously placed in his grocery shop, near Washington Market, *No Dealings with Chinese.* It is to be presumed, consequently, that the party in question manufactures his tea and grows his rice in Paddy land. In either case an objectionable person to deal with.

A Young Gentleman Residing in Utah Territory has got rather mixed up in his family arrangements. This charming youth has two wives, and one of them applies for a divorce, because her husband is to fond of his mother, who happens to be the other wife. These little domestic troubles are apt to occur in Utah families. Its too near Salt Lake.

AT THE LAST.

[illegible]

MAYOR ALVORD AND HIS VETO.

We Congratulate Mayor Alvord on the spirit of firmness he has shown [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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A PLEA FOR MICHAEL REESE.

Those Very Public Spirited Citizens, who are now engaged in making their annual resistance to the tax collectors, have petitioned the Supreme Court for a re-hearing. We sincerely hope that Tribunal will grant it, and then reverse the former judgment in this matter. The heavy taxation consequent upon the building up of a new community falls with special severity upon wealthy men. Indeed, in some instances the charge is so enormous as to drive our best citizens almost to distraction. We understand that Mr. Michael Reese's tax bill for the year 1862, the legality of which is being tested in the above suits, is less than $14,000. Now this is absolutely outrageous, and should be, if it is not, unconstitutional. In France, under an old and time-honored system, very wealthy men were not required to pay taxes, whatever. The nobility and clergy were exempt. We are not prepared to stand out for absolute immunity for the nobility, and with us, wealth is the only patent of nobility, but we do not see any good reason why Mr. Reese, simply because he happens to be rich, and therefore of the superior class, should be required to make this enormous sacrifice, while if he were poor he would be exempt, or substantially so. Poor men get off with paying a poll tax of two dollars, and in many instances grumble over that. Then why should Mr. Reese be compelled to pay more? He has but one vote, and seldom exercises that, and ought not to be taxed higher than another having like himself but one vote. Taxation without representation led to the war of the Revolution. Mr. Reese has most gallantly thrown himself into the breach, and is struggling for the benefit of his order, and we must say he has our sympathies. His contract with his attorneys, the ablest in the State, to give them one-third of all they can save, shows the fullness of his resolution to principle, and the depth of his generosity. And we are also privately informed that if he wins upon its re-hearing, it is his intention to donate $50 to each of the orphan asylums. We trust this may not be true for fear he may squander his vast estate, and be brought to want. We, however, give the rumor for what it is worth.

DEMISE OF CHARLES R. BOND.

The Numerous Friends of Charles R. Bond were pained to learn of his unexpected death, which took place on Wednesday evening after a few days illness. On Sunday last, in company with a friend, he took a drive to the Fifteen-Mile House, and on their return they stopped at one of the houses on the road, where they ate some mussels. The drive was renewed, and when but a few miles from the city Mr. Bond complained of feeling unwell. He stopped at the next house they came to, a physician was sent for, and he was brought in a hack to Dr. Crook's residence and remained in the house until Wednesday morning, came down town for a few hours and died of heart disease a short time after returning to his room. Mr. Bond was of a social and genial disposition, of strict integrity, and by his straightforward course gained for himself the confidence and esteem of the mercantile community. He arrived in this city in November, 1849, having before coming here been a member of the firm of Whitwell, Bond & Co., of Boston. During the whole time he has been here he has been engaged in mercantile pursuits, and served one term as Assessor. He was fully identified with the interests and prosperity of the city, and took an active and at times a leading part in its affairs. He was one of the founders of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, with which he was connected in an official capacity up to the time of his death. Among the firemen he was also highly esteemed, having always been identified with the Volunteer Fire Department, in which he held positions of honor and trust. Mr. Bond was a native of Massachusetts, aged fifty-seven years. The flags on all the insurance offices, Merchants' Exchange, Pioneers and Exempts were at half-mast on Thursday in respect to his memory.

EXIT PIXLEY, EXIT "CHRONICLE."

Pixley has Published his Valedictory and retires to the shades of Tusculum. The editorial chair he has never occupied, so he declares in a card, the proprietors of the *Chronicle* having, it appears, furnished the office economically with a three-legged stool, and from this, the editorial tripod, he now descends and steals away. That is enough for us. We discountenance the "live paper" from this day and will no more of it until he comes back. We like the gentleman who succeeds him as well as we do the average editor, as well as we like Tommy Newcomb, or Cremony, or Pen Johnson, but we mean no offence when we gently hint to him that he is not Pixley, and for that matter nobody is, save the original and veritable. There is but one Pixley, and never can be another, and perhaps, upon the whole, it is well enough for the world, all things considered, that there are no more. But we do declare, speaking for the faith that is in us, that as a writer for a daily journal, for ready and sparkling wit, for off-hand invective, always better than Bible proof, for a clear and quick perception of what to say and how to say it upon any subject that may, no matter how unceremoniously, thrust itself forward for discussion, the equal of that same Pixley is not to-day upon the continent. And if the Messrs. De Young have not a chair editorial, a broad and comfortable one, with capacious arms and tempting cushions always ready for him in the roomiest and lightest office, then they are a pair of the greatest asses of which we have any knowledge. Pickering is no such a fool, and we will wager a round dozen of Veuve Cliquot, cigars thrown in, that Pixley is editor and part owner of the *Call* within six calendar months from to-day. *Verbum sap.*

Business Notices.

The Bright Red Sun was setting
Far o'er the Golden Gate,
Its dying rays shone on the room,
And fired up the grate.

They made the carpets glisten
Like diamonds as they fell;
The carpet was a good one,
It came from Plum & Bell.

We Have Lately Had an addition to our family. Nay, don't start! It was not a baby. No, it was the sweetest little kitten you ever saw, just as pretty as a tiger, and a dog tail could make it. It walked in as if it had known us all its life. It was a forty-niner. And in the office were charmed with it. But alas! this little kitten was responsible for three pairs of stockings, its claws were uncommonly sharp. It was not content with the warmth of the fire-place. Now, as the furniture is valuable, being made by Gilbert & Moore, we had to part with little pussy.

When gentle zephyrs blow,
And Spring hath dawned
To tax the wings of heaven
When earth is unprepared—

When lovely woman smiles,
When hearts to joy incline,
Fill up the goblet full
With dear old Gerke Wine.

Some People Like Coal Oil as a refreshing summer beverage, while others consider it only a good thing for the artificial manufacture of snakes, rats and other reptilian creatures. People have been known to carry their peculiarities so far as to state that a Christian young man's mission on earth is to steal overcoats and wait for matches as they dare to go out in stormy weather. But the people that have such peculiar ideas are those arrant fools who poison themselves with bad grog instead of going like sensible men to Hotaling for some "Old Cutter."

Cowper Has Told Us that "God moves in a mysterious way," and so he does. The ways of man in Nature are problems that the human brain can never solve, or even be understood. God is Nature, and to find a reason for man, that should never attempt to inquire into his family history, or drag his son or down to be ridiculed; perhaps for man's expense, behind. It is presumption of the worst kind, and is almost as bad as comparing the works of art turned out by Bradley & Rulofson with common photographs.

Love and Laudanum often go together, while Coroner's inquests and red-eyed reminders follow. Pain and poverty also go together; so do thieves and their victims. A neatly dressed man always has nice gloves on, so has every well-dressed lady; they both go to Keane & O'Connor's store on Kearny, and ask for their Jouvin glove.

Gold and Silver can no more make up for loss of health than butter can for the absence of hair. Many a deep pile of metal covers, many a luxurious Indian Nabob, would only too gladly exchange gold for health. Then they could die, but alas they have to have a good appetite to by healthy long dinners, wrapped in Main & Winchester's superb robes, and horses harnessed with their harness.

Who has not heard and read of the beautiful Golden Gate Park, lately added to the many charming surroundings of San Francisco? Who has not driven round it and admired its perfect arrangement? And next, but not least, who has not heard with joy that Mr. and Mrs. Mangenberg propose, very shortly, opening an Hotel there?

The War is Over, and peace is once more restored in the land of the Lava Beds and the home of the Lost River. Our troops have had a rough time of it, camping out, with snow falling and cold winds blowing. However, they have effected their purpose, and will soon return. Here the officers will flock to Pine street, there to taste at the Saddle Rock the bivalve in all its freshness.

Crowds have flocked from all parts of the city to see the latest wonder, and none have gone away dissatisfied. All have been pleased, and have advised their friends both up country and in the city, whatever they do, not to, by any chance, miss what they may never get the chance of having again, viz., their photographs taken at Nahl's, 12 Montgomery.

Plumbers' Brass Goods.—Plumbers' basins and closets, plated basin cocks, bath tubs, copper boilers, rubber hose for garden use, etc. THOMAS DAY, 782 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Iron Pipe, all sizes, from ⅛ to 4 inches, for gas, water, and steam. THOMAS DAY, 782 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

For Camping Out, nothing comes up to Aztec Pinole; it is a world beater, and has saved countless lives and livers.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Monday, May 5th.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
J T King to J J Daily	Pacific and Powell, 22:6x67:6	$1,000
Owen Tighe to John Tormey	Mission n 19th, 30x122:6	1,500
Daniel Ryan to Rosita Rider	Maple n Broadway, 200x66; also, w Maple n Broadway, w 290, n 66, e 180, s to com, sub blk 840	10
Great P'k H'd As'n to Mary Welsh	Lot 13 blk 365	250
Sp'g Val'y H As'n to A Wunderlich	Lot 52	360
Same to Lawrence Hussey	Lots 142 and 143	720
Same to Bridget Cullinan	Lots 90 and 91	720
Same to Annie O'Brien	Lots 92	360
Same to Honora O'Brien	Lots 145 and 146	720
M Chinmark to Isaac Manchester	Frederick sw 1st, 80x25	1,1 0
Mendel Yaretsky to B J Shay	Geary w Dupont, 22:6x60	1
Mary Chapman to Samuel Read	Re-record to cor't error in acknowledge't	....
M N Rodgers to Catherine Curtis	Lot 8 blk 112, Univ'ty H'd Ass'n	1.000
Univ'ty H'd As'n to M N Rodgers	Same	315

Tuesday, May 6th.

George Treat to Andrew Gensoul	Se cor Napa and Vermont. 100x100	$ 500
Same to Gustave Mahe	Vermont s Napa, s 333, e 100, n 308, e 100, n 25, w 200, to com; also, Kansas s Napa, 45x100	500
Spring Valley H As'n to S Wafford	Lot 215	360
W M Bevins to Amelia Fitel	Tyler w Webster, 137:6x27:6	1,500
W H Gawley to R T Thomas	Sac'to w Davis, 20x60, sub mortg $3,500	2,000
G Zimmerman to Michael Reese	Nw cor Spring and Summer, 43x50	10
Aaron Doud to Lucinda J Swain	Corbett e Dolores, 77x100	6,500
J Finn to Andrew Leishaker	Re-record to correct error	....
F H Woods to Pat'k Plover	Ellis and Pierce, 137:6x137:6	3,800
H S Baldwin to W H Raymond	Sutter w Mason, 23:6x87:6, subject to mortgage for $6,000	13,000
Henry Matthews to John O'Kane	McAllister w Webster, 107:5x137:6	8,000
J Rosenfeld to Henry Matthews	McAllister w Webster, 107:6x137:6	5
Mathew Crooks to Eliz'h Finnigan	Pine and Jones, se corner, e 60x60	Gift.
George Bates to Edw A Morse	Sundry tracts and parcels land	1,000
Willett Culver to Herman Wendt	Tyler and Lyons, 137:6x137:6	2,000
Patk W Lahaney to Cath Lahaney	Lot 16 blk 226, O'Neil and Haley Tract	600
Emile Kower et al to Henry Winkle	Railroad Ave w Scott, 2.42 acres	7
Henry Winkle to Emile Kower	Same	10

Wednesday, May 7th.

Eliz'th H Lord to F A W Davis	Bryant and Gilbert, 37:6x125	$1,104
C Delahanty to Thos Giblin	25th e Columbia, 25x104	325
B J Shay to John Heritage	Columbia w Valencia, n 114, w 50 s to n line of Columbia st, e 16 to com	1,500
W H McGrew to James R Kelly	Same	1
James R Kelly to B J Shay	Same	350
Geo Torrens to Jos L Wilson	Und ½ se San Jose R'd 945 sw Precita Av, sw 145, se 300, ne 180, etc	3,000
Mark Pixley to Francis Dewing	20th av nw H, 50x100	601
Chris Rosenzweig to Jno L Reilly	Corbett w 2d Ave, 30x115—sub M A 39	2,500
Bay City Rd to S C E Thayer	Lot 38 blk 483	306
Herman Wohler to Henry L Davis	Und 10 acs Rancho Laguna de la Merced	2,300
R E Raimond to Mary A Raimond	Howard e 3d, 110x40	Gift.
Masonic Cem Ass'n to Fred Seibel	Lot 137 Circle Flat	121
E R Carpenter to W A Aldrich	Old San Jose Road, 127 s initial point of Rancho Bernal, s 309:10 e to point 120 w Valencia, n to point where line, etc	5,500
City Land Ass'n to Cath'ne Brown	Lot 5 blk 13	95
Henriette Hauff to Susannah Scholl	Dupont n Post, 18:5x108	Gift.
Fredk W Haubrich to B Haubrich	2d Ave n 17th, 36:6x120—sub M B 39	2,000

Thursday, May 8th.

L Kowalsky to S Hoffman	Mission w Elgin, 25x100:9	$ 100
F L [illegible] to A H [illegible]	W [illegible] Ave s [illegible] Lennox Av, 25x120	400
Mary [illegible] to [illegible] W Hitch	Mission s [illegible], 25x85	100
D M Donovan to Sarah Kenan	Fair M Donovan Ranch, containing 1 acre	7 00
W H [illegible] to [illegible]	Sutter w Mason, [illegible]7 6	Gift
James [illegible] to [illegible] Barry	Jessie and 4th, 25x75	4,000
Frank S Wiese to Mary Wiese	Mission bet 7th and 8th, also, 27th e Ellen, 50:1x114	Gift
Henry Wilson to Frank Scherf	Lots 1302, 1305 and 1306, Gift Map 3	1,400
L S Welton to Julius George	Geary w Laguna, 34.6x137.6	300
A [illegible] to [illegible]	Same	1,800
F Dexter to James Dexter	Tennessee and Butte, 37x100	5
Wm [illegible] to Mary E Hanley	Clay and Taylor, 25x75	3,500
L Beyser to Harriet Stedman	Third [illegible] [illegible] 110 8 upper corner of beginning on se corner of Mission and Third	....
Same to same	Lots 13 to 21, inc, Block 1, 7 to 13 inc, 22, 23, 24, blk 184	2,819
Same to same	Blk 405	6,804

Friday, May 9th.

James Brooks to City and Co S F	Ne cor Pacific and Kearny, w 40 n 58.11 [illegible] 41 [illegible] to beg; also, Pacific w Kearny, w 40 n 60	31,031
L [illegible] B W [illegible] to John Gilly	Post and Devisadero, 137x27.6	1,100
F [illegible] to [illegible] Ave to [illegible] Co Comm	Lots 21 and 17, blk 1,305	140
S [illegible] to [illegible]	Lot 44, blk 1,040	170
E [illegible] to [illegible]	Sutter w Baker, 34x122.6	Gift
W [illegible] to [illegible] A H Lissak, Jr	Lots 3 and 4	3,263
S [illegible] to [illegible]	Lot 5	1,585
Cora Smith to John Center	Shotwell s 22d, s 80 x 112.10 ne 86, thence [illegible] beginning	3,000
A H Lissak, Jr to L Kaplan	[illegible] Clement, 25x100	600
M Doyle to Metropolitan Gas Co	Bryant, s w 9th, sw 185, se 50 x 47.6, e to Dore st, n w to beg	75,000
Metropolitan Gas Co to J B Hagger	Same	
H [illegible] to H Dodge	Bush and Polk, 120x137.6	6,500
S [illegible] to [illegible] Ave n to A Kaiser	Lots 227, 228 [illegible]	710
S Montgomery to H Frank	Lots 37, 38, 41, 42, 43, Haley Tract	1
S [illegible] to [illegible]	Lot 1, blk 57, The Lands	177
S [illegible] to [illegible]	Lot 7, blk 305, same	140
S [illegible] to [illegible]	Lot 7, blk 306, same	140
S A [illegible] to [illegible]	Lot 14, blk 306, same	140
L Montgomery to same	Lot 14, blk 305, same	140

Saturday, May 10th.

F T [illegible] to City and County S F	Broadway, Dupont, s 22, s 87.6, [illegible]	$
George Treat to Ferdinand Reis	Ued 6, Vermont and Colusi, 200x433; also, Kansas and Colusi, [illegible]; also, Kansas n Colusi, 141.6x200; also, [illegible]	76,000
Same to Samuel Davis	Ued 5 same	5,000
C F [illegible] to [illegible] H Brown	Valencia and Market, [illegible]	1
N [illegible] to Martha [illegible]	M A Foster and Wife to [illegible]	Gift
Joseph [illegible] to John Stable	Sacramento and Dupont, 27.6x120, also, Navy and Dolores, 58x100	1,900
John Stable to Wm J Gunn	Same	1,900
San [illegible] Pioneers to J F Morgan	Lot 43 Sec B, Masonic Cem'ty	55
Geo [illegible] to [illegible] Bros	Kansas and Napa, 100x100	500
[illegible] to [illegible] Mt Lloyd Bros	Lot 46 Sec 1, Mt Lloyd Masonic Cemetery	55
John [illegible] to [illegible] Co	Fillmore n Eddy, 25x90	1,200
[illegible] to [illegible] Ronald	Hyde s Post, 27x80	person
Thos Wilson to M McCloskey	Fillmore, ne 52, 27x9	5,100
Thos L & Co [illegible] to S F Dock Co	16 full lots; 1 to 11 inc and 17 to 24 inc, and frac'l lots 16, 24, 25 and 26, Block 402, [illegible]	2,651
Same to same	Frac'l lot 4, frac'l blk 402	140
Same to same	16 lots, from 1 to 12 inc, and from 21 to 25 to 24 inc, and 4 frac'l lots 16, 24, 25, 26, to 29, in frac'l blk 386	3,297
Same to same	Frac'l lot 4, blk 1007	174
Same to same	9 full lots 2 to 5 inc, and frac'l lots 1, 11, 12, 16, 23 to 24, blk 429	2,487
Same to same	23 full lots, 1 to 14 inc, and 17 to 24 inc, [illegible]	6,095
Same to same	Frac'l lots 1, 2, 3, 4, [illegible]	1,371
Same to same	Lots 15, 16, 17, 18, and frac'l lots 10 to 14 and 19 to 24 inc, blk 118	2,574

Monday, May 12th.

Francis Hill to Ralzemond Parker	Sundry lots Salt Marsh and Tide Lands	16,000
Bay View H'd to Wm H Brumfield	Lots 6 and 11 blk 540	1,000
Ger Gen Ben Soc'y to E Edwards	Lot 40 blk 250, O'Neal & Haley Tract	800
F Cunningham to J G Klumpke	Commencing at the most easterly corner land owned by Harvey Sparks, thence s 30 degrees, etc, containing 6 acres	1,000
Benj Hayes to Peter Craig	S Eddy 25 e Mason, 25x70—sub 50-v 962.	4,750
S Crim to Peter Burns	W Alabama s 22d, 27x100	400
City and County S F to Jno Treat	Portion blk 968	Prem
Same to same	Undivided portion sundry O L blocks	Prem
Same to same	Same	Prem
Same to same	Same	Prem
E L Sullivan to City and Co S F	Commencing at pt 137:6 s Jackson 217:7 e Kearny s 37:6 e 15; also com at a pt 165 s Jackson 78 e Kearny e 139:7x10.	5
Jos K Hooper to James M Barney	Ne 6th and Townsend, 275x137:6, sub of blk 19 S B Water Lot Survey, subject to mortgage for $13,000	15,000
John Heritage to R McGinley	S Van Ness Ave 30 n Hayes, 30x109	4,500

Tuesday, May 13th.

A P Hotaling to George T Knox	W Guerrero n 18th, 75x135, sub M B 79.	$5,000
Isabel Whitney to Wm Bennett	S Clay w Powell, 28x71:6—sub 50-v 176, subject to mortg for $3,500	1,300
J B Humphrey to Lauraette Warren	Se Mission, 75 ne Simmons, 50x80	Gift
R E Associates to Wm Hollis	Subdiv blk 352, W A	1
Eugene L Sullivan to John G Ils	E Kearny 100 n Washington, n 37:6, etc	35,000
L M Benson to D Wm Douthitt	Sundry lots and blk P N	....
Wm H Brumfield to E P Buckley	Lots 6 and 11 blk 540, Bay View H Ass'n	600
John Campe to Edmond Brooks	N cor 3d and Clementina, 30x80—subdiv 100-v 557; also, lease 28 of Leases p 45	2,300
Thos Morton to Margaret Morton	S 4, 204 e Castro, 26x115	....
J Clement to Caroline C Merriam	Nw Bush and Leavenworth, 100x137:6	35,500
James O'Dwyer to J Robertson	S Clipper w Dolores, 52x114	565
Andrew McManns to Wm J Gunn	S Valley e Dolores, 114x27:2	340
G K Fitch to City and County S F	137:6 w Taylor and 46:5 s Francisco, etc	1,444

Wednesday, May 14th.

Wm Mund to Dorathea Mund	Nw Folsom ne 5th, nw 160 x 22:11	$ 5
Frank F Taylor to John P Bering	San Francisco w Mason, 46x55	1,500
New S S F H'd to Nathan H Crane	Lot 8 blk 327, New S S Fran Hd Ass'n	500
John McCormick to Wm Morrissey	Se Perry sw 4th, 25x80	3,000
Mary Gowenlock to Thos Sullivan	Subdiv blk 71 W A	9,000
Thos Sullivan to Mary Gowenlock	S Ellis, 137:6 w Octavia, 55x137:6	4,000
Thos Harwood to Nicholas Guillee	W Dupont n Broadway, n 47, w 68:9, etc	5
N Guillee to City and County S F	Same	21,558
Geo Foster, by attorney, to O Tighe	E Mission n 19th, n 30x122:6	1
Pat Day to F W Paupitz	N Lombard e Kearny, 74x68:9	1,550
John Forney to John P Uszniski	E Mission n 19th, 30x122:6	1,650
Samuel S Sprague to Mary Smith	E Harrison n 29d, 26x100, subj to mortg	700
Zimri B Heywood to City & Co S F	N Pacific w Kearny, w 24:2, n w 21:5, etc	17,170
Fritz Boehmer to same	Commencing at a point 55:6 s Union, and 137:6 w Stockton, s 82 w 35:10 nw 22:8 n 20:1 e 22 n 78:7, se 44:4 to com	7,560
Jas Gilligan to P G Partridge	S Austin e Franklin, 25x60	100
P G Partridge to E Smith	Same	1,425
Edward J Prindle to F S Spring	21 acres Rancho Laguna de la Merced	5
C T H Palmer to A C Stiles	Subdivision 277 W A	300
P Schaadt to Emile Meyer	4 acres Outside Lands	6,000

Thursday, May 15th.

Bernhard Friest to N Reynolds	Subdivision 50-v 450	$7,000
W F C Huen to Wm H Dalrymple	W Dolores s Grove 50x25	100
Eliz'th M Gunn to Mrs R Reardon	Lot 29 blk 6 Mission and 30th St Ex Hd Union	350
James H Cumming to City & Co S F	Streets and Highways, etc	....
City & Co S F to N Young	Nw cor Eddy and Broderick, 55x100; also w Broderick n Ellis, 82:6x100	Prem
M Fitzgerald to Domenico Guisto	N Fulton w Buchanan, 25x87:6	1,250
Maurice Dore to Wm Sharon	Sundry properties in various parts city	1
Montg St R E Co to same	Se Market sw 2d, 68:9 x se to Jessie	1
Maurice Dore to same	Same	1
A E Sabatie to Henri Manbec	Und 7.16 Sutter e Stockton, 80x73:6; also, und 7.16 Sansome s Jackson, w 62:6 etc	5
S Morgenstern to same	Lot 14 blk 532, same	140
P Gillem to Julia Gillem	Wash'n e Polk, 23:6x137:6	Gift

Friday, May 16th.

Thos W Mulford to John B Kelly..	W Webster s Sutter, s 27:6x93.....	$1,000
A Harpending to Maurice Dore....	12½ acres Chamblin Ranch.....	5
Robt J Betge to F Hagermann.....	S Silver Ave n 52 deg 25 min, San Bruno Road, n 122:10, s 63, etc.....	1,600
Jas L King to Chas McLaughlin...	Portions 100-v 276	7,500
Charles Smith to John Center.....	E Howard, 120 s 23d, s 80, e 112, etc....	1
Thos Varney to N C Fassett.....	S Park, 50 e Harrison, 50x104	5,000
T P Riordan to Kate Henderson..	W Carolina s Nevada, 33:4x100.....	300
C C Webb to W L McCormick....	Com'g 87:6 e Taylor and 91:8 n Sutter, n 22:11x10—subdiv 50-v 643	1
John Rogers to Marian Hart.....	Sundry lots in Harper's and West'n Add	7,200
A Strobel to M Moritz	Und 10 acres in sec 12 tp 2 sr 6 w.....	65
Stephen T King to Wm O'Hollerin	Lots 43 bl 227 and 42 bl 210 H & O'N T't	....
Mas Cem Ass'n to J M Caldwell..	Lot 35 sec 19.....	60
V Wackenreuder to M Kennedy..	N Nevada e Potrero, 25x100.....	750
Wm J Younger to Phillip S Fay..	N Grove 137:6 e Fillmore, 68:9x137:6....	4,300
Chas W Howard to Chas B Greene	Sw Hawthorne nw Harrison, 25x112:6 ..	2,250
A Himmelmann to Wm Corcoran.	Undivided half Mission Block 24.....	142

Saturday, May 17th.

Olivia C Peck to Jos C Collins....	S Bush w Dupont, 41:6x63—sub 50-v 291	$ 100
Lewis Peck to same.....	Same.....	9,500
John F McCauley to W A Bray....	N Brannan e 6th, 72x110; also und ¼ sw 5th w Bryant, 45:10x160; also, Potrero blk 114; also same—P B 148.....	10,000
Henry Toomy to A Auspacher.....	E Polk s Pine, 60x62.....	1
John Hunter to Chas Brockhoff..	Lots 5 and 6 blk 324.....	1,200
J B Moore to Garrett C Sweeney..	Sw 6th se Brannan, 50x80.....	1
Samuel Sweeney to same.....	Same	10
Cath Sweeney to Chris Westphal..	Same	5,100
Garrett C Sweeney to same.....	Same	1
Bay Park H'd to M A Howe.....	Lot 41 block 556.....	320
W G Doolittle to Morris Shloss....	Lot 23 blk 157 N S S F H'd Ass'n.....	500
Felton T'ct H Ass'n to Wm Henry	Lots 37 and 38 blk 1,201.....	340
James Cameron to Henry Brook..	W Harrison n 18th, 75 s to Mariposa, etc.	2

Monday, May 19th.

H H Ellis to Harriet S Stanley....	5 acres, com'g at sw cor nw ¼ Sec 23 etc	$ 200
Martha B Hunt to Wm Thackeray.	E Stevenson n 16th, 50x80—sub M B 68.	200
A Himmelmann to Samuel P Taylor	Nw McAllister and Webster, 137:6x137:6	1
Bornt Leguine to A Artmann	E Jersey s Alameda, 28:6x106.....	1,200
Chas L Houghton to J S Houghton	W 27th Ave 170 s C st, w 126x25.....	325
R McGinley to A A Zihn..... ...	E Van Ness Avenue n Hayes, 30x109...	4,250
Louis M Cohn to Gustave Gump ..	Geary w Franklin, 27:6x120	3,000
Bay View H'd to Sam'l S Watters.	Lots 7 and 11 blk 465.....	1,000
Same to same.....	Lot 11 blk 458, and 10 blk 487	1,000
W H Tillinghast to R A Swain	Ellis and Franklin, 275x120.....	20,000
Bay Park H'd to Oliver H Brann..	Lot 3 blk 552.....	360
Jas Roche to Cornelius Dorris	Ne Bryant and 23d, 116x200.....	2,000
W H Parker to W D Johnston	Lots 7 and 8 in blk 89, O L. Cal Ave H'd	500
Jane Carrington to A Vigoureux..	Lots 213 to 222, Gift Map 2.....	950
Geo W Gibbs to Avice Hicks	Und ½ S B blk No 2; also, und ¼ lots 40 to 44 inc, and 3 lots unnumbered ...	3,000
Same to Eliz'th W Walker.....	1-16 same	500

Tuesday, May 20th.

John Campbell to James Conroy...	Subdivision blk 616, Western Addition	$1,450
Silver Terrace H'd Ass'n to J Vance	Lots 441 and 442	701
Chas W Elliot to Patrick Reilly....	Lots 725 and 726, Gift Map 2	750
Nicholas Reynolds to Lou Wagner	E Dupont s Vallejo, 57:6x20.....	4,800
Lamson S Welton to J K Phillips..	Nw Pine and Buchanan, 55x81:3.....	650
A H Barker to Clinton Hastings..	Und ¼ n cor Peale and Bryant, 275x275	15,400
J H Sontag to Gustave Mahe.....	W Sansome n Pacific, 67x81:6	13,138
John A Stanley to F Wilke.....	W Stewart s Mission, 22x45:10—subdiv B and W lot 659.....	10
Wm Schmolz to B Dreyfuse.....	Nw Nevada and Texas, 50x100; also sundry other subs of blks on P N....	1,200
Same to same.....	Subdivision sundry blks Potrero Nuevo	1,500
A M Randolph to Ida Precht.....	S Bush w Hyde, 30x137:6.....	4,000
Anne M Randolph to same.....	Same	1
I Shaw to Edward Dunphy.....	Nw Bryant w 7th, 25x80.....	1,700
Wm W White to Wm H White....	W Kearny, 49 s Clay, s 41, w 41:11, n 25 e 21:6, n 16, e 20:5 to commencement, being subdivision 50-v 25	20,000
John Eyre to Julius C Reis.....	Sw Page and Octavia, w 87:6x120—sub blk 212 Western Addition.....	7,250

Wednesday, May 21st.

Lamson S Welton to Asher Franks	Sw Geary and Laguna, 34:4x137:6	$ 300
F D Wilde to L W Reede	Lot 41 blk 327 N S S F Hd Ass'n	500
T B Robertson to Chas Minturn	S Ellis e Scott, 30x75; also, undivided half sw cor Washington s 52:8x103—subdivision blk 52 W A	4,500
N Yonng to City & County S F	Streets, highways, etc	....
Abram Anspacher to John Wright	E Polk s Pine, 60x62:6	7,000
Earl A Fargo to John C Woolley	S Glover w Jones, 23x60—sub 50-v 864	350
N P Perine to Alden G Trask	S Guy Place sw 1st, 25x80—sub 100-v 37 subject to mortgage for $2,500	1,300
L S Welton to Chas H Stanyan	Nw cor Bush and Buchanan, 137:6x137:6 sub blk 273, W A	1
J B Ransom to Mary A Ransom	S 20th e Dolores, 50x14—subdiv M B 76; also lots 57, 58, Ben Franklin Hd Asn; also, lot 151 Masonic Cemetery	....
John Hammond to J Collins	W Capp, 195 s 24th, 32:6x115	2
A Austin to John Hammond	Same	10
W G Doolittle to Wm McKenzie	Lot 7 blk 157, New S S F H'd Ass'n	500
Thomas H Holt to J B Haggin	Outside Lands	6,000
Same to Lloyd Tevis	Subdivisions sundry blks in Western Addition; also, sub sundry P N blks; also, subdiv sundry blks O L	10,000
Franz Kramer to Peter Deane	N Fell w Octavia, 27:6x120	2,100
J A Mars to Geo Lang	N Jessie sw 1st, 25x60	2,200
Wm Lannigan et al to H Kenetzer	Se Union and Jone, 46:2x120	1,600
W R Townsend to Antoine Roman	Lot 37 blk 91 Bucna Vista H'd	500

Thursday, May 22d.

Hugo Hochholger to F M Eckert	S California e Larkin, 25x110:6	$2,000
John McLaughlin to Patk Breslin	Lot 17 of subdiv lots 74 74, P V Lots	100
S W Holladay to Thos H Holt	Subdiv blk 248, W A	25
Robert F Morrison to same	59-v lots 5 5 in blk 248, W A	20
Thos H Holt to J L Jones	Sw cor Chestnut and Buchanan, 275x137	3,000
H Schussler to J C Meussdorffer	W Van Ness Av, 60 n McAllister n 30 x w 109:9—sub blk 77, W A	4,250
F S Spring to Phillip Wolf	Blk 482 ; also, lot 7 to 14 inclusive, blk 481 : also, lot 7 to 14 inclusive blk 426 Tide Lands	2,500
W G Doolittle to D A Baum	Lots 8 9 blk 157, New S S F H'd Ass'n	1,000
F B Wilde to S Littlefield	Lot 18 blk 327, same	500
Wm J Woodley to I D Slinkey	S Bush w Gough, 137:6x137:9	1,000
P C Gayetty to Wm J Woodley	Same	500
T P Riordan to E E Seebeck	Nw Nevada and Vermont, 33:4x100	1,710
Pat Burns to M A Wheat	Sw Rausch, 225 se of Howard, 25x112—Subdiv 100-v 268	1,606
J Warshawski to A Warshawski	S Clipper e Church, 25x114	Gift.
John Satterlee to James J Doyle	Nw Pacific and Van Ness Ave, 132x122:6 subdiv blk 93, W A	10
J W Moyle to W W Stetson	Sundry properties on Potrero Nuevo	750

Friday, May 23d.

Simon Riordan to Bertha Asselin	W Jersey s 22d, 25x100—subdiv M B 148	$ 450
City and County S F to H P Hanson	E Tennessee s Mariposa, 25x136—subdiv Potrero blk 388	Prem
Thos Brown to Sophia W Carleton	S Pine e Hyde, 25x137:6	2,500
Sophia W Carleton to E E Vansant	Same	Gift
Luis D Sanchez to Thos Sanchez	Subdiv M B 37	1,000
Thos Moore to Thomas P Winter	Lot 65 blk 574, Central Park Hd Ass'n	100
F Toplitz to Fitel Phillips	Sw Van Ness Ave and Fulton, w 109:9 x 120; also, sw corner 6th and Market, sw 50x85	4,000
Fitel Phillips to Albert Miller	Same; also, sw Mason and Ellis, s 27:6, w 82:6, s 64, n 82:6 e 137:6 ; also, n of Bush 60 e Dupont, e 50, n 137:6, etc	20,000
A H Rose to Frank Maxon	Lots 10 11 12 blk 96, Central Park H'd	6,000
Fredk W Utter to M G Kennedy	Sundry properties throughout city	1,500
N Cousin to City & County S F	S Adler st 183:10 e Dupont, e 61:2 sc 46:9 s 4:1, w 91:2, n 40 to commencement	10,581
Milton Buckley to Wm R Wheaton	W Capp n 17th, 105x45	7,800
Mary C Griffin to John B Kelly	N Eddy e Pierce, 30x75	....
Geo McHenry to Chas H Killey	50-vara lots 2 3 4 5 blk 267, W A	1
Wm C Hinckley to O Lawrence	W Mason, 23 n Pierce, 62:6x23	....
Wm Bein to Anton Kramer	N Kate w Fillmore, 25x120	750
J H Applegate to Buena Vista Hd	Mission blks 91 92 107 108 and n ½ of 109	1
Wm M Hinton to Chas H Hinton	1 acre intersec Co R'd & S V W W T'ct	1,993
Ellen Galvin to Lewis Brandt	N Hayes w Polk, w 30x137:6	1
Dennis Callaghan to same	Same	5,500
C M Brenner to P A Eakins	Lot 14 blk 310, Pleasant View H'd	200

Saturday May 26th

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Wednesday, May 28th.

Buena Vista H'd to J E Sorbier....	Lot 43 blk 108, Buena Vista H'd Ass'n .	500
Wm Taffe to Isreal W Raymond...	Blocks 94 and 103, Potrero Nuevo—bounded 94—n by Santa Clara, e Nebraska, s Mariposa, w Utah—103 n by Santa Clara, e Vermont, s Mariposa, w Nebraska	1
Wm C Ralston to same.....	Nw cor of blk 94, s 162, e to a point half way between Utah and Nebraska, s 123:6, e 100, n 400, w 200 to com; also, blk 103	17,000
Thos H Holt to J B Haggin	Stockton n Green, n 22:11, w 88:3½, etc, subject to a mortgage for $4,200.....	5
R T Van Norden to M Livingston .	Se cor C st and 8th av, e 240, s to Fulton st, w to 6th av, n to com, being fractional blk No 385, Outside Lands.....	6,250
Wilson Dunlap to Augusta Dunlap	Lot 1 blk 30, Noe Garden H'd	1
Geary St Ex H'd Ass'n to W Brown	Lots 12 and 15, blk 166, Geary St Ex Hd	700
J L Isaacs to Jos Alexander.....	Stockton s Sacramento, 20x60; also, O'Farrell w Taylor, 25x65.....	7,100

Thursday, May 29th.

Paschal B Comins to R Holahan...	Lafayette s Union, 19x60.....	$ 1
Rob't Hamilton to P Masterson ...	Minna ne 6th, 25x70.....	2,000
James B Haggin to Thos H Holt ..	Und ½ of blks 155, 156, 157, Potrero; also, und 1-6 of property described in deed recorded in 156 D page 288, 107 acs w of Laguna Honda; also, Stockton n Green, n 22:11, etc	5,000
John Center to Chas Marois.....	Folsom n 23d, 50x122:6.....	3,000
Wm Hollis to Albert R Church	Steiner n Sacramento, 25x118.....	3,600
Daniel Ryan to Carrie D Truett ...	Cherry and Broadway, 137:6x137:6	500
Wm Friel to same.....	Same	250
B Blumenthal to Cath Ansbro.....	Lots 31 and 33, Gift Map 3; also, lots 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, Holiday Map A; also, lots 42 to 49 inclusive, Precita Valley Lands	5
W G Doolittle to J J Beaton.....	Lot 6 blk 157, New S S F H'd Ass'n	100
Reuben Feder to J H J Seyden	Hayes w Gough, 24:6x120	2,450

Friday, May 30th.

John Grant to J W H Tobey	Se Perry 275 ne 3d, 25x75	$1,600
Same to Henry Osterloh.....	Se Perry 300 ne 3d, 25x75	3,500
Joseph Frank to Gustave Reis	Sw cor Kearny and Bush, 64:6x60:5	145000
Wm Monahan to S C Walsh.....	Howard ne 11th, 25x90	2,750
Pat'k Golden to Edw Golden.....	Com e line of 50-vara 130 57:6 s Sac'to, 20x57:6; also, Post and Laguna, 62:6x50	600
Louis Dutertre to City & Co S F...	Dupont n Broadway, n 23, etc.....	2,100
D P Belknap to L Barris	Lots 4, 35, 36, blk 210, Haley & O'N T'ct	5
Maurice Dore to Simon Stiefvater..	16th and Harriet, 34:1x100.....	2,500
Wm J Campbell to L Barris.....	Lots 20, 31, 32, blk 310. H & O'N Tract.	3,050
C F Melius to Thos Eipper	Rues nw Folsom, 20x100.....	1
John Smith to Joanna Tesseir	Vallejo e Powell, 48:9x136:6	9,000
Wm F Cashman to Edw Sumner...	Block 385, Outside Lands	....
City and County S F to M F Kean .	Com at a point 300 s Yolu and 25 e Nebraska, 133x75.....	....
Jas J Doyle to J D Stevenson.....	Van Ness av n Pacific, 66x124:6	7,000
J F Glover to Isabella O'Sullivan..	Glover w Jones, 23x60	345
A Unger to M A Moore	Near Berkeley: ⅛ interest 80 acres.....	14,000
P Eagan to T Egan	8 miles ne from Livermore: 164 acres...	500

Saturday, May 31st.

Geary St Ex H'd to J L Hoster....	Lot 9 blk 167, Geary St Ex H'd Ass'n..	$ 350
Wm E Worth to Wm B Swain.....	Folsom sw Hawthorne, 35:6x75	8,000
Wm Erzgraber to S P Taylor.....	McAllister and Webster, 137:6x68:9.....	6,400
Catherine Erzgraber to same	Same.....	5
Isaac N Thorne to T C Van Ness..	Valencia s 17th, 26x100	5
T C Van Ness to Wm A Piper.....	Same	5,250
Felton T'ct Hd As'n to G Constant	Lots 25 to 30 inc blk 1202, Felton Tract.	1,020
Thos Knight to Henry Pierce	Turk and Leav'th, 137:6x137:6.....	20,000
W G Doolittle to N Hamilton.....	Lot 2 blk 157, New S S F H'd Ass'n....	500
D McMenomy to John McMenomy.	Grove e Franklin, 27:6x68:9.....	1,100
B Triest to City & County S F.....	Powell n Union, n 30:11¼, etc.....	1,262
C B Wyatt to John F Morse.....	Pine and Scott, 137:6x137:6	4,500
R P Clement to Henry Sutter.....	Baker and Hayes, 137:6x124:10½, subject to a mortgage for $3,000.....	....
City & County S F to R P Clement	Various lots in Outside Lands.....	....
Rob't H Burge to Wm J Stoddart..	Grove w Octavia, 76:3x120.....	....

Monday, June 2d.

Geo Tasheira to Geo F Benins	S cor Bdy and Webster, 77.6x120	$4,500
John Smith to City and Co S F	Comm at a point 82 n Lombard and 37 w Net, n 2 w 37.6 to r 42.10 s 2 e 22.1 to place of comm; also [illegible]	1,000
Paul Tract H'd Ass'n to J Adler	Lot 4 blk 25 Paul Tract H'd	1,000
Antonio Zanetta to J B Spring	E Sansome 2.6 s Greenwich, 25x75	4,650
Wm W Lowe to F O Tassey	E Howard 160 s 16th, 60x125	6,000
James O Sullivan to F McCarthy	N Geary w of James, 25x60	355
Jos W Spear to Elmer L Russell	Land; a portion of the Islands	1
S C Hawley to Russell & Lowell	Land called 1 1/2 acres	1,300
Antonio Rossi to Louis Lagomarsino	N cor Noe and 24th, 115x160	15,000
Hiram Mecham to Robt Mathes	E Baker n Pt, 150x120	700
J Sinclair to Theodule St Germain	N Jackson e Kearny, 21x61, etc	8,500

Tuesday, June 3d.

Ida Proehl to S M West	S Bush w Hyde, w 8 inches x s 137.6	$ 1
Eliza Nagle to Margaret Caldwell	W Dolores, 50 s Sanchez, 25x125	1,750
Andrew J Cutler to Joseph Peters	W Mission n Broadway, 60.9x60	...
A D Wilmarth to John Sullivan	N W Washington w Polk, 27.6x137.8	10
Jacques Traces to A A Haskin	S Stockton and Francisco, 122.6x122.6, sub to mort for $7,500	25,000
James Kearney to Ellen Kelly	S Pine e Powell, 20x60	4,900
George L Stone to Frank H Woods	S Taylor and Pacific, 137.6x137.6	5
Hubert Bohman to F M Doane	E Laguna, 80.7 n	1,600
J C Hanks to W O Wentworth	S w Stewart av Mission, 20x70.8	6,500
H L Cole to Mary A Stevens	N Sutter w Taylor, 25.6x137.8	6,000
Thos Lyons Cowles to F Donnelly	N e cor Noe and Beaver, 25x80	8
David P Dorst to Louis Meyerstein	S Pine and Larkin, 137.6x137.6	100
Spring Valley H'd Ass'n to C Mason	Lots 262 275, Spring Valley H'd	720
John L Coleman to H Burt Howell	N Clay w Polk, 54x127.8	5,000

Wednesday, June 4th.

John Berry to G R Holmes	N Post w Brodrick, 41.8x137.6	$1,000
Bay View Hd to Sidney B Roby	Lot 26 blk 187, Bay View Hd Ass'n	300
Jason B Dorr to Chas E Hasseltine	Land on S cor Bush st and Brown's Alley 50.3 w Kearny x 75 s 45.1 to e 24.3 to n 24 to commencement	10
Antoine Borel to S P Middleton	Lots 2385 to 2395 inclusive, Gift Map 4	1,000
Wm Brandt to F Jansen	S 24th, 175 e Castro, 24x114	Gift
Wm Norman to Christian Stahmann	S Sutter e Fillmore, 25x77.6	2,750
Wm B Swain to Richard Kempton	N Bush w Webster, 25x106	1,000
Charles Crocker to Peter Donahoe	W Dolores s 223, 50x125	4,100
Thos Brown to Margaret Dore	S Pine and Hyde, 82.6x87.6	7,500
Nathan Aldenbach to F N Longley	W Sanchez n 27.6, 137.6 x n 1 lot 43 blk 107, Banda Vista H'd	750
Bridget Fitzgerald to J Fitzgerald	Ne Leavenworth and Broadway, 68.6x40	Gift

Thursday, June 5th.

Odd Fel Cem Ass'n to G G Burnett	Lot 88 Yerba Buena Pot, Odd Fel Cem	$ 112
City & Co S F to Wm Brown	Sundry properties in Western Add Pot	Prem
E Bloomingdale to Ferdinand Reis	Land called 1 acre w Mission Mass, Solano n 22 deg 48 w 1.7 Church, etc	5,000
Geo Ogilon to same	Land called 2.86 same	580
Yetta Greenwald to same	Undivided 1-40th same	5
Rachael E J Shepheard to S Otis	Sw corner sec 1, 4 S, R 5 W, n 156, w 121, n 85.6, e 41 n 87.6 to 87.6 comm, also sw of Larkin and Union, 50x75	100
Geo W Call to James Dixon	Sw Hampton Place e Folsom, 100x55	$ 1,000
M L Carroll to Wm Hooks	Sundry lots in Southern portion city	5
Wm H Brown to Yerba Buena	S Clay e Powell, 22x72 also S Clay e Stockton, 22.6 x Kearny, 60 x w 6 inches	24,500
A Basquet to Contract & Finance Co	Nw Kearny cor Pine, 137.1x60	9,000
Weber St H'd Ass'n to J K Bastard	Lot 1 blk 3 W A	1,026
Ferrer, Post H'd to W Josephs	Lot 1 blk 126	170
Jos A Rosasco to Marie Zurr	S 24th e Vermont, 25x75	2,000
John Martin to Margaret Martin	S Market n 8th, 82.6x68	5
A J Koppel to Jose L Pacheco	N Stevenson 165 n 14th, 80, W Addition	1,250
Columbus Barnett to H Sax & L Sol	N Sacramento e Kearny, 21.8x75	14,708
Peter Bergez to I Campbell	W Dupont s Sacramento, 68.9x137.6	Gift
Pt Lob Av H'd Ass'n to W M Scott	Sundry lots Pt Lobos Avenue H'd	1,500
E Gerstle to Wm C Ralston	E 18 S Boston Place, etc	8,083
Wm H Talbot to Nicholas Luning	Potrero Nuevo Property	50
Nicholas Luning to City Gas Co	Same	50
Same to Wm H Taylor	Same	60
Geary St Ex H'd to C A Sankey	Lot 33 blk 126	300
Marian Hart to James H Lemon	S 19th e Stevenson, 25x85 sub M B 67	2,000
Pau Neumann to Ramona Realty	S Jackson w Leavenworth, 137.6x137.6	....
H A Cobb to Henry L Davis	Ne Jackson and Montgomery, 60x60	....

Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.

Reported by G. W. McKeand, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. and San Leandro.

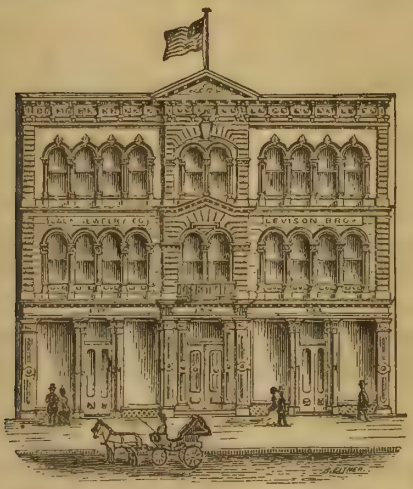
GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRIC
M Curtis to J Dennan	Oakland: N line Lydia 125 w from West, thence w 25x80:4	$ 200
F L Taylor to Tompkins & Adams.	Same: 50x200 sw cor Clay and 17th	9,000
G M Yard to H Mackie	Same: E l Castro 53:9 s from 20th, thence s 50x100	1,000
E McLean to J Perrin	Same: W Center 175:6 s from 5th, thence s 37:6x145:7	690
Same to M Gaines	Same: E Chester 244:3 s from 5th, thence s 31:3x125	531
W Watts to M F Watts	Same: 600x256:5 n and s by 32 and 34th, w by Adaline	Gift
J M Dillon to E Harris	Same: 100x150 nw cor Oak and 6th	5,500
J C & E Coleman to T Keegan	Same: 263:6x102 ne cor 24th & Adaline	1,700
A Britton to P McNamara	Same: N line 2d 75 w from Jefferson, thence w 25x 00	500
H Evans to L Hamilton	Same: Lot 61, Academy H'd Tract	750
J Y Jones to W C Wallace	East Oakland: Sw line Monroe 75 se from Pierce, thence se 75x150	1,800
J O'Connor to A W Levitt	Same: 75x140 n cor C'tra Costa & Adams	2,000
T B Howard to A Robinson	Same: 200x150 n cor Lacey and Benton.	7,000
W Ballou to L James	West Oakland: W line Wood 100:7 s f'm Railroad Av, thence s 40x105:7	1,000
J M Todd to C V D Hubbard	Same: N line 8th 64 w from Willow, thence w 34x80	825
J W & L Pearson to E W Berry	Same: 27 N line Division by 130	6,000
P Bartlett to H Reinhardt	Same: 46:11x137:7 nw cor Middle & C'ter	925
Same to T Hagan	Same: W Center 99:2 n from Middle, thence n 52:2x87:1	810
E W Berry to J W Pearson	Same: 27 n line Division by 130	1
N B Hays to A Ryder	Same: W line Peralta 108 n from Seward, thence n 4x150	100
J D Farwell to G. O'H. Taaffe	Alameda: 8 acres e line High st	25,000
Same to same	Same: 2½ acs Tide Land Estuary of San Leandro	120
G O'H. Taaffe to V G Taaffe	Same: The preceding two tracts	Gift
S Millington to S I Fish	Same: 60 w line Versailles Av by 139	Gift
F Franks to W W Stone	Same: N Encinal 450 e from Willows, thence e 100x150	700
C E Chipman to J K Hamilton	Same: 172x150 se cor Santa Clara and Everett	1,260
Same to C S Benedict	Same: 80:4 Central Av by 140, and 73:1 Everett by 132	1,090
Same to H Seiglitz	Same: N Central 293:9 e from Everett, thence e 120:10x190	1,030
Same to J E Curvey	Same: 52:8x150 ne cor Central & Everett	590
Same to F Trask	Same: 125x132 ne cor Santa Clara and Everett, 80 Santa Clara by 100	1,315
Same to C Bartlett	Same: N Santa Clara 212 e from Everett, thence e 80x100	410
E Lawrence to Reis & Hoslocker	Same: 80 acres Tide Land, San Leandro Estuary	5
J H Bernal to P Carr	Pleasanton: 99x100	500
M Rodrigues to J Schwab	Same: 50x125	650
W Haywood to G A Goodell	Haywood: 80x35	230
G Brown to same	Same: 75x300	500
H S Fitch to T Leonard	Fitchburg: Lot 5 in blk 9	200
G W Dam to J C & E Coleman	San Leandro R and Fruit Vale Av: 420x150 and 310x250	2,000
M G Cobb to E R Carpentier	4 miles n fr Oakland: 33 acs S Pablo Av	350
Gray & Flint to H L Scott	Lynn: Lots 17 to 20 in blk G	10
S Shearer to Oakland S'g & R'g Co	Brooklyn T'p: 300x300 at Melrose	10,000
C F Heroe to H Barroilhet	Boundary line of Alameda and Contra Costa: 400 acres	3,000
W F Ingalls to J M Ingalls	Near Alvarado: ⅛ interest in tract	....
J M Ingalls to W F Ingalls	Same: Same	....
C H Pollard to R Perrin	Near Mis'n San Jose: ¼ int in tract	5
S U H'd Ass'n to C Pennie	Oakland T'p: Lot 9 in blk 1, S U Hd T't	700
M Rollins to J T Stevenson	Road Centreville to Alvarado: 10 acres.	1,500
N Giamboni to F Giamboni	Brooklyn T'p: Lot 9, Ghirardelli H T'ct	275
H Whitaker to J R Deardorff	3 miles n fr Pleasanton: ⅛ int 3,680 ac's	1,000
H Durant to G W Gibbs	Near Berkeley: 5¾ acres	5,064
W H Glascock to E R Carpentier	4 miles n fr Oakland; 33 acs S Pablo Av	750

R Gibbons to T C Banks	Oakland: Sundry lots in the Gibbons Property	40,000
A C Henry to M Fancault	Same: N line Charter Avenue 149:2 w from Telegraph Ave thence w 50x129:4	1,300
C H Bradley to H Bay	Same: 137:6x100 sw cor 13th and Castro	10,000
F Warner to J Holland	Same: E line Brush 50 n fr 5th th n 50x75	1,200
Mr. Curtis to F Munday	Same: W line Curtis 50 n from 21st and thence n 50x100	600
F Warner to A Sharey	Same: W line Market 150 n from 28th thence n 50x125	1,000
W F Boardmann to T G Sourdry	Same: 50x100 nw cor 12 and Broadway	25,000
G L Babcock to D McClure	Same: A tract near Lake Merritt	7,500
C Babson to J McCarty	Same: S middle 308:5 w from center the w 40x145	685
B Maloan to A T Sproul	Same: N 21st 123:3 w from Linden th w 40:2x88:8	400
J W Crawford to F Oliver	Same: N 10th 50 w from West st thence w 50x110	1,900
W Wolfsohn to S Caskell	Same: 2 lots Oakland Prospect Tract	1
J C Devay to J P Lecour	Same: N 1 Sycamore 157 w from Grove thence w 25x100	650
S O Mandeville to C E Harman	Same: S line 10th 75 w from Jefferson th west 25x100	2,500
J C Hays to E L Davis	Same: N line 7th e from West st thence e 50x100	2,000
H Durant to P Murray	Same: W Chester 175 n from 3d thence north 50x125	800
D Stuart to T B Simpson	Same: N Charter 88 w from Telegraph thence 50x130	250
S Larue to J Larue	East Oakland: Blk 22 San Antonio	5
G Lutchey to W Metzgar	Same: 150x140 w cor Fremont & Adams	5,500
C Packard to O C Kirk	Same: Sw Washington 95 se from Jarvis thence se 25x140	1,000
C Paul to R S Kinney	West Oakland—S line Everett 95 e from Wood thence e 47:6x135	900
C E Chipman to D B Taylor	Alameda: N line Central Av 213 e from Everett thence e 80:4x200	720
Same to J Yablonski.	Same: S line Santa Clara Av 332 e from Everett thence e 40x150	250
Same to W Jameson	Same: N line Santa Clara 292 e from Everett thence e 80x208:5	790
J W Clark to J Heron	Same: 281:5 s line Central Av and S F Bay; also 11 acres tide land	5,000
W H Glascock to C E Chipman	Same One acre lot 19 Woodwards Surv	52
Same to same	Same: Acre lots 1 to 5 in Jones' Survey	66
A H Jayne to H P Irving	Oakland Tp: Portion Plats 88 and 89	5
H P Irving to E B Mastick	Same: Plat 89	6,500
J C DeVay to J P Lecount	Same: Lot 5 blk 3 State University H'd	500
Same to same	Same: Lot in blk 4 same	500
The Central Land Co to R Brown	Same: Lot 46 Brown Tract	750
G O Davis to J C Pennie	Same: Lot 9 in blk 4 State Univer'y H'd	3,200
Merrill & Durant to T M Antisell	Same: Lots 5 and 8 in blk 2 of Villa lots near University	3,200
J A Neal to J Y Islas	Pleasanton: Lot 6 in blk D, Pleasanton.	120
L Levison to C H Pollard	Near Mission San Jose: A tract	5
J Fraitors to M Fraitors	Eden Tp: 1 acre Road to Wick's Land'g	700
B Benedict to M Griffith	¾ interest in the Frank Silva Ranch	500
A Mendenhall to E M Derby	Murray Tp: Sundry Tracts	....
L W & L R Snow to J Chart	Oakland: 50x103:9 nw cor 15th and Clay	1,500
J B Bigelow to A Cunefro	Same: S line R R Avenue 75 west from Chester thence w 25x96:3	500
L M Gardner to Pearson & Wood	Same: N line of Oakland Ave 80:7 e from Wood thence e 100x100:4	....
E E Tompkins to J J Hanifin	Same: 100x108:5 nw corner Walnut and Broadway	2,875
E Bigelow to E McQuillen	Same: E line Henry 195:3 s fm R R Ave thence s 25x125	450
J Gamble to A & S Sanderson	Same: Sw line Weston Ave 361:4 e from Telegraph Avenue thence e 100x363:6	1,600
J Chart to J Norton	Same: E line 107:6 s from 24th thence s 52x115	200
S Merritt to N M Latham	Same: E line Jackson 1270 n from 12th thence n 300x150	30,000
P Bartlett to E Weintrout	Same: W Center st 46:11 n from Middle thence n 26:1x109:7	450
Same to W H Knight	Same: Lot 10 in blk 1 same	700
Same to S S Dunmire	Same: Lot 1 in blk 3 same	700
Same to E Wasserman	Same: Lot 7 in blk 2 same	700
Same to J R Sim's	Same: Lot 1 in blk 2 same	700
Same to D Black	Same: Lot 4 in blk 3 same	700

J E Whitcher to J E Colby	Same: E Washington 75 s from 10th th s 25x75; also s 10th 75 e Washington thence e 50x100	1,000
J Norton to J Chart	Same: E line Louisa 159:6 s from 24th street thence s 52x115	100
N C Fassett to T Vaissy	Same: W line Filbert 175 s from 10th n thence s 85x125	11,000
Capitol H'd Ass'n to W Stuart	East Oakland: 40x260 and 40x260 near Lake Merritt	1,550
Same to C C Carlton	Same: About 85x180	....
R O Sanffley to M Pollard & C M Co	West Oakland: E line Wood st s from Chase thence s 51x102:6	4,900
L Wood to C P R R Co	Same: N line R R Ass'n 60 e from Wood thence e 20x40	1
L McMacken to J B Rollins	Alameda: 70x66 near Mastic Station	500
J S Scott to A Scott	Same: E Park 50 n Buena Vista thence n 100x149:5	....
J Chester to C H Chester	Same: Lot S F Bay near Park st	500
E Adams to E B Mastick	4 miles n from Oakland: Tract on San Pablo Road	2,250
J L Graves to J F Valdas	San Leandro: 148 Callan Ave x 100	1,100
J Reaghn to T O'Reaghn	Same: Lot se cor Ward Avenue & Haywood Road	2,000
W M Mendenhall to M Hupers	Livermore: 150x150	1,400
Same to T Gloskin	Same: Lot 5 in block 20	100
Same to J A Clary	Near Livermore: 20 acres	1,000
A Walker to J McBurnie	Road Decoto to Mayhews Land'g: 2¾ ac	192
M Joseph to Joseph Kelling	3 miles w Dublin—77 acres	1,300
J Kelling to F Frazer	Same: Half interest in same	650
A S Peralta to F Peralta	The A M Peralta division of Road San Antonio less exceptions	500
G O Davis to J R Lewis	Near Berkeley: Lot 6 in blk 4 State University H'd Tract	700
Same to H Burgess	Same: Lot 10 in blk 4 same	500
S U H'd Ass'n to N Rosenberg	Same: Lot 3 in blk 3 same	700
Same to H Burgess	Same: Lot 1 in blk 4 same	700
D L Emerson to Oakl'd B of Sav'g	Oakland: 100x100 ft ne corner 12th and Broadway	28,000
E L Gibson to A W Burrell	Same: N line 3d 75 e from Webster, thence e 75x100	15
D Porter to O H Tutts	Same: S line 10th 54:4 e fr Alice, thence e 45:8x100	2,500
M Ryan to S E Henshaw	Same: W Myrtle 200 s from 10th, thence s 50x125	6,000
T B Bigelow to E Fitel	Same: E Henry 145:3 s fr Railroad Ave, thence s 25x125	500
E McLean to M Partridge	Same: W line Center 154:3 s from 5th, thence s 31:3x145:4	560
Same to E Wardwell	Same: E line Chester 213 s fr 5th, thence s 31:3x125	531
Same to W L Dickerson	Same: W line Chester 175:6 s from 5th, thence s 31:3x125	531
Same to M A Hall	Same: W line Chester 206:9 s from 5th, thence s 31:3x125	531
Same to C E McInnis	Same: E line Chester 275:6 s from 5th, thence s 31:3x125	531
J de Fremery to E M Arthur	Same: 100x150 nw cor 12th and Castro	11,750
M M Eschenbury to M Dusenbury	Same: E line Webster 806 n from 14th, thence n 25x150	850
M T Dusenbury to A E Rodinair	Same: Same	850
C H H'd Ass'n to G P Johnston	East Oakland: 49x129 and 80x125 near Lake Merritt	1,080
Same to D C Bryan	Same: 50x128 same locality	360
E C Sessions to Mrs A S Ireland	Same: n line Huff 102:6 w fr Alameda, thence w 100x140	600
S Lakman to J C Kaselan	Alameda: N line Pacific 150 e fr Walnut, thence e 50x150	600
W B Clement to W Severance	Same: 150x240 nw cor Everett & Eagle	3,000
A S Sivars to M Mariano	Road Haywood to Alvarado: 6 acres	1,020
M Hupers to J Anspacker	Livermore: Part block 3	950
W M Hall to E L Beard	Near Mis'n San Jose: 382 ac Marsh L'd	3,000
J de Fremery to G Touchard	Oakland N limits: 6 acres Webster Av	2,725
T LeRoy to S P Wright	San Leandro: Lot F in blk 30	20
F Peralta to P Sather	Brooklyn T'p: Tract High st, San Leandro R'd and Fruit Vale Av	500
Dam & Gladding to J O'Connor	Same: 5 acres San Leandro Road, near High st	2,500
G Martinez to W Ivey	Same: Int in 349 acs n'r San Leandro Ck	1,500
S P Wright to T Curtin	San Leandro: Lot F in blk 30	600
P Dunnigan to M Mathews	Oakland T'p: Part plot 43	5
J B Dilley to W H Cumming	4 miles n from Oakland: 23 acres	4,000

E B Marsh to L N Dougherty	Oakland: 100x75 nw cor Madison and 3d	$4,500
M V Eckhorn to J Meagher	Same: N line 9th 75 e from Brush th e 25x100	500
J Meagher to A Montecth	Same: E line Brush 50 n fm 9th thence 50x100	1,700
Ex'rs of E Tompkins to A Machie	Same: 76x150 nw cor Alice and 14th	3,200
N Hastings to T Townsend	Same: Lot 28 in blk 'A' Okland View Hd Tract	300
T Townsend to A Leonard	Same	150
A V Wakeman to N Gray	Same: N line 10th 125 w from Brush th w 50x100	1,800
J G Divoll to A G Brown	Same: Lot 76 Buena Vista Hd	800
The P T S Ass'n to J M Selfriege	Same: Lot 5 Pacific Theo Seminary Tct	....
Same to H E Jewett	Same: Lot 74 in same	....
Same to J P Bingham	Same: Lot 18 in same	....
L B Larue to D D McWade	East Oakland: 100x140 s cor Broadway and Madison	3,500
E M & B J Hughes to J C Batis	Same: 150x150 e cor Madison and Pine	550
W C Hoagland to J W Willard	Same: 150x150 s cor Jefferson and Jones	5,000
A Ludlam to W E Brown	Alameda: 67 acres bounded n by Central w by Fitch & Sharon Tract and s by S F Bay	67,000
W Carroll to W S Wilkinson	Brooklin Tp: Lots 12 13 14 Fr't Vale Hd	1,500
W B Clement to F Gerstenberg	Same: Lots 1 and 2 in blk 3 Clement's Addition to Melrose	500
L G Cole to E Tripp	Same: 12¼ acres cor Redwood's and San Leandro Old Road	10,000
A P Warren to J K Brown	Oakland Tp: Various lots Vernon Park Tract	5,000
P Dunnigan to M O'Neill	Same: Part plot 43	5
J Kearney to P Dunnigan	Same: Part plot 43	5
N B Byrne to J Stratton	4 miles from Oakland: 7 acres	5
Jos Hafenegger to T Griffin	Same: ½ acre San Pablo Ave	250
L Franconi to E R Carpentier	Same: 33 acres on same	....
G Andrade to H W Carpentier	Same: 30 acres on same	5
J Dabner to M Lawrence	San Leandro: 3 lots in Dabner's Addi'n	350
P Hanson to T McInstry	Same: 25 Watkins st x 125	3,000
R Muscanni to J Jacques	Haywood: 82x150	1,200
C A Mulaney to J Green	Livermore: 60x112:6	373
T LeKay to W T Lemon	Near San Lorenzo: 11¾ acres	770
W Holt to R Clifford	Lynn: Lots 5x6 in blk E	100
E Mastick to E A Carpentier	Bordering on Town of Alameda: Interest in Marsh Land	1,260
D Hyer to M Ullman	On San Leandro Bay: 27 and 16 acres Tide Land	100
C Kaufman to same	Same	100
E L Beard to J B Robertson	Bordering on S F Bay between Alvarado and Alviso: Int in 2026 acres Tide Ld	216,000

CALIFORNIA JEWELRY COMPANY



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Carter, Howkins and Dodd's

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8

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Manufactured to order for this establishment from Selected Samples.

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Wholesale Dealer in

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(Between Sansome and Battery.) *SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.*

California Beet Sugar Company,

CAPITAL, $250,000,

314 CALIFORNIA STREET.

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BENJ. FLINT, Vice President.
L. FRANCONI, Secretary.
A. D. BONESTEEL, Gen'l Manager.

C. I. HUTCHINSON, BENJ. FLINT, E. R. CARPENTIER, } Executive Com.
A. OTTO, Superintendent of Factory.

London and San Francisco Bank.

(LIMITED.)

(Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts of 1862 and 1867 of Great Britain), with which has been consolidated the business of

PARROTT & CO., Bankers, San Francisco.

Capital, : : : $5,000,000

Of which $3,000,000 is fully paid up as present Capital, and will be increased as the growth of the business requires.

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE, NO. 423 CALIFORNIA STREET

London Offices of the Bank, 22 OLD BROAD STREET, E. C.

DIRECTORS:

Frederick Rodewald, Esq., Chairman; H. L. Bischoffsheim, Esq. (Messrs. Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt); J. F. Flemmich, Esq. (Messrs F. Huth & Co); E. H. Green, Esq. (Messrs. Russell and Sturgis, of Manila); Julius May, Esq. (of San Francisco), Frankfort-on-the-Main; J. S. Morgan, Esq. (Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co.); Baron H. de Stern (Messrs. Stern Brothers); Rudolph Sulzbach, Esq. (Messrs Sulzbach Brothers), Frankfort-on-the-Main; Robt. Ryric, (of Gladstone. Ewart & Co.), London.

Manager in London, R. D. PEEBLES, Esq.

Secretary, JAMES M. STREETEN.

London Bankers, THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK.

Manager in San Francisco, MILTON S. LATHAM, Esq.

Assistant Manager (San Francisco), CAMILO MARTIN.

Cashier (San Francisco), ARTHUR SCRIVENER.

Accountant ALFRED BANNISTER.

The Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business, in London and San Francisco, and between said Cities and all parts of the world. The San Francisco Office is authorized to draw Bills of Exchange or issue Letters of Credit upon either of the undernamed Founders and Proprietors of the Bank, or (at the option of the buyer) upon the following Houses, with whom the Bank has established credits, viz: LONDON—The London Joint Stock Bank, No. 5 Princess Street; Messrs. Bischoffsheim, Goldschmidt & Co.; Messrs. Frühling & Goschen; Messrs. Frederick Huth & Co.; Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co. (successors to Messrs. George Peabody & Co.); Messrs. Stern Brothers. NEW YORK CITY—Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co., 53 Exchange Place. BOSTON—Third National Bank. PHILADELPHIA—Messrs. Drexel & Co. PARIS—Drexel & Co.; Bischoffsheim, Goldschmidt & Co.; Messrs. A. J. Stern & Co. FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN—Mr. Gebruder Sulzbach; A. J. Stern & Co. GERMANY—Bank of Saxe Meiningen. AMSTERDAM—Banque de Credit and de Depot des Pays Bas. ANTWERP.—Nottebohn Brothers; F. R. Bischoffsheim. HAMBURG—John Berenberg, Gossler & Co. BERLIN—Deutsche Bank Actien Gesellschaft. GENOA—Dappies & Co. NAPLES and FLORENCE—Anglo-Italian Bank. VALPARAISO and LIMA—Fred. Huth, Gruning & Co. MANILA—Russell & Sturgis. CHINA and JAPAN—Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation. AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND—Union Bank of Australia; Bank of New South Wales. IRELAND—Provincial Bank of Ireland, and all its branches, viz: Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Clonmel, Londonderry, Sligo, Wexford, Belfast, Waterford, Galway, Armagh, Athlone, Coleraine, Kilkenny, Ballina, Tralee, Youghal, Enniskillen, Monaghan, Banbridge, Ballymena, Parsonstown, Cavan, Omagh, Dungannon, Bandon, Ennis, Ballyshannon, Strabane, Dungarvan, Mallow, Cootehill, Kilrush, Skibbereen, Enniscorthy, Fermoy, Newry, Drogheda, Nenagh, Templemore, Carrick-on-Suir, Carrick-on-Shannon, Clogheen, Newcastle, County Limerick.

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EXCHANGE AND TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS for sale, payable in Gold or Currency, in sums to suit, on all the principal cities of the United States. Also, Bills of Exchange on the principal cities of Europe.

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Central and Union Pac. R. R. Line,

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LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO DAILY,

Making prompt connection with the several Railway Lines in the Eastern States, for all the Cities of the

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Connecting at NEW YORK with the Steamer Lines to

ENGLAND, FRANCE,

AND ALL

EUROPEAN PORTS.

Through Time Going East.

From San Francisco to Omaha, 4 days and 6 hours; to Chicago, 5 days and 6 hours; to New York, 6 days and 20 hours.

Silver Palace Sleeping Coaches,

Second to none in the world, are run daily from San Francisco to New York and intermediate points. These Drawing Room Cars by day, and Sleeping Cars by night, are unexcelled for comfort and convenience to the Passenger while en route—combining the elegance of a private parlor, and all accommodations pertaining to a well-furnished chamber, with comfortable couches, clean bedding, etc. A competent Porter accompanies each Car, to attend to the wants of our patrons.

Children not over Twelve Years of Age, Half-Fare—Under Five Years of Age, Free. 100 Pounds of Baggage per full Passenger, Free. Fifty Pounds of Baggage per half Passenger, Free.

Through Ticket Office: 2 New Montgomery st., San Francisco

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A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Supt. C. P. R. R.
T. L. KIMBALL, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Omaha, Neb.
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Steamship Company.

Regular Steamers to Portland,

Leaving San Francisco Weekly:

STEAMSHIPS

John L. Stephens,

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Connecting with Steamers to

SITKA AND PUGET SOUND,

AND O. AND C. R. R. CO.,

And Oregon C. R. R. Co., through Willamette, Umpqua, and Rogue River Valleys, Oregon.

WM. NORRIS, Agent,

No. 217 SANSOME STREET.

HOME MUTUAL
Insurance Company,
OF CALIFORNIA.

433 California St., Merchants' Exchange Building

Fire & Marine Insurance

CAPITAL, $650,000.

CAPITAL, $650,000.

J. H. REDINGTON, President. **G. H. HOWARD**, Vice Presiden
C. R. STORY, Secretary. **N. B. EDDY**, Marine Secretary.
H. H. BIGELOW, General Manager.

NORTHERN
Assurance Company
OF LONDON AND ABERDEEN.

Subscribed Capital.	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds,	5,000,000
Annual Fire Premiums,	950,000

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN

W. L. BOOKER, Agent,

319 California Street, San Francisco.

W. A. KOLLMYER,
Mirror, Picture Frame Maker and Gilder,
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Oil Paintings Cleaned and Varnished. Picture Cord, Tassels, Nails, Etc. Business Cards Framed at Reduced Prices.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

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Leave Wharf, Corner First and Brannan Streets,

ON THE

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FOR

YOKOHAMA & HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with the Company's Branch Line for SHANGHAI, via Hiogo and Nagasaki.

June 16--Stmr GT. REPUBLIC,

Captain Howard.

FOR NEW YORK via PANAMA.

Leave at 12 o'clock noon on the

5th and 19th of Each Month,

For PANAMA, and connecting, via PANAMA RAILROAD, with one of the Company's Splendid Steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

June 5th, - - MONTANA,
Captain Parker.

June 19th, - - ALASKA,
Capt. Nolan.

ALL STEAMERS
WILL CALL AT
MAZATLAN and MANZANILLO
AND CONNECT AT
Acapulco for all Central American Ports, and all, except the Alaska, Call at San Diego.

☞Through Tickets sold to and from Liverpool, Queenstown, Southampton, Bremen, Brest, Havre, Hamburg, Stettin, Copenhagen and Norway.

☞When the sailing date of China or Panama steamers falls on Sunday, the steamer will sail on the preceding Saturday.

For Honolulu.

The steamship COSTA RICA, Captain Lapidge, will leave at 3 P. M., as follows: Tuesday, June 24; Thursday, July 24.
Returning, will leave Honolulu July 8, August 7.

For Santa Barbara, San Pedro and San Diego.

Steamers will leave at 9 A. M., as follows: Friday, June 20th, MOHONGO, Captain Douglass. ORIZABA, Capt. Johnson, Saturday, June 14th; Thursday, June 26th.

For Monterey, San Simeon, San Luis Obispo, and Santa Barbara.

Steamers will leave at 3 P. M., as follows: SENATOR, Captain Harloe, Monday, June 23d.

For Magdalena Bay, Cape San Lucas, Mazatlan, Guaymas and La Paz.

The Steamship CALIFORNIA, Capt. Metzger, will leave at 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, June 17th.
No freight received or bills lading signed after 3 o'clock P.M. on the 16th.

Apply at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Office, at their wharf, corner First and Brannan streets.

S. K. HOLMAN, Acting Agent.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

San Francisco.

Capital, - - - $5,000,000

D. O. MILLS, PRESIDENT. | W. C. RALSTON, CASHIRE.

AGENTS:

IN NEW YORK.....MESSRS. LEES & WALLER.
IN BOSTON.....TREMONT NATIONAL BANK.
IN LONDON.....ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION.

☞ The Bank has Agencies at VIRGINIA CITY, GOLD HILL, WHITE PINE, and Correspondents at all the principal Mining Districts and Interior Towns of he Pacific Coast.

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Available for the purchase of Merchandise throughout the United States, Europe, India, China, Japan and Australia.

Exchange For Sale on Atlantic Cities.

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London, Dublin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Bremen, Vienna, Leipsic, Frankfort-on-Main, Auckland, Melbourne, Yokohama, Shanghai, Hongkong, Sydney.

Advertisements of the Leading Business Houses in San Francisco.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

No. 433 California St., Merchants Exchange Building. Fire and Marine Insurance Company. Capital, $750,000. OFFICERS:—John H. Redington President; George H. Howard, Vice President; Charles R. Story, Secretary; N. B. Eddy, Marine Secretary. H. H. BIGELOW, General Manager. DIRECTORS.—San Francisco—Geo. H. Howard, F. D. Atherton, H. F. Teschemacher, A. B. Grogan, John H. Redington, A. W. Bowman, C. S. Hobbs, B. M. Hartshorne, D. Conrad, Wm. H. Moor, Geo. S. Johnson, H. N. Tilden, W M. Greenwood, S. L. Jones, Geo. S. Mann Cyrus Wilson, W. H. Foster, Jr., Jos. Galloway, W. T. Garratt, C. Waterhouse, A P. Hotaling. Oregon Branch—P. Wasserman, B. Goldsmith, L. F. Grover, D. Macleay, C. H. Lewis, Lloyd Brooke, J. A. Crawford, D. M. French, J. Lowenberg, Hamilton Boyd, Manager, W. L. Ladd, Treasurer. Marysville—D. E. Knight. San Diego—A. H. Wilcox. Sacramento Branch—Charles Crocker, A. Redington, Mark Hopkins, Jas. Carolan, J. F. Houghton, D. W. Earl, Isaac Lohman, Julius Wetzlar, Julius Wetzlar, Manager, I. Lonman, Secretary. Stockton Branch—H. H. Hewlett, Geo. S. Evans, J. D. Peters, N. M. Orr, W. F. McKee, A. W. Simpson, A. T. Hudson, H. M. Fanning, H. H. Hewlett, Manager, N. M. Orr, Secretary. San Jose Branch—T. Ellard Beans, Josiah Belden, A. Foster, J. S. Carter, Jackson Lewis, N. Hayes, Noah Palmer, B. D. Murphy, J. J. Denny, Manager, A. E. Moody, Secretary. Grass Valley —William Watt, Robert Watt. Nevada—T. W. Sigourney. Feb. 1.

REMOVAL.

The Commercial Insurance Co. of California, have removed their office to No. 228 California street, in Tallant's New Bank Building, Northeast corner California and Battery streets, San Francisco. This Company transacts A GENERAL FIRE and MARINE INSURANCE business, determining rates commensurate with the hazard assumed, and independently of any combination. The attention of the insuring public is invited to this fact, and also to the following list of Directors, comprising many of our wealthiest and most responsible citizens:

DIRECTORS.—W. W. Dodge, Claus Spreckles, Selden S. Wright, W. B. Cummings, C. F. MacDermot, James M. Barney, C. W. Kellogg, A. W. Jee, Peter Dean, C. J. Deering, John H. Wise, Levi Stevens, James Gamble, E. T. Gile, W. B. Hooper, G. L. Bradley, D. H. Haskell, H. S. Crocker, F. S. Freeman, N. D. Thayer, Jas. Phelan, Charles Main. C. W. KELLOGG, President.
H. G. HORNER, Secretary. May 3.

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF BOSTON.

Has transacted the business of Life Insurance for over a quarter of a century. Its assets amount to over NINE MILLION DOLLARS. The law of Massachusetts makes all its Policies nonforfeitable. It is a Purely Mutual Company, dividing every cent of surplus among Policy-holders. This is the ONLY Company on the Pacific Coast governed by the Massachusetts Lapse Law.

WALLACE EVERSON, General Agent,
April 23.] N. E. cor. California and Sansome sts., opposite Bank of California.

MORRIS SPEYER & CO.,

Importers and Commission Merchants. No. 13 Merch. Exchange. Hamburg-Bremen Fire Insurance Company. Office, 13 Merchants' Exchange. Policies issued against loss or damage by fire on brick and frame buildings, stores and dwellings, furniture and merchandise, warehouse and contents. Premiums as low as in any other responsible company. ☞ All losses paid in U. S. Gold Coin.
Jan 29. MORRIS SPEYER & CO., General Agents.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, OF LONDON AND ABERDEEN.

Subscribed Capital, $10,000,000; Accumulated Funds, upwards of $6,-750,000: Annual Fire Premiums, less re-insurance, $1,180,000. Losses Promptly Paid in U. S. Gold Coin. W. L. BOOKER, Agent,
[Jan. 13.] No. 319 California street, San Francisco.
☞ The Policies of this Company are not only guaranteed by the Capital but by the unlimited personal responsibility of fully seven hundred Shareholders.

THE MINT OF THE UNITED STATES AT SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco, Cal., May 28, 1873.—This Mint will close for Annual Settlement and Repairs, on TUESDAY, JUNE 3, 1873, after which date, until July 1st, 1873, deposits of Crude Bullion cannot be received. Persons holding bills against the Mint for the current fiscal year will present them for settlement before June 20th. [May 31.] O. H. LA GRANGE, Superintendent.

BRITISH COLUMBIAN IMMIGRATION OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Every information respecting British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, their resources and capabilities, will be supplied to intending settlers and others upon application to W. R. H. ADAMSON, Immigration Agent for British Columbia, 315 California street, San Francisco. Nov. 16.

JAS. H. HAM.] PETERS & HAM, [WM. B. PETERS.

Dealers in Paper Hangings, Window Shades, etc., 321 Pine street, San Francisco. March 1.

CHARLES LE GAY,

American Commission Merchant, . . 1 Rue Scribe, Paris.
[March 29.]

SWISS-AMERICAN BANK,

Incorporated in Geneva (Switzerland) January 20th, 1873. Head office in Geneva.

Capital..... .....$2,000,000 subscribed, one quarter paid up.

PRESIDENT—HENRY HENTSCH, SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH (successors to Messrs. Hentsch & Berton), 327 Clay street. DIRECTORS—Francis Berton, Rob't Watt.

This Bank is prepared to grant letters of credit on Europe, and to transact every kind of Banking, Mercantile and Exchange Business, and to negotiate American Securities in Europe. Deposits received.

Bills of Exchange on:

New York,	Hamburg,	Bern,	Fribourg,
Liverpool,	Berlin,	Neuchatel,	Lucern,
London,	Frankfort-on-the-M.	Chau-de-fonds,	Aarau,
Paris,	Geneva,	Soothern,	Bellinzona,
Lyons,	Zurich,	Lausanne,	Locarno,
Bordeaux,	Basel,	Baden,	Lugano,
Marseilles,	St. Gall,	Chur,	Mendrisio.
Brussels,	Winterthur,	Schaffhausen,	

An ASSAY OFFICE is annexed to the Bank. Assays of Gold, Silver, Quartz, Ores and Sulphurets. Returns made on days after the receipt of the parcel. Assay fees moderate. Bullion and Ores. Dust and Bullion can be forwarded from any part of the country and returns made through Wells, Fargo & Co., or by checks. March 8.

PIONEER LAND AND LOAN ASSOCIATION.

Bank of Savings and Deposit, 413 California street. Incorporated. Cash Guarantee Fund, $200,000. Sixth Dividend, payable on the 5th of June. Deposits in Gold, Silver, and Currency, one per cent. per month, on the same. Certificates of Deposit issued, payable at three days' notice, four per cent. per annum. Reports can be obtained at the Bank. This Incorporation is in its fifth year, and refers to over five hundred depositors for its economical and successful management, and to every one receiving the full amount of interest earned. No charge for certificates or pass books. Money to loan on approved securities.

H. C. HAGEDORN, President. [May 10.] H. KOHFAHL, Cashier.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, $5,000,000. D. O. Mills, President; W. C. Ralston, Cashier. AGENTS—In New York, Messrs. LEES & WALLER; in Boston, TREMONT NATIONAL BANK; in London, ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION. Letters of Credit issued, available for the purchase of Merchandise throughout the United States, Europe, India, China, Japan and Australia. EXCHANGE for sale on the Atlantic Cities. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, St. Petersburgh, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Bremen, Vienna, Leipsic, Sydney, Melbourne, Yokohama, Shanghai, Hongkong, Frankfort on-the-Main. March 28.

MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK,

6 Post street, Masonic Temple, San Francisco. Guarantee capital, $150,000. Moneys received on Term and Ordinary Deposit. Dividends paid semi-annually. Loans made on approved security. LEONIDAS E. PRATT, Pres't; Wm. H. Culver, Vice-President; H. T. Graves, Secretary. May 8.

FRENCH SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

411 Bush street, above Kearny. G. Mahe, Director. Loans made on real estate and other collateral securities at current rates of interest

THE LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK (Limited).

Sell Drafts on Yokohama, Hongkong, Shanghai and Manila, at sight or on time, in sums to suit. July 4.

THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital Stock, One Million Dollars. Levi Stevens, President: R. N. Van Brunt, Cashier. Banking House, 415 California street. July 2.

COSMOPOLITAN SAVINGS AND EXCHANGE BANK,

No. 626 Montgomery street, Montgomery Block.—Guarantee Fund $100,000. Term Deposits, One per Cent. per month. Deposits Payable on Demand, Six per Cent. No entry fee or charge for bank book.

J. CROCKER, Secretary. [May 10.] W. S. THOMPSON, President.

J. SELIGMAN & CO.,

Bankers, No. 412 California street.—Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers for sale, payable in Gold or Currency, in sums to suit, on all principal cities of the United States. Also, Bills of Exchange on the principal cities of Europe. Dec. 24.

MONEY TO LOAN.

I am prepared to Discount good Notes at low rates, and make Loans upon STOCKS and REAL ESTATE. JOHN T. LITTLE,
May 8. No. 304 Montgomery street.

BURLING & BROTHER,

Stock Brokers, have Removed to No. 323 California street, below Sansome. May 24.

L. H. NEWTON.] **NEWTON BROTHERS & CO.,** [MORRIS NEWTON.

Importers and wholesale dealers in Teas, Foreign Goods and Groceries. 119 and 121 Front street, San Francisco, Cal. June 7.

SAN DIEGO PROPERTY UNION.

The best chance to invest in Real Estate ever offered on the Pacific Coast. TITLE PERFECT. 476 Lots at $25 for inside and $30 for corner Lots; payable $10 cash, balance $5 per month, without interest or assessments for expenses. Blocks 200 by 300 Feet—Lots 25 by 140 Feet and 30 by 150 Feet. Streets all 80 Feet Wide. Subscribers can select their lots on receipt of the first payment, and those who wish to pay in full and take deeds at once can do so. This valuable property is beautifully located, commanding a fine view of San Diego Bay and surroundings. It is only eight blocks of 300 feet each from the City Park Reservation, a few minutes walk from the hotel, and just One Mile from the Railroad lands on the water front, where the depots and center of business must be located. Congress has just made San Diego a Port of Entry, and it is now believed to be certain that grading will be commenced on the Texas and Pacific Railroad early this season. There is no place on the Coast where one can invest at the present time with as much certainty of doubling or trebling his money in a few months as in San Diego. The location, the nearness to what must be the business center, the exceedingly low price and easy terms, with the future prospects of that city, make this property the most desirable for Homestead and residence purposes, and one of the best investments for speculation ever offered. For maps showing the entire bay, with correct surroundings and the location of this property, with the various points of interest and importance, apply to IRA G. HOITT, Secretary and Agent, 421 Montgomery street, San Francisco, where subscription books are now open.

TRUSTEES—BENJ. P. AVERY, DORVILLE LIBBY, IRA G. HOITT. March 29.

PORTLAND CEMENT.

John C. Gostling & Co., London.—The Portland Cement supplied by the above is now considered superior to any manufactured, and as a proof of this, we may mention a few of the important works where it has been extensively used, viz.: by the Metropolitan Board of Works, in the Main Drainage and Thames Embankment; the Thames Conservancy, in repairing and constructing New Locks, etc. (the preceding have used upward of One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Tons). The Government Works at Portsmouth Dockyard are now being supplied at the rate of Twelve Thousand Tons per annum. The above quantities will in themselves speak for the good quality of this Cement, and the Certificates given by eminent Engineers are the results of tests made from that always supplied, and not from Cement manufactured specially for testing, as is often done, by well known makers. This Portland Cement is particularly adapted for all works where great strength and durability is required, and for uniformity of color cannot be equaled. In order to test the quality of all Portland Cement before using, a sample should be gauged neat and immediately immersed in water, and let remain there seven days before breaking. All orders to be addressed to the Sole Agents for California and this Coast, MACFARLANE, BLAIR & CO., 302 California street, S. F.

Or to J. C. GOSTLING & CO., 83 Grace Church street, London. May 3.

S. T. SUIT & CO.'S

CELEBRATED KENTUCKY WHISKIES!

Congress Bourbon,	**National Bourbon,**
Capital Bourbon,	**Breckenridge B. B. B. Rye.**

None of the above brands are UNDER THREE YEARS OLD. Quality Guaranteed.

BOOTH & CO., Sacramento. W. W. DODGE & CO., San Francisco.

Dec. 9.] Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Groceries and Provisions,

Corner Front and Clay streets, SAN FRANCISCO.

NEWTON BOOTH,	J. T. GLOVER,
C. T. WHEELER,	W. W. DODGE,
Sacramento.	San Francisco.

Dec. 9.]

TO THE PURCHASERS OF TEN DOLLAR LOTS.

As Agent of the Decoto Land Company, I desire to call the attention of my patrons to the new town of Decoto, near the new Beet Sugar Mill, in ALAMEDA VALLEY. Choice business lots and lots for manufacturing purposes fronting on the main and side tracks of the Central Pacific Railroad, are now offered for cash, by the Directors. Also, residence lots, beautified with evergreen trees, payable in monthly installments of $10. As a shipping point for manufacturers, it is unequaled, as it commands, by railroad, the entire State. As an investment, I consider this property superior to any I have ever offered in this market.

HARVEY S. BROWN,

Agent Decoto Land Company, 624 Montgomery street, Montgomery Block, next to the Bulletin Publication Office. Dec. 24.

SPRING VALLEY WATER WORKS,

516 **California street, San Francisco, May 17, 1873.—The Annual** Meeting of the Stockholders of the Spring Valley Water Works will be held at the office of the Works, 516 California street, on WEDNESDAY, June 18th, 1873, at 12 o'clock M., for the election of Trustees for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

May 31. E. M. MILES, Secretary.

HARNESS AND SADDLERY.

Main & Winchester, 214 and 216 Battery st., San Francisco, have the finest stock of Carriage, Single and Double Buggy, and other varieties of Harness ever offered for sale in the State. A complete assortment of Horse Dresses, Blankets, Robes, etc., which we invite our friends and the public to call and examine before purchasing. April 12.

PARK COMMISSIONERS' ORDINANCE, NO. 3.

Section 1. The object of this Ordinance is that ground known as the Golden Gate Park, as described in the first section of an Act of the Legislature of the State of California entitled, "An Act to provide for the Improvement of Public Parks in the City of San Francisco," approved April 4, 1870.

Section 2. All vehicles used regularly for business purposes in hauling materials or produce over the roads in said Park shall rest upon tires at least three and one-half (3½) inches wide.

Section 3. All trucks or wagons, other than those fitted with steel springs, used regularly in transporting heavy loads of material of any description over the said roads shall rest upon tires at least five (5) inches wide.

Section 4. The Secretary of said Board shall, within five days after the passage of this ordinance, make and certify an accurate copy of the same and cause the same to be published, as required by law, for ten days, Sundays excepted, and this ordinance shall take effect fifteen days after its passage.

E. L. SULLIVAN, President, S. F. BUTTERWORTH, C. F. MACDERMOTT,
Park Commissioners.

OFFICE OF THE PARK COMMISSIONERS, San Francisco, May 24, 1873.

I certify that the foregoing is a true and faithful copy of an ordinance passed by the Board of Park Commissioners on the 23d day of May, 1873, and duly entered in the books of said Board. [May 31.] J. T. FLEMING, Secretary.

NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE SUTRO TUNNEL CO.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Sutro Tunnel Company, held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on the 23d day of May, 1873, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Board that the Capital Stock of this Company should be increased to Twenty Million Dollars, and be divided into Two Million Shares of the par value of Ten Dollars per share; and that a meeting of the Stockholders be and is hereby called to take place at the office of the Company, at No. 321 California street, at 1 o'clock P. M., on MONDAY, the 23d day of June, 1873, to determine upon this proposition.

(Signed) JOSEPH ARON, SOLOMON HEYDENFELDT,
EDWARD N. HOOPER, IGNATZ STEINHART,
THOS. C. WEDDERSPOON,
Trustees.

PELHAM W. AMES, Secretary.
May 24.

DICKSON, DE WOLF & CO.,

410, 412, 414 Battery street, offer for sale the following goods, in Bond or Duty paid:

BRANDY—Gautier, Otard, Martell and Hennessy, in quarter casks;	WINE—Port and Sherry, in quarter casks and glass;	TIN PLATES—I X Machen Crown brand Charcoal;
BRANDY—Martell, Faure & Co., and Caminade Aine, in glass;	CLARET—Choice Medoc, Pantillac, and St. Julien, in cask;	Yellow-Metal Sheathing;
WHISKY—Irish, in quarter casks;	PIG IRON—Eglinton, CHAINS—Short link;	Asphalte Roofing Felt;
		Bleaching Powder;
		Soda Crystals;
		Bi-Carbonate of Soda;
		Palm Oil;

Gostling's Portland Cement; Roman Cement; Fire Clay; Paris White. [June 7.

THE PARTNERSHIP

Heretofore existing between the undersigned, at San Francisco and New York, under the firm name of PLATT & NEWTON, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Either partner will sign in liquidation. Mr. HY. A. THOMAS will sign for us at New York, under Powers of Attorney. The Shipping and Commission business will be continued by WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

WM. T. COLEMAN, L. H. NEWTON.

San Francisco, May 31, 1873.

I have this day re-established the firm of Wm. T. Coleman & Co., and will continue the Shipping and Commission business on my own account.

San Francisco, June 2, 1873. WM. T. COLEMAN.

The undersigned have this day formed a partnership, under the name and style of NEWTON BROTHERS & CO., for the purpose of conducting an Importing and Jobbing business, at 119 and 121 Front street.

L. H. NEWTON, MORRIS NEWTON.

San Francisco, June 2, 1873. June 7.

NAHL'S ART GALLERY.

The undersigned retains possession of all negatives taken at Taber's and is prepared, as heretofore, to furnish all kinds of pictures in the best manner possible, guaranteeing, with first-class talent, to give satisfaction in all cases. MR. NAHL'S personal attention is given to all re-touching and coloring in every style, in which branch of art he is acknowledged by all to be at the head of his profession.

NAHL & CO., Artists and Photographers.

No. 12 Montgomery street, near Market. June 14.

H. W. JONES,

Collector and General Business Agent, 612 Clay street, San Fran-cisco. Office Hours, 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. Having completed my arrangements for making Country Collections, they are now unsurpassed. Every attention will be given to City Collections, and in all instances prompt returns guaranteed. Loans negotiated, and money advanced on Real Estate. June 14.

MILLS SEMINARY.

The next term of this well-known Institution will commence WEDNESDAY, July 30th. For further particulars inquire of

June 14 REV. C. T. MILLS, Principal, Brooklyn, Alameda County.

LYON'S KATHAIRON—ONLY 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

It Promotes the Growth, Preserves the Color, and Increases the Vigor and Beauty of the Hair.

Over thirty years ago Lyon's Kathairon for the Hair was first placed in the market by Professor E. Thomas Lyon, a graduate of Princeton College. The name is derived from the Greek, "Kathro," signifying to cleanse, purify, rejuvenate, or restore. The favor it has received, and the popularity it has obtained, is unprecedented and incredible. It increases the Growth and Beauty of the Hair. It is a delightful dressing. It eradicates Dandruff. It prevents the Hair from turning gray. It keeps the head cool, and gives the hair a rich, soft, glossy appearance. It is the same in quantity and quality as it was over a quarter of a century ago, and is sold by all Druggists and Country Stores, at only FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Woman's Glory is her Hair.—Lyon's Kathairon.

HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

A few Applications make a Pure Blooming Complexion.

It is purely Vegetable, and its operation is seen and felt at once. It does away with the flushed appearance caused by heat, fatigue and excitement. Heals and removes all Blotches and Pimples, dispelling dark and unsightly spots. Drives away Tan, Freckles, and Sunburn, and by its gentle but powerful influence mantles the faded cheek with youthful bloom and beauty. Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Stores. Depot, 53 PARK PLACE, New York. April 12.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R. CO.

Change of Time.—On and after April 1st, 1873, the Steamers con-necting at Donahue Landing with the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad Company, for Cloverdale and all intermediate stations, will leave San Francisco daily (Sundays excepted), from Front-street Wharf, at 3:30 P. M. Returning, the Train will leave Cloverdale daily at 5:30 A. M., connecting at Donahue with steamers, and arriving in San Francisco at 10:20 A. M. The Steamers and Cars make close connections with Stages to and from all points.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.—On and after Sunday, April 13, 1873, will leave San Francisco at 8 A. M., arriving in Cloverdale at 1 P. M. Returning, will leave Cloverdale at 2 P. M., arriving in San Francisco at 7 P. M. This will allow excursionists several hours at any of the places along the line of the road. For all information apply at the Company's Office, 423 Montgomery street.

On and after June 1st the Steamer Antelope will leave San Francisco at 2:30 P. M., and the cars will leave Cloverdale at 6 A. M. daily.

May 31. PETER DONAHUE, President.

FOR COLORADO RIVER, BY STEAM.

The staunch and favorite Steamship Newbern, A. N. MacDonnough, Master, will sail on her next regular trip on.....at 12 o'clock M. from Front-street Wharf, connecting at the mouth of the Colorado with the Steamboats and Barges of the Colorado Steam Navigation Company for all points on the Colorado River. Freight will be delivered at Fort Yuma in TWELVE DAYS, and to this cheap and rapid means of communication with all parts of Arizona the attention of shippers is particularly called. Through Bills of Lading will be furnished and none others signed. For freight or passage, having superior accommodations, apply to EDWARD NORTON, Agent,

June 14. 610 Front street.

CUNARD LINE.—BETWEEN NEW YORK, BOSTON & LIVERPOOL,

CALLING AT CORK HARBOR.

Passage Tickets sold to and from Great Britain and the Continent. Cabin Plans can be seen and Staterooms secured at office of

May 17. E. E. MORGAN'S SONS, 320 California street.

OREGON STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Regular Steamers to Portland, leaving San Francisco weekly.— Steamships J. L. STEPHENS, ORIFLAMME, and AJAX, connecting with Steamers to SITKA and PUGET SOUND, and O. and C. R. R. Co. and Oregon C. R. R. Co. through Willamette, Umpqua, and Rogue River Valleys, Oregon.

June 14. WM. NORRIS, Agent, 217 Sansome street.

X LINE FOR LIVERPOOL, DIRECT.

The new A 1 Clipper Ship Carrollton, Bosworth, Master, is intended to sail with dispatch.

Freight Taken in Lots to Suit Shippers.

Apply to [May 24.] E. E. MORGAN'S SONS, 320 California street.

FOR VICTORIA, DIRECT,

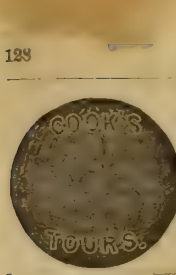
Carrying her Majesty's Mails, connecting with Steamers for Puget Sound. The Clyde-built Steamship PRINCE ALFRED. Leaves Folsom-street wharf on the 5th and 20th of each month at 4 P. M. For freight or passage apply at the corner of Folsom and Spear streets. [Oct. 19.] JOHN ROSENFELD, Ag't.

FOR SALE.

A Steam Flouring Mill with Distillery and about 15 acres of good Land, distant ¼ mile from Sonoma. Inquire at SONOMA HOTEL, Sonoma; or of W. D. BLISS, Petaluma. [May 3.] ALFRED BOREL & CO., S. F.

C. L. CRACKBON.] **C. A. MURDOCK & CO.,** [C. A. MURDOCK.

Job Printers, Successors to M. D. Carr & Co., No. 532 Clay street, San Francisco, Cal. FEB. 3.



AT GREAT REDUCTION, BY ALL STEAMERS.

ROUND THE WORLD.

One Hundred and Five Routes to VIENNA; Seventy-two Routes to Italy; Thirty Routes to Holland, Belgium and the Rhine; Thirty Routes to Ireland, Scotland, and England. Full particulars in COOK'S EXCURSIONIST, American House.

COOK, SON & JENKINS,
May 31.] 262 Broadway, New York.

1776 JULY FOURTH. 1873.

CELEBRATE! CELEBRATE! FIREWORKS!

The greatest pleasure to the greatest number at the least expense. CHURCH & CLARK are prepared to furnish Fireworks of all kinds, manufactured by them, and guaranteed superior to any. PORTABLE PIECES FOR EXHIBITIONS, which can be transported without injury. CHURCH & CLARK,
May 31. 407 Front street, San Francisco.

THE "STAR AND GARTER,"

Formerly Thorpe's, thirteen miles from the city, kept by Col. A. J. GAMBILL.—The popular Hotel formerly known as "Thorpe's," at the junction of the San Bruno and County Roads, thirteen miles from the city, and 400 yards from the San Bruno depot, has been refitted and will be opened May 4th. Guests may be sure of being served with the best of everything to be obtained.
June 7. A. J. GAMBILL.

S. P. CHRISTY. JOHN H. WISE. THOS. DENIGAN.

CHRISTY & WISE,

Agents for Wool Growers, and Commission Merchants for the sale of HIDES, TALLOW, ETC., 607 FRONT STREET, between Jackson and Pacific, San Francisco. May 17.

OFFICE OF THE CITY GAS COMPANY,

San Francisco, April 5, 1873.—Consumers of Gas are notified that from and after the 9th day of April, 1873, the price of Gas will be FOUR DOLLARS (\$4) PER ONE THOUSAND CUBIC FEET.
By order of the Board. [April 12.] W. W. BLOW, Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO GAS COMPANY,

April 5, 1873.—Notice is hereby given that from and after the 9th day of April, 1873, the price of Gas will be FOUR DOLLARS PER THOUSAND CUBIC FEET. [April 12.] JOS. G. EASTLAND, Secretary.

NEW MAP OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA,

In Townships, with Mineral Grounds, Railroads and Land Districts defined. The MOST COMPLETE MAP ever published of the two States. For sale in Sheets or Book form. Size, 3 feet by 3½. Price: Book, \$3; Mounted, \$5.
May 17. WARREN HOLT, 60 Clay street.

"FLIES ARE IN!"

But you can keep them out by having those patent Sliding Wire SCREENS fitted to your doors and windows. Leave your order at the CALIFORNIA WIRE WORKS, 412 Clay street. We take measures, and fit them up complete. [May 24.] J. M. ECKFELDT & CO.

ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.

Ex "Marie Charlotte," from Bordeaux.—100 Cases Louis Roederer celebrated "CARTE BLANCHE," quarts and pints, for sale, to the trade, by
May 3. MACONDRAY & CO., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

STUART SELDEN WRIGHT,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.—Offices, Nos. 10 and 11, 434 Cali- fornia street, up stairs. April 19.

MR. L. A. WELLER,

Of Austin, Nevada, is our authorized Agent to receive subscriptions and advertisements for Nevada. March 22.

BAGS, TENTS AND HOSE.

Neville & Co., 113 Clay and 114 Commercial streets, San Francisco.
May 24.

RAND HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JOHNSON & CO., Proprietors.

"WESTWARD
THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY"

"The New World shall redress the wrongs of the Old"—Canning

CALIFORNIA

MAIL BAG.

JULY-AUG. 1873.

...strating the Wealth, Progress and Development of the Material ...terests of the Pacific Coast, together with a complete Resume of ...ll Items of Interest gathered from the Weekly Issues of the

SAN FRANCISCO

NEWS LETTER

AND CALIFORNIA ADVERTISER.

DISPATCHED ONCE A MONTH WITH

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PRICE 25 CENTS.

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☞NOTICE!—All back numbers of the California Mail Bag will be charged 35 cents per copy after the ex of 30 days from issue.

☞The offices of the CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG, S. F. NEWS LETTER and CAL. PLACARD EXC NG were removed January 1st, 1873, to Nos. 605 to 615 Merchant Street

VOL. 3.] [No. 5.

THE CALIFORNIA

MAIL BAG.

JULY—AUGUST, 1873.

SAN FRANCISCO:

PUBLISHED BY F. MARRIOTT, 607 to 615 MERCHANT STREET.

AGENTS:

A. L. BANCROFT & CO., ROMAN & CO., W. E. LOOMIS, WHITE & BAUER, SAN FRANCISCO; A. S. HOPKINS, SACRAMENTO; C. WIEDERHOLD, PIOCHE CITY, NEV.; WESTERN NEWS CO., CHICAGO; AMERICAN NEWS CO., AUGUST BRENTANO, NEW YORK; JOHN LAW & SON, OMAHA, NEB.; F. ALGAR, 8 CLEMENT'S LANE, LONDON, ENG.

ADVERTISING RATES:—$30 a page; $15 a half page; $8 a qr. page; per month.

CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

APACHE PETE.

Thar ain't no trusting an Injun;
He's a catawampous cuss,
And when he's a doing of suthin' bad,
He's a wishing 'twas suthin' wuss.

And he'll lie and steal, and he'll sarcum-
You out of your very eyes, [vent
And he'll take his tod in a way that I,
As a christian, do despise.

The most ongrateful, thankless wretch
That ever a feller see!
Favors is lost on the likes of him,
So he never gets none from me.

There was little Pete, a 'Pache boy,
Which we had around the camp
Down in Arizony, in '69,
And I've knowed that sneaking scamp,

When the boys was a havin' a little fun
And shooting, it might be, free,
To mosey behind a rock or stump,
Or shin hisself up a tree,

Till a Greaser chap, which was full of sin,
Drawed a bead on the yaller brat,
And Pete never felt the want of specs
To read with, arter that.

They was little shot, and we raked 'em out
With our knives from the critter's eyes,
Which never squirms a derned bit,
Nor cusses, nor grins, nor cries.

But he takes a stick, in a blindish way,
And meanders outen the camp
And strikes a trail for his cussed tribe,
Which we'd corraled in the swamp.

But he didn't forgit us, that reptile snake!
I was woke in the dead of night
By the hosses a rairin' and waltzin' round
And cavortin' mad with fright.

Which it were a stampede, and the cattle
With a painted, yelling mob [broke,
A whooping like devils, and that thar Pete
A bossin' the little job.

They stamped the critters; nary a hoof
Nor ha'r was left behind,
And Pete elevated the Greaser's ha'r,
Which was kinder goin' it blind.

Wall, thar warn't no jestiss out on the
For the sojirs wouldn't help, [plains,
And you don't go Injun-fighting on foot
If you happen to vally your skelp.

But it shows how the ornery varmints act
If you happen to cross their track; [you
They just lays for you, and they fetches
The minnit you turn yer back.

Satisfaction? Wal, no, I wouldn't say
As you'd feel you had much cause
To be satisfied, in a case like this,
By killing a few old squaws.

That's why I'm riled when I hear 'em say
That an Injun soul's as white
As a Christian gentleman's like mine,
In God A'mighty's sight.

For I put it fa'r to a larned man,
As invited me to drink,
(Rum is my tap) and I sez to him,
"I'd like to know what you think."

And he studied a bit in a jubous way,
And he didn't seem to take,
Which his language were, "'Tain't much of a chice
'Tween a bar and a rattlesnake." —*N. Y. Graphic.*

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

As Lord Dundreary once remarked with extreme good sense, "It is a clever child that knows its own father." A child that shows such a vast amount of discrimination at an early age, ought to grow into a most remarkably clever man or woman. Such a person would, we are sure, if asked to take a drink, at once ask for Napa Soda—thus showing the wisdom alluded to above. Abernethy, the world-famed physician, used to say that the artificial soda water was highly injurious to man, and if used too freely, would weaken and unman him. This assertion, however, does not hold good with the Napa Soda. It comes direct from the bowels of the earth, and no medical poisons rob it of its virgin purity. Many a poor dyspeptic, many a weak-lunged invalid has had just reason for blessing the bounteous hand of nature for sending such a boon to mankind. California, and Napa county in particular, are indeed favored in possessing such springs of health-giving waters. The old fable of the Pool of Siloam sinks into insignificance, when one compares its supposed miracles with the glorious cures effected by Napa Soda. Besides, we should imagine that that pool would make very poor drinks, while Napa Soda as a beverage is not to be beaten, either as a refreshing drink by itself or as a mixed drink with spirits or wine.

Thomas Tooly has just managed to drown himself in Dry Springs. He stood on his head till the blood drowned him, we suppose?

LETTER FROM A BRITISHER.

Manchester, England, May, 1873.—I do not know whether it is to be taken as more of a slight upon California, or more of a reflection upon the intelligence of Englishmen that so little is known in this part of the world about your charming country, but judging from the ordinary remarks one hears from the average Britisher, when allusion is made to San Francisco and the Pacific Coast, it is clear that a considerable amount of daylight has still to be admitted into the thick skull of John Bull before he can be made to understand that California is not a lawless, uncivilized, backwoods district, where human life is constantly at the mercy of Indians, earthquakes and revolvers. Such, however, strange to say, appears to be the prevailing impression here excepting amongst business men, whose interests have tended to improve their knowledge of geography. I know several presumably well educated people who are even unable to say whether San Francisco is in North or South America.

In your go-a-head country, changes are effected with such astounding rapidity that our school Atlasses have to be amended every twelve months in order to keep ourselves posted up in your latest geographical alterations, so that as those useful aids to instruction are seldom if ever referred to by most Englishmen after leaving school—their ignorance is not difficult to account for. Most Englishmen of the middle and lower classes receive their education entirely from the newspapers, and as very little news finds its way across the Atlantic into our newspapers, which is not more or less sensational, newspaper readers do not know much of the steady progress you are making in industry, commerce and civilization. We do not know how big your towns are, what facilities of locomotion you have, how large a population, what sort of climate, and what protection there is for life and property. These facts are to be gathered from a few recent works of travelers by those who are curious about or interested in such matters, but most people one meets with in this busy city have no time for anything but reading their newspapers, eating, drinking, money making, and going to church. Whenever a gigantic railway swindle has been exposed, or some scandalous piece of government peculation, or municipal corruption has come to light, we hear of it fast enough. So also when some Negro or Indian massacre; some grand railway smash, or cold-blooded murder occurs our newspapers duly record it. Thus you see that our impressions of your country are scarcely likely to be of the most cheerful or lively description. People are encouraged to believe that every American report is untrue, every investment scheme a swindle, that life and property are not safe, that taxation is higher than it is here, and living so dear that it would be ruin to most Englishmen, who have anything to lose, to think of emigrating to America.

I was traveling to town the other morning with a medical man here who informed me of his intention to send out one of his sons to Canada to learn farming, and although he seemed to be quite alive to the superiority of the Californian climate, the national prejudices of the Englishman were too strong in him to overcome his dislike to living in any part of America which was not under the British flag, let the climate be as inclement and cheerless as it might. Englishmen will travel 14,000 miles from home to Australia and New Zealand in order to settle down amongst their fellow countrymen, rather than accept superior attractions in the States, where they would enjoy the additional advantage of being within much easier reach of the old country. I cannot help thinking it would be a great advantage for America—and so far as it might tend to improve the relations between the two countries, for England also—if you could attract the stream of emigration from the middle and upper classes, from amongst whom great numbers of well-bred, intelligent families emigrate every year to the Australian Colonies and Canada. Men of this stamp, or rather from this rank in life, are seldom attracted to the United States, excepting in the case of some clever rogue who leaves his country for his country's good, and who probably may hope to find in New York, where political and municipal corruption seem to flourish so well, that congenial society and loving sympathy which his bosom yearns for.

Unfortunate Journalists.—Mr. James J. O'Kelly, who has been pitchforked into a certain amount of notoriety as Cuban correspondent of the New York *Herald*, has sailed for Spain, where, it is said, he will undergo a trial for his Paul Pry-like inquisitiveness. He will likely have the pleasure of meeting his *confrere*, Mr. Bradlaugh, of the *World*, who has been mixed up in the little unpleasantness existing between the Republicans and Carlists, and who is kept in durance vile by the last mentioned politicians. Mr. O'Kelly may, perchance, be succeeded by his coadjutor, Mr. Leopold A. Prince, who has got in trouble in consequence of the part he took in petitioning the Judge who acted for the Government in the proceedings first taken against O'Kelly. He is confined in Fort Cabana, which, we are glad to hear, is a most comfortable prison, infinitely preferable to that in which his brother journalist was confined. From New Orleans, we hear that E. C. Hancock, of the *Herald*, has been interviewed in rather an unpleasant manner, a slung shot being used, and a broken head the result. Where is this journalistic martyrdom to cease? The world is being revolutionized by irrepressible reporters, whose pencils seem to be mightier than swords, though incapable of warding off slung shot.

THE MARRIAGE IN THE ICE-PALACE.—A STORY OF THE RUSSIAN COURT.—[Continued.]

[Continued from June number of the Mail Bag.]

Directly the Empress got home again, she ordered a large tub of cold water, and notwithstanding the pain it caused her, went in for a thorough ablution. After pursuing this novel avocation with dogged perseverence for some hours, she got into a violent perspiration, for the room was very hot. This seemed to afford her some relief. Then she yielded to the persuasions of her ladies, and took a vapor-bath, in course of which she was kneaded and rubbed till she looked more liked a boiled lobster than a monarch; next she was rolled in the snow, then taken back into the vapor-bath, and so on, until at last, dead beaten, she was put to bed wrapped up in furs, and enjoyed the first good night's rest she had had for many months.

The same process was repeated for some days, and in less then a fortnight the Empress was able to drive through St. Petersburg in an open sledge. She alighted at the house of the washerwoman.

Entering her low-pitched, smoky room, and taking the seat offered her by the astonished washerwoman, she began: "I have come to thank you, Anna Ivanovna. What favor can I show you in return?"

"I am glad you are better, lady," said the washerwoman, confused. "There isn't much to thank me for, though."

"Well, what can I do for you?" the Empress asked again.

"Let me do your washing," replied Anna Ivanovna Nullinova. The Empress and her ladies laughed.

"Is that too great a favor?" asked the perplexed washerwoman.

"It is too small, my good woman!"

"Who are you, then, that you can be so liberal?"

"Anna Ivanovna, Empress of Russia," replied the gouty woman, proudly.

"Holy Mother!" the good woman began to pray in terror.

"You have naught to fear!" said the Empress, kindly; "I am very well disposed towards you, for you have as good as saved my life. So tell me something I can do for you."

"Nothing for me, gracious lady Czarina," exclaimed the washerwoman; but you might do something for my child; she is a pretty child, and a good child, worthy to be favored by a Czarina!"

"Let me see this wonderful child!"

The washerwoman, not daring to rise, shuffled out of the room on her knees, and presently returned with a tall, well-made girl, whose features bore the impress of intelligence and amiability, blended with remarkable beauty. "This is my daughter," she said proudly.

"Well, you have good reason to be proud of her," said the Empress graciously. "What is your name, little one?"

"Anna Ivanovna," replied the "little one," who was taller than the Empress, in a tone at once fearless, yet courteous.

"I am very well pleased with you," continued the Empress; "I will not forget either you or your mother. You will hear from me soon, very soon. How old are you?" "Eighteen."

"Alas! Alas!" sighed the Empress, "it seems but a moment since I was eighteen. How life runs away, and youth and beauty with it. Once I was pretty, too, Anna Ivanovna."

"The gracious Czarina is still the prettiest woman in Russia," declared the washerwoman. And the Empress smiled, for she felt just then in the washerwoman's low smoky cabin, happier than she had been for many a long day under the gilded roof of the Imperial Palace.

* * * * * * * * * *

Biron, who resembled an Eastern despot of the "Arabian Nights" category, not only in his cruelty, but also in his capricious notions, conceived to celebrate the Empress' recovery in a very novel fashion. He determined to construct a palace of ice of the Neva, and give a brilliant entertainment in it. The building was carried out more successfully than might have been expected; the Ice-Palace, a thorough bit of frozen fairyland, enticed thousands and thousands of curious spectators, from far and wide. The blocks of ice were shaped like stones, and placed together on scientific principles, so as to support the heavy weight of the roof, which was also of ice. The palace was fifty-two feet long, sixteen broad, and twenty high, and ornamented with all sorts of architectual embellishments, carved in ice. In front stood six ice cannons, and a couple of ice mortars; they had been turned with a lathe, and were furnished with carriages and wheels, all of ice. Beside the Palace stood a small chapel built of ice, with altar, windows, and fittings of ice also.

The Empress, who was now able to take exercise without the least inconvenience, came to the festival given by her favorite in a sledge representing a dragon drawn by four horses, which Biron himself drove. Dressed from head to foot in the costliest snow-white ermine, and sitting on a heap of black bear-skins, she seemed dumb with astonishment when she first caught sight of the Ice-Palace. Then she clapped her hands in childish delight, and hastened out of the sledge to inspect it.

The guests, who were the flower of the Russian aristocracy, and had been told by Biron, in consideration of the peculiar nature of the building, to appear in the

ancient costume of Moscow Bojars; and thus afford the ladies especially an opportunity of displaying extraordinary luxury in furs, gold, embroidery, and jewelry.

The festival began with a grand dinner in the Ice-Palace, the floor of which was covered with three thicknesses of bear-skins. A band of three hundred musicians performed in front of the fairy-like building; and on Biron's rising to drink the health of the Empress the ice-cannons fired a salute. They were of the size of six-pounders, but instead of the customary three pounds of powder they were charged with only a quarter of a pound, and the balls of twisted hemp. The ice, though not more than four inches thick, bore the explosion so well that after dinner a trial was made with iron shot.

The Empress, surrounded by the guests, stood on the steps of the Ice-Palace, gazing at the novel spectacle, which had attracted an immense crowd of spectators. Two-inch planks were fixed as targets, and these were easily pierced by the balls from the ice-cannons at a distance of sixty paces.

After the cannonade came the ball.

While the Empress was dancing a polnaise with Biron for her partner, she heard the Countess Rostopschin pronounce a name she had not heard for nearly fifteen years—a name that set even her lethargic blood galloping—that of Prince Anatol Galitzin.

"What about him?" she asked impetuously, interrupting the dance.

"They say," replied the countess, "but I don't think it's at all probable, that since he has been abroad he has gone over to the Roman Catholic religion, and that he returned to St. Petersburg a few days back with a charming young Frenchwoman whom he intends to marry."

"Marry!" repeated Anna Ivanovna, trembling all over with excitement. "We'll see about that!" And taking Biron aside with an impetuosity quite strange to her, she said: "I always do my best to please you, and now for the first time since we have known one another, I command you to do to please me—understand me, Biron, which I *command* you to do. Prince Galitzin offended me some years ago. He has deserted our holy church. I mean to be revenged upon him, and you must carry out my revenge precisely in the way I tell you." Anna Ivanovna spoke with clenched hands and heaving breast, and her small Chinese eyes flashed with cruelty. For the first time in his life Biron felt almost in awe of her. "Your commands will be carried out to the letter," he answered.

Half an hour afterwards Prince Anatol Galitzin and his betrothed wife, a French lady of good family, were arrested at the Prince's palace.

"What is my offence?" asked the prince.

"Don't know," abruptly answered the police-officer.

"By whose orders am I arrested?"

"By the express orders of her Majesty the Empress."

Galitzin laughed a bitter, scornful laugh. He was at once parted from his lover and conducted to prison, where he made up his mind for the worst, and seriously began to prepare himself for a cruel and ignominious death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MESSRS. BARRY & PATTEN'S

Very Interesting Men and Memories of the Spring of '50 has elicited the following reminiscence from H. C. Kibbe, Esq:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 20, 1873.

Messrs. Barry & Patten—Gentlemen: Your delightful "Memories of '50" brings to mind a pleasant reminiscence of Gideon Y. Yates, a pioneer, who was with Fisher & Co., pioneer stage men of Stockton. Yates was a most genial and brilliant writer. He died in '52. While riding on horseback with Yates from the City of Mexico to Mazatlan, in 1849, he has read his own poetry to me by the hour, but the following little morceau so impressed me that it is as green in my memory to-day as it was the day he gave it to me in Mexico. Yates, when quite a lad, was a pupil in an academy in Maine, the Principal of which, Hiram Little, was—in contrast to his name—a man who weighed 300 pounds. A particular chum of Yates' was a boy named Blair, who was an immense caricaturist, while Yates dealt in sarcasm. One day, Blair proposed that he should draw the head of the Principal on the blackboard, if Yates would write his epitaph. They proceeded to the school-house, where Blair drew a splendid likeness of the Dominie, horribly caricatured. Yates took chalk and drew a gravestone aroundthe head, and wrote the epitaph, as below:

Beneath this stone old Hiram Little lies, Fills this little hole,
Little—in everything but size; Through—hell's—small—keyhole
And while his mammoth body Creeps—his—little—soul.

Very truly, H. C. KIBBE.

Desiccated Ink.—The latest boon to literary travelers is "graphine," which is described by the London press as a little packet containing four small sheets of paper, and on cutting off a little bit, no larger than one's finger nail, and soaking it in a table-spoonful of water, it will produce a beautiful purple-colored ink. This condensed writing ink can be carried in the pocket-book like court plaster, and no traveler need in future carry an inkstand with him.

TWO WAYS.

[BY CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.]

I.

"The spring returneth ever,"
So sang the bluebird as he fluttered by,
So hummed the soft rain falling from the sky;
Up from the budding earth broke forth a cry,
"Welcome, O Spring!"
But, moving to and fro with steady pace,
She said, "It comes not back into my face,
Where is the tender bloom and youthful grace
That it should bring?
The spring returneth never."

"The spring returneth ever," [side
So sang the brooks as down the mountain
They ran to join the rivers brimming wide;
Full of new life the mighty ocean cried,
"Welcome, O Spring!" [said.
"But no, it is not true, O waves!" she
"Where are the hopes of youth, so long since fled,
Where are the loved ones gone unto the dead,
That it should bring?
The spring returneth never."

Thus she lamented ever;
And in her garden sloping toward the sea,
So full of birds' and blossoms' revelry,
She never turned from her own misery
To watch the spring;
She never even saw an opening flower,
She never even felt the balmy shower,
But all alone she wandered hour by hour,
And held the sting
Close to her heart forever.

II.

"The spring returneth ever."
So breath'd arbutus peeping from the snow
So thought the crocus in the garden row;
Convinced at last the lilacs whispered low,
"It *is* the spring." [bloom!
"Yes, yes, it is the spring, O buds of gloom!
It is the spring," she cried, "away with
Come forth, come forth, bride-rose, to meet the groom
Whom it will bring.
The spring returneth ever."

"The spring returneth ever."
"I know it, know it well, O land and sea!
All my dead life wakes up to ecstacy;
It is a full delight merely to be,
To breathe, in spring;
Though old my face, my heart again is young,
Though old the roots, bright flowers aga'n have sprung,
And courage open wide the gates has flung
To meet the King
Who still returneth ever.

"Yes, hope returneth ever.
It is the coward's part to loiter sad
Among the April trees in leaf-buds clad;
Even my dead are living and are glad
In some far spring!
Immortal am I—mind, is there a choice?
Immortal am I—heart, O heart, rejoice!
Immortal am I—soul, lift up thy voice
With faith, and sing,
The spring returneth ever."

THE TWO REVEREND8, STONE AND SUN LUNG.

Dear News Letter:—Having no congregation of my own to sit in mute and glowing admiration, to listen with intensified attention to the heavenly truths filtering like priceless pearls through the consecrated lips of your humble Parson, and being at leisure on last Lord's day, after having listened to an oration on the Chinese situation in America, by the Rev. Dr. Stone, I accepted an invitation from Chong Wong, the President of the Hop Kee Company, to visit their Chinese temple of worship, located on Broadway, and listen to divine service, as rendered by his most sublime holiness, the highly elevated, personified crowning apex of Celestial theology, the Right Rev. Sam Lung. He was assisted in the ceremonies of his religion by the Rev. Sing Lee, Rev. Hing Kee, Rev. Ching See, and Most Rev. Rinn Gee. The clergy were supported by five leading dignitaries of their church, Deacon Chung Lung, Hung Fung, Sung Swung, and Whung Bung: the services were of the most solemn and impressive character, and the ceremonies were imposing to the last degree, the occasion being the anniversary of the birth of Josh in the Flowery Empire, just ten thousand two hundred and two years previous to the creation of the world by the God of the Christians. A most eloquent discourse was delivered by his holiness Sam Lung; his text was from one of the holy books of the Celestial Kingdom, and is found on page one hundred and seventy-seven thousand, seven hundred and seventy-seven of the sacred transcript of the Celestial Empire, as transcribed by those ancient inspired Mongolian writers who walked and talked with Josh. The text was as follows:

I am the only living Josh,
Sin melts before mine eye like slosh,
I'm first, and last, and all, by gosh,
All other creeds but mine are bosh.

Want of space in your valuable paper, my dear *News Letter*, prevents me from giving you the sermon from the foregoing text, by the gifted Sam Lung, and to condense the brilliant effort to fit the prescribed limits of a newspaper article would so alter the tone, mar the beauty of expression, and detract from the sonorous merit of the Mongolian classics that I deem it little less than sacrilege to curtail the pathetic effusion of any of its fair proportions, and in translating the text from the flowery language of those children of the sun into our barbarous English dialect, I fear I have failed to portray the soul-softening glamour and mellow light of holy radiance, that gives an everlasting luster to each and every word inscribed on the sacred pages of the holy transcript. I had listened to the Rev. Dr. Stone in the morning, whose text from the Christian Bible, was, "Be kind to the stranger within thy gates," and, in this case, his stranger was the Chinee. The text was good, lofty in sentiment, just and correct in principle, but was handled by the

learned divine in a most clumsy and offensive manner; clumsy in proclaiming, from his gilt-edge pulpit, the doctrine of universal suffrage, equal rights, the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, and the uninterrupted pursuit of happiness by every human being who chose to seek shelter beneath the outstretched wings of the American bird: and then in the next breath showing the narrow view he took of the situation, and the selfish interest he had in the Celestial emigrant, by making the offensive statement, that by putting the ballot in the hands of the Chinese, it would checkmate the Irish in politics, and if he could then convert the Mongolian to Protestantism, it would ring the death-knell of Popery, and wipe out Catholicism in America. The Rev. gentleman only missed his mark in two important points: first, the Chinee don't wish to vote; second, he will not be converted to Protentantism, or any other ism. The supreme impudence, sublime egotism, and vanity of an American clergyman is wonderful to contemplate, when he announces to an intelligent audience that a few obscure pigmies, like himself, with scarce a local renown, will at no distant day cut loose the fast anchored hopes of China's pagan millions, and by the lily hand of faith will lead his moon-eyed brother forth from out the deep and sombre shade, where frowning Josh, for countless years, hath sat in awful majesty enscreened among forgotten centuries:

Make him forget his land of flowers,
His sunlit streams and sylvan bowers,
His waving woods and azure skies,
And fields elysian when he dies.

And what is offered him in exchange! Mr. Stone's seven-by-nine heaven, with golden floor and porphyry walls, with a jasper throne on which sits an improbable God, with impossible powers, about which millions of fanatics, called Christians, have prated and preached for eighteen hundred years, without any one of them being able to give it a definite location. The Chinee cannot see the advantage of changing a religion, hoary with the respectability of ages, for the mushroom theology of a day. The talented Sam Lung treated his subject in a much more masterly manner than his brother clergyman, Dr. Stone. He said the whole human family were brothers, but that was no reason why they should cut each other's throats; that he did not wish to convert Mr. Stone or any other Caucassian; that the white races had all created hells for themselves, and he was willing they should occupy them eternally; that the Chinese people did not wish to take any stock in a sulphur mine. But I am only spoiling the eloquent Sam Lung's sermon by the translation. I will, however, give you a sacred hymn, in English, as sung by three saints representing the Celestial trinity: it was sung in honor of the immaculate conception; the singers were Saints Ah Toy, See Poy, and Ho Boy, and ran as follows:

HYMN.

Josh arose from his couch on the wings of the morning,
He came in a sunbeam to visit the earth,
While a star in the East show'd its light as a warning
For mortals to look for a wondrous birth.

Grim darkness was over the face of creation,
Till Josh threw a glance from his all-seeing eye,
Which rested upon our Celestial nation,
And show'd us a wonderful visitor nigh.

Josh asked for no prayers, he needed no urging,
He left his bright world for our flowery land,
He had sought through the gardens of earth for a virgin,
To reproduce Josh by a miracle grand.

At length the sweet daughter of earth he was seeking,
He found in a hut on the plains of Co Wang;
There a young Josh was born and transported to Pekin,
And has reigned ever since in a gilded Che Bang.

I was fully convinced, after attending divine worship at the Chinese tabernacle, that the whole Christian religion was but a weak imitation and transparent counterfeit of the superstitions of Asia. It is no wonder the Chinese people laugh at the efforts of the American clergy to convert them to Christianity. Should they embrace a shadow now, when they have been wedded to the substance for sixteen thousand years? Not quite. John shabee Melican man too muchee. A holy pig was now cut up, and liberal slices of the sacred porker were passed around. We gorged a chunk of consecrated hog, swallowed a large amount of Celestial piety, in about three pounds of lard, slipped easily out of the temple, and quietly disappeared.

Yours, unctuous and oily,

THE OAKS, June, 1873. THE PARSON.

It is a Shame that the jealous London *Orchestra* should poke fun at the daintiest *prima donna* in existence merely because she is of American birth. Here is the way in which the large-footed Britisher comes down on our dainty little singer: "The musical critic of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says that 'Miss Kellogg is in every tissue an American girl. She is this in her delicate beauty; her lithe yet perfect form; her tiny snow-white hand and Arab foot.' Her Arab foot has often been remarked, but it never seemed to us so thoroughly American as her Ionic nose, her Sardinian chin, or her bewitching French mannerisms."

Court Chat.

Mr. Wilson, who has formed so beautiful a collection of pictures, and who recently bought Constable's Weymouth Bay for £2,260, has presented that fine specimen of our sombre landscape painter to the Louvre, adding to this gift a study of Salisbury Cathedral, by the same artist. It is a curious fact that Constable is so highly considered by the contemporary school of France *paysagistes* as to be looked upon as their father in art. Men love their opposites, it is said. The bright warm French like the cold and wet looking works of the English painter; and one is reminded of old Fuseli's directions to his servant, on a Summer afternoon—"John bring me my greatcoat; I am going to see Mr. Constable's picture." Mr. Wilson, though English by name and parentage, was born in Brussels, where his father, originally from Manchester, established the first great bleaching works, in the days when King William I. of Holland ruled over Belgium. After the rupture of 1830 Mr. Wilson followed his Royal friend and patron into Holland, and established cotton printing-works at Haarlem, making, in a few years, a large fortune, which was augmented by his son, the generous friend of art who has now resided in Paris about six years.

Anecdote of Beau Nash.—It is recorded by Goldsmith that the late Duke of B——, being chagrined at losing a considerable sum, pressed Mr. Nash, for the future, to tie him up from playing deep. Accordingly, the Beau gave his grace a hundred guineas to forfeit three thousand whenever he lost a sum to the same amount at playing in one sitting. The duke loved play to distraction, and soon after at hazard lost eight thousand guineas, and was going to throw for the thousand more, when Nash, catching hold of the dice-box, entreated his grace to reflect on the penalty if he lost. The duke for that time desisted; and so strong was the furor of the play upon him, that soon after, losing a considerable sum at Newmarket, he was contented to pay the penalty.

The Hungarians, the *Manchester Guardian* (May 21) thinks, have never forgotten the sympathy which they found in England in those darker days which have now happily passed away; and in the visit of the Prince of Wales they saw an opportunity of testifying the depth of their regard for the English nation. A correspondent of the *Times* states that this really remarkable demonstration of public feeling was not only spontaneous, but "was manifested in spite of the orders of the authorities that no official character should be given to the visit." After all was over a young politician is said to have made the jocular remark, "The Prince of Wales might be the only dangerous candidate against Deak in Pesth."

The Other Day the Prince of Wales gave a breakfast in the Restaurant of the Trois Frères, and the next morning he might have read a minute account of all the doings of his party, of all their rambles and adventures, how many they were, and how they laughed and enjoyed themselves. It was quite a hit for the paper, the *Wiener Tagblatt*, one of the cleverest and most widely-spread journals, for every one wanted to read the account, and by the end of the morning all the copies had been bought up. Nor did, indeed, the Prince lose by it, for it added to the popularity he had already acquired by affable and easy-going ways.

When the Pope is dead, the Cardinal Chamberlain, adorned in purple, knocks three times with a golden hammer at the door of the bedchamber, calling the Pope by his Christian, family, and Papal names. In the presence of the clerks and attendants he then declares "he is dead," the fisherman's ring is brought to him and broken, he takes possession of the Vatican, and the great bell spreads the news over the city. The dead Pope is embalmed, and lies in state at St. Peter's for nine days. On the tenth day, and after the burial, the new Pope is elected by ballot, and the ceremony of the Adoration is then performed.

It is Stated that a number of laborers on the Queen's estate at Osborne recently sent a memorial to Her Majesty asking for sixpence more pay and one hour less time. Other demands were made by the men, who signed the memorial in a "round robin." The Queen, through Sir Thos. Biddulph, sent the memorial to the steward, who has discharged seven of the men and cautioned the others. The present wages of laborers on the Osborne estate is 14s. weekly, with many advantages.

Her Majesty one morning, at Perth Station, seeing Miss Heath, the charming actress, on the platform, did her the honor of sending for her to Her Majesty's private room at the station, and presented her to the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold. The Queen also graciously conversed with her for some time, and accepted from Miss Heath a bouquet of choice flowers, which she carried with her to the railway carriage. At the parting Her Majesty warmly shook Miss Heath's hand.

The Pope drags on his existence painfully. Reports of his death have been circulated and contradicted, but his state is bad enough, and gets worse every day. He has lost the use of his legs, and cannot get about on his feet at all. He is moved from one chamber to another, when he is able to bear it, on a couch with wheels; he is somewhat depressed and downcast. His attendants lift him in and out of bed. His legs, in fact, are dead.

The Sultan of Turkey retains the exclusive service of a lady physician, to attend the females and children of his household. The physician is a New Hampshire lady, who graduated in Philadelphia.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Underneath an apple tree
Sat a maiden and her lover;
And the thoughts within her be
Yearned in silence to discover.
Round them danced the sunbeams bright;
Green the grass lawn stretched before
While the apple blossoms white
Hung in rich profusion o'er them.

Naught within her eyes he read
That would tell her mind unto him.
Though their light he after said
Quivered swiftly through and through him;
Till at last his heart burst free laden,
From the prayer with which 'twas
And he said, "When wilt thou be
Mine forevermore, fair maiden?"

"When," said she, "the breeze of May
With white flakes our heads shall cover,
I will be thy brideling gay—
Thou shalt be my husband-lover."
"How," said he, in sorrow bowed,
"Can I hope such hopeful weather?
Breeze of May and winter's cloud
Do not often fly together."

Quickly as the words he said,
From the west a wind came sighing,
And on each uncovered head
Sent the apple blossoms flying.
"Flakes of white! thou'rt mine," he said,
"Sooner than thy wish or knowing."
"Nay, I heard the breeze," quoth she,
"When in yonder forest blowing."

DR. STONE ON THE CHINESE.

Dr. Stone applied himself, on Sunday last, to the consideration of a problem which requires, he said, the "wisest statesmanship" to cope with. Nobody was surprised that Dr. Stone left this large problem even darker than before. He merely repeated flippant assertions, in themselves partly true, but in the meaning and the relations put upon them, almost wholly false. It is true that America offers a shelter and a home to the people of every land, who seek our shores; but it is notoriously untrue that the Chinese who come here seek our shores of their own free will. It is true that thousands of men daily land upon our soil and next away out of sight, in the valley of the Mississippi; but it is not true that they pour into California. It is true that this State is part of this "broad, free" America; but it is situated on the outer verge, in such a position that the European immigrants hardly ever find their way to us, while the Chinese cannot land anywhere else, and hardly leave us. It is true that the Irish are clannish; but it is silly to charge them with anything like an approach to the exclusiveness of the Chinese. The real parallel for the Irishman is the New-Englander; and Dr. Stone is hardly to be excused for overlooking the merits of his more immediate countrymen. It is not a little odd in a presumably liberal clergyman to single out the Irish as a "separate and distinct class of our population." Why are they more separate than Germans, or French, or English? They associate with their own people, to be sure; and who does not, if he can? Bostonians do not, as a rule, choose their friends from Virginia and Carolina: they do not even seek to know more of Germans or Irishmen than the law allows. It is mere imbecility, and nothing less, for a man to pretend that he does not know why the Chinese immigration, even if it were free, is radically unlike any other we could receive; and Dr. Stone does know this. We regret it; for it would afford us exquisite pleasure to call him an imbecile old humbug. The Chinese are absolutely repellent to men of the white race, and do not assimilate to them under any circumstances. This is no question of superior and inferior races: each holds itself to be the better. It is a mere question of fact, and it is a fact. With every branch of the white race, any other may unite, will unite, to form a homogeneous people; but with the Mongol there can be no free union. Dr. Stone and his hearers know this as well as they know why they make war upon the Irish; but they prefer to wink violently on the right side. Every element that can readily be absorbed and merged in a nation adds to its strength and vitality; and a man who will not himself become a citizen, and whose children, if he has any, merely refrain as he did, is not a desirable member of the community, even though he be personally industrious and inoffensive. As an individual, human being, his life and rights are as sacred as any; but sensible men may be excused if they do not rejoice over his presence among them. We do not affect to settle the Chinese problem; but we do call for regulations which shall put an immediate stop to everything like the real slave-trade now carried on between China and this place; and there we stop. The Chinese who come here freely, knowing what they do, and free to go where they will when here, ought to come, and every freeman, wherever born, ought to insist upon their coming: for we are part of the civilized world, which every day tends more and more to become the habitable world. We go further than this. We declare our conviction that Dr. Stone, ignorant as he is of the principles of freedom, should yet be allowed to live here, and even to preach, as long as anybody will listen to him.

In Chili round balls have been discovered that are believed to be the eggs of the extinct lizards, the Ichthyosaurus, and the Plesiosaurus. Only fancy the hatching of these creatures—say in the Zoological Gardens! Why not? Life has remained in the mummy bean for centuries. We must admit a little difficulty in the way, but the bare possibility of such a thing as animating a representative of an extinct class is too flattering to be relinquished without many struggles.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

Oakland is Mad with Excitement, for they have actually had a circus there. Just imagine what a sensation it must have created. The "oldest inhabitant" never remembers such stirring times. The effect upon the younger branches of the Oakland families has been astounding. The *T. C.* has been favored by a suffering and afflicted mother with a true and heartrending account of its effects in her little family circle. This afflicted lady is not strong minded, oh dear no. She has a family, which strong-minded women seldom or ever have. Her family consists of three boys, aged respectively twelve, ten and four, and one little girl of eight Summers—and Winters. Thinking to give them a treat, this fond parent took her "quiver full" to the circus. Little did she dream of the awful effect it would have on the juvenile mind; little did she wot how great a cloud was about to obscure the sun of her domestic felicity. The dear little children went into ecstacies over the performances; they laughed at the clown till bone buttons flew off their little pants like apples off a shaken tree. The animals also came in for a share of their approval, but what impressed them most was the tumbling. Weren't they tickled at that? Little sleep had these youngsters that night, and what little they had was so mixed up with rattlesnakes turning summersaults down aligator's mouths, clowns tying themselves in knots and hanging majestically from the ceiling suspended by one eyelash, that it did not amount to anything. They all, however, agreed, before going to bed, to meet in the parlor as soon as they should wake and play circus. They woke and played, with these results: The eldest boy's left eye has assumed a deep purple color, while his nose, once acquiline (and said to be the image of his father's), is now reduced to an ignoble snub. Little Willie, a flaxen-haired youth of ten, has three front teeth less than he had when he went to the circus, and has a head on him that requires a larger hat than it used. These little troubles came from an abortive attempt to turn a back summersault off the lounge, and the awkward propinquity of a fender. The little girl also met with a slight mishap in trying a daring feat of horsemanship, in which her eldest brother played horse and her second held a fiery hoop to jump through, well anointed with coal oil and then ignited. She is now in bed suffering from severe burns; her hair, once long and luxuriant, is now very short and crisp. The youngest boy has never been seen since, but is supposed to have perished in the flames which destroyed the house, furniture, etc. This poor mother says that she won't go to any more circuses yet awhile, and her husband agrees with her in thinking them too exciting for the juvenile mind.

A Newspaper Wag has lately been amusing himself at the expense of our juvenile friend and protector, Uncle Sam. This ambitious Bohemian is an annexationist of the first water, a communist on an immense scale, a jovial, jolly cuss who delights in tickling our national vanity. If he continues he will have justly earned the appellation of the great American Gobbler. His thirst is insatiable. First he wanted the Dominion of Canada and the British Possessions annexed to "the greatest republic the world has ever seen;" this he followed up with a generous desire to gobble the northwestern States of Mexico, and now the merrie rascal has extended his sympathy to the Republic of Guatemala, Central America, which he tells us is ripe for annexation. In his wholesale thirst for mud he has forgotten the luscious specks of dirt known as San Domingo, Cuba and the Sandwich Islands, thinking, no doubt, that these would one day float to Plymouth Rock or Cape Cod, and there anchor themselves for the special benefit of Uncle Sam, his heirs and posterity for all time to come. It seems to us that this wag is inclined to be ironical. May he not be a statesman in disguise, who is inciting the "great American people" to foreign wars, having in view the astute idea this is the best way to heal local dissensions. Let us have the opinion of the loyal patriots of Louisiana and Arkansas on this subject. This in the negative or affirmative shall not, however, decrease the loudness and musical effect of our snoring, so long as Goat Island is not created a penal colony for the safe keeping of the editors of our local daily press.

A Deluge of Briny Tears has irrigated our ample cheeks, the blood around our generous heart has ebbed and flowed with intense sympathy: our prayers, as the dews of heaven, have been lavish, and yet the prodigal rascals will not return to righteousness. St. Paul, in his first, second and third epistles to the Romans, was full of vindictiveness and fury to the sinners of the age. We, more merciful than the Apostle, weep and groan for the iniquities of our times. Charity commences at home, and hence have we labored in great tribulation of soul to convert the editorial fraternity of this city into brotherly love. But, like dogs that "delight to bark and bite, for God hath made them so," they will gouge and chew and masticate each other. The *Chronicle* is on the war-path, in red paint and feathers, vowing vengeance upon the *Alta*, and the venerable grandma talks back with the virulence of a hussy. The emaciated *Call*, unable to do anything vigorously, except through Foley's affidavits, yelps about the *Chronicle*, and does some notorious lying in the matter. The war of words between these high-toned gentlemen of the Billingsgate school is disgraceful. We have given up all hopes of killing the fatted calf, and now, by these presents greeting, we shall hereafter refrain from mussing our linen with crocodile tears. Go on, ye saints, and reflect credit and glory upon the great bulwark of liberty, a free, but d—d nasty press.

"**Time Rights the Wrong,**" says the *Bulletin*. We are glad to know it on such good authority, for if anybody ought to know what wrong is, it is the *Bulletin*. Time will right this, no doubt, when the highly respectable paper dies.

The City is Filled with hordes who have the characteristics of intelligent Huns, Goths and Vandals. We have met them by the scores on Montgomery and California streets during the past few weeks, and, as a consequence, have attached a log chain to our two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar time piece. We have taken pains also to go to the Bank of California and see that our plethoric bank account was all right. We notice that all moneyed men, like ourselves, are unusually cautious since the advent of the hordes alluded to came in our midst. Special inquiries fail to discover where they huddled up formerly, and, like the Aztecs of Mexico, their history is lost in the remote regions of antiquity. We know that they are not laden with coin, for our dog Jack never greets them with an affectionate smile. He is an expert in such matters, and never deigns to associate with poor devils who are hard pressed. We give up the conundrum as to who these local Huns, Goths and Vandals are, and suggest that an investigating committee of curb-stone brokers be formed to solve the mystery. They may be "rising young lawyers" indulging in their *dolce far niente* during vacation. Our surmises in this respect are strongly confirmed by their extensive practice at the bar, where we do a land office business. Like ourselves, they are suspicious characters and will bear watching.

Once More the Hated Name of the Masculine Susan B. Anthony appears prominently before the public. This time for voting when she had no right to vote. She has been found guilty, and will have to take the consequences of her stupidity. The *T. C.* could never make out why some women will persist in thinking that they ought to vote and have as much to say in State matters as men, when they know all the time that women actually at this present moment rule the world. How many husbands are there that would have the audacity to vote a different way to the one his better half advocated! How many unmarried men are proof against the all-overpowering charms of a lovely woman! The *T. C.* upholds that women have ruled the world from the day that old mother Eve made Adam eat that crab apple to the present. Their influence works in a thousand different directions, and assumes forms most tempting and therefore most potent. It lies with the wife to either make her husband's home a heaven or a hell, and who shall dare to say that such being the case, women do not indirectly rule mankind. All the Susan B. Anthony's in the world, with all their love of publicity and letting out of filthy gas could not do as much in the ruling way as one quiet, determined woman, who understood man and his foibles.

While Taking a Constitutional Down Powell Street, the *T. C.* came across a most charming sight, and one that impressed him wonderfully with the sanitary condition of the neighborhood. He had often gazed at the old empty coffin that sticks its defiant weather-beaten figure-head out of the picturesque mud hill which forms the corner of Powell and Greenwich, with feelings akin to admiration for that emblem of mortality. Such feelings, however, did not rise in his bosom when he counted, in the vacant lot there, seven dead hens, in every state of decomposition; two dead cats—one dried up, the other blown out—and exhaling the most horrible stench. Now, the vacant lot is just opposite the "Nunnery," and no doubt is often used as a playground by the children who attend the school. It seems to be the execution ground of that part of the city. Every old lady in the vicinity takes her canary-eating cats there to be slain, and old hens who have long forgotten to lay, and stubbornly refuse to get fat, are there stoned to death.

While Quietly Strolling down Montgomery Street, the other day, the *T. C.* met an old friend of his, J. J. was leading two pack mules, and on these mules J. had quite a little battery. A howitzer with all its appliances, some two dozen rifles of all descriptions, and several cases of cartridges made up the load. J. himself carried a Henry rifle, a brace of Smith & Wesson's and a Bowie about a foot long. Had the Modoc war not been over we should have thought that J. was going on a visit to Captain Jack. After a little cross-questioning, he elicited the fact that J. was merely going to Santa Clara Valley to preëmpt. We ventured to remark that he was abundantly armed; to which J. gave answer thus: "I guess I've been on more of these ere trips than you, and I know tarnation well that preempted land wants more guns on it than plows for the first few months." We imagine that J. will soon be heard from.

Professor Tyndall has had his share of abuse for the proposed testing of the results of prayer, submitted to the world some months ago by a skeptical Briton. What must be said or done to the Rev. T. K. Noble, who declares that we must settle the Chinese question "with prayer, and with great and serious thought?" We agree with him, and, after great and serious thought, we conclude to let loose an original prayer of our own, the most sensible ever printed in San Francisco: "Oh, Lord! let the Pacific Mail Steamship Company take the *Chronicle* and the little *Post*, and Lobscheid and Noble and Winn, and whatsoever loveth and maketh a tempest in a teapot, and dump them all in China, world without end, Amen!"

The San Francisco Bulletin is an admirable paper, one of the eight first-class papers in the world, according to its own deliberate judgment. This being the case, what are we to think of its enterprise when it quotes on the 18th June from the New York *World* correspondent at Sitka, a statement that "a new industry—that of ship-building—has sprung into existence there, which promises to be of some importance in the future." It is a great proof of enterprise in a first-class paper to send three thousand miles away to find out something which happens at its own doors at least two years before. The *Bulletin* is a great paper, this is a great country, and Alaska is a great unknown to the public. Let us pray.

A Certain Hon. Major Colborne has been immortalizing his name by carrying two bricks fifteen miles in three consecutive hours. We cannot imagine a more useful kind of employment or one more calculated to suit the mental capacity of the average British officer. The *Court Journal*, in chronicling this feat of arms, although very particular in stating "*three* (not five) consecutive hours," still forgets to finish the wonderful history, which the *T. C.* will take the liberty of doing. These bricks were carried those weary fifteen miles for benevolent though selfish motives. They were to be the foundation stones, or rather bricks, of a lunatic asylum the Major is about erecting and hopes soon to occupy.

The Dear Little Birds are all mating, and the season is peculiarly favorable to the development of the tender passion. This is the season in which corpulent little husbands send their better halves to the Springs, and during such a happy respite employ much spare time in penning billet doux to young ladies and fair widows. One gentleman, celebrated for his particularly *gentlemanly* demeanor, and whose little domestic fights have been often poured into the ears of his much bored friends, has had a most violent fit of "tender passion" since his wife went away. His hair is coming off, and he may often be seen pensively sitting in a certain church porch.

Some Prognosticator of Evil has informed the public through the *Alta*, that Europe will, in all probability, soon be again in a state of turmoil. This correspondent seems to be in the confidence of most of the crowned heads of Europe, and expresses his opinions in such a decided manner that he must either be an egotistical ass or else a very favored individual. The *T. C.* prefers thinking him the former. Perhaps he is bearing Austrian securities, in which case he is a rogue without a chance of success. As widely though the *Alta* be known (yea, even unto Saucelito) he hardly can hope to do much harm to them through such a channel.

It is Rather Amusing, and highly interesting to the general public, to know that Pickering sells his surplus *Calls* for wrappers, and that a certain Brady is a large consumer of his literature, but still not so large a one as the Chinaman opposite. We can imagine what crowds (as the *Barnacle* says) would rush to see such a wondrous sight as a pile of old *Calls*. We have, of course, interviewed Mr. Brady, and we find that the reason he does not use the *Barnacle* for his wrappers is that the customers complained, when he did use that erudite sheet, that the fish, crabs, etc., so wrapped up, stank before they got home with them.

A Certain Fair Helen, of Troy, having been in early childhood considered, and in after life brought up as a girl, has just surprised her friends by suddenly turning into a man, and marrying some fair damsel. We always knew that the climate of Troy was a wonderful one, but hardly felt prepared for such astounding news. Troy school-marms are said to be now very particular as to their pupils' sex, and parents at all short-sighted or absent-minded usually call in a doctor, in order that no mistake of the kind shall occur again in the classic neighborhood of Troy.

"**If a Stranger** sojourn with ye in your land ye shall not vex him—thou shalt love him as thyself for ye were strangers in Egypt." Well done, Stone, my boy, well done. The *T. C.* sends thee greeting, and only wishes that the text in question was more thoroughly acted upon. We don't see much more harm in praying to Joss than to a stone, and in fact if we had our choice we should vote for Joss and a slice of glazed pig in preference to Mary and dirty Holy Water. Depend upon it, we have worse elements in our midst than poor hardworking, persecuted John.

The T. C. had begun to fear that party quarrels were about to defraud the public of their Fourth of July pageantry. He is, however, glad to hear that things are settled amicably. Death will perform some most wonderful feats of horsemanship, Meagher will appear as "The Skeleton in Armor," while Selleck will sell small "star spangled banners" to small boys at five cents per flag. The usual amount of drunken Fenians will display their green, and a most happy day is looked forward to—by those who can leave the city.

The T. C. congratulates the *Alta* upon the infusion of a little young blood and a few fresh ideas in her "social editor." It seems rather unnatural for her to be sportive, and painfully reminds one of Grandmamma, regardless of her years, usual gravity, and wrinkles, getting up in tights and turning "hand springs." Still it is a relief from the dull monotony of her auctioneer notices and lead-like leaders.

We have been Looking through the "Post" for several months past, in the hope of seeing the letter of John Stewart Mill, the eminent British philanthropist, to Harry George. The time for printing it having long since come round in the regular course of time, we, in common with many others, would be happy to see it in print. But perhaps the stereotyped plates have been mislaid.

We have Lately Learned from Pittsburgh that the average German values his "frau" at $250. The public, however, wont deal at that price, so a lower figure must be taken as a just estimate, say $20. Even then the public would require some guarantee as to the lager-beer-drinking, onion-eating propensities of the wife to be sold, before any reliable business could be transacted.

A PICTURE OF MIRANDA.

Thou hast th' embodied shape that Shakespeare knew,
When in the glow of bright poetic power
A form like this beamed forth to bless the hour.
Thus, to maidenhood Miranda grew,
With something in her look of morning dew,
And tranquil stars, and bud of lily-flower;
And Ariel's music heard in sea-girt bower,
The sweetest child that Fancy ever drew.
"The fringed curtains of thy lids advance,"
To eyes like these might Prospero have spoken;
And he, the enamored prince, beneath such glance,
Might say, "I do beseech your name," some token
All hallowed borne, of creature made so fair,
"Chiefly that I may set it in my prayer."

—ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

LETTER FROM LONDON.

London, May 29th, 1873.—MY DEAR NEWS LETTER: As I wish to advertise thoroughly before running for Congress, I feel it incumbent on myself to do so through your columns. My immediate cause for writing is this: I have been presented at Court. Fact! I kept this a profound secret from all my friends (eighteen only being told in confidence) until the moment of presentation, and then I burst out in all my glory. I didn't care much about being presented, in fact, I rather objected, but I was urged so strongly by Sir Bosh and Lady May that I at last consented. I say I didn't wish to be presented, but this is for outsiders to suppose; but to you I will admit that God only knows what efforts I did make to get the thing put through, but having some good wire-pullers, who, had they been in S. F. in Vigilance Committee times, would have elected Jim Casey as Bishop of the State if necessary for his welfare, I wriggled through. I can't say what it cost me, but I will stake my existence that I didn't pay half what I promised. I flatter myself that, being an Oregonian, Californian and Arizonian, that I can depart from the truth without increasing my pulsation a single beat. I certainly ought to be able to lie a little after a residence of twenty years on the Pacific Coast. Well, I went through the ordeal, and now my name—fancy, my name—is in all the papers, and when my friends call on me I introduce the subject and rush for a paper, which, by the way, I always keep handy, and point with pride to my name. I know that everybody in San Francisco will be jealous, and I hope they will; I consider 'twas a master-stroke even for a Montgomery-street politician. There are lots of my friends here from the Pacific Coast whom I have been very intimate with, common fellows though, so I have dropped them since my presentation. I used to be a believer in a Republican form of government, but since coming in contact with so much nobility, I am inclining towards a Monarchy, and if it wasn't for that infernal corner grocery where I made all my money, I would try to be a gentleman, but I can't. I don't even dare to say I am in the presence of Californians, for I'm such a liar no one would believe me. Pressing engagement to dine with Lord H—— prevents me from saying more, but you may expect to hear again, at a future day, from your GREAT ORIENTAL.

P. S.—The rumor that I tried to sell a wild cat mine while at the presentation is as false as the calves that were under my hired silk stockings. I merely mentioned casually that I had the biggest thing in the world, paying dividends from the start, and I would let the Prince of Wales have an interest if he would allow me to put his name on the prospectus, but nobody seemed to be interested. Alas! how different from the days when I was lobbying in Sacramento. G. O.

The Thing which has Hitherto Puzzled Scientists is the reason of the "crowing" of the cock. Some have said that it is the temperature which affects the voice of the monarch of the dung-hill, others assert that a change in the weather will make him crow for four-and-twenty hours. In Australia cocks will crow all the night through as regularly as the clock strikes, while in Lapland it is stated they never crow at all. Lapland decidedly has the advantage there. An Edinburgh Judge has discovered a new cause. At the Police Court there, last week, two person were charged with keeping cocks in their back yards, to the annoyance of the neighbors. The complainant stated that after daybreak all sleep was impossible on account of the lusty crowing of innumerable roosters. On account of their conduct his wife was denied sleep, and her health was encroached upon. The Sheriff said that the hutches in which the birds were kept were not sufficiently secured from the light, which was the cause of their crowing, and ordered that this defect be remedied. What the result of this experiment may be it will be interesting to know, both for the sake of restless sleepers and piping chanticleers. The only remedy we have found effective for a restless Cochin, is simply to wring his neck. As Shakespeare says, "Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A Lady Correspondent in London writes to us as follows: The quaint troop of vocalists calling themselves the Jubilee Singers seem likely to become the fashion. The oddity of their appearance—their unmistakably negro origin, some of them being full blacks, and the old world look about them, altogether make them attractive for their very singularity; but curiosity soon merges into delight at the sound of their voices. Their selections are nearly all religious, and full of devotional melody; but their singing is so wonderfully harmonized, and their voices blend so beautifully, that it is a greater treat to hear them than many of the greatest Italian artistes. The Queen heard them at Argyll Lodge, and was very much pleased, consequently every one else is pleased too. Her Majesty is gone for a brief rest after entertaining her Royal visitors in right royal fashion. The King and Queen of the Belgians have been everywhere and seen everything, and appeared to heartily enjoy themselves and the enthusiastic welcome which met them everywhere. His Majesty of Belgium is a pleasant, keen looking man, with an observant face, that seems to note everything, and remember it too. His Queen is by no means pretty, but has a good-natured face, and white teeth, which are always visible when the lips break into a smile. Compared with the present fashion of faded colors and neutral shades of no color at all, her Majesty's taste in dress seems rather gay. Both times when I caught a glimpse of her she wore very bright colors. The exhibition of the Royal Academy at Burlington House is made use of as an exhibition of another sort, and the lounge through the rooms may be fairly considered a "toilette show," insomuch as ladies go there not so much to see the pictures as one another's dresses. It is impossible to see anything of the paintings yet or to catch more than a vague idea of a mass of color on the walls. The best things are always hidden by a mass of silk and lace as ladies crowd together to get a peep. I have seen several of the new mantilla bonnets without crowns, and I must say, though they are ridiculous-looking things in the hand and are in reality only a mounted wreath or circle of leaves, they are becoming and pretty when on. The hair is dressed very high on the top of the head, and the bonnet goes round it. The style is much prettier than the sailor bonnet, which is perched at the very back of the head like the hat of a man-of-war's man, and leaves the whole front exposed. The newest trimming this season is what the milliners call "organ pipes." The name describes it exactly. It is a series of flutings rounded by having cotton, wool or stiff muslin inside of them, and graduated in hight like the pipes of an organ. The style is ugly and heavy, and I should say a dress so trimmed would be very uncomfortable and clumsy to wear—but one must be in the fashion. A very pretty fichu mantelet is being worn with the light Spring costumes. It is round at the back like a cape, and trimmed with two frills, one broad and one narrow. The front crosses and ties loosely behind with two broad, long ends. It is especially becoming to young people. I see the blouse style of dress is coming into favor again for little boys. I saw some last week prepared for the Princes at Marlborough House. They were in dark greenish gray cloth edged all round with a darker shade of the same cloth about 1½ inches wide. The blouse was double-breasted and cut square at the bottom, and the trowsers were short, only reaching to the knee. The buttons were oxidized silver, with a pretty device of a bird on a branch on them. I have seen a great many of these suits at the West End, and I see that many boys wear gaiters with them, buttoned with a row of very small buttons. The gaiters either match or are made of soft buff leather. A large linen collar edged with lace is the proper style with this dress, which is very quaint looking and pretty.—*Glasgow Mail, May 24th.*

THE CLAY-EATERS OF THE ORINOCO.

The Ottomacas, of whom it is said by other Indians "that there is nothing so disgusting that they will not eat," live the greater part of the year on fishes and turtles; but when the Orinoco and its tributaries swell during the periodical rains and render fishing next to impossible, they become "dirt-eaters," and assuage their hunger with an unctuous clay. Such is their predilection for this strange aliment, in which chemistry detects no trace of organic matter, that even in times of abundance they mix some of it with their nutritious food. The most remarkable fact is that during the two months of the year when they daily devour about three-quarters of a pound of clay, and are restricted to a meagre supply of vegetable or animal provisions, such as lizards, ants and gum, the Ottomacas still remain healthy and strong, and never complain of indigestion. These barbarians are ugly, wild, vindictive; and, besides being passionately fond of palm-wine and maize-spirit, use the powdered pods of a leguminous plant, the Acacia Niopo, as a means of intoxication. The hollow bone of a bird serves as a kind of a pipe, through which they sniff up the powder, which is so irritating that a small quantity produces a strong fit of sneezing in those who are not accustomed to it. The effect of the Niopo is to deprive them for a couple of hours of their senses, and to render them furious in battle. Such is their malignant ingenuity that they poison their sharpened thumb-nails with the Wourali, so as to be able to inflict a death wound with the slightest scratch, and such their tiger-like ferocity that they suck with fiendish delight the blood of their slain enemies. The country these wretches inhabit is described as romantically beautiful—a mournful contrast to a state of society where man is eternally armed against man.—*The Tropical World, by Dr. G. Hartwig.*

A GREAT MAN GONE.

There Died in this City, some days since, a man more remarkable than any who ever trod these western shores. The Royal Chancellor of Greece, George the Fisher, was born in Hungary in the year 1786, a few years too late to take part in the great French Revolution, though he was the first to enunciate the principles of that sublime event. When he was little more than a year old, his mother was called to Italy, and while there the infant genius was seen and applauded by Gen. Bonaparte, who laid his mighty hand upon its brow, and observed, in his Corsican-Italian, "This will be a great fisher!" And it was so. At the age of ten years, while playing one day on the shore of Lake Malar (the family had visited Sweden from a sense of duty) the youthful thinker drew out of the waters a heavy body, which was long supposed to be the crown of Margaret, till the court jeweler's analysis proved it to be a rusty ringbolt. This incident paved the way to his future eminence. Alexander II. offered him, in the year 1811, the post of Court Interpreter of the Rig-Veda Sanhita, with a salary of 80,000 roubles a year. He filled this difficult position for one year to the satisfaction of every one. At the end of that time, his undaunted courage having leaked out, the Czar made him Military Governor of Moscow, Rostopchin being ordered to give him implicit obedience. It was the fertile brain of the Fisher which conceived the glorious thought of burning Moscow when it was seen to be impossible to save it from the French Conqueror; and the same exhaustless mind composed the haughty inscription in the French tongue which Rostopchin put up on the door of his country seat. In the whole of that terrible French retreat, George the Fisher was the presiding genius of Russia, and the destroying angel of the Gallic hordes; though, owing to the inclemency of the weather, he found it inexpedient to appear in the national costume of the angels, and wore a fur overcoat. At the frightful passage of the Beresena, he walked across the bridge on the heads of the struggling French, in pursuit of Napoleon, hoping to capture him single-handed and drag him back to the feet of Alexander; but the Corsican monster escaped, to afflict mankind. Foiled in this, his darling hope, the Fisher began the study of the British Constitution, which he followed up with such extraordinary zeal that the Duke of Wellington, meeting him by accident on London Bridge in the year 1852, confessed before three members of his cabinet, that, until he saw the Fisher, he had never known the meaning of habeas corpus. Our hero next went to Egypt, and persuaded Mehemet Ali to put an end to the Mamelukes, but disgusted with scenes of blood, he withdrew to Constantinople, where Mahmoud made him Professor of Philosophy in the Atmeidan. His lectures, which were delivered in eighteen languages, were phonographically reported by the Sultan's Engineering Staff, and still form the course of study in the Colleges of Samarkand, Cabool, Benares, Cashgar and Pekin. It is since their introduction into the East that we have seen the amazing revival of those effete communities, and their desire for closer communion with the West. All Asia testifies to his worth, and the human race is the monument of George the Fisher.

A Coquette's Punishment.—The following story is from the *L'Illustration*: S——, an advocate of considerable reputation, had married a pretty, silly little creature, whom he surrounded with every luxury that a woman's heart could desire. But there is a pretty large class of women whom nothing contents. A handsome cousin arrived upon a visit, and Madame S—— began to coquette with him. The husband felt the sting of all this, but he devised a neat piece of revenge. He wrote the cousin a letter as follows:

DEAR PAUL: I know all. Thou payest court to my wife. Nothing else goes on but toyings, tender glances, romancing, and interchange of flowers. Indulge no more in these disguises and mysteries. Leave me, both of you—and that quickly. With this note you will receive a small casket containing thirty thousand francs. 'Tis Lucie's dowry. I have intimated to her that she is at liberty to take away her jewels and wardrobe. All being settled, then, take her, lead her away, convey her so far that I may never again set eyes upon either of you. Farewell, *bon voyage*, and good luck.

Shortly after dispatching this note, Monsieur S—— received the following note from the handsome cousin:

I set out to-morrow for St. Petersburg. *I go alone.* My absence will last for a year at least.

And so he went, taking with him Lucie's thirty thousand francs!

Club Life is making rapid way in French manners. It will not much affect the domestic hearth, since husbands and papas will only change from their favorite *café* to a more exclusive one. Mamma will go to balls, happy in her isolation, and the girls will accompany their aunts to the theater, so that there will be no competition between mothers and daughters. Professions, whether learned or unlearned, have their clubs, permission of course being obtained beforehand from the authorities. One vice creeps into these agapemonæ—gambling.

THE COACHING CLUB.

This Offshoot of the old Four-in-Hand Club bids fair to become a formidable rival to its predecessor, if Wednesday's gatherings—when no fewer than 32 drags turned out in Hyde Park—is to be taken as a fair indication of its distinctive progress. The members of the new club arrogate to themselves no special features belonging to the good old aristocratic club. Their object has rather been to get together and periodically exhibit the drags of private gentlemen horsed by cattle available at any moment as useful roadsters in a four-horse coach. There are, however, some exceptions amongst the members, notably those of Lord Carrington, President of the club, and also a member of the Four-in-Hand, who has a team of dappled dark bays of matchless beauty and fine action; Mr. Alfred Rothschild, whose four high-stepping blacks are perhaps unsurpassed by any stable in England; M. Murrietta's superb team, and Viscount Cole's chestnuts. But the majority are useful and well-selected cattle, without any remarkable pretentions to display. The meet on Wednesday was at the Magazine, where four lines of coaches marshaled themselves shortly before five o'clock. The unceasing downpour during the afternoon had the effect of lessening the number of spectators, but a great many carriages and equestrians had turned out when the weather cleared. At the start Lord Carrington, as President, with his brother-in-law, Lord Colville, on the box, led the van. His lordship was followed by Viscount Macduff with a magnificent team of light chestnuts, by the Earl Poulett (whose working team and general turn-out approached perfection), Lord Leigh, Mr. Charles Hoare, and Captain Whitmore, a member of the Four-in-Hand Club. Then came Viscount Cole, having his Royal Highness Prince Arthur on the box with him, and following in succession were the drags of Major Jary, M. Cristobel de Murrieta, Mr. Price B. Hamilton, Mr. Yate Hunt, Mr. Frederick Villiers, Captain Ferguson, 2nd Life Guards, Captain Wheble, 7th Dragoon Guards, and the Marquis of Worcester, acting as the coachman of the Royal Horse Guard's drag. Mr. John Gerard Leigh, with Mrs. Leigh, and a large party, here turned in as another representative of the Four-in-Hand Club, the new element being next represented by Mr. Allen Mackenzie, Royal Horse Guards Blue, followed by the coaches of Mr. Mitchell, Captain Candy, Mr. James Brand, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. C. White, M. P., the Hon. H. C. Needham, Grenadier Guards, Sir George Clark, 2nd Life Guards, and Mr. W. E. Oakley. The last half-dozen coaches were those of Mr. T. Chaloner Smith, Captain S. Tudor Ashton, late 14th Hussars, Mr. Hugh M'Calmont, Major Rolls, Mr. John Kirk, and Major S. Carlyon. There was one team of pure skew-balds, another of dappled grays, and many mixed fours, but amongst them all there was not a single restive animal, nor one driver who required a groom's aid. Altogether the scene was to be remembered; and Colonel Armytage, the energetic Secretary of the club, has good reason to be proud of the turnout. The destination of several of the drags was the Crystal Palace for dinner, but many of the gentlemen, after driving through the southern suburbs, turned their horses' heads towards London.

An Awkward Affair once occurred to one of the Judges on the Western Circuit. It appears that, having finished his labors and cast off his forensic wig at his lodgings, he had retired into the next room to wait for his brother Judge, whom he was about to accompany to meet some of the local aristocracy at dinner. The female servant of the house had entered the bedchamber by a side-door, and, not knowing that the Judge was in the next room, in a frolic arrayed herself in his wig. Just at that moment when the fair Mopsy was admiring herself in the looking-glass, the Judge unexpectedly entered the room, and the poor girl, catching sight of the stern countenance looking over her shoulder in the glass, was so alarmed that she fainted, and would have fallen to the ground if the learned Judge, impelled by humanity, had not caught her in his arms. At this critical moment his brother Judge arrived, and, on opening the dressing-room door, with a view to see if he was ready, discovered his learned brother with the fainting maid in his arms. The intruder quickly attempted to withdraw, when his brother Judge vociferated, "For heaven's sake, stop and hear this matter explained!" "Never mind, brother; never mind—the matter explains itself;" and he left his learned colleague to bring the fainting maid to as best he could.

A Short Time Since a gentleman with long fair whiskers, and dressed in the hight of fashion, entered a hosier's in Vienna, and requested the shopwoman, who happened to be alone, to show him some colored shirts. Every variety was brought out, when he made his choice, and requested that a parcel might be made up for him. This being done, "What an idiot I am!" he said, "I have not seen how the shirts look when on. Would you oblige me, mademoiselle, by putting on one over your dress?" The shopwoman having complied with the request, "Be so good," he continued, "as to button the collar and the wrist-bands, that I may get a thoroughly good idea of the effect. And now," he added, taking up his parcel, "allow me to wish you a very good morning!" and in an instant he was outside the door, and had disappeared, the unhappy girl perfectly stupefied, not daring to follow him into the street on account of her singular costume. Her employer, on returning from his *café* half-an-hour later, found her, with the fatal garment on, crying on the counter.

THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

This Learned Body met on the 16th inst., Dr. Stearns in the chair. New members were proposed; two or three of them hopefully rich and likely to be stirred up one day to rival James Lick and Michael Reese. They were elected, of course; and only two of them have since been indisposed. It is not expected that the result will be fatal. Judge Hastings being called upon, read an interesting paper on the radiation of heat in lands fenced and unfenced. He began by laying down the broad proposition that heat was a mode of motion; that this definition had been made public as far back as the year 1838 by a member of the party then known as the Loco-Foco party, who first employed the matches so called, and in honor of whom the word Locomotion was invented by a French Democrat. Radiation of heat, he went on to say, was caused by fences. These, being made of open work, allowed the rays of the sun to pass through in the day time, as any one might see by observing the shadow cast by a picket-fence; but the rays, once entered, are caught and held by a picket on each side, exactly as a drunken man is held by two of Crowley's policemen, and for the same purpose, which is to control the latent heat and allow it time to radiate fruitfully over the surface of the ground. A remarkable instance of this radiation had been observed by the learned Judge in Sonoma County on a cold day of last November, when the ground on the open fields was covered with hoar-frost. A party of gentlemen, seven or eight in number, were standing close to a fence, evidently engaged in study, for their heads were bent downward. Going up to them, the Judge found, to his great astonishment, that so great was the amount of heat evolved from between the pickets of the fence that the faces of these gentlemen were flushed and covered with perspiration. They seemed even to be somewhat exhausted, for he remarked that they supported themselves against the fence. His previous studies in physical science supplying no adequate explanation of this curious phenomenon, he was forced to the conclusion that he had, so to speak, stumbled upon a discovery of the greatest importance, and he submitted to the Academy whether it would not be proper to speak hereafter of the "Fence Law of Radiation." Before closing, he anticipated and refuted an obvious objection to his new discovery, as clashing with the definition of heat as a mode of motion, by adding that the gentlemen referred to were all in a continuous state of motion while his observations lasted, swaying gently from side to side like a buoy in Raccoon Straits, and evidently under the influence of some unseen and invisible agent.

THE MORNING CALL AND MR. PIXLEY.

We are Not in the Habit of Praising our Morning Contemporaries for the excellent reason that ordinarily we find little to praise and much to criticise. But the enterprise of the above journal in obtaining news is something positively amazing. We are sure it has not its equal at the price on the continent for the amount of general reading matter furnished its readers from day to day. But its editorial department is not satisfactory and should be improved. This it now has an opportunity of doing since Mr. Pixley has voluntarially disconnected himself from the *Chronicle*. And with the hope of securing him Mr. Pickering, as we are informed, has tendered to Mr. Pixley a written apology sufficiently ample to cover all past differences, and with it an offer of $200 per week to take charge of his morning paper, but thus far without success. Mr. Pixley is inexorable. In the mean time the *Chronicle*, once a formidable rival of the *Call*, has sunk back into insignificance and is almost forgotten, while the *Call* has not made any corresponding advance. Could Mr. Pixley be induced to bury the hatchet, to bottle his just wrath and take charge of the *Call*, we feel that from that moment its position as the first morning paper of the coast would be finally secured; and we suggest that the public will scarcely justify him in indulging his anger toward Mr. Pickering to the extent of depriving it of the pleasure and edification obtained in reading his elegant, spicy and pungent articles. His personal feelings do not concern the public in the least, while Pixley and his genius are public property. He has no right to play the Achilles to this journalistic Agamemnon, but should set about writing at once either upon the *Call* or the *Bulletin*, the columns of both of which papers are open to him and with most tempting offers. We trust, however, that Mr. Pickering will make his apology still more ample than it has been, and that he will increase his offer of salary until Mr. Pixley's scruples are overcome, and his susceptibilities appeased, and to continue with them until he is once more at work where the people so much desire to have him.

The Parisians at the Concert Musard, in the Champs Elysees, the other night had an edifying illustration of the progressive manners of "Young America." Seated in the most prominent part of the audience was a tall young man, with a rakish New York air, a bright crimson necktie, and a natty little velvet smoking-cap cocked capriciously over his left ear. His natural make-up and free dashing style alone would have insured him a generous share of public attention, but when he settled himself as low as possible in his seat and carefully deposited his feet on the back of the chair in front of him, and quite on a level with his head, the sensation throughout the audience was intense. He maintained this position for the most part during the two hours the concert lasted, and so secured for himself and his long legs towering in the air more notice and admiration than did the ladies' toilettes or the bâton of the conductor.

THE MARRIAGE IN THE ICE-PALACE.—A STORY OF THE RUSSIAN COURT.

[BY L. VON SACHER-MASOCH.]

[Concluded from June number of the Mail Bag.]

By this time it had got dark, and the Empress was looking from one of the windows of the Ice-Palace at a brilliant display of fire-works, which finished up with an illumination of her own name. Biron came up to her, and said:

"It is done!"

"Good!" said Anna Ivanovna, in a dignified tone, that showed she was not at all displeased to play the part of mistress for once. "Send one of my sledges at once to Anna Ivanovna Nullinovna, the washerwoman, who lives in one of the last houses on the bank of the Neva. Send her one of my handsomest dresses, my best sable mantle, and a large thick veil. The washerwoman is to dress herself in these things, and to cover her face with the veil, so that no one may be able to recognize her; she is to come here, where she will learn what she is to do next."

"As you desire," returned Biron.

"Now, dismiss the guests, and carry out what I have ordered," continued the Empress. "And be sure that the washerwoman is treated kindly, for she saved my life; and let her be well wrapped up in furs and skins, for the poor creature suffers terribly with the gout."

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Galitzin had been scarcely two hours in his cell when he was fetched by a police-officer, and told to get into a sledge standing ready at the prison gates. He had so entirely prepared himself for the worst that the apparent possibility of the Empress having graciously decided to be satisfied with sending him off to Siberia made him positively cheerful. When they came in sight of the illuminated Ice-Palace, he asked the officer who accompanied him what new building that was. His astonishment at the reply describing the origin of the building and the festivities that were taking place there was increased when the sledge stopped in front of the Ice-Palace, and the officer conducted him into the chapel at the side. There, in front of the brilliantly-illuminated altar, stood awaiting him with the priest, a man unknown to him, with the star of some order on his breast, and a lady in rich ermine cloak, her face hidden by a thick veil.

The stranger beckoned to him to draw nearer, and then addressed him solemnly in these words: "You have been summoned hither, prince, to hear from my lips the sentence pronounced upon you by Her Majesty the Czarina Anna Ivanovna, whom God preserve! Her Majesty might have justly condemned you to death, but she has chosen to exercise her clemency, and her judgment is simply that your marriage shall be at once solemnized in this chapel and the adjoining Ice-Palace."

"What Her Majesty is graciously pleased to command I obey cheerfully," said Galitzin, who was by no means deficient in Russian cunning. "And if you, sire, are Ernst Biron"—— "Yes, I am he."

"Then I will beg you, as Her Majesty's representative, to accept my most humble thanks," added Galitzin, kneeling down on one knee before Biron, and kissing his hand. That action at once ingratiated him with the omnipotent favorite.

"What has become of the bride?" muttered the lady in ermine.

"I see her coming now," said Biron; and as he spoke there entered a tall female form, clothed in the richest velvets and sables, and thickly veiled. She tremblingly approached the lady in ermine, and reverently kissed the hem of her garment.

"Do not fear, Anna Ivanovna," said the lady; "all that happens here is for your good; in a few moments you will be one of the noblest and wealthiest ladies in Russia."

The priest now went up to the altar and began the ceremony, putting the usual question to the prince, and then to the veiled bride.

"Anna Ivanovna," he said, addressing her.

Then for the first time Galitzin perceived that it was not his French bride who stood beside him at the altar. He stared in astonishment at the imposing figure at his side, and at the same moment she ventured for the first time to lift her eyes and look at the handsome, noble features of the man who was to be her husband. She trembled all over, but with a very different feeling from that of a few minutes before; one glance at him had given her courage, and she answered, in a firm, distinct voice, "I will."

"Anna Ivanovna? Could it be the Empress? Did she still love him?" Such were the questions that forced themselves on Galitzin.

Rings were exchanged, and the two were irrevocably united. Then at a sign from the mysterious lady in ermine, Biron gave his arm to the prince's wife, and conducted her out of the chapel, followed by the priest.

Directly they were alone the lady in ermine went up to the prince and muttered, "You think you have your Frenchwoman for a bride, I dare say; did you not hear, your wife's name is Anna Ivanovna? Suppose it should be the same Anna Ivanovna that you deserted so shamefully fifteen years ago, and who is now your Empress!"

"Then I should indeed be the happiest of mortals!" exclaimed Galitzin, though actually horrified at the thought.

The lady laughed mockingly. "No, no! that Anna Ivanovna stands before you," she said, throwing back her veil and gazing at him with a look of mingled

hatred and jealously; for the sight of the man whom she had loved so passionately, still young and even far handsomer than before, had rekindled her love. Galitzin fell on his knees.

"Yes, that is your right place, serf!" exclaimed the Empress. "Your Frenchwoman has been sent out of the country by my orders, and I have chosen a bride for you; not one of royal blood like yourself—*that* were to good for you. A serf only deserves a serf. Your Anna Ivanovna is—a washerwoman! Go into your bridal chamber and greet the old hag that awaits you there with the bridal kiss!" So saying she left him, and the police-officer entered to conduct him to the Ice-Palace, at the entrance of which he said to Galitzin: "Your bride awaits you here. The Empress has given orders that neither of you shall quit the palace before sunrise. Every door and window is guarded, and any one attempting to escape will be shot. His excellency Biron sends you these things;" and he handed him a valuable fur mantle, a pair of fur boots, and a fur cap, adding: "He would not like you to get frozen; and now my mission is accomplished."

The prince entered the Ice-Palace. The door was closed behind him, and he threw Biron's furs on the floor and looked round. The apartment was splendidly furnished as a bridal chamber, and in the center of the room stood a table laid ont with refreshments for two persons, the two chairs and the floor being covered with bear-skins. In a distant recess stood his bride.

Determined to bear his fate with all the philosophy he could command, he clothed himself in the prince's furs and beckoned to his bride to come and partake of the repast provided for them. She approached just as he was somewhat awkwardly attempting to put on the big fur boots Biron had sent him, and throwing herself at his feet begged him to let her wait on him.

"What do you mean?" "Oh! let me be your slave!"

The tone was singular; there seemed something in it familiar to the prince, yet incomprehensible—a tone that went from heart to heart.

"Your voice does not sound much like an old woman's," said the prince. "By the way, I have not yet given you the bridal kiss."

His spouse retreated bashfully, but he followed her, saying, "Any how, you are my wife, you know, so of course I must kiss you."

When he lifted her veil he uttered a cry of surprise. It was not the old washerwoman, as the Empress had said, standing before him, but a young and beautiful girl, with a wealth of flaxen hair, and big blue eyes beaming with intelligence, amiability, and love.

"You! Can it be you who are my wife!" he exclaimed.

"Yes sir," she said, composedly, for she at once perceived the influence she had exercised upon him, and that restored her self-possession.

"And you wish to be my servant?"

"Yes; for I am your wife before God, and I love you!"

"No, no, Anna Ivanovna," said the prince; "I will be your servant!" and he threw himself at her feet and covered her hand with kisses.

"My lord, you demean yourself!" she exclaimed bidding him rise.

"I am not your lord!" said he.

"My husband, then. But I am only a washerwoman; these beautiful clothes and furs are not mine," she muttered half abashed.

"What do I care, since your are my wife!" he replied. "Can I not clothe you in ermine like a monarch! But tell me, now, how this has all come about."

"It is a mystery to me, too," she said. "The Empress wished to bestow a favor on my mother; but my mother begged her to take me, her daughter, under her protection, and to this the Empress seemed not averse. To-day a sledge came to our hut with these clothes and a message from the Empress, that Anna Ivanovna was to appear at court at once in order to be married to a wealthy prince. So my mother, who had been laid up in bed with the gout for the last two or three days, said to me: 'It can't be me that's meant. What should I want to be married for! Put on the furs and go!' I obeyed, though not over willingly, for I fancied a rich prince would be sure to be old and ugly. And then I saw you, my lord, and"——

"Well, and"—— "And I obeyed gladly enough."

"My darling wife!" exclaimed the prince, "take this kiss, and with it all that I have. I am yours and you are mine, and no power on earth shall separate us." She trembled as his lips pressed hers, and he whispered:

"You do love me, then?"

She answered him not in words, but threw her arms round his neck, and gave him not one kiss but many for her reply.

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The next day, when the mistake, that happened so fortunately for the prince, got noised abroad, the Empress lay on a sick bed, a martyr to an attack of gout, the consequence of a severe cold she had caught at the festivities in the Ice-Palace. The failure of her revengeful scheme contributed not a little to increase her sufferings and hasten on her end. She soon after died, raving at one time about the Ice-Palace, at another about the frozen plains of Siberia. She had appointed Biron regent, and he made up for the persecution of the Empress Anna Ivanovna by treating Prince Galitzin with peculiar favor.

The prince's beautiful wife, with that quickness which distinguishes women of the Sclavonian race, soon made herself at home in her new position. She did not rest content with the mere enjoyment of the princely luxury that surrounded her, but endeavored to acquire knowledge of every kind, so that it was not long before she had out-distanced all the ladies of her day. Her husband, to whom she bore several children, lived in uninterrupted happiness with her. There was one

family anniversary that they always kept with more than customary heartiness, and that was the day on which the Empress had conceived the happy notion of marrying the prince to a washerwoman, and celebrating the "Marriage in the Ice-Palace."—*Translated from "Westerman's Monatshefte," by F. Stewart Cobb.*

THE MONOPOLY OF MONOPOLIES.

On This Coast, where monopoly reigns supreme, by land and by sea, where rings rule railroads, and rapacious capitalists get up corners in stocks, one monopoly stands out in bold relief, pre-eminent, both for its despotic sway, and the absolute necessity of the element it controls. We refer to the Spring Valley Water Works Company. There is, perhaps, no city in the world but San Francisco that would stand the exorbitant charges, and the unfair and unequal way in which these charges are made. Ever since the consolidation of the San Francisco and Spring Valley Water Works Companies in 1865, they have been slowly, yet surely, increasing both their prices and their control of the water supply, till the city is now completely in their hands, and at their mercy. How they use this power, rather abuse it, the municipal corporation, and the householders know to their cost. Their exorbitant bills are sent in, and if not paid the water supply is at once cut off, and no redress can be obtained. They say, "If you want water you must pay our prices, or else go without." Now, as even in these days of whisky and lager, water is more or less useful about a house, the poor householder has to cash up or go tealess, gardenless and washless. Is San Francisco always to submit to this outrageous violation of the laws both of justice and nature? Last year there was a big talk about the "Lake Tahoe" Water Company, but what has it come to? All wind and no water. In course of time, we shall, no doubt, have a company who will have the whole and sole control of the air we breathe; for water is as necessary to human life as air. There is also another way of looking at this most important question. Supposing two dry season were to come, what guarantee have the poor, duped public that they will be supplied with water at the present, or even higher rates? The supplies from Lobos and Pillarcitos Creeks are not by any means inexhaustible, as these creeks are dependent upon the rains. Even granting that the company can always keep supplies equal to the demand, the water so supplied is of such a poor quality that the prevalence of *diabetis* in this city is attributed by doctors in a great measure to its pernicious effects. Their mains are only cleaned out when almost blocked up with vegetable and other filth, and the whole management is from beginning to end a gross imposition upon the public. The elections, however, are coming on, and it is the duty of every citizen to strenuously oppose any candidate for Senatorship, or office, municipal or otherwise, who shall not first pledge himself to do his utmost to free the city from a monopoly, which, like Victor Hugo's devil-fish, extends its thousand arms into our households, and if it does not suck our life blood, has it in its power to enforce its own price for the most necessary element of life, viz: water. We growl about the Chinese, and have lately taken some measures to mollify that nuisance, yet still we calmly see in our midst an evil infinitely worse, and are either too supine or too much under the thumbs of the capitalists to make even an effort to free ourselves from shackles which no other citizens in the States would ever have allowed to bind them for one moment. The time has come when we must either make a bold fight for freedom or else make up our minds to be forever at the mercy of that most abominable of monopolies, the Spring Valley Water Works Company. And the way to do this is, not to buy up the played-out, old plant of the Spring Valley, and so throw away ten millions for a most doubtful return, but for the city to negotiate with parties here, who are ready and willing to supply water of better quality at lower rates, and who will give reliable bonds.

OUR PLACARD EXCHANGE.

We are Constantly Receiving new and valuable, though unpretending, additions to the "California Placard Exchange." Noticeable among these are the Map Directories from Mr. G. DeYoung, publisher. A copy of his Sacramento County Directory, which contains an accurate, classified and alphabetical arrangement of the business firms of each town and station in the county, together with valuable statistical information and well-written descriptive summaries of the commercial and general character and resources of the several places is now before us. Mr. DeYoung's Directories are highly spoken of by the press throughout the State, and we are glad to say, from our own examination, very deservedly so. The Sacramento dailies are, for once, unanimous in the justice of their criticisms. They agree in this, that exact and valuable business talent has been exercised by Mr. DeYoung in his Directories. The Sacramento *Union*, the Sacramento *Record* and the Sacramento *Bee* all bear witness to the utility and business merits of his undertaking. Need we add that when the *News Letter* indorses their testimony *c'est une affaire finie?* We are happy to add, on the strength of many years' acquaintance, that Mr. Gustavus De Young is not only an indefatigable business man, exact and reliable in all he undertakes, but that his popularity is enhanced also by his affability and integrity in private relations and his general characteristic of acting like a gentleman.

LETTER FROM A BRITISHER.

Manchester, England, June 3d, 1873.—Froissart said of the English, eight hundred years ago, that "they took their pleasure sadly," and certainly to an impartial observer, who has had the opportunity of comparing notes with our neighbors on the Continent, the comment has lost none of its meaning. A lot of Englishmen out for a holiday is anything but a pleasant sight. I happen to live eight miles from this smoky manufacturing center of half a million inhabitants. The place in question is a fashionable suburb the West End of Manchester—and being somewhat in the country, it boasts of an ancestral hall and a fine old park, a fair specimen of the many picturesque old spots which are everywhere dotted over England, and which (notwithstanding all the ravings of Communists and Republicans) no true Englishman would like to see pulled down, plowed up or done away with. This ancestral demesne belongs to the "noble" Earl of Stamford and Warrington, and under the refreshing shades of the fine old beech trees, a splendid avenue of which leads from the road up to the hall, a distance of about three-fourths of a mile, the British public is graciously permitted to promenade up and down so long as it carefully avoids leaving the footpath, and does not disturb the herds of deer that peacefully graze upon the verdant sward. The "noble earl" who inherits the fine old house and extensive park, together with almost the whole of the land which forms the site of the fashionable suburb which is springing up on all sides right under the park railings, either finds the encroachments of the Manchester snobocracy too much for his aristocratic feelings, or else he is not so insensible to the advantages derivable from a well-filled exchequer as noble lords are generally supposed to be, for, sad to say, he has had the bad taste to withdraw his august person entirely from our vicinity, and has betaken himself to another of his paternal estates somewhere in the midland counties, where his privacy is not intruded upon by the pretentious villas of self-made Manchester cotton lords. Sad, also, to say, the ancestral hall is sub-let to one of these self-same cotton spinners, who glories in driving about in a carriage and pair attended by a couple of powdered flunkies, and ostentatiously displays on each door of his vehicle a coat of arms as big as a dinner-plate, emblazoned in all the colors of the rainbow. Thus you see that every Englishman is naturally inclined to imitate his "betters," and to ape the aristocrat whenever he can afford it. In early life, when he perhaps was struggling to make both ends meet, and had nothing particular to lose, he takes in the radical paper and is a diligent attender at his Methodist chapel. As he gets on in the world and makes money, he gradually drifts into toryism, and hires a pew in a fashionable church because he finds that the church, with its noisy peal of bells, is so much more "respectable" than the mean-looking little chapel, and as he is ambitious to get on in the world and shine in society, he soon finds that to be a radical won't pay, and his *entrées* is much more facilitated by a profession of tory principles. Thus it comes to pass that an ancestral park, near to a large city like Manchester, need not wait long for a tenant who is ambitious of being mistaken by the "vulgar multitude" for a live lord.

It is said that the aristocratic owner has lost money by horse racing—which would certainly be no new thing in his class and finds the increase to his income by letting the hall an inducement. The whole of his adjoining land is being sold off for building purposes, and it is whispered that the fine old park itself will soon have to be cut up and parceled out into building sites also. The mode of selling building sites, hereabouts, may possible be new to your readers. Instead of buying the land for cash, the purchaser binds himself to pay *forever* a yearly ground rent to the owner of the soil, and the average value of these sites is represented by a rental of 4 cents per square yard. One decided advantage of large tracts of land being in the hands of one owner is that some control can be exercised over the external appearance of the houses erected, and as one of the stipulations in the building contracts in this particular suburb is that the houses are to be built of white brick, the result is that a more cheerful aspect is imparted to the place than is usual in English suburbs, or villages. In the large towns where no sort of supervision is exercised over builders, the rule seems to be for every one to erect the cheapest and ugliest red brick houses he can knock together. No regard whatever (except in a few of the more expensive buildings in the center of the town) is paid to the public taste, and the consequence is that modern English towns are, without exception, the most uninteresting, ugly, monotonous looking places imaginable. The park before mentioned is a favorite place of resort for holiday seekers from Manchester, and here the British workman so far as this part of England is concerned may be seen in his element. The sight is by no means an attractive one, or conducive to the development of much natural pride in the bosom of a Britisher. As a rule the British workman's holiday attire consists of a complete suit of black—a relic of the Puritan times, no doubt. Sometimes he indulges in a flaring necktie of sky blue, or arsenic green. He is a short, thick-set, ugly looking man, and generally accompanied by an equally short, fat, ugly woman, dressed in a style which outrages every one's sense of harmony of color. The crudest and most showy colors seem to prevail, and the more startling the contrasts the more popular they seem to be: scarlet, purples, and greens mixed up in an indescribable manner make up the usual costume of the British workingman's wife, who is also generally enveloped in a wonderful shawl of the loudest and most staring patterns. The holiday seekers generally drive out in carts, which are crammed full of as many men, women and children as they will hold. They do not seem to have any definite object in view in coming into the country except to hang about some well-known roadside public house and drink beer and spirits.

After eating and drinking as much as they will hold they drive back to town again, and are presumably happier for the day's "out."

One of the saddest facts which is generally forcing itself upon the conviction of the intelligent Britisher is that the working classes here are gradually but surely becoming a very degenerate and demoralized race, and this strikes one in few instances more forcibly than in observing them when taking their holiday. The fact is the workingman has been spoilt. For the last twenty or thirty years all legislation and all political sympathy has been directed towards ameliorating the hard lot of the "toiling millions"—"the horny handed sons of toil"—or by whatever sentimental name the workingmen of this country have come to be known. Most thinking men are, however, beginning to conclude that this sort of thing has been carried too far, and there is quietly going on a steady reaction against the extreme radical opinions of which at one time Manchester was considered the great hot-bed. Now we find conservative clubs amongst the working classes flourishing amazingly in this center of chartism and republicanism. The working classes have been having as much of self-government latterly as they well care for, seeing that the trades unions are nothing more than a system of republican self-government of the purest type. The workingmen are one and all trades unionists, and, seeing that in all matters affecting their relations with their employees they have full control of the situation, and can practically dictate their own terms, and do manage to have their own way entirely, it is difficult to understand what greater amount of personal liberty they can have anywhere else. The result of trades union self-government has, however, been very demoralizing to the men. All good workmen object to be reduced to the level of the most incompetent of their fellows, and to be told that they must not seek to earn a farthing more than the others, however superior their abilities may be. The result is that the best men leave the country and go to the Colonies, or the States, where they expect to find that a man, who has ability to do something more than the common run, will receive some encouragement to raise himself above the dead level of trades unionists. I have had considerable personal experience of the working of this beautiful system, and can testify that the men do not take the slightest pride in doing their work well, that their sole object is to do as little work as possible, and be as long over it as they can. As a specimen of the working of the trades union laws I may refer to a case in my own experience where I requested an ironmonger to take down and replace an ordinary small English fire grate. This job, which any two men could have performed in three or four hours, required the services of four men for a whole day before it could be completed. English chimney pieces are generally made by marble, or stone masons, and the grates are built in by bricks. Hence, I was informed that four men were necessary to do this paltry job, that no stone mason could be induced to touch brick, and no bricklayer would have anything to do with stone. Moreover, neither of these worthies would work without a laborer to attend on him. These are some of the rules of trades unionism in a free country. In this city there is at present being erected a new town hall built of stone, and I hear on good authority that the union has made it a rule that no mason is to to make more than a limited number of strokes per minute with his mallet. Thus they have introduced what is called the "town hall stroke," to the great delight, no doubt, of the rate payers, who have to pay for this little job.

The result of recent strikes has been to render all things much dearer in this country, and as we possess amongst the "upper middle classes" an immense army of do-nothings, who live on fixed incomes derived from rents, government funds, etc., it is obvious that these unfortunate people are getting poorer and poorer every year, having to lay out the same sum in necessary expenses, which they had to do 10 or 20 years ago, and still finding that they can only purchase half as much with it. Thus we have an enormous increase of "genteel poverty." Poor clergymen, of whom there are several thousands subsisting upon small salaries of $500 to $1,000 per annum, on which it is, at present prices, barely possible for one man —let alone a family (and clergymen's families are notoriously large)—to keep body and soul together. The Marquis of Lorne has started a movement for raising a fund to increase these small livings, but it is not anticipated that my lords the bishops, who clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, will be likely to display sufficient christian disregard of the good things of this world as to sacrifice any portion of the thousands they annually pocket for the sake of benefiting their poorer brethren.

Money buys everything in this country. It is a notorious fact that the majority of the livings of the Church of England are sold to the highest bidder. Thus the church has come to be looked upon as a mere profession, offering a suitable return for an investment of capital, and what may appear more marvelous still is that these livings are many of them in the hands of Roman Catholic owners. A smartly written pamphlet has recently appeared here, holding up the looking glass to the church rather unmercifully, and suggesting the desirability of getting up a joint stock company to buy up all the livings in the market, and farm them out to poor curates at a low salary. It is anticipated, says the writer, that "good dividends could be paid if the scheme were well managed." As, however, we have succeeded in getting rid of the purchase system in the army, we may hope shortly to see Mr. Gladstone prepare for his coming attack on the church.

The Report of the Bank of British North America announces a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum

Court Chat.

Louis XVI. Going to Bed.—At eleven o'clock came the officers on duty and courtiers. Every thing was ready; a spendid toilet-table with lace and gold brocade, the dressing-gown of white embroidered Lyons silk on a chair of red morocco, the chemise wrapped in a piece of taffety; on the railing a double cushion of the cloth of gold, called sultan, with the nightcap and handkerchiefs on it. By it were the slippers of the same material as the gown placed near pages of the chamber, standing against the railing. The monarch arrived, the first gentleman of the chamber received his hat and sword, and handed them to an under-official. The king commenced a conversation with the courtiers, that was longer or shorter according as he found it pleasant, and was often too long for our sleepiness and weary legs. After the conversation was finished, the king went within the railing, knelt with the chaplin-in-waiting alone, who held a long taper-stand of silver-gilt, with two tapers, while the princes could only have one. The chaplin recited a prayer *Quæsumus omnipotens Deus;* and, when the prayer was finished, the taper-stand was handed to the first servant of the chamber, and he, at the king's orders, gave it to any gentleman to be distinguished. This honor was so much appreciated in France, that many aspirants could not disguise their disgust if they did not obtain it. After the prayer the king took off his coat, the right sleeve being held by the grand-master of the wardrobe, the Duke de Liancourt, and the left by a master of the first rank, M. de Boisgelin or De Chauvelin, and always in descending order, if the higher officer was not present. Then the king took his shirt; it was given him by the first gentleman of the chamber. But if one of the princes of the blood was present, it was he who had the right to put on the nightshirt which was considered a great honor. Then the first gentleman of the chamber presented the dressing-gown to the king, while he took his purse, and immense bunch of keys, his telescope, and knife, from his pockets; then let his small clothes fall down below his heels, and, standing thus, would often again converse for a long time. At last he sat down in an armchair; a servant of the chamber on the right, one of the wardrobe on the left, knelt down, and each took one of the king's feet to pull off his stockings; then two pages of the chamber advanced and put on his slippers. That was the time for departure; the usher gave the signal saying, "Pass, gentleman." No one remained but the princes, the special service, and those who had the little *entree*. They talked to the king while his hair was being prepared for the night. That was the time for pleasant speeches and little anecdotes; and the free, noisy laugh of Louis XVI. often struck our ears in the Œil de Bœuf, where we awaited orders for the next day. Before Louis XVI. was absorbed by his troubles, bedtime was his time for relaxation and fun. He played tricks on the pages, teased Captain Laroche, and made them tickle an old officer, who was so sensitive that he used to run away for fear of it.—"*Recollections of a Page of the Court of Louis XVI.*"

London, June 23d.—One of the grandest naval displays ever held in British waters was made to-day, in honor of the Shah of Persia, at Portsmouth. The town was ornamented with streamers and ornamental arches; the shipping was decorated with flags of all nations, and the shores on both sides were covered with masses of spectators, thousands of whom came from London. The fleet was drawn up at Spithead, and consisted of forty-four vessels, the finest and largest in the British navy, comprising the entire Channel squadron, with numerous additions, and nearly all the great iron-clads. The Shah arrived at Portsmouth at noon, and was received with cheers by the immense assemblage in and around the depot. The royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* was in waiting, and the Shah immediately embarked, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred and the Czarowitz. The yacht steamed slowly out of the harbor, and on arriving in front of the fleet, was greeted with salutes from the iron-clads. The Shah took a conspicuous post on the yacht, surrounded by the Princes, and proceeded to inspect the fleet, passing up and down in front and between the lines. Yards were manned and salutes fired as the royal yacht passed. When the inspection was completed, the *Victoria and Albert* steamed up to the front again, and a grand salute was fired simultaneously from all the vessels of the fleet. The royal party then steamed up to Portsmouth, where a banquet and other festivities are now in progress. The Shah, in a conversation with Schenck, the American Minister, last week, regretted that distance and want of time prevented him from visiting the United States, a country he had heard so much of, and he desired that his compliments be sent to President Grant

Prince Iturbide.—A Paris letter to the London *Times* under date of May 10th reports as follows: Prince Iturbide of Mexico, the last surviving son of Emperor Iturbide, who was shot at Padilla on July 21st, 1822, died May 9th at his lodgings, 163 Rue de Roule, aged 55. He came to Paris during the Mexican war, in December, 1865, and had several interviews with the American Minister, whose support he canvassed in favor of his dynasty. The sudden conclusion of the war leaving him no chance, he resigned himself to a very humble kind of Paris life. He became attached to a housemaid in the Hotel Espagnol, Boulevard Montmartre, where he lived for six months, and with her he started a table d'hote on the third floor of the house No. 6 Boulevard Montmartre, where this son of an emperor might often be seen in person going round the table to collect the small scot of 1f. 60c. per head. In 1867 he bought a dancing and singing cafe at Courbevoie, which he sold at a profit next year. Though not rich enough to live according to his rank, he always had some money, and he seems to have been inclined to make a generous use of it, for the principal part of his assets, which by will he has left to his partner, consisted of outside loans. The American Consul, General Meredith Read, has put seals upon his papers.

MARY'S DREAM.

They parted in tears at the shining bay,
And her heart was sad and her eyes were dim:
And her lover was gone for a year and a day,
And she looked o'er the waves and prayed for him,
And still she heard by the land or the lea
The wail of the moaning sea.

She dreamed that she saw him one stormy night,
When the billows were high and the wind was loud;
The ship was tossing, the waves were white,
And the black hull seemed like a drifting shroud.

The sun shone out on the morrow morn,
And Mary went down to the quiet shore,
To see her lover all white and torn,
And kiss the lips that would speak no more.
And still she hears by the land or the lea
The wail of the moaning sea.

S. L. F.

THE FIRE-WORSHIPERS OF THE FARALLONES.

Mr. Editor:---It will gladden the hearts of that refined, cultivated and intelligent portion of the religious world, comprised in the large class of readers of the evangelical *News Letter*, to learn that, cheered on by the brilliant success of the Rev. Dr. Stebbins in coaxing the Americans, Father McCue in driving the Irish, Dr. Stone lugging along the Chinese, Hallelujah Cox capturing the lowest of our Darwinian ancestors by preaching on Meiggs' Wharf, and stimulated by the superhuman efforts of the clergy generally to coax, push, pull, drive, thrust, kick, squeeze, jam, poke, insert and wheedle, every living being into the fold of the lovely Redeemer; I repeat that, cheered on by the unparalleled success of the above mentioned class of laborers on God's farm, the Young Men's Christian Association determined to extend their pious efforts beyond the narrow proscribed limits of the home mission, and flash the gospel light of glory beyond the boundaries of the Golden Gate. The President of the association, a man of much learning, deep research and vast resource, had learned from a pious fisherman, one of Italia's dark-eyed sons, that somewhere far beyond Point Lobos' rocky shore, fenced in by the blue Pacific's sun-lit waves, lay an enchanted isle, where a devoted band of Pagans dwelt, and still observed the unhallowed rights of Persia's worshipers of flame.

Strange tales were told of that benighted land—
None e'er returned who sought its haunted strand;
But an old legend was picked up afloat,
Near where the dago sails his fishing boat,
And quaint old letters on a sea-dog's hide
Tell that idolators upon the isle reside.
The legend hinted naught of former home,
Or why, or wherefore, those wierd souls should roam,
Or shun the polished haunts of other men,
And seek retreat in that secluded den.
The strange old parchment said, that every night
From loftiest peak should flash a beacon light,
Revolving steadily around an upright spire
And Iran's worshipers should feed the fire;
That when the rising day-god's early ray,
With rosy beams should chase the night away,
Each devotee should eastward turn his face,
And on the lonely mountain's highest place,
Should bow his head before the advancing flame,
And in the sunlight worship Iran's name.
Years have roll'd on, yet each and every night
The passing ships have seen that mystic light,
And every day above the sea-mist shone
The sunlight on the haunted Farallone.

In corroboration of the parchment legend found by the Italian fisherman, various rumors would occasionally obtain in town, that the pilots, cruising off the harbor of San Francisco, had often seen the island, and some of the bolder ones had made several attempts to reach its unexplored shores, but when they drew near the land, the island would fade from their view and disappear in a bank of fog; then the wierd scream of strange birds and the unearthly howl and roar of nameless sea monsters would shake the nerves of the hardy mariner, and he would bout ship and fly away before the wind from the awful isle. Here was an opportunity for the Y. M. C. A. to distinguish themselves, not to be lost; they would fit out an expedition to the Farallones, and spread the gospel among the Pagan dwellers of that benighted isle. Accordingly a committee of three, composed of Ex-Governor Blaisdell, the Hon. H. P. Coon, and the President of the association, waited on your humble servant, the Parson, and said they had learned that I was acquainted with several of the pilots, and asked me to use my influence with them in procuring a pilot boat for the expedition. H. P. Coon said he preferred the boat named after the great Christian benefactor and philanthropist, George Peabody. I called on the owners, stated my case, when they cheerfully tendered me the use of their vessel, as all of her owners, four in number, were members of the Y. M. C. A. We procured all the modern appliances for converting the heathen, and sent them on board. The Rev. W. H. Joliff was elected Captain, Deacon Shirly first officer; the Hon. J. P. Jones, of Klamath, had charge of the cake and wine to be used for the sacrament; Deacon Eugene Freeman, of Cape Cod, was superintendent of

tracts and bibles, while the guns, powder and shot were the especial care of the Parson. We got under way from Hanson's corner, at Vallejo-street wharf, at sharp three on Sunday morning. The leave-taking on parting with our friends who had come down to the wharf to say good-bye was very affecting, and brought tears to the eyes of a large concourse of people who had gathered there to witness the sailing of the expedition. Before embarking on board the *Peabody* we all knelt down on the wharf and listened to a fervent prayer offered up by H. P. Coon for the success of the expedition. We then proceeded on board, following the lead of ex-Governor Blaisdell in singing that beautiful hymn:

> **Down into the waters we young pilgrims go,**
> **To serve our Lord and Master in righteous acts below.**

We then hoisted our flag, a beautiful banner, made for the occasion, and presented to us by the Old Woman's Relief Society. The legend on its silken folds was worked in snow white floss, on an azure field, and represented the Right Rev. Bishop Kip, rampant, holding in one hand a bible, and in the other a pack of playing cards and a bottle of Cutter's best; while slung over his shoulder was a Henry rifle. He appeared to be taking long strides towards the setting sun, while the Farrallone Island was dimly seen lifting its granite peaks through a fog-bank in the distance. Underneath the picture was a hand pointing to the figure on the flag, and in blood-red letters were these words: "The Great Modern Christianizers of the Human Race: Rum, Powder, and Bibles." We set sail, and after a run of four hours made the island, and hove-to off the eastern side. We launched our boat, and each one armed himself with a Henry rifle, a can of Dupont's powder, and a bottle of whisky: then with a pack of cards in our bosom, a bible in one hand, and a copy of Dr. Watt's hymns in the other, we landed, and took formal possession of the island in the name of the Lord. Gov Blaisdell said it was the proudest moment of his life; that he felt like Columbus when he fell in with America. He immediately dropped on his knees, and sent a hearty thanksgiving on high for our safe arrival. Tears stood in the eyes of Deacon Coon, as he uttered the responsive Amen. The Hon. J. P. Jones took a drink, nibbled a sandwich, and commenced singing that popular church melody:—

> **On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,**
> **And cast a wistful eye**
> **On heaven, or any other land,**
> **Where saints may not go dry.**

Deacon Shirly was deeply affected. He reverently lifted his hat, flinging the luxuriant wealth of his silken locks to the balmy breeze, and shouted, "Glory!" He had reached the ambition of his life, to land as a missionary on the desert isle. Our lay brother, Deacon Freeman, seemed lost in a dreamy reverie. There was something in the surroundings which seemed to call up vague and ill-defined memories of by-gone days, and all he could utter was, "Cape Cod, by the Lord, God!" The Parson offered up a pound of powder as a burnt offering to the Lord, the report of which brought the natives down to the beach. They were not at all like what we expected to find them. They appeared to be quite human, and had names like ourselves, with the prefix of Mr., as the leader of the band introduced himself as Mr. Morse. They also recognized the marriage institution, as a lovely female

> **With cheeks like moss roses, and eyes of deep blue;**
> **And two lips like posies, with pearls shining through;**

came skipping down to the beach, singing in the sweetest voice I ever heard,

> **The light of other days has flown,**
> **Yet, one fond heart still throbs with mine,**
> **And on the isle of Farallone**
> **My light of life shall ever shine.**

She was presented to our party as Mrs. Morse. She listened with grave attention to the remarks of Deacon Coon. He said, "We were sent by the Lord to spread the gospel and make this desert isle to blossom like the rose." He asked her had she ever seen a bible. She replied, that she had one somewhere about the island, but had not seen it for years: it was an old story, and she thought its day of usefulness had passed away. Deacon Freeman offered her a tract, called the "Sinner's Death-bed." She smiled, saying, she did not wish to have her dreams disturbed by any such nightmare. Brother Blaisdell asked her if she knew that Christ died for her. She said she had heard a report of that kind, but did not see how it could be, as Christ was killed eighteen hundred years before she was born. Here, Deacon Coon chimed in, and said if she would not have religion, would she take a policy in the Charter Oak Life Insurance Co. She, laughingly, declined, remarking, that it was traffic more than piety that brought us to the island. Deacon Shirly asked Mr. Moore if it was true that he was a fire worshiper. He said, in reply, that he recognized light and heat as the great essentials to life and motion, and the sun as the great first cause of all the effects we now behold, and that he held in especial veneration sunlight and fire. If that was considered worship then he was a fire worshiper. Here, the Hon J. P. Jones produced a pack of cards, and offered to play Mr. Moore a game of seven up for a young sea, and two dozen Murr eggs, against a bible and a bottle of whisky. Mr. Moore declined playing. He refused to have introduced into his peaceful community the elements of discord: whisky and bibles. He said the two things that had been the greatest curse to humanity, that had destroyed one-half of the race, and deluged with blood the

civilized world in every age, were those two articles of Christian traffic: rum and religion. We left in disgust. We could make no impression on the possessors of common sense. They were wedded to the cause of a Christian, human reason. We, however, concluded a treaty with the natives by which Deacon Joe Dager has the exclusive right to gather Murr eggs for the devout Catholics of San Francisco.

Yours, in sorrow,

The Oaks, June, 1873. THE PARSON.

Special Brevities.

Mrs. Berry writes in the London *Mirror:* The general appearance of the walls is certainly one of "nakedness." I do not mean that the walls are not covered—*au contraire*—but I mean that out of every ten pictures one at least shows a naked figure. We know, of course, that to paint the nude perfectly is the summit of the painter's art, and that the great artist is known as much by his faultless outlines as he is by his touch and coloring, but then, to render the figures pleasant to the eye they should be perfect in form and beauty, which here they are not. There is not a touch of poetry in any one of them—when I say poetry I allude to the poetry of attitude, otherwise grace. There are nymphs and bacchantes innumerable, some sleeping, others waking, and others playing, but all alike faulty in form and taste, and hideous in their ungraceful nakedness. How different from the "Lady Godiva" in the International Exhibition of last year, where nudity was clad with modesty, and could not even shock a young girl's eye! I could also name many other nude figures in the Royal Academy of two years ago—so exquisite in form and beauty, and so modest in attitude, that, according to an able critic, at the time, "they might be sensuous, but never sensual." Here, all are sensual, and nothing else.

New York has Accepted the Farewells of the last two of our winter stock of foreign notables—Rubinstein and George MacDonald. Rubinstein has just closed a series of seven concerts, illustrative of the history of piano-forte music. His last night was devoted to his own compositions, and his last piece was "a long series of forcible but rather uninteresting variations on Yankee Doodle." His tour has been profitable in money to himself and in art to us, and we trust he may return some time, though he now thinks he shall never come again. The *Tribune* complains that he has not shown himself to us at his best—that is, as a composer. Mr. MacDonald lectured on *Hamlet*. He has found warm friends here, and we hope will say a good word for America as a place to be sick in. If we did not fall down and worship him, he must at least remember that they don't do that at home. We have an eminent respect for the spunk of the MacDonalds in coming to America at all. Think of taking wife and one child, kissing good-by to the other 16, and voyaging over here on the strength of a novel-writer's reputation! Rubinstein and MacDonald sail to-day. The last reveler departs.

The Scenes of "Black Friday" and other "field-days" in Wall street, were fully matched in the Vienna Bourse at the beginning of the late panic. Speculators, brokers, and capitalists, seem to have been convinced in a moment of each other's utter untrustworthiness, and the Bourse became a perfect pandemonium. Men cursed one another, shook fists at one another, raged and stamped and tore around as if frenzied. The little bell which rings whenever an insolvency is announced, seemed never to be still; and, before it ceased tinkling, three hundred failures had been recorded. Outside, a miserable crowd had assembled. There were representatives of all classes and callings; ex-princes of the Bourse, chaplains, billiard-markers, haggard clerks from the government offices, commanding officers and subalterns, grocers and countesses, servant-maids and singers from the opera. The Bourse had to be closed to stay the tumult and the riot. Lynch-law was openly advocated, and the bearers of the greatest financial names in Vienna had to fly for their lives.

Ladies' Goods at Vienna.—The ladies find a great many articles cheaper here, says a Vienna letter, than in Paris. Kid gloves of the very best quality, with three buttons, cost but 60 cents per pair, such as would cost 6 francs, or $1 20 in Paris. Silks are also cheaper here, but velvets and lace much higher. Ladies' boots of the most elegant material and elaborate workmanship cost but $5. Narrow laces made here are very cheap, such as are suitable for ordinary trimming, costing but from 20 to 40 cents per yard. Linen handkerchiefs, with worked corners, can be purchased for but little more than the cost of the linen, and very elegant ones for 1 florin, or 50 cents. Womens' work, such as embroidery, or trimming and working of dresses, is exceedingly cheap. A lady's dress, embroidered all over with silk cord, that would have required ten days' close application, was shown us to-day, the work upon which cost but $7. The fashionable dressmakers, however, charge Paris prices, and run up very heavy bills on the strangers who visit here.

A Touching Instance of the Courage and Fidelity of Dogs is given in the story of the assassination of Major Macdonald, at Michinee. The murderers, after they had brought that officer to the ground by a shot in the leg, rushed up to him and finished their bloody work with swords. They wished to cut off his head as a trophy, but they had been so worried by Major Macdonald's dog that ere they could accomplish their object they were driven off by friendly villagers. When the latter came up the faithful dog was found cut to pieces and lying dead by the side of the master it had so stoutly and devotedly defended.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

London, June 4th, 1856.—[San Francisco News Letter.] What would we do if [illegible] with a war with Russia, a panic in the [illegible] commercial depression in all the more active branches of industry, an opposition [illegible] London society, and [illegible] with the most extraordinary weather. Does [illegible] to make them what they call in all parts of the world a London season? Whatever it is, it is not a season of gaiety. Those who were in town in the early part of the month, before Parliament rose for the Whitsuntide holidays, will remember the dreary, cheerless, and miserable weather which then prevailed. Since that time it has been but little better. Occasionally we have had a few days of sunshine, and the thermometer has risen to the point of comfort; but, as a rule, we have had cold, cheerless, and miserable weather. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the London season has been a failure. Those who have been looking forward to the season as a time for [illegible] and their wives to be introduced to society, have had their hopes [illegible] by the inclemency of the weather

a specimen of her work. As for her doings they must, like the German's camel, have been evolved from her inner consciousness, for—though I am the last man to be rude to a lady—I must say that a capacity to converse in decent English is necessary for even common-place English society. And those who can speak the language will be sure to write it. Whereas, Mrs., or Miss Harper's narrative hobbles horribly, as though it went on crutches.

The *Daily Telegraph* has got itself into a great mess recently owing to the dishonesty of its Khivan correspondent. I presume you know all about it as it is sure to be well published, and so I merely refer to it because of the terrible diatribes against piracy to which it has led in the columns of the *Globe* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. That their remarks are just no one will doubt, and there is no doubting the correctness of the obloquy which falls on the pirate and plagiarist when discovered. But what have the *Globe* and the *Pall Mall* to say about the great family likeness which some of their short editorials bear to paragraphs in American journals, and notably in the San Francisco *News Letter*? Do the editors of these papers know anything like this: "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone?"

I referred in a recent letter to a piece which a dramatic critic had succeeded in "placing," owing to the exercise of his critical faculty. This piece, *The Wonderful Duck*, was produced on Saturday, and failed ignominously. Towards the end of its third dreary act the major part of the audience, who had throughout given signs of impatience, got up and went away, expressing damnatory opinions rather strongly. As I passed through the vestibule I saw, seated on a lounge and looking the image of despair, the unfortunate author, who had evidently heard many pleasant things from those who knew him not. I think I should myself have pitied him, if the memory of a recent unjust criticism in the *Standard* had not risen up before me. I passed on, wondering if he remembered how he had ground men's hearts to powder, and if he liked the turn he was sure to get—a turn he had been so anxious to obtain. Well, so much for the critical faculty when tested by the standard of literary ability.

There are many other things connected with the general theatrical and literary worlds of which I should like to apprise you, but art is long and space is short—if I may be allowed to paraphrase a well-worn proverb—and so I have only to say, goodbye for the present.

"DEATH TO THE SAVAGE UNITARIANS!"

This Pleasing War-cry, invented and long monopolized by Rosas, has been taken up by Dr. Bellows, to the great amazement and heartfelt sorrow of his liberal brethren. At the Unitarian Conference, held in the Church of the Messiah, New York, in the month of May, the question of a liturgy for the church worship was debated, and Dr. Bellows strongly favored it. He declared himself sick of the "baldness" of Unitarian worship. "We run after liberty of conscience—where to? Into an open sack, and away down to the bottom, which is closed, and we have to scramble back again." The metaphor is suggestive of rats, and so far agreeable; but its chief value is, that it confirms what we said of Dr. Bellows when he astonished the faithful in this city six or seven years ago. We called him Pope Bellows, and we knew what we were saying. He also knew what he was doing; for he lost no money by his trip this way, and he left behind him, as his last, best gift, the unfortunate man, who has buried Unitarianism on this coast. Dr. Bellows scrambled out of his sack in time to tell his brethren of the Conference that the greatest enjoyment he ever had in his life was a visit once to a Catholic church. "I sat four hours," he said, "in a perfect rapture of soul and spirit * * * transfixed, as it were, by the beauty and harmony of all things around me." Alas! why not forever? What an eloquent testimony to the true faith had the saintly Bellows been made one with the Rock, literally *petrified*, with the rapture of soul and spirit eternally stamped upon his suggestive face! There had been a miracle to make Miss Collins go quietly about her business, with never a stigma on hand or character. But God moves in a mysterious way. There is rejoicing in the Catholic camp, over these remarks of the Unitarian Pope; but one finds it hard to explain their joy. The rest of the Unitarians were surprised and somewhat scornful in their reception of the great man's allocution. If Unitarianism be, to a certain extent, suicidal, why think so much of a poor Unitarian suicide? If the Catholic Church be truly the Church Universal, why blush with pride and pleasure because a notorious time-server declares that he feels disposed to acknowledge the Church? "The French Republic," said Bonaparte, "is like the sun in heaven;" but the organs of the Church of God are tremulous with delight because one poor creature takes their farthing candle for a celestial luminary.

Hayward and the Springs.—We learn from the interesting and amusing letter of "Sally Gabbleton," in the *Alta*, that Hayward has offered the large sum of one hundred and ten thousand dollars for Harbin's Springs, and that his large offer has been refused. Mr. Hayward has already bought Zeigler's Springs, an adjacent watering place, and it will no doubt be regretted by the public, who so well know and appreciate Mr. Hayward's almost princely way of managing whatever he undertakes, that the owner of Harbin's Springs has not accepted an offer which, we feel sure, he will never have a chance of bettering.

LOVE UNEXPRESSED.

The sweetest notes among the human heart-strings
Are dull with rust;
The sweetest chords adjusted by the angels,
Are clogged with dust;
We pipe and pipe again our dreary music
Upon the self-same strains
While sounds of crime, and fear, and desolation,
Come back in sad refrains.

On through the world we go, an army marching
With listening ears,
Each longing, sighing, for the heavenly music
He never hears;
Each longing, sighing, for a word of comfort,
A word of tender praise,
A word of love to cheer the endless journey
Of earth's hard, busy days.

They love us, and we know it; this suffices
For reason's share.
Why should they pause to give that love expression
With gentle care?
Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching
With all the gnawing pain
Of hungry love that longs to hear the music,
And longs and longs in vain.

We love them, and they know it; if we falter,
With fingers numb,
Among the unused strings of love's expression,
The notes are dumb.
We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,
Leaving the words unsaid,
And, side by side with those we love the dearest,
In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each heart in silence
Its fate fulfills,
Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music
Beyond the distant hills,
The only difference of the love in Heaven
From love on earth below
Is: Here we love and know not how to tell it,
And there we all shall know.

LIEF ERICSON.

The Scandinavians of Minnesota and Wisconsin have just discovered an extensive mare's nest. They have become possessed of the documentary proofs that Lief Ericson, one of their countrymen, discovered the American Continent about the year 1,000 ("B. C.", says the intelligent *Sacramento Union*), or nearly 500 years before the discovery by Columbus. They propose to erect a statue to the memory of this great Ericson, at the capitol of Wisconsin; and have already collected $10,000 towards it. The fact is that the discovery of America by the Northmen has been long known to everybody who has heard of America. The evidence was published in full, many years ago, by the Society of Northern Antiquaries, of Copenhagen; and it will be very interesting news to that Society to learn that the "documentary proofs" in this matter, which properly belong to them, are in the hands of Wisconsin and Minnesota Scandinavians. For the implied belittling of Columbus' fame as the true discoverer of America, resulting from this Scandinavian claim, it may not be out of place to say a few words. The voyages of the Northmen, frequent as they were, were absolutely sterile of result, even as concerning their own country; and so far as related to the world at large, they might as well have been voyages to the moon. The world knew no more of them than if they had never been. The discovery of America by Columbus was a real discovery; the New World was then first revealed to the knowledge of mankind. It is a parallel case to that of Vasco de Gama's discovery of the route to India. There can be no doubt that the Egyptians and the Carthaginians both knew that Africa was a peninsula: we have the documentary proofs of its circumnavigation by both of them; but who regards these as more than curious, historical facts? They were absolutely without meaning or influence, in the course of human history; and the way to India was really discovered by Vasco de Gama, though its accessibility by land undoubtedly diminishes his achievement as compared with that of Columbus. The hints which may have come to Columbus from one quarter or another, came to everybody as well as to him; he was the only man who read the meaning; and if there be such a thing as glory, unassailable by chance, or change, or time, it is the glory of Columbus.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

A Change of Location is often desirable, especially when corner groceries have to be shunned, and tailors have a habit of calling to inquire into the state of your financial health at unseemly hours. Such, however, was not the case with poor old M., who poured his tale of woe into the ever open ears of the *Town Crier*. No, M. is almost a model man; his debts are all regular, and don't bother him a bit. For him a corner grocery has no terrors, and a tailor's morning call does not disturb the equanimity of his temper. Was it not too bad, when lately returning from a trip in the country rather late, and with a little old Bourbon on board, to find that his house on Union street had taken unto itself wings, or legs, and had departed. For some hours poor M. roamed round and round the Plaza, gauging the state of his sobriety by walking on one plank, and going through the multiplication table backwards. At last he saw an officer, and with joy beaming in his weary, bleary old eyes, asked him where No. — had gone to, and if he was right in supposing he was on Union street. The kind policeman explained to M. that the house in question had merely retired a few yards to make way for the uncompromising avenue. He pointed out to M. a narrow plank, at the end of which he espied his lost home. M. drew a long breath, thanked the police officer, and essayed to walk that plank. He only fell twice, and then was home again. His room did not look like it used to look. His wife's picture lay prone with its glass and frame smashed. His jug had poured its contents over the bed, and had scattered itself over the floor in minute atoms. Everything was demoralized, and M. went to sleep in a glorious state of uncertainty as to whether he might not find himself, house and all, on the top of Telegraph Hill when he woke.

Mr. and Mrs. Town Crier were as near quarreling on Wednesday night as they have been for the week. This was the reason: Mrs. *T. C.* has an idea that trailing draperies are becoming to her, and so in walking is always followed by a train of about half a block in length, much to the pleasure of wayfarers and, if she would confess it, to her own inconvenience. On the evening in question, the progress of the fond couple, along Stockton street by the by, was one of frequent interruptions, owing to Mrs. *T. C.'s* being pulled up suddenly about every five minutes by her freight train catching on the convenient spikes which so plentifully stud the sidewalks of that street. And, of course, every time the train collided there was a break on or a tear off. For the first dozen or so occasions the *T. C.* meekly disentangled the debris and used up all his private stock of pins in repairing the damages, but with his last pin went his patience, and he said in a tone which his gentle partner afterwards characterized as brutal in the extreme, "Why don't you hold up your dress my dear?" "Why don't you use the immense influence you boast so much about and get the Mayor, or Governor Booth, or the gasmen, or somebody to keep the sidewalks in decent repair?" retorted she with that brilliant rapidity of reply for which her dear mother was so remarkable. Although somewhat nonplussed the *T. C.* did not own it, but answered her in kind, if not kindly. And now two loving hearts are wretchedly estranged, and all because those who should see that the sidewalks are kept in proper repair neglect their duty in this matter as flagrantly as they do in all else.

We are Vexed at the late exploit of one whose exemplary past does not palliate his apostate departure from the Moral Code, whereof we are the lauded expound and Crusading vindicator. It disquiets us that one, who, ever eagerly avowed our tutorship, and sunned himself in the beams thereof, should, on a single occasion, have forsaken his standard when fancying himself beyond our all-observant scope, inasmuch as he has sought to wile the good folk of Los Angeles a faulty dissimulation we herewith Court-martial. It appears that Mr.—excuse us into the belief that he would serve them without, at the same time serving himself, —*Professor* Ebenezer E. Knowlton, whilst sojourning among the dwellers of our California Eden, conceived the idea of giving an entertainment—"Our Boys and Girls," "Elocutionary Gems," and such like—professedly, for the sole benefit of the Los Angeles Library Association; but it having transpired that he had projected this little scheme with the covetous design of garnering for himself one-half of the proceeds, one of the volunteer contributors to the programme gave notice of his intended withdrawal, and the Professor pressing him for the reason thereof, was met with the undisguised accusation of a want of disinterestedness—a charge before which the valiant Knowlton fell prostrate and confessed. For the *benefit* of this guileful penitent, we give the following not inapt quotations: "Bread of deceit is sweet to a man,' but afterward his mouth shall be filled with gravel;" "Who-so diggeth a pit shall fall therein;" and "He that rolleth a stone it shall return upon him."

It Seems to be the Aim of most of our fashionable young ladies to emulate in dress and manner as much as possible the "demi monde." Some of them draw the line of demarkation so finely that it is a difference with a hardly perceptible distinction. They stare at men in a way that is, to say the least, suggestive, and their powdered cheeks and elaborate head-gear would better become the Jardin Mabille than our unpretending and quiet streets. The folly and absurdity of such a course ought to suggest itself to parents who are not desirous of having their daughters followed by the "nice young men" who haunt our corners, and are only too willing to interpret what perhaps was only meant for fun to mean profligacy. The *T. C.* advises mothers having such fast daughters to keep them at home, and make them make their own dresses and wear their own hair.

Politics are now the order of the day, and professional politicians, who have been for some months growing seedier and seedier, are now looking brisk and blooming in their new beaver suits and plug-hats. Their beaming countenances also tell of the whiskies put away each day. It would be very interesting to follow one of these political suckers through his day's work and watch how he went about his business. The very fact of such a class of men existing at all, shows that there are men, and lots of them, among us who, either from love of power or from greed, will keep half a dozen of these jail birds at work at big pay to insure his election to office. There are certain men who take certain lines. For instance, that rough-bearded, red-headed, thick-lipped, high cheek boned, animal-looking man in the beaver coat, fancy waistcoat, green tie and white fuzzy plug hat, is invaluable to any candidate who wants to propitiate the Irish element. That dark, small-eyed man, with long hair and a clean shave, holy-ghostly looking face, whose coat tails almost sweep the ground, and whose mild voice would do for charming rattlesnakes, can wheedle more votes out of the Methodists than any man on the coast. Here comes a little dapper man, with tight check pants, brown coat, black tie, long, dark mustache and goatee; he is a sport, and that heavy watch guard and diamond shirt pin testify to his ability as a canvasser. The *T. C.* could and will give descriptions of a few more of these suckers, whose trade is politics and whose motto is—Coin.

No One Can Properly Appreciate the exquisite pleasures of a camping out expedition who has not been on such a trip. It was the *T. C.'s* fate to go on one of these happy excursions last week, and being of a generous disposition he tenders his experience and advice to the public. In the first place, never wear a pair of thin boots; he did, and after the first day had nothing left but one heel and half a sole (he walked). In the second, be sure you have the whisky stowed away properly on your pack horse; he didn't, and so lost it all on the road. Thirdly, don't undertake to carry a gun that weighs more than ten pounds; he did, and now has a stiff arm. Fourthly, don't sleep on over-ripe hay; he did, and found that fleas, bugs, centipedes, tarantulas, etc., can't compare with rubbed-in hay seeds. Fifthly, don't depend upon what you shoot or catch for food; he didn't, so got plenty to eat. Sixthly, don't have a man with a voice as one of the party; he did, and the paucity of the game bag was mainly attributable to this cause. Seventhly, don't wade in after terrapin, or when you have caught them don't tie them up in a handkerchief; he did both; the results, rheumatism and large hole in handkerchief, through which terrapin escaped. Eighthly, take a friend along who can and will cook the grub; he did, and appreciated his talents. Ninthly, if you have any show of doing anything else, don't go camping out at all.

The T. C., Some Two Years Ago, was presented by his loving wife with a sweet little male infant, whose training he has himself undertaken with most favorable results. His bible has hitherto been, as far as the *T. C.'s* training goes, the *News Letter*, and his prayer book the *Mail Bag*. His fond mother, however, labors under the immense disadvantage of having possessed religious parents, whose pernicious training she can never shake herself completely free from. In vain has the *T. C.* thrown out sponges at her kneeling form, and otherwise tried to wean her from idolatry. She will keep up her bad habits, and even went so far as to have the baby dipped in water, a process she called christening, and one which caused that infant to sniffle for months. The result of her mania upon the child may be gathered from the following conversation, which took place between the *T. C.* and his precocious infant: Child (looking up at the stars): "Pa, have those stars any people in them?" *T. C.*: "We have every reason to believe that they have." Child: "Will they all go to heaven?" *T. C.*: "Can't say, but why do you ask such a question?" Child: "Ma says that no one goes to heaven unless Jesus dies for them, and if he dies in every one of those stars, it must hurt him a good deal." *T. C.* (very embarrassed): "Go to bed, Tommy, and don't bother me."

Warner, the proprietor of the "pro bono publico menagerie" and Cobweb Hall, at Meiggs' Wharf, says that if the Board don't alter the arrangements of those sewers down North Beach, he won't have a monkey left alive in a month, and as all the other inhabitants will be either dead with fever or removed by that time, he thinks it would be "kind of lonesome down there alone." The Board of Health are invited by him to a little boating picnic excursion, at North Beach, and need not fear boat accidents, as they are to take their pleasure in the putrid stinking pool they have themselves created. They are requested not to snuff up all the smell, but to leave a little for the Mayor and corporation.

Are Fish Animals? Is there not a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals? Is it cruel to keep over a hundred gold fish wedged in a little tank of about nine inches by twelve, to keep them there day after day, packed, indeed, like herrings in a barrel, panting, gasping, like frightened birds? If so, is not that owner of such a tank of cruelty, to be found in the fruit store on the north side of Washington street, just below Dupont, amenable to the laws for the suppression of shameful brutality to God's creatures?

Dr. Blach, the City Physician, has petitioned the Board of Health for a three dollar fee for signing certificates of death, and he is authorized to charge that amount for such services. His charge for a cure, if in proportion, must be somewhat large, but it's so seldom such a charge is necessary that the worthy doctor prefers making a sure thing out of the dead ones.

"Love," says an amorous writer, "is an internal transport." The same might be said of a canal boat.

THE DEVIL'S WALK THROUGH SAN FRANCISCO.

"From his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the Devil has gone,
To visit his snug little farm, the earth,
And see how his stock goes on."—COLERIDGE.

Once more to the fumes of hell,
The Devil has bid adieu,
And for a day
He steals away
His own pet city to view.

Last week there came a message,
As he was taking his wine,
To pray that he
Would go and see
About the Amador Mine.

For sundry knockings were heard,
Which scared the little devils,
And made them fear
They'd got too near
To hell in the deepest levels.

The Devil set off at once,
And he told them to beware;
He wanted no souls
To steal his coals
In a way that was unfair.

The Devil then went away,
Feeling he'd done his duty,
And he came right here
While the stars shone clear,
To see our youth and beauty.

He looked at the new tramway,
They're building up Clay-street hill,
"I wonder," said he,
"How long it will be,
Before they will have a good spill."

He said, "If the chain once breaks,
My word won't there be a smash,
It won't leave enough
Of their corpses tough
To make e'en a decent hash.

He boarded the *Crusader*,
But the captain was not there;
So he said, "Ah well,
He's too bad for hell,
And his mate, too, I declare."

"Folks talk of me with horror,
But some of these old sea-dogs
Are so bad that I
Wouldn't spoil my stye
By putting them with my hogs."

"These paltry, low-life rascals
Can do whatever they please,
And it seems to me
That there can be
No law on the open sea."

Disgusted, he left the wharves,
And he strolled through China town,
But the girls had fled.
Said he, "Are they dead
That all their shutters are down?"

So he stopped an officer,
With a good old whisky face,
And asked him "Why
They didn't try
To clear out Waverly Place?"

And the officer replied,
"These electioneering tricks
Are only done
By some big gun
Who thinks it will please the Micks."

"Ah! Ah!" then laughed the Devil,
"What hypocrites most men are;"
And he slipped a "piece"
From out his valise
In the hand of this bright "star."

The officer gave a howl,
For the coin was burning hot,
With a curse and hop
He let it drop,
And went away at a trot.

This was the very first case,
Of a "star" refusing tip,
And the Devil spent
That coin as he went,
Below, in a good stiff nip.

He said, "What politicians
I've got at home, to be sure,
But then down there
They act pretty square,
For hell is their only cure."

He scratched his back on the *Post*,
And blessed the Duke of Argyle,
And said he would call
If he wasn't so small
For Georgie after a while.

He took a walk to North Beach,
But he could not stand the stink;
He said, "What a smell!
Why its worse than hell
Ten thousand times, I think."

And the smell made him feel so faint
That he left in great disgust,
And he cursed the Board
Who such filth ignored,
Then rattled off home to his crust.

THE NEW AUSTRALIAN LINE.

We are Authorized to state that Mr. Russell, the Commissioner appointed by Australia and New Zealand to negotiate for a line of first-class steamers between those countries and California, has made satisfactory arrangements with General Burnside and Thomas A. Scott for a line of propellers, of 2,600 tons each, to run twelve knots an hour, and make the round trip in a month. Mr. Russell feels confident that his government will consider favorably these proposals. The first ships put on the line are to be British, to allow time for American vessels of superior quality to be built. Great credit is due to W. M. Neilson, who is the orginator of this undertaking, and who has devoted much time to the scheme, and has traveled some 30,000 miles in its behalf. General Burnside and Thomas A. Scott will proceed to make arrangements in London, whilst Mr. Neilson will return to San Francisco, and will visit Australia and other points where agents, etc., have to be appointed. It will gratify the friends of the *S. F. News Letter* to be informed that their favorite sheet will be the official organ of this important line, and that the office of the new company will henceforth be at the "Placard Exchange."

THE LETTER.

In her room she's sitting lonely,
And she looks upon the lawn,
Through the twilight grey and solemn,
As the stars begin to dawn.
On her face a look of sorrow,
Like a mournful picture lies;
And a calm deep shade of anguish
Lingers in her tearful eyes.

On her lap was seen a letter
She had read an hour ago—
When her lips began to quiver,
And her burning tears to flow.
For its lines had hushed her laughter,
And had filled her heart with pain,
Till she felt no joy or rapture
E'er would linger there again.

All her hopes of future gladness
Now were scattered—lived no more—
Dropped like withered leaves from flowers
When the Summer's nearly o'er.
He for whom she prayed had perished,
He whose memory was her pride,
He for whom she long had waited—
Waited to become his bride.

Ah! that letter brought her tidings
That had chilled and blanched her cheek;
Bowed her mind with saddest memories,
And a grief she could not speak.
He who'd vowed to love her ever
In a distant land had died—
He with whom she oft had lingered
By the wood and mountain side.

All her bridal dreams had faded
And her bitterest pangs were known;
While her face, o'ercast with sorrow,
Looked as rigid as a stone!
Often in the sober twilight,
As the stars begin to dawn,
Sits the maiden sadly looking
Through her tears upon the lawn!

—*S. H.*

THE PERSIAN SHAH.

The Simple Pleasures of Childhood are sweet in the eyes of uncorrupted maturity; who would mar that spontaneous gaiety? Not we, for worlds; and the remarks we feel obliged to make are not meant to interfere with the innocent sports of the California press. Every daily paper of the State, from the *Call* down to the Sacramento *Union*, has devoted its mighty mind to the exposure of the nefarious schemes covered by the trappings and banners and parade of the Shah's reception in England; and every one, we need hardly say, succeeds in tearing the mask from Albion's perfidious face. Our very soul is rent with anguish, when we think of the misery in store for the British Ministry, when mail after mail dashes headlong into London, groaning under the weight of the *Call's* leaders, indorsed by the *Chronicle*. Dium tuit! The old island will rock and strain under the stress. God grant that she may bear it, and yet hold together! But we fear. One thing consoles us. As soon as we heard of the Shah's landing in England, we telegraphed to him for information as to his purposes, and the "Successor of the King of Kings, the Most High and Mighty Lord of Persia" (we are indebted to the *Chronicle* for his Majesty's official titles) deigned to vouchsafe the following reply, received here at 4.15 P. M. on Thursday, June 26, 1873: "Friend *News Letter:* Thy pleasing message is before me. It is not true that I am the successor of the King of Kings. I am a peaceful Shah, fond of my pipe and the ballet, but otherwise, as thou wilt have conceived, a good deal of a Quaker. It is not my fault if thy California writers are bitten by the gad-fly of importance; but thus much will I say unto thee. Often have I seen in Persia men diseased in mind, touched by the hand of the Almighty, wandering to and fro, foaming at the mouth, and talking wildly of terrors and judgment to come on the morrow; and their noise was as the noise of grasshoppers. Comfort thee, my lamb: it may be that God has forgotten those poor men; and shall they not write?"

THE PROTECTOR OF FRANCE.

Does France Need a Protector? Some will say, of course, she does; others, and we are of them, will smile at the imbecility of the man who even dreams that France can ever be anything but a great power in the world, let the world roll as it may. But believers in France, and unbelievers, will both be filled with confusion and amazement when we tell them that France has found a protector in the "gallant Irishman whose blood has mingled for some generations" (none but an Irishman could perform that feat) "with the genial current of French chivalry." The Dublin *Nation*, from whom we borrow these soul-stirring words, in its issue of the 31st of May, is crowded, crammed, overrun with Patrick MacMahon, the Irish President of France, "supporter and avenger of the Papacy." Not content with glorifying him in singularly Irish prose, the *Nation* has called in the aid of the engraver, and electrifies its readers with a picture, of which the following is a faint description: The background of the composition is a massive rock, perhaps a little too large for the Blarney Stone, and intended, no doubt, if one may judge from the expression of MacMahon's face, as he leans against it, for Vinegar Hill. Besides the frightful grin upon his classic features, the hero is attired in enormous jack-boots; with his left arm he holds to his manly heart a lady, a good deal dishevelled, and more completely at her ease in his embrace than would be agreeable to Madame MacMahon, if her feelings were worth considering. At the base of the hill swarm bayonets, and spears, and shakos, and fierce faces of nondescript nationality, were it not for the open mouths of two or three, which cry out "Murphy," as distinctly as if you were in Connaught. This is the way the Irish nation conceives the French contemporary history.

COULD YOU.

Could you lay your hand in mine, love,
As you laid it long ago,
When the air was frosted wine, love,
And the earth was sparkling snow;
Could you kiss me as you kissed me,
And our lips meet as they met,
Ah! there never was a joy, love,
But was answered with regret.

Is it ages that have passed, love?
Is it centuries? is it days?
Has the Winter and the blast, love,
Blotted out the olden ways?
Other arms have fondly pressed thee,
Other lips caressed than mine,
Other love perchance has blest thee,
Since the day of "Auld Lang Syne."

Could you meet me, could you greet me,
As we met when days were sweet,
When the chiming bells beat music
To the rhyme of dancing feet;
When our hearts beat wild with pleasure,
Earth was joyous, life was new;
When our love was all our treasure,
I was happy, you were true!

Could I clasp you, could I hold you,
Could my kisses rain in showers,
Could my arms once more enfold you—
Autumn leaves bring Summer flowers?
Could the rhyming and the chiming
Of the bells bring back once more
All the sweetness and completeness
Of the vanished days of yore;

Vainly would these arms surround thee,
Vainly would this heart enfold,
Woman's love—a sea to drown thee!
Woman's warmth—a Winter's cold!
Yet the ringing and the singing
Of the bells, bring back to me
Other days when thou wert mine, love,
And thy heart was all to me.

POSING FOR THE NUDE.

About Twenty Students were collected at the atelier, awaiting the arrival of the person who was to pose. A glowing stove made the place excessively warm, with a view to the comfort of the expected model. As it was customary to admit only painters, X—— advised me not to intimate that I did not belong to the priesthood of art, as painters, especially models, disliked the presence of Philistines—layman being thus designated in the language of the atelier.

Presently the model arrived—a bright handsome brunette of nineteen or twenty. There was a demonstration of welcome from the painters, the door was locked, and she proceeded in a business-like fashion to prepare for work. When ready she mounted a platform about two feet high, where she fell under a lofty broad side-light. Two of the more advanced painters, who acted as a committee of arrangements, placed her in position. This being the first pose, there was a discussion about the posture to be assumed. Several times the two placed her and then retired a few yards to observe the effect, remarking as they did so, "Don't hold the arm to stiff," "Incline the head a trifle," and what not, accompanied with painters' pantomime, such as slowly sawing the head, shutting out portions with the intercepted hand, and massing the effects with half-closed eyes. The fourth trial proved to be a success, at which a phrase of general satisfaction was expressed. The two, enjoining her not to budge, while the others, got behind their easels and went to work, some taking off their coats. One modeled in clay; with this exception all held crayons. All faces turned earnestly toward the canvas, the clay, and the model, and not a sign of dawdling or frivolity was to be seen. To them the woman was a statue. Nothing was recognized here but art; it took the form of worship, and he who looked with other eyes than those of an artist was accounted sacrilegious. Thus the public opinion of the atelier made them all artists, and if the art feeling was not possessed, it was assumed.

After a time the silence was broken by her requesting some one to heat up the stove as she was cold, which brought out one or two ejaculations, and a murmur that we were already in the interior of Africa, to which she retorted that they would not think so if they were in her place. Another long silence was interrupted by her asking the time, at which one of the elders remarked, "Not yet, mademoiselle." Again in a few minutes she said she was sure the time was up. "It is, my child," answered the same elder; "repose yourself." She left the stand, drew a mantle about her, and took a seat by the stove with a sense of relief. She was obliged to look out for herself in regard to the time of posing, as the painters were usually so absorbed as to forget it.

The repose of the model brought with it a contrast to the previous silence. There was a general buzz, and lighting of pipes and cigarettes. Two or three compliments were addressed to the model for her excellent posing; native gallantry cropped out, and two or three told her she was an angel or a duchess, to which she replied in that spirit of raillery with which these things were uttered. This was an illustration of French character—fond of work and equally fond of play.

I approached the model as she sat by the stove and entered into conversation with her, when I learned she had another occupation, that of artificial flower-making, by which she earned three francs a day. Posturing was naturally more profitable; she received five francs for the two hours and a half to three hours she remained in the atelier, during which she posed about two hours, the remainder being taken up in rests. The times of repose she called he *entr'actes*. Believing me to be a painter, she call my attention, in a simple, natural way, to the

roundness of her arm, the texture and color of the skin, and the curved lines of her shoulder. She went on to say in a manner purely professional:

"My arms and shoulders are my best points, and I occasionally pose for them; I like it much better than posing for the whole figure."

At length the painter in authority told her it was time to resume the pose, and before stepping on the platform he looked at his watch. She was posing for Cynthia, who cast the shepherd Endymion into a deep sleep in order to kiss him. One of the painters having acquainted her with the mythological story of the artful stealing of the osculation, she observed that she paid very little attention to such nonsense—besides, one could not believe more than half these painters said about such things. Then she fell cleverly into the posture, guided by a few directions. As they proposed to work on the face, she was instructed to wear a pleased expression. Cynthia was taken at the moment she is advancing toward the sleeping Endymion to snatch the kiss, coy and yet impelled by sweet temptation.

"Try, my child," said the man in authority, "to imagine that the young man you love lying asleep before you—with his pockets full of bank notes."

This had the desired effect; the model could not help laughing, and the traces of it remained some time on her face. All fell to work again and silence was supreme, as each tried to transfer Cynthia's happy face to canvas. Once in a while, when through lassitude or forgetfulness she modified the posture, *papa*—the elder—said to her sharply, "Mademoiselle, pay attention," which showed that, however much license was allowed during the rests, rigid discipline was exacted in time of work.

When she got through, she made her toilet in the same business-like way that she had unmade it. She asked for a looking-glass to complete it, but the article could not at once be found. "What savages! twenty men and not one mirror. But I am not surprised at it; you are such monsters you are afraid to look at yourselves." As Frenchmen like to be called monsters by the women, this was taken as a general compliment. At length a cracked mirror poetically styled *starred*—was produced, before which she smoothed out her plumage like a bird in the sunshine. Her attire was simple: a sombre-colored little hat, black alpaca robe, dark brown mantle, closely fitting gloves and boots and a parasol in her hand comprised her costume. Equipped, she had the demeanor of a *rosière* of Nanterre, or a convent girl. The five franc piece was handed to her enveloped in paper, a mark of delicacy. After making an appointment for another day, she passed out with a modest, quiet air amidst a general chorus of adieus.

The painters of the atelier were composed of both sexes, working together apparently without difficulty. Six or seven women were present, two of whom were Americans. On making the acquaintance of one of the latter she observed:

"Some of our countrymen find an impropriety in our working in a mixed atelier, and perhaps there is, according to society's code; but if a woman wants to be a painter, she must get over her squeamishness; if she wants to paint strong like a man, she must go through the same training. The trial to a modest young woman is at first great; but as soon as she is possessed of the art feeling, the first impression which she receives on entering the atelier wears away, and she is absorbed in her work like those around her. There is no sex here; the students, men and women, are simply painters. In the atelier, excessive modesty in a woman painter is a sign of mediocrity; only the woman who forgets the conventionalities of society in the pursuit of art stands a chance of distinction. If the woman has not a desire, an enthusiasm to profit by the advantages of the atelier, she had better never touch paint or pencil. This is one of the best ateliers in Paris to learn to paint in, and this is a sufficient reason for our coming here. Society can no more be governed by the rules of art, than the atelier can be governed by the rules of society. If Rosa Bonheur had occupied her time looking after the proprieties she would not stand where she does to-day."

There was something almost defiant in the remarks of the young lady, as if she held a position that required defending. What she said, too, left an inference that she had broken many lances in maintaining herself on what is regarded as debatable ground.—*Albert Rhodes, in July Galaxy.*

The Women of Vienna.—A correspondent of the St Louis *Democrat* writes from Vienna that he has found the type of woman whom Rubens loved to paint. The Austrian capital is the shrine which enfolds these buxom dames. This looker on in Vienna says: "Undoubtedly it is in this city that German womanhood attains the highest physical perfection. Nowhere else can you see women so tall, stately and robust, mantled with that richness of color and gladness of expression which are the products of a fine physical organization. They are for the most part decided blondes, or decided brunettes, Germans or Magyers—but they all seem to be cast in the same large mold, and invested with the same magnificence. In the vitality and affluence of their charms, and the scale of their ample stature, they seem to be the very woman that pray, smile, or dance on the warm and glowing canvas of Rubens." But our American reporter does not altogether agree with Peter Paul in his enthusiasm for these ample and expansive charms. He shows his loyalty to his own country-women by adding, "This implies, and is meant to imply, that their beauty is not of the finest order. In that respect our own fair country-women are, I honestly believe, unrivaled, but, on the other hand, they are inferior in physique to these Austrian dames."

THE LONGER LIFE.

[FROM THE OLD ENGLISH OF TOTTER'S MISCELLANY, 1557.]

The longer life, the more offence,
The more offence, the greater pain,
The greater pain, the less defence,
The less defence, the lesser gain,
The loss of gain, long all doth try;
Wherefore come death and let me die.

The shorter life, less count I find,
The less account, the sooner made,
The count soon made, the merrier mind,
The merry mind doth thought evade,
Short life in truth this thing doth try;
Wherefore come death and let me die.

Come, gentle death, the ebb of care,
The ebb of care, the flood of life,
The flood of life, the joyful fare,
The joyful fare, the end of strife,
The end of strife, for which I sigh;
Wherefore come death and let me die.

GALLOWS LITERATURE.

The Old Lady who Liked to Enjoy her Murders, says the *Saturday Review*, ought certainly to have been a subscriber to the New York *Herald*. The readers of that famous journal have lately supped full of horrors. We have before us an article headed "Nixon's Nemesis," which begins by stating in plain prose that Michael Nixon died on the gallows at New York on the morning of the 16th May. He quarreled about the right of road with Charles H. Phyfer, pulled out a revolver and shot him through the head, so that he died in ten minutes. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, and found to his astonishment and dismay, that the sentence would be carried into effect. The respectable inhabitants of New York who, according to the *Herald*, were lately inquiring "what they should do to be saved," have answered their own question by hanging a few of the atrocious ruffians by whom their city was infested. Nixon sank to abject terror when he lost hope. He held affecting interviews with his wife and children, and a reporter was present, or dreamed that he was present, with note-book all the time. "The *Herald* of yesterday contained an account of his farewell to his children, of his affectionate parting from his wife. It was not his last." The market was propitious for a few more parting words. A positively last interview was held. Speech was almost choked by emotion, and yet the reporter managed to catch every word. After parting from his wife Nixon returned sadly to his cell. He looked around. "All was so still and silent." He sat down and was evidently still thinking of his wife. "He murmured her name and spoke to her." He was recalled to himself by Father Duranquet, who began praying. Nixon prayed too. His eyes shone with a strange light. He sighed. "What a deep, deep sigh!" "No words could have expressed the anguish he (Nixon) must have felt." We are glad to find that the reporter had some little modesty, although he appears to have stripped himself of delicacy. Even he could not undertake to paint the scene between the murderer and the priest. After a few minutes Nixon listened to the reverend Father's words, and became calm. He was prevailed upon to go out into the corridor. He smoked for half an hour. "He seemed to enjoy it." Then he prayed again with the priest. At midnight he ate supper in the corridor. "He could not eat much—a piece of bread and coffee, that was all." He returned to the cell, lay down, and tried to sleep. The lamp threw a ghastly light upon the different objects in the cell. He shut his eyes, but a horrible sight rose up before him. There was blood upon the wall—a human form—deathly glassy eyes—blood—blood—everywhere blood. He started up with a shriek. All was quiet, all was dark. No blood, no terrible vision; but the kind Father spoke gentle words of love that sank into his soul. He lay down again, but could not sleep. He jumped up and clutched the iron bars. "Yes, he was a prisoner." Then he went to sleep, and dreamed that he was standing under the gallows, and a reprieve was brought by his wife. He awoke, and presently went again to sleep, and dreamed that he witnessed his own hanging. All this is written with considerable power, and it might furnish Mr. Irving, or any other actor in the homicidal line of business, with an effective recitation. But is it or is it not a newspaper report? There is nothing to prevent a continuation of the same narrative after Nixon was actually hanged. If a reporter can see and hear through stone walls and iron doors, perhaps he can look behind the veil of death. The eye that searches the Tombs at midnight ought to be capable of penetrating beyond the grave.

Rev. Father Damen, S. J., says the Chicago *Evening Post*, is a very sensible, if not a very Catholic divine. He has been talking to the girls, and talking to them plainly. He says that paint and powder on the cheeks are a sign of barrenness within. Much paint, no brains. He says further that they should eschew dime novels and cultivate the cook-book, and raise their mothers to a level with themselves by sharing their work in the kitchen, and permitting them to share their leisure in the parlor. Moreover, he says they mustn't tell any more "fibs," if they want to be angels in a future state of existence.

[From the Court Journal of June 14, 1873.]

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

A Large Circle Assembled at St. James' Church, Piccadilly. London, recently, to witness the marriage of Lady Fanny Octavia Louisa Spencer-Churchill, second daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, K. G., and Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, eldest son of Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, Bart.

The wedding party congregated shortly after 11 o'clock, the bridegoom being accompanied by Mr. Edward Balfour, who acted as groomsman.

The Duke of Marlborough and the bridesmaids assembled at the church entrance in Jermyn street to receive the bride, who arrived at a quarter past 11 accompanied by her mother, the Duchess of Marlborough.

During the arrival of the guests the organist played a voluntary. Among the relatives and friends assembled were the Marquis and Marchioness of Blandford, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, the Marchioness Camden, Sir Ivor and Lady Cornelia Guest, the Earl of Portarlington, Lord Randolph Spencer-Churchill, Lord and Lady Alfred Churchill, Mr. and Lady Isabella Stewart, and many others.

The bride was conducted by her father to the communion-table, followed by the eight attendant bridesmaids—namely, her four sisters, the Ladies Rosamond, Anne, Georgianna and Sarah Spencer-Churchill; her cousin, Lady Alexandrina Vane Tempest; the Misses Mary and Isabel Marjoribanks, sisters, and Miss Hogg, cousin of the bridegroom.

The bride's dress was of white satin, trimmed with the finest Brussels point lace, with veil of the same fabric, and a wreath of orange blossoms. The only ornaments she wore were a necklace of pearls and a pearl diamond pendant and earrings, the gift of Sir Dudley and Lady Marjoribanks.

The bridesmaids were uniformly attired in dresses of pale blue silk trimmed with white gauze, wreaths of pink roses and feathers and veils. Each youthful lady wore a crystal locket with colored engraved monogram and pearl and gold borders.

The religious rite was performed by the Bishop of London, assisted by the Rev. John E. Kempe, Rector of St. James'. The bride was given away by her father. After the Bishop had blessed the bride and bridegroom they retired, followed by their nearest relatives, to the vestry, when the marriage was registered and attested.

The bridal party afterwards reassembled at the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's mansion in St. James' square, where they were met by a distinguished company invited to the wedding breakfast. The guests at the breakfast included nearly all the aristocracy of any note, and several very distinguished foreigners.

At a quarter to two o'clock the bride and bridegroom left St. James' Square for the Southwestern Railway, on their way to Abbotsbury Castle, the Earl of Ilchester's seat in Dorsetshire, to spend the honeymoon. On their departure the bridesmaids lined each side of the way from the door to the carriage, and as they were driven off the conventional shower of satin shoes followed. The bride's traveling dress was composed of pale blue and pink silk, handsomely trimmed with lace; bonnet to harmonize, with lace fall.

THE BRIDAL PRESENTS

were very numerous. Among the presents of jewelry, in addition to the jewels the bride wore on her marriage, she received a diamond and sapphire bracelet from Sir Dudley Marjoribanks; from Miss M. Marjoribanks, a ruby and diamond locket; Miss Isabel Marjoribanks, a chatelaine watch; Mr. Archie Marjoribanks, a jacinth ring; Mr. Coutts Marjoribanks, an antique locket; from Misses Maria, Laura, and Emma Marjoribanks, an onyx and pearl pendant and earrings, gold collar and cross, and an aquamarine locket; a gold chain, locket, earrings, and bracelet set with pearls and diamonds from Sir Ivor and Lady Cornelia Guest; a turquoise and diamond locket and earrings from the Marchioness Camden; a gold bracelet, with diamond and sapphire center, from Sir James and Lady Hogg; a gold bracelet, set with pearls, rubies, and emeralds, from the Earl and Countess of Dudley; a gold bracelet, set with sapphires and diamonds, from the Earl and Countess of Ilchester; a sapphire and diamond ring, from the Countess of Portarlington; a gold bracelet, set with pearls and diamonds, from Mr. and Mrs. Schenley; a gold bracelet, set with pearls and diamonds, from Colonel and Mrs. Hogg; gold bracelets from the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, Mrs. Dansey, and Mr and Mrs. Geo. Campbell; onyx and pearl locket, from Mr. Balfour; diamond and onyx bracelet, earrings and pendant, from Mr. M. Garel; a gold locket, set with pearls and rubies, from Baroness Mayer de Rothschild; pair of beautiful coral earrings, from the Countess of Cork; a Spanish cross from Miss Guest; pearl, diamond, and turquoise bracelet, crystal locket with diamonds, and pearl and diamond ring, from Mr. Marjoribanks; a gold bracelet, set with rubies and diamonds, from Mr. and Mrs. Pullein; gold collar and bracelet, studded with pearls, from Mr. and Mrs. E. Marjoribanks; a pair of pearl and diamond earrings, from Mr. Johnstone; a gold snake bracelet, from the Earl of Feversham; a gold bracelet, set with onyxes, from Lord and Lady Rendlesham; gold bracelet set with coral and pearls, from Mr. A. Balfour; a gold locket set with coral and diamonds, from Mr. C. Forbes (of Newe); gold earrings studded with pearls, from the Marchioness of Blandford; enamel opera-glass, period Louis XIV., from Mr. Davis. Presents of plate were made by the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, a silver gilt dessert service, and tray, and breakfast service; the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, a silver gilt tea service; the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, a silver box; Lord

and Lady Aveland, a pair of silver gilt candlesticks; Mr. H. Meux, a pair of silver gilt candlesticks; Mr. Dansey, a pair of silver candlesticks and a silver gilt work-case; Colonel and Mrs. Clitheroe, a silver inkstand; Mr. Weyland, a silver gilt dish; Mr. Strangways, a set of silver salt cellars and spoons; Viscount Holmesdale, a set of silver shell salt-cellars and spoons; Viscount Newport, a silver box; the Ladies Georgiana and Sarah Churchill, a pair of silver gilt sugar bowls; Mr. and Lady Charlotte Schreiber, a pair of silver goblets; Messrs. E. and R. Dawson, silver mustard and pepper set; Lord Cremorne, a silver gilt dish; Viscountess Newport, a pair of silver liqueur cups; Messrs. Wroughton and Pryor, a set of silver teaspoons and sugar tongs; Viscount Malden, a silver box; the Countess of Donoughmore, a silver basket; the Earl of Rosebery, a silver teapot; Mr. Mackenzie, a pair of silver gilt candlesticks; Mr. Horace Farquhar, a silver gilt broth bowl; Baroness North, a silver gilt bowl; Mr. Graham Vivian, a silver gilt sugar basin; Mr. and Mrs. William Russell, a silver dish; Mr. and Mrs. Smith and family, a silver inkstand; Mr. C. S. Hope, a silver flash; Mrs. Lee and Miss Marjoribanks, a pair of claret jugs; Viscount Grimston, a silver sugar basin and cream jug; Mr. Alfred Montgomery, a silver mounted brush; Mr. Hunter, a silver tea service.

Among the presents of articles of vertu and of a miscellaneous description were a valuable Cashmere shawl from the Marquis of Blandford; Lord and Lady Alfred Churchill, a clock and China casket; the Earl of Portarlington, an oxydized silver casket; Mrs. Grissell, a Sèvres China clock; Mrs. M'Garel, a traveling cloak; Viscount Helmsley, a Dresden China looking-glass; Mr. Keyte, an oxydized silver casket; Mrs. Robertson, an oxydized silver box; Lady Mary Hely Hutchinson, an ormolu inkstand; Lord Randolph Churchill, a traveling bag and dressing case; the Ladies Rosamond and Anne Churchill, a China dessert service; Lady Antrobus, a pair of caddlesticks; Madame Van de Weyer, a Sèvres China inkstand; Captain and Lady Maria Hood, an enamel scent bottle; Sir Anthony de Rothschild, a velvet bag with antique clasp; Julia Countess of Jersey and Mr. Brandling, an enamel scent bottle and ormolu chatelaine; Colonel Jocelyn, an Algerine coffee-pot; Lord and Lady Ernest Van Tempest, a Sèvres card dish; the Earl and Countess of Wilton, Dresden China ornaments; Lady Molesworth, an agate vase; Mr. Marjoribanks, a costly-fitted dressing case; Lady Cornelia Guest, a writing-box; Hon. Mrs. Strange Jocelyn, a Sèvres China tea set; the Earl and Countess of Mount Charles, a Dresden China tea service; the Countess of Macclesfield, an aneroid barometer and stand; the Hon Randolph Stewart, a China tea service; Hon. Mrs. Tomline, a lapis lazuli seal; the Duchess of Marlborough, a China coffee service; the Earl of Abingdon, an ormolu inlaid clock; Lord Claud J. Hamilton, a Brussells lace fan; a similar one from Mr. C. Sykes, M. P.; Lady Francis Churchill, a Dresden China flower vase; the Earl of Dartrey, a perfume barrel; Lady Churchill, a pair of China caddlesticks; Lady Townshend Farquhar, a basket work-table; Sir T. and Lady Bateson, a clock; Major-General Hon. J. and Mrs. Macdonald, a clock: Lord and Lady Wharncliffe, a watch; Lady Whichcote, a silver chatelaine; the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, a pair of China vases; Sir J. and Lady Cowell, an ormolu and onyx box; Lady Georgiana Hamilton, a Venetian glass vase; Lady Dorothy Nevill, a painted fan; Baroness Bülow, a China flower vase; Mr. Marjoribanks, a Chinese sable robe and handsome silver belt with ornaments: Mr. Portman, an oxydyzed silver jar; Mr. Robertson, a Sèvres cup and saucer; Lady Louisa Spencer, a pair of Dresden figures and lace fan; Mr. and Lady Isabella Stuart, a pair of China candelabra and clock; the Countess of Bective, a painted fan; Viscountess Dungannon, a choice malachite ornament; Lady Catherine Weyland, a China tankard; Colonel Dudley Carleton, a pair of cadlesticks; besides many others, too numerous to describe, etc. Sir Dudley Marjoribank's servants presented the bride with a silver gilt sugar-bowl and a set of dessert spoons, and the servants and workmen of Guisachen sent a bracelet, earrings, and broach of cairngorm and gold.

The bride carried a choice bouquet, composed of the rarest and most beautiful flowers, surrounded with rich Brussels lace and trimmed with pearls and satin. This was supplied by Harding, of 32, New Bond street (late of Maddox street), and was the gift of the bridegroom.

One of the Light Brigade, a survivor of the "noble six hundred" who rode "into the mouth of hell" at the famous charge of Balaklava, lives in Chicago. He entered the British service as a private in the ranks, and served in India and Crimean campaigns. He was frequently promoted for his soldier-like qualities until he finally attained a captaincy. In the "charge of the light brigade," he received eleven wounds, six of which were severe enough to leave permanent scars. His story is that of the "noble six hundred," when ordered to "charge for the guns," all thought they had an easy task in the capture of a few field-pieces. They never dreamed, he says, of the 30,000 Russians who were lying in wait behind the batteries. Five hundred were killed on the field and only one escaped unwounded; yet in spite of the storm of shot and shell they spiked the guns, and all that were left of them found their way back to the British lines. Of this memorable charge three are now in England, two in Canada and one in Chicago. They each receive a pension of £100 per annum from the British government.

Trenor W. Park, of the Emma Mine swindle notoriety, is one of the new Directors of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

A FEW SERIOUS WORDS

Respectfully Addressed to the Clergy of San Francisco.

[BY A LAYMAN FROM CLEAR LAKE.]

Oh, gentle Parsons, pray ye heed
These halting lines, which I, indeed,
Have scrib'd of late for you to read,
When ye have leisure.

Reflect upon them, if you please,
And tell me if parson's ease
Right in the teeth of facts like these,
Can yield you pleasure.

Knights of the Cross, why idly rave?
Rest content, oh! rest in thy cold grave!
Thou can't not make another slave.
We've turned the tables!

Thy day is done—the hour is near
When perfect love shall cast out fear;
Thy hell-fire, wholly disappear
With other fables.

Thy sad, sad tale, long held to view,
Distaste in time, in time not new,
Let's hope to God it is not true,
Told but to frighten!

Thou sawest thyself that men might
What thorns to mar, orchards grow,
Best by observ'd that each should show
When it doth ripen.

Where'er the heathen learns to pray,
Sure psalms, and keep the Sabbath Day,
There a mark holds up that sway,
A God that pleases.

And parsons bring their knavish tricks,
Their gospel shops of stone or bricks,
Their Bibles, Holy Ghosts, old Nicks,
And their diseases.

Most other creeds refuse strong drink,
Purge proof-tainted wholesome sink,
Think winks on both a solemn wink,
As sins quite venial.

Buddhists, Mahommedans, Hindoos,
Allow the polygamic spouse
Allowed to Patriarchs and Jews,
And Christian menial.

Can we not in the life below
Detect—though just as driven snow—
The germs wherein these foul night shades
Of human folly!

The first of miracles it was wrought
To know strong drink that none had sought,
For took when it best suit'd they ought,
And were quite jolly.

And ever, in the life so sweet,
The simple men were always greet
Some Magdalen about thy feet,
Slobbering and bowing.

Thou didst not even blame the Jews
Of ghostly lovers, and faithless wives;
Even she caught in the act contrives
T' escape even schooling!

Oh, monstrous mockery of love!
Oh, self-reliance, sacred dove!
Oh, mighty wood within from above!
Mildewed and rotten!

Was it worth while to come so far,
Thy deity with nails to mar,
To show us all what fools we are,
Thou God-begotten!

Shaking the dust off as they trod,
To damn to an eternal nod
All who denied their pauper God
To be Jehovah.

Should Cornish fishermen come now
With a like yarn, and raise a row,
They would not get one fish, I trow,
From Sky to Dover!

Once when an hungered thou didst spy,
A robbed fig-tree spreading nigh,
For figs its branches thou must try,
Though it grew wildish.

"The time of fruiting was not yet!" (?)
Thou dost not that fig-tree to a pet,
And withered it before sunset,
That was spelt childish!

Devils at thy command were sent
Into a herd of innocent
And grunting porkers, and they went
To the land of No-man.

Here was a pretty piece of work!
Forbidden to the Jew and Turk,
If thou thyself didst relish fat pork,
Why should the Roman!

No other way can do we see
Equivalent in sanctity
To following and believing thee
To be Jehovah.

Concealed from the baby years,
Naught in thy ears thy mother's fears,
Her anxious search and gentle tears
Shed for her rover!

Unfilial, unfraternal man,
Why thy domestic life shall scan,
And what its own formed on thy plan,
Thy friends all loathes.

Thy mother and thy brethren had naught;
Respect for parents never taught.
The dead bury their dead! thou thought:—
To feed the blow-flies.

Oh! Prince of Peace, thou cam'st to draw
The sword of Bigotry and Law,
And gorge the vicious Murder's maw,
Till he grew rusty.

And only lately hath the lore
Of science broken on her floor,
That in thy shrine stands with faultless core,
Now old and rusty.

Scan well thy work—let devils tell
Its broken, rusted shackles, which swell
The fragments of thy tainted heel,
Broken to splinters.

The bloody cross its fines must pay,
Nor lots of black robed priests avail,
When nations cast its baleome tale
In coming winters.

"Gibbeted Gods!" in vain ye bleed,
Thou—Jehovah and lust and greed,
The worst commands a purer creed,
And it shall have one.

Turn to the East, its star ye view,
Where Buddha's missionary crew
Now leaves are from the meek Hindoo;
It came to give one!

Unlettered fishermen were sent, (e)
In every hamlet to pitch tent,
And preach salvation as they went,
Loafing around there,

Whom should men not at once receive,
The astounding tale right then believe,
Then were these holy ones to leave,
Stamping the ground there.

A few steps further prythee ride—
God's thought is free, God's world is wide,
Survey the shield on either side,
Pluckiest of Mars' sons.

With wiser eyes this landscape scan,
And, marveling at our Father's plan,
Pause ere ye damn your fellow man,
My gentle Parson. —*Don Fulano.*

(a) Luke, vi., 43-44; Matt, vii., 17-18. (b) John, i. (c) Luke, vii., 37. (d) John, viii., 3. (e) Matt., x., 14. (f) Mark, xi., 12-23. (g) Luke, i., 48. (h) Matt., xii., 48. (i) Matt., viii., 22.

THE NEW AQUARIUM AT WOODWARD'S GARDENS.

Nearly Every One Knew that, for the last year, Mr. Woodward had been hard at work making an aquarium, but few were prepared to see it such a complete success. On Wednesday, Mr. Woodward invited the scientific men of the city, and the press, to a private inspection of this, his latest addition to an already wonderfully fine collection of living curiosities. The new aquarium is some seventy feet long, and is divided into fourteen tanks, already filled, and two larger tanks, with stalactite roofs, not as yet inhabited. Three tanks are devoted to fresh water fish, most noticeable among which are the speckled trout from San Pedro, and the perch. The salt water tanks, with their varied and interesting inhabitants, are a source of never-ending amusement and instruction to the spectator. There we see the sea anemone (actinia viridis), with its countless tenticles spread out to lay hold of any edible substance that may chance to be floating around; also, the star fish (asterias pulchella), which may be seen sticking to the glass, thus giving a good view of its wonderful formation. It is most interesting to watch the crustaceans, who seem perfectly at home in their new residence, and fight with as much zest as if they were "at the bottom of the deep blue sea." Not the least interesting among the sea fish is the common wharf catfish. This fish does not only swim like others, but it may also be seen hanging on a rock in a perpendicular position, sometimes upside down, evidently ready at any moment for a spring at its prey. Two fine specimens of the spotted sharks are to be seen liesurely swimming round tank No. 4. They are about three feet long, and are savage, sulky-looking fellows. There are specimens of various kinds of sea perch, the black, blue, silvery, etc.; also of the cod, whose green looking bodies form a strong contrast to the white, sandy bottom on which they lie. The fish are fed with some kind of minced fresh meat, which is dropped in at the top of the tank, and is generally seized by some hungry fish long before it reaches the bottom. The crab shovels it into his mouth with his claws like a man filling a pipe, using his nippers as a tobacco pouch. The catfish darts from his seat on the rock with a swiftness that one would hardly expect to see in so clumsily built a fish. The sea anemones have to be fed by means of a long pair of wooden tongs, which deposit the meat on their tanticles, which soon draw it in and quickly digest it. The water in all the tanks is as clear as possible, and a perfect view can be obtained of all their finny inhabitants. Too much cannot be said in praise of the laudable spirit which has prompted Mr. Woodward, in spite of many severe disappointments, to still persevere in an undertaking which will form no mean part in the natural history education of the rising generation of San Francisco. Mr. Woodward has brought all his European experience (gained with an especial view to the subject in question) of aquariums, and that of his able assistant, Mr. Schumann, to bear upon the present undertaking, which is a complete success. Mr. Woodward provided a very elegent cold collation, which was done ample justice to by both scientific men, doctors, the press, and the "most humbliest man in the room," as James, the red-shirted fisherman, who sat at the far end of the table, facetiously termed himself. The wine—which, by the way, was of excellent quality—circulated very freely. Numerous speeches were made, most of which were more remarkable for their peculiar grammar than for their eloquence, and any amount of ecomiums were lavished upon Mr. Woodward, who seemed to hold up very fairly under such a weight of flattery. At about half-past seven the party broke up, returning to town by special cars provided by Mr. Woodward. All were unanimous in declaring that the aquarium was a complete success, and that Mr. Woodward was a truly enterprising, public-spirited man. We cannot end this account of the aquarium and its opening without saying a word in praise of Mr. Andrews, whose management of the affairs of the Gardens goes a great way towards making them such a favorite place of resort. He is a courteous gentleman, and is a universal favorite with all classes.

A Big Dictionary.—German newspapers announce that the dictionary of the German language, in course of compilation by the brothers Grimm, will contain more words than any other publication on record. It has already reached the number of 150,000, and by the time it is complete it will comprise at least 500,000.

It is Rumored that Philip Meagher, formerly of Meagher, Taaffe & Co., is to be nominated by the Tax Payers for the State Senate.

Court Chat.

The Court has been Placed in Mourning for ten days by the death, on May 29th, of one of the Queen's grandchildren, Prince Frederick William, second son of Prince Louis of Hesse, who fell from a window of the Castle at Darmstadt, a depth of twenty feet, dying two hours afterwards. Fears are entertained as to the effect of the accident on the Princess Alice, who is very near her confinement. The facts of the sad occurrence are given as follows: At a quarter to eight, the nurses as usual brought the Royal children into Princess Alice's bedroom. On this occasion there were but three, viz., Prince Ernest, Prince Frederick William, and the baby, Princess Victoria. Out of the bedroom opens a bathroom, into which shortly after his arrival Prince Ernest ran. The Princess, knowing the window to be open, as was also the one in her bedroom, hastily got up and followed the child, leaving Prince Frederick William by himself and the baby on the bed. During her short absence Prince Frederick William let a toy with which he was playing fall out of the window, and, while trying to recover it, he fell a hight of twenty feet to the ground. The Princess, hearing a noise, rushed back, but only in time to see the unhappy child in the air. Her shrieks soon brought assistance, but all efforts were useless, and the poor little fellow died at about eleven o'clock. He was a weakly child from his birth, but of a lively and gay disposition, and his death is an immense sorrow to his parents, for whom, it is needless to say, the greatest sympathy is felt. The little Prince was buried on the evening of June 1st, at the mausoleum of the Rosenhohe, just outside the city. The most touching sympathy was manifested by all classes of the people. Mr. Evan Baillie, the British Charge d'Affaires at Darmstadt, represented Her Majesty the Queen at the ceremony. Information has been received by Her Majesty the Queen that the Princess Alice and Prince Louis, her husband, display great resignation and fortitude under the heavy affliction which has befallen them.

The Hero of the Week has been His Oriental Majesty the Shah of Persia. Neither the indisposition of the Emperor of Germany nor the sad incident to which we have alluded have interfered with the very marked attention shown to the Royal stranger at Berlin. The Shah and his suite are described as taking as much interest in everything they see as they awaken by their presence. We hear much of the Shah's gems, and of the need that there will be to give a reception here that shall harmonize with an oriental estimate of ceremonial. We understand that Sir Henry C. Rawlinson, K.C.B., Sir Arnold B. Kemball, K.C.S.I., C.B., Major Burne, C.S.I., and Capt. Grey, Bengal Army, left London on June 16th, *en route* for Brussels, to meet the Shah, and they will remain in attendance on His Majesty during his stay in this country. The Corporation of London is busy arranging to give due civic honors, Buckingham Palace is being made ready, men-of-war are set apart for a naval display, and it would seem that unusual care is being taken that England should not, on this occasion, be behind in homage. The object of the Shah is said to be to gather information with a view to the material progress of his country; that he is not a student of the science of war, and thus not wholly absorbed with the latest perfections in the art of war introduced to him in Prussia. The ceremonies at Berlin are, in point of magnificence, dimmed by the gaiety of Vienna, which has reached a climax in the reception given to the Czar of all the Russias, who arrived at the Austrian capital on June 1st. There appears to be no cessation of the "mutual admiration" which the three Emperors are lavishing on one another at their respective capitals. International exhibitions have not hitherto been all success in promoting peace and good will, but that at Vienna is at least singularly powerful in gathering emperors, kings, archdukes, and princes from all Europe. The Emperor of Germany will be the next distinguished visitor. The King of the Belgians and the Prince of Montenegro are sharing the special ovations given to the Czar.

The Ceremony of Crowning the Rosiere of Nanterre took place on Whit Sunday, notwithstanding the rain which fell without intermission. The fortunate candidate on this occasion was Mdlle. Anne Melleux, aged eighteen, the daughter of agriculturists in rather straitened circumstances, and who in their absence has to take care of their three small children. The crown of flowers was placed on her head by Madame Boquet, wife of a rich landowner of the neighborhood. The rites at the Marie and the Church were performed with all the usual solemnity, due honor being rendered to the procession by a detachment of the 104th of the Line, in garrison at Rueil. The Rosiere received several presents from Madame Boquet, besides a dowry of 500 francs, given by the Commune.

It is not Generally Known that at Viscountess Beaconsfield's death her fortune passed away to the family of her first husband, Mr. Wyndham Lewis. Mr. Disraeli has his pension of £2,000 a year as an ex-Cabinet Minister, which has been well earned by his long services to the public; and some years ago an eccentric old lady in Devonshire left him the bulk of her fortune, amounting to about £25,000. Mr. Disraeli continues to keep aloof from any party and public demonstrations.

The Queen remains at Balmoral. A few days ago Her Majesty visited some of the relatives of her personal attendants living in the glen. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Clark were the first honored with a visit from the Queen, who partook of the humble fare placed on the table before her. Her Majesty, while in the glen, called on Francis Leys, farmer, at Crofts, Aberarder, whose son occupies the position of second piper in the Royal household.

Mr. Gladstone and Family have been spending Whitsuntide at Chatsworth, on a visit to the Duke of Devonshire.

NEW ROME.

[LINES WRITTEN FOR MISS STORY'S ALBUM.]

The armless Vatican Cupid
Hangs down his beautiful head!
For the priests have got him in prison,
And Psyche long has been dead.

But see, his shaven oppressors
Begin to quake and disband;
And the *Times*, that bright Apollo,
Proclaims salvation at hand.

"And what," cries Cupid, "will save us?"
Says Apollo: "*Modernize Rome!*
What inns! Your streets, too, how narrow!
Too much of palace and dome!

O learn of London, whose paupers
Are not pushed out by the swells!
Wide streets, with fine double trottoirs,
And then—the London hotels!"

The armless Vatican Cupid
Hangs down his head as before.
Through centuries past it has hung so,
And will through centuries more. —*London Times.*

A PRECIOUS CORRESPONDENT.

The Sacramento Union has been publishing, for some time past, the letters of one Theodore Triplet, a fine specimen of the "intelligent American" tourist in Europe. His letter of May 25th, dated at Paris, is a curious compound of Josh Billings, Chambers' Cyclopædia, Harper's Guide-Book, and original ignorance. He is profound on the French language: "Having acquired sufficient French to make my wants known, I believe I will cease further efforts in that direction. The faculty of acquiring languages does not belong to the highest order of intellect anyway. . . . Our own Saxon has a literature rich enough to afford," etc., etc. This reasoning is undoubtedly Triplet's, though we once heard Starr King, in a lecture on Bryant, fairly outdo the "Own Saxon" twaddle by proving to his audience how well America, if cut off from intercourse with the rest of mankind, could live and thrive on the intellectual riches of her Edwardses, her Franklins, her Emersons and her Bryants. All Frenchmen have reason to congratulate themselves that Triplet's mind is too mighty, "anyway," to acquire their language. The vials of wrath have been poured out upon them, but they are spared the last infamy, the cackle of a Triplet's own Saxon bosh, in broken French. The great fountains of Versailles were to play on Sunday: and to Versailles, on Sunday, went Triplet, disregarding, as he writes, "the —— commandment;" blank, because he had no English Bible, and could find no "Frenchman who knows one commandment from another." There is, in truth, very little in common between Triplet and most Frenchmen. The latter go frankly about their business, without talking of Moses: Triplet pretends to believe in the sacredness of the Mosaic law, and cannot, for the life of him, remember what he calls his religion. One of the great paintings, the "Conversion of Clovis," is too much for Triplet's Cyclopædias and Guide-Books. He wants to know why the Bishop calls Clovis "a Sicambre," and what a Sicambre is. We are never so happy as when we teach the young idea. A Sicambre is neither more nor less than a Mormon; and if Triplet had filed his mind to the study of French, he might have known this. In the Bois de Boulogne, our traveler saw many pretty women driving; most of them bad, he says, and we are bound to believe him, for when a man acquires just French enough to make his wants known, and then settles the character of the women he sees in public, how can you doubt his knowledge of French society or his honesty? No more than you can call in question his conclusion, that there is no "sincerity in the life, no earnestness in the purposes of Paris." The life and the purposes of Paris must be familiar as his garter to a man, who confesses his ignorance of French verbs; and it gave us supreme delight to find him repeating, after the school readers, that the French have no word for "home." No, indeed; neither have they any word for *wagon*, nor for *railway*, nor *steamer*, nor *humbug*, nor *Morning Call*, nor *live paper;* but, oddly enough, they have the reality of all these, except the *Morning Call*. There are stupid Frenchmen, but none low enough to make a *Morning Call*. Something like the Sacramento *Union* they might descend to: beyond that, lead could not sink them. The Triplet, summing up his French experience, finds his own Saxon literature insufficient, and quotes (in English) the Frenchman Montesquieu to the effect that "virtue is the mainspring of a republic, and honor the life of a kingdom;" and concludes that while there may yet be many kingdoms in France, there cannot be one republic. This is bad for France, destitute of virtue, while she abounds in honor; and possibly it is far from consoling to Triplet's own native American land, where the honor which makes the life of kingdoms is so far a word without meaning, while the virtue, which is the mainspring of a republic, is spoken of only to be laughed at.

The Gazzetta di Venezia Says: "Two young girls, whose features and olive complexion indicated an Eastern origin, passed through the station of Mestro yesterday, coming from Trieste. These young persons reproduce the phenomenon of the famous Siamese twins, with this difference, that they are united by the back. They appeared unembarrassed in their movements, and in good spirits. A question was asked at the station whether they should pay a ticket for one or two persons, and the question was not decided. Reference has been made to the Board of Directors of the railway.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The Following is as much as the T. C. is able to remember of the patriotic oration of Mr. Estee, and other outstanding events at Horticultural Hall, yesterday: "Fellow-citizens and Brothers and Sister Eagles: My heart almost bursts with patriotism when I think of the stupendous event which an All-seeing Providence has this day given us and this Annual has this day fixed as one to celebrate. When I think of this glorious day when the most glorious act of history was first promulgated to the world, and the happy lovers of a free country, a glorious day, whose stars shine with more brilliancy than the planets of heaven, and whose stripes are purer than the Spring Valley water. I feel that language fervent has indeed deserted me by allowing me to be a soaring eagle. You, brother citizens, I appeal to by everything under that long head of heaven. Loyal supporters and trust of 'auld lang,' Life is all brother eagles—but no, I say—let us leave soulful Europe behind, and wing our way to—the prairies where glorious freedom sits enthroned upon glittering thrones, and where the Goddess Peace, a cold-blooded night and day, shines the Morning by electricity and the magnificent sensation about 'Mr. Bryan' is thought all eternity and where the souls of our men made perfect are heard with frequent voices chanting 'The Star Spangled Banner.'" Here Mr. Estee's feelings of patriotism quite overcame him, and perhaps of perspiration, and he was obliged to drag down his bottle from a shelf, while the wooden eagles all around stamped their wings, and gaily eyed, and wagged their tails in proud defiance of the unconquered countries of Europe, Asia and Africa. The big drum next took in an eloquent oration to the occasion, and the Town Crier feeling bound to say something for his country, wandered in his sweet accent into: "Home they brought the warrior dead." Hereby put through the first verse, when he was floored and overcome by the memory how patriotic the masses are on the score of free speech. A friend of the T. C.'s gave him a piece of dirty paper, with a well-skewed pen to-hover going to it, which he saw the poet of the day carefully put inside his hat, and hiding them to him, and hand of liquid showing and reading, made it. Part of it was illegible but the T. C. gives as much as he could make out, and has some sort of idea that it was the best poem of the day:

> "To the west, to the west, where Columbia smiles,
> And sights soar over the tops of the hills—
> Oh! who on the face of the wide world so free,
> What nation so glorious, my brothers, as we
> Our beloved banner waves proudly on high,
> Its star-spangled beauty as pure as the sky;
> Who gazes with joy trumps the soul-glorious lays?
> Here eyeballs our nation, three cheers for our stars."

Here tobacco juice and age all rendered one of the most beautiful poems we have ever read, quite unintelligible.

Encouraged by the Success that has attended the Spring Valley and Gas Company monopolies, Mr. Peter Dyer has made up his mind to carry out a plan he cherishes for some time, and one which will, no doubt, meet with public appreciation. His plan is simply this. He will, by a judicious system of bribery, induce the existing police force of this city to get a petition to the municipal council, stating that the city is now always busy with night patrols, and that next Summer after-noons are quite oppressive to mortal life, and praying that the city will duly consider their pressing necessities by granting a subsidy of eighty-five cents per month to Mr. Dyer, for the purpose of supplying them at the reasonable, though commercial, enhancement of ninety cents per month, with the only well known, standing in every large retail parlor of the whole peninsula. The city council being, of course, prepared to do anything within its own control, will, no doubt, grant the subsidy without a murmur. Then the Peter Dyer's practical fun will come in. He will set numerous strong air pumps to work, exhausting air enough to make a vast hand work for people to breathe and then charge them an exorbitant price per cubic foot for the air they breathe. The only thing we have to find a flaw and pick out in this scheme is the fact that the starved and suffocated public might possibly take it into their heads to assault the place and set it all on fire. This, however, he thinks very unlikely, as a dwelling and shop adjoining each is what the stand boasts backed by water-companies and lighted by the best patented gas, without a murmur. For the San Francisco fairy, wrong never be ready to object even so mildly to any one getting on a stamper in life. Besides this Lane has much respect for the old proverb, "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

Several Passengers lately from China might have been seen dancing in the wildest manner about the streets yesterday. These gaily Mongolians were so much overjoyed at peace and their New Year festivities that they would almost imagine they were back again once of them, otherwise to the T. C. in his native language, which, of course, the T. C. understands, as he does everything else. "I'm glad, my jolly and benighted friend, to see that the Americans are every day admiring our ways and manners. What would a heathen be to an American if he had not his pig-tail? This is a song in the most proper style, which we have memorized, and our missionaries report very favorably upon the result of their efforts to convert the heathen while to the worship of the only Joss."

There is Every Reason to Believe that the editors of the local daily press delight in making asses of themselves. We rejoice in this, for if there is anything we like to see it is an ass who has no more brains than the code allows. But when these braying animals attack the praying animals, as they did the Rev. Dr. Stone a few days ago, we are severely shocked—and this despised community is well aware of the fact that it takes a good deal to shock us. If the Rev. Dr. had murdered a Barbary coaster, bought stock in the *Call*, pilfered short bits from the blind cigar peddler, or had done some other act equally outrageous, we could have conscientiously applauded the donkeys in their howling against him. Having simply forgotten his high and holy mission by turning his back upon Heaven a few moments to boldly face the Celestial problem which riles our Caucasian mudsills, deserves eulogies rather than condemnation. His views on the question were sound to the core; he trampled upon the corns of the long-eared, and hence their braying. The donkeys aforesaid have no interest in this matter, one way or another, except to make money out of it. By flaming appeals to the chuckle-headed public they put cash in their coffers. Behold the contrast to our unselfishness. Like Dr. Stone we have spent a lifetime as a missionary in ameliorating the condition of the wrong and oppressed; and we add, proudly, with a profound contempt for coin. The only reason why we are not abused as he is may be attributed to the fact that we are not worth abusing. With our usual modesty we correct this snow-white falsehood with this palpable truth: they fear us.

The Venerable and Gouty Old Duffer, who hopes to get to heaven on the strength of being "a man of means," is in great demand in this community at present. His stock is up, and hangs high and lovely as the goose. The "stylish and fascinating young widow" is after him with a vim in the "Personals" of the press. She wants a "home," not a husband this time. She is willing to sacrifice her charms to any toothless, bald-headed, cross-grained, knock-kneed, old dupe who will furnish coin as an equivalent. This fascinating young virgin, "lately from the East," with her false hair, false teeth, false health and false heart, openly and shamefully offers herself as a victim on the altar of lust. Her stale commodities are put up for the highest bidder, and the victim who unfortunately gives her a "home" finds himself in a hell. This white elephant is as naturally attracted to California as his satanic majesty is to sin. This is the Mecca of her lecherous imaginings. Here she hopes to revel in the iniquities of the flesh. With her arts and smiles and devilish ingenuity she coils herself about the innocent and unsophisticated "man of means," a peculiar human product, which, the sweet Lord be praised, is found in no other geographical location on this planet outside of California. We weep a copious weeping of briny tears for this old man, we invoke the Young Men's Christian Association for this toothless duffer, we appeal to the local priests and confidents of the great I Am for this aged and miserable dupe. In conclusion we give him a little sound and original advice: "Old man, be virtuous and you'll be happy."

The Detestable Leeches known as quack doctors are our special pets of abomination. In hunting up something exceedingly mean and nasty, even unto the perfection of meanness and nastiness, we have struck upon these quacks as filling the bill to a T. A reconnoisance on Kearny or Montgomery street will develop these human vermin as thick as lice upon the cranium of a Piute brave. Mr. Lo, in his utter contempt for sanitary laws, richly merits its wealth of personal property in "live" stock, but why a Christian community should breed and feed the other pestilence is a question that might well perplex a Philadelphia lawyer or a Chicago Bohemian. Our morals as a people are unsullied, and our reputation for chastity has been carried on the wings of the wind to the four corners of the earth. A man has merely to mention the fact that he hails from San Francisco, in any nook or quarter of the civilized and uncivilized world, and forthwith paens rend the air in praise of his many virtues. Great is Diana of the Ephesians, was the old war cry, but the modern bugle blast re-echoes, Great is the man of Frisco. Considering our immaculate skirts, we cannot see why a roaring Providence should afflict us with our pet abominations. We have no desire to add to our reputation as a notorious liar by pretending to ignorance in this matter. We know all about it. These infamous quacks are the leeches fattened through violations of the seventh commandment, etc. There's more truth than poetry in this brief sermon.

The Town Crier could never understand why people who become American citizens, should persist in parading on every possible occasion the flags of the countries they have deserted in order to obtain the coveted privileges of citizens of the Great Republic. That it is bad taste to flaunt such flags all must acknowledge, and that it is an insult to our flag many with just cause think. The *T. C.* congratulates the Fourth of July Committee on their pluck and good taste in not allowing other flags to be carried on the day of all others when the starry banner should reign supreme. The Fenians feel hurt to think that their flag—one by the bye which would reflect no credit upon any civilized procession—should not be allowed to wave triumphant and defiant on the Fourth. It is an emblem of priest-ridden ignorance and of fancied wrongs, whose existence are notional in the extreme; and even granting that they do exist, have been brought about by the savage barbarity of the sufferers themselves. America and England were never better friends than they are to-day, and all true Americans feel it as an insult to a land that they have not yet ceased to be proud of claiming their origin from, to allow the furtive green of played-out Fenianism to wave as proudly as their own honored flag of liberty and fraternity.

The High-heeled, Long-haired, Big Shirt-fronted Hoodlum of this City [illegible] when he knows that the [illegible] has [illegible] has [illegible] has

LIGHT.

While I hid mine eyes, I feared ;
The heavens in wrath seemed bowed ;
I look, and the sun with a smile breaks forth,
And a rainbow spans the cloud.

I thought the winter was here,
Thought the earth was cold and bare ;
But I feel the coming of birds and flowers
And the spring-time in the air.

I said that all the lips
I ever had kissed were dumb ;
That my dearest ones were dead and gone,
And never a friend would come.

But I hear a voice as sweet
As the fall of summer showers ;
And the grave that yawned at my very feet
Is filled to the top with flowers!

As if 'twere the midnight hour,
I sat with gloom opprest ;
When a light was breaking out of the east,
And shining unto the west.

I heard the angels call
Across from the beautiful shore ;
And I saw a look in my darling's eyes,
That never was there before.

Transfigured, lost to me,
She had slipped from my embrace ;
Now lo! I hold her fast once more,
With the light of God on her face!

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A Lady Correspondent in London writes to us as follows: The Claimant has bestowed a title upon a coat, though I don't think the fashion will last as long as his notoriety. The garment ticketed by the tailors as "The Claimant" is an ugly dust-colored affair, with huge buttons, and about as much shape as a sack. The huge man's popularity is on the wane; the public are tired of him and his clumsy speeches, and he no longer draws crowded houses when he is announced to appear at theaters or music halls. He is not pretty to look at, and he is a very bungling speaker, so there is really nothing to attract people to see him. Ladies don't crowd to Westminster as they did at the beginning of the trial, and a fashionable west-end toilette is by no means necessary for the occasion. Blue is the prevailing color in ladies' toilettes now, and a very ugly shade—a real old-fashioned "sky"—is the favorite tint. I saw a very pretty costume prepared for Ascot in sky blue silk, trimmed with white and black lace. The polonaise was the newest shape from Paris, and which is very becoming to almost all figures. It is fastened from the neck to the bottom, but is not cut to the waist in front. It fits tightly behind, with a large full pouf with a large bow and ends. Alternate rows of black and white insertion are laid on as trimming, and a very wide mixed black and white lace is put on at the edge. Straight down the front there is a handsome trimming of insertion and lace, with large bows at intervals, and very large square cuffs of lace and insertion finish the sleeves. The "Ascot" bonnet is very stiff and ugly. I think it must be meant for an imitation of a Welch woman's hat. It is high in the crown, and the brim turns up in front. It has no feathers or flounces, but a broad band of ribbon of a darker shade than the bonnet goes round it, and it has a large bow on the right side. Under the brim is a wreath of flowers, a ruching of ribbon on a quilling of tulle, according to taste, which has at a little distance precisely the effect of a muslin cap border. A veil of the same color as the trimming goes from the left side of the bonnet under the chin and up to the back of the right side behind the ear, where it is fastened and falls in a long end down the back. There is nothing to recommend it—it looks stiff and ugly even on the prettiest face. The newest hats are a curious shape. They look exactly as if they had been perched here and there all round the brim, which turns down and rests flat upon the head. The crown is low, and the trimming comes from the back right over the top to the front. The style is pretty and careless looking, and a new change from the rather severe looking sailor hats, which don't suit everybody. The "Alexandria" waist-band and bag is a pretty trifle in bronze leather, which is very much worn. The belt is mounted and buckled with silver, and from a pretty clasp on the right side hangs a small bag.

A Lady Gay Spanker.—As a proof that the ladies of "Young England" are not behind their grandmothers in pluck and stamina, the following impromptu achievement will testify: "About half-past eleven, on the day of the great race, as the Duke of Beaufort and his daughter, Lady Blanche Somerset, were preparing for a ride in the Row, her ladyship remarked she should like to see the Derby run for; but as his Grace had made no arrangements there was only one chance open—to ride down. No sooner said than done. Both being in good condition, they started at a quarter to one, and reached the Downs in an hour and forty minutes. The Blue's coach was easily found near the winning post, whereat they lunched, and after witnessing the race returned to town on horseback, reaching Grosvenor square at half-past six! To add to the pleasantness of the trip, the crowd had assembled on the course before they had got there, and only four vehicles were passed after crossing Putney Bridge. They had the road all to themselves, likewise, in returning. Considering that Lady Blanche is only seventeen, this was a marvelous performance, and shows what condition—acquired by hunting through the Winter, and riding, walking, and dancing exercise, in the season, in town—will accomplish."

DOCKAGE, WHARFAGE AND TOLLS.

A New Schedule of Rates.—Following are the rates of dockage, wharfage and tolls established by the Board of State Harbor Commissioners, to go into effect immediately:

DOCKAGE.

Vessels.	*Per Day.*
Under 10 tons	$00 50
10 tons and under 25 tons	00 75
25 tons and under 50 tons	1 25
50 tons and under 75 tons	1 50
75 tons and under 100 tons	2 00
100 tons and under 150 tons	3 00
150 tons and under 200 tons	4 00
200 tons and under 250 tons	5 00
250 tons and under 300 tons	6 00
300 tons and under 400 tons	7 00
400 tons and under 500 tons	8 00
500 tons and under 600 tons	8 50
600 tons and under 700 tons	9 50
700 tons and under 800 tons	10 50
800 tons and under 900 tons	11 00
900 tons and under 1000 tons	11 50
1000 tons and under 1100 tons	12 50
1100 tons and under 1200 tons	13 50
1200 tons and under 1300 tons	14 50
1300 tons and under 1400 tons	15 50
1400 tons and under 1500 tons	16 50
1500 tons and under 1600 tons	17 50
1600 tons and under 1700 tons	18 50
1700 tons and under 1800 tons	19 50
1800 tons and under 1900 tons	21 00
1900 tons and under 2000 tons	22 50
2000 tons and under 2200 tons	23 50
2200 tons and under 2500 tons	25 00

Vessels 2500 tons and over, in proportion. Vessels loading and ballasting, half the above rates. Vessels in outside berths or in the slips shall pay half rates of dockage.

TOLLS.—Vehicles drawn by one or more animals, 12½ cents; loads when in excess of two tons, 6¼ cents additional for each ton or part thereof, except grain, flour potatoes and other vegetables when in excess of two tons 5 cents additional for each ton or part thereof; loads of lumber when hauled on the wharves, of 2,000 feet or less, 12½ cents; loads when in excess of 2,000 feet, 5 cents additional for each 1,000 feet or part thereof; extra vehicles, 12½; cattle or horses for transportation, 5 cents each; sheep or hogs, 1¼ cents each; hand-carts, 5 cents each.

WHARFAGE.—The following articles, when landed upon the wharf and remaining for a period not exceeding 48 hours, shall pay wharfage as follows: Wood per cord, 12½ cents; lumber, per M. feet, 10 cents; stone, iron and general merchandise, per ton, 6¼ cents; brick, per 1,000, 10 cents; coal and asphaltum per ton, 10 cents; hay, per ton, 10 cents. Any of the above articles remaining on the wharf more than 48 hours shall pay the above rates of wharfage for each additional day or fractional part thereof. All goods landed upon the wharf, and taken from thence in lighters or other vessels, shall pay 6¼ cents per ton wharfage. All goods received or discharged by vessels lying alongside of the wharf or in slips, from or into lighters or other vessels, shall pay 5 cents per ton wharfage, and lumber 5 cents per M.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.—Dockage to commence upon a vessel making fast to the wharf, and to conclude when she hauls out, and to pay for each day or fractional part thereof. No allowance to be made for Sundays, holidays or rainy days. Vessels shall rig in jib, flying jib and spanker-booms when required by the Wharfinger, and shall also haul or change births, at their own expense, by his direction. No merchandise will be allowed to remain upon any wharf over night without permission of the Wharfinger, and then only at the risk of the owner. All goods remaining on the wharf after the owner or consignee has been notified to remove the same, will be removed by the Wharfinger at the expense of the owner. All goods, wares and merchandise shall be charged by weight or measurement, according to custom. Two thousand pounds shall constitute a ton, except coal, iron and stone. No load exceeding five tons will be admitted on or off the wharves, except single packages. Driving on any wharf faster than a walk, prohibited. Parties holding portions of the water front under lease from the Board of State Harbor Commissioners, are obligated to charge and collect the above rates; and any person violating said rules will forfeit his lease.

The Sale of Game and Rabbits.—According to a return to the House of Lords the licensed game dealers last year in England sold of game, 1,485,553; wild fowls, 536,354; hares, 640,293; and 4,406,833 rabbits. In the United Kingdom the game numbered 1,641,960; wild fowls, 580,388; hares, 702,830; and rabbits, 5,104,817.

A SUNSET WALK.

Purple, gold, and ruby tints,
Are fading in the sunless sky,
And pearly, dim, uncertain glints
Mark one lone star on high.
The cricket's tiny bell is rung,
The last song of the bird is sung.

Far away the din and fret—
The daytime hurry and the strife—
The weary toil and sad regret,
Which haunt our daily life—
Oh, far away these leave me now,
With sunset's kisses on my brow.

Leaves, which all day idly tost,
Now pause to listen for the Night,
Fast riding with his radiant host,
O'er hills of dying light.
Around me falls the hush of prayer,
And dimmer grows the pulseless air.

Peace and Love on all descend!
Oh, surely, in an hour like this,
Kind Heaven seems nearer earth to bend,
To give one good-night kiss!
Fair home-lights now the wanderer sees,
Like fire-flies, twinkle through the trees.

Loving ones return to him,
And rosy cheeks with love-light glow;
Fond hopes arise, at twilight dim,
In dreams of long ago.
And all the joy sweet memory gives,
Touched by the hand of sunset, lives.

Oh, tranquil sunset of the soul,
When all the jar of earth is past!
When storms no longer round us roll,
And heaven is near, at last!
We know, though faint and fail we may,
Calm sunset ends the longest day.

—*George Cooper, in Appleton's Journal for June.*

Women as Hod-Carriers in Vienna.—I have before alluded to the fact that women perform the hardest kind of laboring work in Germany, but was not prepared for the sights I have witnessed to-day in Vienna. In America mixing mortar and carrying the hod is considered such hard work that few white men can be found willing to undertake it at the present day. An immense building near our hotel, occupying a whole block, is in course of erection, on which not less than 400 persons are employed, fully 200 of whom are women. All the hard laboring work is done by women, such as making and carrying mortar in buckets on their heads to the workmen handling the brick. They are not allowed a moment's leisure, several overseers being on guard to keep them constantly in motion. We found the same proportion of women at work on all the new buildings, and there must be many thousands of them to-day doing this species of laboring work in Vienna. The are both young, middle-aged and old, but all seem to be strong and healthy. At dinner-time they swarm into the shops to purchase a piece of brown bread and fat bacon and a mug of beer, and eat their dinners sitting on the curb-stones. Their wages is one florin, or 48 cents per day, and I am assured by a gentleman residing here that most of them sleep about the buildings on shavings, or in barns and sheds, having no homes. Amidst all the splendor and wealth of this great city, with its millions of inhabitants, there is, perhaps, more destitution, want and suffering than in all the cities of America. Still, we frequently hear some of our countrymen praising and preferring the governments of Europe. Whilst viewing this scene, the emperor and empress, with his staff and outriders, glittering in gold and precious stones, dashed along the Ringstrasse, on the way to the palace, whilst a short distance off stand the royal stables, a magnificant structure, covering at least fours blocks of ground, as large as Franklin square, the meanest animal of which is better cared for than these women. It is not to be wondered that of the 8,000 births annually in the lying-in hospital in Vienna, less than 500 are of children born in wedlock.—*Correspondence Baltimore American.*

In Moses Square boots and shoes may be obtained at any price from sixpence to five shillings. A brisk business in the boot trade is done on Sunday mornings in this densely crowded place on the system of exchange, but this is the inferior department. There are stall-keepers in this wonderful fair who deal in boots "past mending," in dilapidated, trodden-down things, tongueless, and with their eyelet holes all riven out, and with gaps between their soles and upper leathers. It would seem impossible for boots in a worse condition to be worn, but wearers of old boots—just a little worse only—attend the fair bent on bettering themselves at an outlay of a few pence, and, after a narrow and anxious examina- of a pair on the stall, and a close comparison of them with the leaky old wrecks on their feet, they will perhaps bid three-halfpence or twopence and their own for the other pair, and effect the change on the spot, squatting down on the muddy pavement to do it. Every Sunday there is almost a scramble among them for the the privilege of hiring at a most exorbitant rate the few feet of space they require to display their goods. I cannot say for certain, but I believe that the rent of the unclean soil that comprises the area of Moses Square is estimated at a penny the square yard, the term of tenancy commencing at ten o'clock on Sunday morning and expiring at two in the afternoon.—*St. Pauls.*

During the first week of the opening of the free baths in New York, this year, 42 000 boys and 21,000 girls took a wash. From which we may infer that girls are twice as much afraid of water as boys.

THE FOURTH ATLANTIC CABLE.

The Great Eastern is now more than half way across the Atlantic, engaged, in company with two consorts, in laying the fourth cable which has been placed and worked to the bed of the ocean. Counting from the first cable laid in 1858, this is the fifth of the Atlantic cables, but as that one only worked for a few weeks and has since remained neglected and silent, it does not count. It was originally intended to lay this fourth cable from Porthcurno on the Cornish coast, direct to Halifax, and thence to New York. But owing to the desirability of reducing the risk of having by adhering to the system of short lengths, and to other reasons of a commercial nature, it was determined to fall back upon the routes of the other cables, viz. from Valentia to Heart's Content, Newfoundland. The course of the fourth cable, which will be known as the cable of 1874, is to be north of that of 1866, and unless at the shore ends, the two will not approach nearer than thirty miles. The squadron, of which the *Great Eastern* started at the head, comprised also the *Hibernia*, the *Edinburgh* and the *Robert Lowe*, the latter being a small vessel of 700 tons, and the former being 3,000 and 2,500 tons respectively. The laying of the shore end at Valentia was done by the *Robert Lowe*, after which the vessel returned to the Thames. The Sydney Cable is to be laid by the three smaller vessels after the completion of the present one, and after that job is complete the *Hibernia* will join the *Great Eastern* at Heart's Content, whence the two will proceed to the point of rupture of the cable of 1865, which is 585 miles from Valentia, where it will be grappled for, and as is expected, found and repaired. The length of the cable of 1865, whose recovery is thus to be attempted, is 1,896⅝ miles; the cable of 1866 is 1,869⅝ miles; the French cable from Brest to St. Pierre is 2,547 miles, and the line about to be laid will be nearly the same length as that of 1865. To give an idea of the expense of these cable undertakings, it may be noted that the cable squadron, as it left Portland Roads on the present expedition, represented a moving mass worth two and a half millions sterling.

The Appeal Court of Paris has just heard a case of some historical interest. The Countess de Marsan, sister of Marshal de Rohan-Soubise, and Governante of the Children of France, was possessed, at the period of the Revolution, of considerable estates in France and Belgium. She was obliged to fly, and fell into very straitened circumstances. Four of her servants, however, followed her. By a will dated Lintz (Austria), July, 1789, she appointed Prince de Rohan-Montauzon her sole and entire, subject to the payment of certain bequests to her domestics. The validity of the testament was contested, as the countess had been declared, in common with all other *emigres*, by the revolutionary laws, incapable of exercising any civil rights. When the Restoration took place, her heirs were placed in possession of considerable funds out of the moneys allotted for indemnification of the persons who had fled. But in the interval the right of succession had been sold to a certain M. Declercq, for 800,000 francs, a sum far below the real value of the property. Since then the Duke d'Aumale, as representative of the Prince de Condé, commenced an action to recover one half of the countess's inheritance. A compromise ensued, and the duke received two millions and a formal guarantee against any claims which might be brought against the estate. In the present case, a person named Pelter, a business agent, sued the Duke d'Aumale and the heirs of M. Declercq to recover certain sums, which, with interest, reach a considerable amount, and which he alleged were due to the heirs of the four old servants, and which he declared he had purchased. The case was first brought before the Tribunal of the Seine, which dismissed the claim, and that sentence has now been confirmed.

A Few Years Ago a lot of domestic rabbits were imported into Japan. These have multiplied wonderfully. Fancy colored rabbits are held at fancy prices. All the *élite* of Japan have been seized with a rabbit frenzy. Bonnie is cherished, petted and carried in aristocratic arms. If one wealthy Jap boasts of his pets, another one overmatches them with his own. The speculative spirit now prevails. There is a great stock speculation going on. Auction houses make notable sales. Buyers will purchase at one house and rush over to another to sell at auction if possible at an advance. The rabbit speculation is perhaps as legitimate as many of our mining stock speculations, with this difference, that one can always see the rabbits, but cannot always see the hoard of gold or silver mine. The Japanese have struck a good lead. It is better than the great tulip speculation of Holland. Fancy colored rabbits by the million, and all Japan going wild on the handsomest rabbit. There is something tangible in this business. Honest bonnie is held up to the ear and publicly inspected, the hairs on every fancy spot counted, and the coin laid down for him. The Japanese have got a novelty. But it is an honest one. No painting in of extra spots, but colors that will wash, is the order of the day in Japan.

There is Considerable English Railroad Iron coming here from Portland, Oregon, re-shipments. The Iron was originally imported for the Northern Pacific Railroad, and the cause of its diversion to California is not made public.

CINCINNATI INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

The Fourth Cincinnati Industrial Exposition will be opened on September 3d, and continue till October 4th, 1873. Premiums are offered for nearly every kind of machinery and manufacture and natural product: sewing-machines, musical instruments and productions in any department of the fine arts being specially excepted. It is not a little curious that the managers of these great shows have not yet thought of applying the principle, thus recognized in special cases, to every class of articles on exhibition. A great occasion of the kind draws together vast multitudes of people, and affords the owner of an article an unequaled opportunity to bring it before the public; why is not this enough, so far as the managers of the exhibition are concerned? Every man will see to the advertising of his own wares; and if you furnish him the best means of doing this, why should you be further called upon to take sides with him against others in the same line of business, and declare, under your own hand and seal, that his are the only genuine Holloway's Pills, and all others counterfeit? This is the weak side of all these fairs. The premiums have been so lavishly distributed that discrimination as to merit is merely impossible; and practically, no man cares a snap whether the soap, or the spoons, or the piano he is looking at won the gold medal at the Great Exposition, or not. The public has an instructive common sense in matters of trade. It knows how gold medals are made, and it knows how easily they may be given to the wrong person. Let the dealers go to these fairs as they go into the great every-day fair of the world, on their own merits, show what they have, and be glad that so many people saw it. They would devote more time to the perfecting of their wares, if they knew that nothing but excellence in their products could benefit them. We should like to call attention, before closing, to the ascendency of France and the French phrases over the American mind, in a quarter least suspected of feeling their influence. It is the boast of American business men that they are original and practical. We feel like calling for the police when an American uses either of these words; but it is enough to point out that there never was an Industrial "Exposition" in America until after the one at Paris in 1867, and that since that time hardly an association, or city, or State in America has dared to hint at anything but an *Exposition*. None of them could say what an Exposition was, or in what it differed from an Exhibition, with its real and well-known English meaning; it was enough that Exposition was French and only half understood, to make it irresistible.

A PASTORAL PIPER.

Bishop Elder, of Mississippi, is a genial writer, and seemingly a cousin of Bishop Kip's. The writing of the one is like that of the other, and the driving of both is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for they drive furiously, in the face of all sense. Bishop Elder is of the elder and original Catholic Church—which is a very different thing from the old Catholic—and his latest Pastoral is concerning that old serpent, the devil, of whom he tells us: "St. Paul called the devil the god of this world, who has so blinded the minds of unbelievers, that the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ may not be seen by them." This is strong language, and, if it were not St. Paul's, we should call it rather too strong to be adopted by a good bishop, who believes that "God created the material world and the laws which govern it," and that it is "He who gives men the power to discover from these laws of nature just as much as he pleased to let them know, and nothing more." Evidently there is one god too many in this scheme of the world. Either St. Paul is right, and then the god with a small *g* has it; or else Bishop Elder is right, and then this world belongs to God. If it does, what shall be done to a bishop who treats his God like a scene-shifter? "In our generation," the Pastoral goes on, "God has been lifting the curtain a little higher than before, and men are learning something more about the elements and their mode of action," or, in plain English, they are able to see the legs of the actors and actresses, capering about upon the stage. That is what the Bishop wanted to say, and we are glad to help him at a pinch. Feeling no surprise at the raging of the devil, as permitted by God, the Bishop of Mississippi recommends to his flock to protect themselves against the evil spirits by prayer, signs of the cross, twiddling of the thumbs, holy water (of the Benedictines) heads, sharks' teeth, scapulars, medals, spielmarks, and the like. A large supply of the above constantly on hand and for sale, low, to the trade, by the only original Jacobs, of Mississippi.

Boiler Explosions seem to be the order of the day. Why will not parties using steam power take precaution in time, and use none but the best and most approved kind of boiler? "The Root Wrought-Iron Sectional Safety Boiler" is now becoming pretty generally used, and has the highest approbation of many prominent engineers and others: It is in use on the Cunard line of steamers, in all parts of the States, in Virginia City and Gold Hill, to wit: Belcher Mining Co., Imperial Mining Co., Union Mill and Mining Co., Chollar-Potosi Mining Co., Sutro Tunnel Co. A model may be seen at room 18, No. 331 Montgomery street.

The Price paid for the property on the east side of Sansome street, south of California (30 by 137½ in size), was $60,000, and not $70,000.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDAM.

It is Said that a Professor of English Composition in Rutger's College, having given the Freshman class of that venerable institution the "Animal Kingdom" as a subject of disquisition, was amazed at receiving from every member of the class a copy of the following, as his composition:

"The animul kingdum differs sumwhat from the Kingdum of Grate Briton, inazmuch that it iz divided into different parts, kalled sub-kingdums. Tha are split up az follows, into the water kind, wich is klams, and the fi-shes, and the wale, wich iz the biggest. Then kums the land animuls, them wich kreeps, such as the hoss and the man; but the man kreeps on his handz and neez; then kums them wich swims in the air, such az the be and the egle, wich iz the biggest ov birdz. Awl animuls don't have legs, but sum hav mo'ran others doo, and sum are a good deel bigger an others, az the Elifant, wich iz sum sizes bigger'an the flee. Awl animuls don't liv in the water, but tha du hav to liv whar thar iz air, sum don't hav no hart, and we heer sum people sa that sum wimin are hartless, but we don't know how that iz, fur we hav never dissected um. Most things what liv, except wiggitables, are kalled animulz. Sum animulz liv by eating each other, and are kalled kanniballs. A grate meny animuls eat anithing tha kan get hold ov, wile others are more choice in thare grub. Sum animulz swaller thare wittals hull and chaw the knd afterwards like the sheep; but the snaik don't du like the sheep. Other animals hash up what tha eat with teeth wich iz in the mouth, befour tha swaller, most 'interwiduals' in the animul kingdum hav bonez; birds hav bonez and are kovered with fethers tew. wile the turkle is covered all over with hiz bak bone. in this feture tha are alike, for tha both sing and lay egs. The kow ain't like the hors except tha are covered awl over with hare and hav 4 legs. Kows hav horns most generally, always 2, horses don't. Kowz giv more milk than horsez du and are good for the milk wich tha give. Kalves don't giv no milk, but are leetle kowz. Horsez are sumtimes fast trotters, and are very usefull. the lokomotive is kalled a hors, but it ain't the kind we are talkin about. Man iz a animul, but he noes more than awl other animuls put together and shook up in a bag. He kan build houzes and make books and write kompozishuns and a good many other things, but other animulz kan't kauz tha hain't got no sentz to think with. they do things bekauz it iz natural for them to du it. Sum animulz are klean and some haint. Hogz are dirty; katz aint so much so for they lik themselves, so duz a kow. thar iz a grate meny things wich barez on this subject, but we don't think ov mensioning um now, so in konklusion we wud sa that this kompozishion iz about the animul kingdum."

LETTERS FROM AUSTRALIA.

The Following Extracts of Letters from a young gentleman in Australia to his nephews in Partick may be interesting to your young folk readers:—

HERBERT RIVER, Cardwell.—I don't know that I have any stories to tell you this time about snakes; I may tell Jamie one this mail. I might tell you now about alligators. We have very heavy floods here just now, the river overflowing its banks in all directions, filling up all the swamps and flooding the low-lying ground. It has not done much damage to the sugar cane as yet, although some severe landslips have taken place, carrying cane and earth with them into the river. In consequence of so much water, alligators have come out of the rivet and established themselves in the swamps and water holes. Last week a fine cow was so badly bitten by one that it had to be shot. The alligator had caught her by the breast and torn a large lump out before she could escape. The day after one of the horses in the paddock had its head completely eaten off. Next day a few of us went out with rifles, etc., to have a shot at it. We found it had got the body of the horse into the water, and was quietly munching it. Once it popped up its head when we fired a volley at it. It was evidently struck, for it gave a "swirl" in the water, giving us a good view of it. It was, I should say, about 30 feet long. Yesterday, owing to the water going down, we were able to go into the paddock again, when we found one more bullock missing.

I told Johnny in this letter I would tell you a snake story. A young child had been asking for some time bread and milk for baby, but as her mother never saw her eat it herself, but always take it away outside, she determined to watch her. She followed the child, and heard her crying "Baby, baby," and immediately a large carpet snake came out of a hole and commenced eating the bread and milk out of the saucer held by the child. If the snake happened to spill a drop of milk the child patted it on the head and said, "Naughty baby to spill the milk." When the milk was finished the snake was told to go to sleep, when it went into its hole immediately. The mother was watching the child all the time, but dared not go near in case the child should be bitten. When her husband came home the snake was hunted out and shot, but strange to say the child after that pined away and died, grieving for the loss of her strange playfellow. This story is said to be true, and just happened lately. A large carpet snake was shot here the other day and skinned. I measured the skin—it was 18 feet long. Wasn't it a big one?

We Must Congratulate the Mint upon obtaining the valuable services of Mr. William H. Keith as Assistant Coiner. We have known him ever since '52, and have always found him "just as good as gold."

WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.

An Important Paper was read a few days since at the rooms of the Social Science Society by Captain Rogers, on the "Destruction of Human Life and Property in India by Noxious Wild Animals." It appears that the inhabitants of the border lands between jungle and cultivation are killed and eaten by tigers in such numbers as to require the immediate and serious attention of Government both in India and in England. We give a few out of many instances:—"A single tigress caused the destruction of thirteen villages, and 256 square miles of country were thrown out of cultivation." "Wild beasts frequently obstruct Government survey parties. In 1869 one tigress killed 127 people, and stopped a public road for many weeks." "In January 1868 a panther broke into the town of Chicola, and attacked, without the slightest provocation, the owner of a field. Four persons were dangerously wounded, and one died." "Man-eating tigers are causing great loss of life along the whole range of Nallay Mallay Forest. There are five of them. One is said to have destroyed 100 people." "Writing from Nuydunca, 1869, a gentleman says one tigress, in 1867-8-9, killed respectively 27, 34, 47—total, 108—people. This same tiger killed a father, mother, and three children; and the week before she was shot she killed seven people." "In Lower Bengal alone, in a period of six years, were killed by wild beasts 13,401. In South Canaree, in July 1867, forty human beings were killed by wild beasts." Finally, Captain Rodgers concludes by telling us that the Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces in his report shows the following terrible returns of human beings killed by tigers:—In 1866-67, 372; 1867-68, 280; 1868-69, 285; total, 946. It appears that there are difficulties in the way of killing down these tigers. First, the superstition of the natives, who regard the "man-eating tiger" as a kind of incarnate and spiteful divinity, whom it is dangerous to offend; secondly, the failures of Government rewards; thirdly, the desire of certain classes in India actually to preserve tigers as game, to be shot with the rifle as a matter of sport. Capt. Rodgers exhibited an ingenious self-acting spring gun for the destruction of tigers. An animated discussion followed, in which Lord Napier and Ettrick, K. T., the chairman of the meeting, and other gentlemen connected with India, including natives, took part. Various remedies were proposed. Among them Mr. Frank Buckland suggested an organized destruction of the tiger cubs in the breeding season, and the attraction of full-grown tigers to traps, pit-falls, and other devices, by means of a drug of valerian, of which tigers (which are only gigantic cats) are exceedingly fond. He defended English sportsmen against the imputation of even conniving at the preservation of tigers for sport at the expense of the lives of men, women, and children in India.

THE SAN JOAQUIN AND KING'S RIVER IRRIGATION CO.

This Company have done all the surveys necessary to secure a general irrigation for the entire valley, and that their operations are confined exclusively to the west side of the valley, from Tulare Lake to Antioch, that they do not interfere in any way with the future irrigation of Kern, Tulare, Fresno, Merced, Tuolumne and Stanislaus counties, and that the result of their operations tend only to advance the general system of irrigation for the valley. The surveys which the company have made throughout the valley during the past two years have been of great public benefit, because they have demonstrated the wonderful natural adaptability for irrigation, the abundance of water available from the winter's rains, and the melting of the snows, from the middle of December to the middle of July. These surveys, which have taken the past two years to perfect, have enabled the Irrigation Commission, appointed by Congress, to understand the water system of the valley, and will, thereby, enable them to report *two years sooner* than they could possibly otherwise do. The actual profiles--longitudinal and transverse, taken by the company and the railroad company—have been completed sufficiently to give a correct idea of the best general system of irrigation of the entire valley. Every county has, therefore, been benefited by these surveys. This company's field of operations are, and will be, confined exclusively to the west side of the valley, and, therefore, the above surveys, while advancing a general system for the southern and eastern portions of the valley, are in no sense a monopoly of the waters, as so often charged in newspaper articles.

Most People must have remarked and admired the large and beautifully dressed doll that was on exhibition at the White House on Thursday. She, like the rest of our fashionable ladies, was dressed there, and presented by the White House to the managers of the fair to be held next week at Platt's Hall for the benefit of the orphan boys of San Rafael. Very few of our city young ladies possess a more complete toilette than this doll, itself and its wardrobe being worth more than $200. It is a very handsome present, and given for a very good cause.

International Postal Cards.—The Postmaster-General is engaged in considering a system of postal cards between America and Great Britain. The proposed rate is three cents, and notwithstanding the objections of steamship companies, competition is sure to bring forward a candidate for carrying the mails at the lowest possible rate. One effect of this will probably be the reduction of the postage on letters.

SUICIDE.

I long to leave this weary earth,
And shake its trammels off;
I've had the measles very bad,
Also the whooping cough.

Oh, would that in my early youth,
Ere sin had entered in,
I'd changed into a cherrybum
The gates of heaven within.

I will not hang myself, for that
Is a mere felon's death;
And prussic acid, though it kills,
Causes unpleasant breath.

I do not care to shoot myself—
I hate the cannon's roar—
And then, you know, the feerful mess
It makes upon the floor.

I would not from the window jump—
Asphaltum has no charms—
And it might fill some passer-by
With causeless dread alarms.

Alas! I fear I still must live;
Still drain life's bitter cup,
And damn my poor eternal soul,
Cursing Wells Fargo's pup.

U. C., (*One of Many Sufferers.*)

THE ENGLISH HEAVY SWELL.

Sothern's "Lord Dundreary" is so fresh in our memories that the following graphic description of the life of an English heavy swell will be read with interest: "I have a friend (says a correspondent of the Boston *Post*), though I do not boa-t of him, who is a simon-pure London man of fashion. He is the second son of a lord, and has an income of five thousand pounds a year. Of course he is not so ungentlemanly as to engage in any occupation; I fear the old baron, his father, would make short work of his five thousand if he dared to hint a purpose of going "into trade." And what does he do? He seems to be the most enviable of men, for I never saw mortal more perfectly content with everybody, himself included. As his daily career is a type of that of high London society in general, I will sketch it for you. In his person he represents, more perfectly and exhaustively than any one I know, the spirit of aristocratic London in the season. He rises in his room at the Albany at half-past eight, and breakfasts at the Junior Carlton, close by; skims the *Times* and chats with his boon companions till ten o'clock. Promptly with that hour his groom appears with the sleekest of chestnuts, which he mounts and makes for Rotten Row. There he flirts, hears the latest gossip, books a wager for the Derby, and takes an hour's brisk canter. From the park he goes to lunch—not to the Junior Carlton, but to some West End house; likely enough, he drops in to lunch with Lady Blanche, and then goes to lunch a second time with Lady Amelia—that is, lounges at lunch time into perhaps half a dozen houses, where he takes a nibble at the delicacies, and has a refreshing chat. The afternoon is full of engagements; it is a *fete champetre* at Richmond or Putney, a match of cricket at Lord's, a race on the Thames, a royal breakfast party in the gardens of Buckingham Palace or Windsor, a crack game of billiards at the club, a meet of the hounds in Middlesex, a drive into Kent or Surrey, an hour at the Exhibition, a pleasant little party to the Academy, or a whitebait dinner at Greenwich. In the evening his brain is in a perfect muddle what, among so many things, to do. There is Patti as "Desdemona" at Covent Garden, and there is the bewitching Ilma di Murska as "Margaret of Valois" at Drury Lane; there is Dumas' *Diana de Lys* at the Princess's, and *The Wandering Jew* at the Adelphi. But Lady Tompkins is going to give an "at home," and the Countess of Cranberry's ball must not be neglected; there is a musical *soiree* at Sir Titus Tite's, and the masque at Banbury House; Cremorne, with its lanterns and song and free and easy frolic, is tempting, and not less so Tom Hopkins' bachelor "punch." So our man of fashion, whom practice has made subtly perfect, dresses himself ingeniously with a view to a variety of projects. He drops for a while into his box at Covent Garden, and makes a tour of the boxes of his acquaintances. Here he sees no more than any plebeian may see for half a crown, who, from his perch in the "amphitheater," may gaze down upon the dazzling array of dress, jewels, fashion, and rank in Europe. Covent Garden on a night in the mid-season is wonderful; everybody is as resplendent as he or she can devise; everybody enjoys himself; and the theater is a saloon as well as a theater—where society goes to make itself heard and seen, as well as to listen and behold. What a brilliant, noisy, cluttering London it is, one of these limpid June nights! There is something infectious in the gay sounds and sights of which the stately quarters west of the parks are full. Every other house is alight from top to bottom; the roll of equipages is ceaseless; the burly, curly-wigged, scarlet-coated, cockaded coachmen are everywhere; the escutcheons on the coach doors glitter in the gaslight; little covered ways from the doors of lofty mansions to the curb-stones, with carpets laid beneath, obstruct your way at every other step; and, as you pass, cloud-like forms pop out of the carriages, whisk by in a twinkling, and hurry along in over the carpeted pathway; not so quickly, however, but that you are dazzled by a glitter of jewels and a shimmer of silk. Within, there is the subdued hubbub of conversation, or perhaps the rumble of a waltz; all round about is bustle and rattling; and you ask yourself if these are really the melancholy folk which the blithe old French chronicler of the fourteenth century so lugubriously describes. My fashionable friend, who seldom goes to bed, in the season, until he has made his appearance in half a dozen West End drawing-rooms, clearly enjoys it all, and comes out next morning as only an Englishman can—as fresh and red-cheeked as if he had just come off a Devonshire farm."

LADIES' CLUBS.

Apropos of the incipient steps that have been taken in New York to organize a club for ladies, or rather to establish waiting-rooms, a rendezvous for practical as well as social uses, the following reference to similar institutions in London will be of interest. Ladies coming much into town, says the *London Queen*, whether for pleasure or business, frequently feel the want of a quiet resting-place other than a pastry-cook's shop, or a railway refreshment-room, where they could make an appointment to meet a friend, a dressmaker, or a servant, and wait comfortably until it is time to return home with their husbands. This desideratum is well supplied by the Berners' Club for Ladies, at No. 9 Berners street. Here, for the moderate subscription of one sovereign per annum, and five shillings entrance fee, ladies can enjoy the accomodation afforded by a spacious drawing-room, and a pleasant, quiet library, fairly stocked with books, old and new, including Mudie's last acquisitions, four daily papers, and some of the best weekly periodicals, together with necessary conveniences for writing letters, etc. Here is ample provision for passing a few hours agreeably, or for resting, after the whirl of London streets and shops. Nor are the bodily wants by any means neglected; excellent plain meals can be procured in the comfortable dining-room at remarkably moderate prices. We point out these advantages of temporary accommodation to our lady readers living in the suburbs, believing that they will find this Berners' Club a very desirable London *pied-a-terre*, from its respectability, quiet, and comfort. The institution was, however, designed especially for the benefit of the ladies in London engaged in professional pursuits and in tuition. Many of these ladies are living alone in lodgings, and instead of being compelled to dine at some restaurant, and returning to a too frequently comfortless abode at the end of their day's work, they find in Berner street cheerful rooms, as in a comfortably appointed house, pleasant society, access to standard and current literature, and the power of seeing their friends by appointment, for the trifling outlay we have already mentioned. The value of such mental refreshment and rest to the routine worker can scarcely be estimated, and we are pleased to learn that the club is much used by the class of ladies to whom it is likely to be so useful. We doubt not that were the existence of this establishment more known, its comforts would be more widely taken advantage of. We are informed that many ladies whose social position and home duties do not render it necessary for them to avail themselves of the accommodation offered by the Berners' Club, belong to it for the purpose of swelling the fund necessary to provide for the comforts of their less fortunate sisters. We should like to see this good example extensively followed by the many happy wives, whose every want is anticipated and gratified. Lady authors, too, might help this useful institution by donations of their own or standard works to increase the library. Another establishment intended for the convenience of ladies visiting the West End is projected in a very central position, No. 8 Piccadilly. Here also a suite of rooms is provided to give ladies a chance of resting, making appointments with persons whom they wish to see, and of procuring needful refreshment. A special feature of this Ladies' West End Subscription Rooms is the provision of bed-rooms, where ladies may fit on dresses or dress for any evening entertainment in London, thereby sometimes avoiding a long drive. The proprietors seek to ensure respectability of their establishment by requiring an annual subscription of one guinea, and the registration of the name and address of the subscribers.

THE TRADE IN ITALIAN CHILDREN.

An Italian Gentleman has been interesting himself in the condition of young children of his nationality in New York, and his investigation has led to some rather startling developments. A ragged, half-starved little fellow, 12 years old, who was found promenading Central Park, was questioned concerning his antecedents, and stated that he was stolen out of his bed in his home in southern Italy, and brought to New York, where he was shut up in a cellar with other boys, at night, and made to play the fiddle, as soon as he had mastered a few tunes, by day in the street; if the sum he carried home to the "padrone" at night was too little, he was beaten. All he had to eat was black bread, and little enough of that. He says that ten little boys and four girls were kept in the cellar of his "padrone," and all were treated as he was. Moreover, while he was at his house, more than fifty children were brought in and taken away, having been sold to other men. Several thousand of these kidnapped children are in the United States, over three hundred having come in since March, most of them being brought to New York. There is a regular traffic in them, the prices ranging from $100 to $300 for boys, while girls often bring $500, or, if strikingly pretty, much more. It is said that there are two little girls who are to be seen playing every day in Wall street, for whom their owners paid $1,000. These little beggars pick up much more money than is commonly supposed, and keeping them is quite a profitable business. The commissioners of immigration should look to this revolting traffic in humanity, not only on account of its injurious character and of the brutal treatment to which the little things are subject, but because it is an intolerable nuisance upon the streets infested with them.

The New York Board of Health report that city to have been healthier thus far this season than it has been for any summer for many previous years.

Court Chat.

There is One Grand Institution of the East which, it is greatly to be desired, the Shah should not find flourishing here—to wit, backsheesh. A correspondent of the *Daily News*, who seems to have access to some recondite sources of information, gives publicity to the scandalous story that the Sultan was actually pestered for presents by the officials at Buckingham Palace. "One noble lord," "E. G." says, "who had, or still has, a situation about the Palace, bitterly complained that he had been left out of the distribution (of snuff-boxes covered with diamonds), and, like a sturdy beggar, whined and begged to the Grand Vizier till he got his snuff-box." We can hardly believe that such rapacity would have been betrayed, even had covetousness been felt, by any gentlemen occupying such a position at the Queen's Court. The domestic servants at Buckingham Palace and Windsor are well-known to have become—since a celebrated internal revolution accomplished by the late Prince Consort—a remarkably attentive and obliging household, exhibiting no peculiar attachment to "vails." It is a little too bad to hear that the high-placed dignitaries to whom gold and diamond snuff-boxes would be appropriate offerings, should be capable of actually asking for a *cadeau* from one of the Queen's guests. Probably it was precisely because he was the "Grand Turk," and not a Christian potentate, that the offender imagined it was not such "bad form" to dun him through his Vizier for backsheesh.

The Following Account of a memorial service for John Stuart Mill at Moncure Conway's chapel in London, says the *Observer*, is a strange mixture of heathenism and Christianity, reminding one of Nebuchadnezzar's image: "On Conway ascending the pulpit, the choir sang Fox's well-known strain, 'Famous old Chaucer, swan-like in dying,' after which he read certain extracts from the book of the Prophet Isaiah, commencing with, 'How beautiful are the feet of them,' etc. He then gave from Confucius the celebrated chapter 'On Character,' which forcibly points out the chief characteristics of divine and human nobility. This was followed by the recital of Buddha's essay on human graces, excellences and duties, and then concluded with the beatitudes from the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. After the hymn—

> 'Calmly, calmly lay him down ;
> He hath fought the noble fight ;
> He hath battled for the right ;
> He hath won the unfading crown'—

adapted from Gaskell, a meditation was given, which consisted of a short, well conceived enumeration of the various qualities and virtues, which, in Mr. Conway's opinion, are necessary to form the ideal character of an exemplary man. Then came the sermon, of which the text was: 'The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart.' The preacher then delivered an elaborate eulogy on Mr. Mill and his writings."

The Shah's Manners are "perfectly horrid," according to a Berlin correspondent. He has no idea of punctuality, and ruthlessly breaks engagements, even with the royal personages who are his hosts; he actually kept Mrs. Emperor William of Prussia waiting for him half an hour, one morning. Then he eats with his fingers, and getting hold of something that didn't suit his pampered palate, one day, he threw it on the Empress' dress. He speaks French fluently, but is ill at ease when there is a crowd around, and "balances first on one foot and then on another, like a hen on a hot griddle." He went to the theater, one night, escorting the Empress Augusta, but when he had led her to the front of the imperial box, he planked himself down in his chair, leaving her to do the bowing, in response to the music and rising of the audience. At the end of the first act, the Shah rose, and, instead of offering his arm to the Empress, caught hold of her and pushed her along, and as she didn't go fast enough to suit him, he "cast off his tow-rope and forged ahead, leaving her to haul up alongside" at the entrance to the salon. He is grouty and hard to please, too, and not the sort of a man one likes to entertain. Altogether, he is a troublesome guest for the European potentates, and if reports are true, they would be pleased to hear of a revolt in his harem, or a rebellion among his subjects, requiring his immediate presence in Persia.

Unhappy Amadeus.—The other day, crossing the Ponte Trinta, I met his ex-Majesty Don Amadeus of Spain. He was walking alone, and had a bunch of violets in his button-hole. He looked neither to the right nor the left, as he passed me; his vacant eyes stared into vacancy. His face was pale, haggard, and positively unhappy, and I could not help feeling a foolish sympathy with a disappointment which is so real to him, and so very unreal to most other persons. A few boys scampered after him, just as they used to do after Fisk and his likes in Broadway; the Florentines came to their shop doors, looked, pointed their fingers and laughed; but no hats were taken off, and nothing was further from anybody's mind than to cheer. Yet Amadeus' abdication seemed both honest and plucky, and I respected him for it, until I heard another interpretation of his design, the other day, which gives a very different coloring to the whole transaction. In any case, there was an immense deal of humbug in his return to Italy. The house of Savoy is deeply mortified, and the people are anything but enthusiastic.—*Florence Letter to New York Tribune.*

Prince Napoleon arrived at Paris from Italy on Friday morning, June 10th. His stay in France will be of short duration; he merely wants to establish his rights and to protest against the measure adopted against him by the ex-President of the provisional Republic,

London, July 7.---The *Herald's* correspondent at Khartoun telegraphs, via Alexandria, confirming the arrival of Sir Samuel and Lady Baker and party, all the details of which are known from previous dispatches. He adds: "Sir Samuel Baker succeeded in organizing district governments, appointing superintendents, and making Fatiko the chief station, Gondokooro being next in importance. He also established eight other principal posts, which form a connected chain from Nubia to Nyanza, and obtained one thousand additional troops. An important geographical discovery is said to have been made, which will astound the scientific world, as it is said that Lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza prove to be one and the same body of water, and a magnificent inland sea, 700 miles in length. It is further announced that vessels can be landed above the falls named after Sir Roderick Murchison, and sail to Ujiji. Sir Samuel Baker and party were in excellent health, and were to leave at once for Souskim, en route to Suez." The above narrative is direct from the explorer's lips.

The Statue of the late Prince Consort, for the Albert Memorial Chapel at Windsor Castle, has arrived. It is of white marble, and has been executed by Baron Triqueti. It represents the Prince in full uniform, in a recumbent position. Angels support the head, and a favorite dog lies at the feet. The inscription is, "Albert, the Prince Consort, born August 26, 1819; died December 14, 1861; buried in the Royal Mausoleum, Frogmore. I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course." The statue has been placed on the sarcophagus for the Queen to view it.

Ladies generally take an interest in family matters, especially when they concern a remarkable personage, and a rather handsome man, like the Shah of Persia. They may, perhaps, care to be reminded that Nasr-ed-din is the son of Mohammed Shah, one of the 48 children of the late Abbas Mirza, eldest of the 265 children of the celebrated Fath Ali Shah. He himself is the happy father of six daughters and three sons, all grown up or nearly so, though he is only forty years of age, and they have already given him twelve grand-children.

Editor Mail Bag:---For the past month or so we have been treated by the dailies with a continued brag of the timed ship race from this port to Liverpool, not one of whom has given a fair version of the same. Captain Evans, of the *La Escosa* (British), never expressed himself in any other manner than that the *Young America* (American), would arrive at Liverpool before his ship. His reasons were: First—Size, the *Young America* being about 600 tons the larger. Second—The *La Escosa*, being of iron, and not cleaned since leaving home, her bottom would be foul before arriving back. Third—The *La Escosa* was carrying sixty per cent. above her registered tonnage, while the other carried not quite forty per cent. above. Notwithstanding this state of facts, Commodore Allen comes out in a card, challenging any one to bet him that his ship, the *Favorite*, would make the better trip of the two, a comparison between the two being like one between "Occident" and Frank Pixley's mule. A noble Briton, Captain Arnold, of the bark *Times*, gives in his own language how the same ships passed him on a previous voyage: "I was (h)off the (H)orn, bound (h)ome from the West Coast, when one morning, with a stiff breeze, two ships were sighted astern coming up. About noon one of them came within (h)ail. *Says he*, 'Is that you, Arnold, my boy?' 'Ay, ay, my lad,' *says I. Damn my (h)eyes*, and that was all I had a chance to say to him. *Damn my (h)eyes!* A short time after the other one came up and give me a (h)ail. Says I to Evans, 'Give my regards to my box of diamonds when you get (h)ome. *Damn my (h)eyes*, and I had time to say plenty more if I had known what to have talked about. *Damn my (h)eyes!* Yours, OLD SALT.

The Man who was proud of having been kicked by the King of France, has always been looked upon as a fool of the first magnitude. But he was a real fool; and Brooklyn has the honor of sheltering his descendant in a right line. Hurr G. Hosmer is the name of something in the City of Churches, which writes to one of the New York papers that in 1862, being in London, it begged of Thos. Carlyle to receive it; which Carlyle did, and the Hosmer sat down at the tea-table between him and his wife. The talk was all on the part of Carlyle, and H. G. H. tells, with natural pleasure, how the great man virtually called it a fool, and how it asked for more, and got more, till Carlyle was pleased to send it home; because, no doubt, he grew tired of wasting his kicks. An American cannot but rejoice that his country produces an exceptional fine breed of toadies, long-eared, cold-blooded, pachydermatous objects, especially created for the satisfaction of foreign celebrities, naturally anxious to look upon a specimen of the free American. The Brooklyn thing is very fine of its kind; and we cannot but wonder at Carlyle's self-restraint, that he did not run a pin through the creature, and fasten it up in a glass case.

Clerical Presumption.---Coal-Mine Overlooker (to curate): "I can assure you, Sir, that these 'ere colliers, now they're in full work, can make their ten an' twelve shillin' a day!" Curate: "Dear me! ah! It's actually more than I get!" Overlooker: "More than you get? Why, it's more than I get!"

A REVERIE.

I paced in sad and thoughtful mood
Our little lane that runs a rood
To join the highway near the wood.

I looked above, and with surprise
I saw a thousand crimson dyes
In varying shades bedeck the skies.

A picture this (I spoke aloud),
The colors, sunlight, space, and cloud,
The limner is behind a shroud.

And while I gaze the gathering pall,
Erased the beauty past recall,
I wept because I knew not all.

I knew not all, nor could suppress
The thought, if due to feebleness,
Responsibility is less.

My soul then caught a subtile power,
Life seemed but wedded for an hour
To Time, with sorrow for its dower.

A few more risings of the sun,
A few more settings one by one,
And then our little part is done.

I thought, when from my feet there broke
A bird with hasty fluttering stroke,
And from my reverie I woke.

I searched and found whence it had flown
With leaves and long grass overgrown,
Its nest within a hollow stone.

My bursting heart that sought relief,
Now found a symbol of its grief,
Three fledgings and a withered leaf.

I mused again, for hours it seems,
With this the text of all my dreams,
New life and death, the two extremes.

J. S. B.

BARNEY ON THE BEAR.

The Bears in Jollyman's Menagerie were brown bears, which Barney, who was more of a Cockney than Smith, always introdooced to the public in this way: "Sing'lar to relate, ladies and gentlemen, the bear has as many toes as us, but it don't go a springin' on 'em like a dandy or a dancin' master—it puts its foot flat to the ground. The bear has likewise teeth like ourn—its cheek teeth are not sharp like those of other beasts of prey. Consekently it can live both on hanimal and wegetable food. But if he do once git a taste of beef and mutton, it's a case for the sheep and cattle round about—nothin' else will satisfy him. Poultry and ants, and all kinds of small hanimals the bear will gobble, and it is uncommon fond o' honey. It will climb up trees after honey, and with its strong claws it grubs up roots. Twigs and berries, and fruits, too, the bear is fond on, and it is also mentioned in Scriptur'. David killed, we are told, a lion and a bear before he let fly at the giant, and two she bears walked into forty-two of the kids that were pokin' fun at the prophet. But these *ain't* the bears that is mentioned in Scriptur'. These are brown bears, which is to be met with—sometimes horfener than is agreeable—in forests of Hurup and Hasier. The biggest is a pretty fine speciment, but whoppers weighin' full a hundred stun—butcher's stun of eight pounds—have frequently been shot. Of the great American grizzly, that can crack a man a deal heasier than you could crack a walnut, ladies and gentlemen, without the crackers, we never had a speciment; and our magnificant polar, which, when on its hind legs, could put its nose pretty nigh four yards above its toes, paid the debt o' natur', howin' to the unnat'ral succumetinces in which it found itself. The American black bear, formerly belonin' to this establishment, likewise suddenly hegspired, and the werdict of the faculty was—Buns. The hanimal's happetite for that specie of refreshment was unlimited, and the public's supply was ditto, but unfort'nately the quality worn't ekal to the quantity—the buns was doughy. Bear's flesh, ladies and gentlemen, is good eatin'—uncommon like fat pork and when cured, the hind legs make fust-chop hams. Young bear's as good as lamb, and the Rooshian royal family lick their lips over bears' paws, and the bear licks 'em hisself as if he liked 'em—but that's to make the new skin grow. He sleeps through the Winter in some hole or holler tree, and when dug out from the snow is found to be as fleshy as an alderman. In the spring he comes out of his own accord, lean and 'ungry, and is then most dangerous. He will tackle a man—whom he generally awoids—killin' him with kindness, by hugain' of 'im to death. The she-bear is likewise savage, if you try to take away her young uns."—"*The Traveling Menagerie*," *by C. Camden.*

The San Joaquin and Kings River Canal and Irrigation Company. This company have completed 40 miles of canal, which is 54 feet wide and has 4 feet depth of water. About 15,000 acres of crop, consisting of wheat, barley, corn, alfalfa, cotton, etc., are being successfully irrigated by its waters this year. The company intend, as soon as the means can be secured, to extend their canal 45 miles further, to enter the San Joaquin river at San Joaquin City, just below the mouth of the Stanislaus. When that is completed there will be 85 miles of canal, navigable throughout, and will irrigate over 300,000 acres of as fine land as there is in the State, securing it forever from the effect of drought. The canal from Tulare Lake to Antioch, which this company propose to construct, is a work wholly distinct from the one just named. This Tulare Lake Canal will irrigate from 400,000 to 500,000 acres, and the two canals will command nearly 800,000 acres of land, and both will be navigable throughout.

Commercial Summary.

Six Months of 1873 having passed, a retrospective view of business affairs will not be inappropriate at this time. The first half of the year has been prolific of no important speculative movement in any article of staple merchandise. Business has, however, been steadily progressive in volume, and money steadily becoming more plentiful and at lessened rates of interest. The financial status of our merchants and traders will compare favorably with that of any city on the continent. Few failures have occurred among business men, and while no sudden or great acquisitions of wealth have accrued to any as the result of some speculative operation, yet the percentage of gain accruing from regular business has been satisfactory to the masses. Imports have been considerable, yet by no means oppressive to any. Stocks of staple merchandise in general are not burdensome, as was heretofore the case, and the general complexion of commercial affairs upon the Pacific Slope is eminently satisfactory. Our exports of Breadstuff for the harvest year are more than 100 per cent. greater than in any previous year of California's history, aggregating 11,000,000 centals of Wheat, valued at about $20,000,000. Our Wool shipments have been correspondingly large, having received from the interior the past six months 18,000,000 ℔s; exported eastward in same time, 14,000,000 ℔s. Our stock now on hand, 3,500,000 ℔s. In addition to this, our shipments of Wine, Salmon, Fruits, etc., Hides, Leather, etc., have been of considerable and increasing value. Our Mines have yielded freely both of precious and base metals, so that we are likely to make our combined exports for the year reach at least *one hundred millions of dollars.*

In Presenting a bird's-eye view of our leading markets, we will append in round figures the aggregate imports for six months. Thus, of Coffee—

	Six months, 1872.	Six months, 1873.
Receipts	8,250,000 ℔s.	8,200,000 ℔s.

And since the 1st of July, our Coffee imports aggregate 28,500 bags from Central American ports, leaving only two more cargoes of this year's crop to arrive. Holders are very firm in exacting 18@20c for good to prime Greens, while some importing holders are under limits of 22c, or more, and are not disposed to crowd the market or to make sales at present, looking for improved prices later in the season. The opening up of a large market in Missouri for our surplus Coffee is a great help to us. Already, this year, over 2,500,000 ℔s. of Greens have been shipped to St. Louis, and there is every prospect of a continuance of this trade. The market is now bare of Brazil, Ceylon and Manila, though of the latter, imports have not ceased, as is the case with Ceylon and Rio. The stock of O. G. Java is light, Kona taking its place to some extent.

Sugar Imports for the first six months of the current year in round figures aggregate 40,000,000 pounds, as against same period of 1872, 32,000,000. If we add to these figures stocks on hand for the corresponding periods, we find that we had available for consumption in 1872, six months, 41,850,900 pounds, against 55,250,000, six months, 1873. The demand for Sugar has of late been below the average, owing to comparatively high prices, for when prices early in the year were low, every buyer and consumer stocked up liberally, thus lessening the demand in the last quarter. The Sugar trade in imports other than Hawaiian has largely passed into the hands and under control of the refiners, who now import the bulk of all refined by them. The Hawaiians send us chiefly grocery grades, selling from 7¼@9¾c. The business of importing Hongkong refined Sugar has proved very disastrous to the shippers, and will no doubt be discontinued for the future. The past six months our largest imports came from Batavia, 4,000,000 pounds; Peru, 3,000,000 pounds; Hawaiian, 2,800,000 pounds; Central American, 2,250,000 pounds; Manila, 1,500,000 pounds; China, 1,500,000 pounds: Mexico, 435,000 ℔s. Our average Sugar consumption per annum for two years past is about 60,000,000 pounds. Present price of White Refined, 11c; and Golden, 9½c.

In Reference to Rice Imports, they have been for six months in 1872, 22,500,000 pounds; 1873, 18,000,000 pounds; this exhibit shows a deficiency of 4,500,000 pounds for the period named. This branch of trade has greatly fallen into the hands of the Chinese resident here and in the interior, they being also the largest consumers. The market for some time past has been very sluggish, between the range of 6@7c. for China. Thus far during the year our chief supplies have come from Hongkong. Present stocks are liberal and the trade very slack.

As Regards Tea Imports for the past six months, some increase is discernable, say in 1873, 1,850,000 pounds against 1,150,000 pounds same time in 1872. A large quantity received here is in transit for the East and is not entered at our Custom House, and is not therefore included in our figures. Our local trade seems to be growing steady, but the business of importing is more scattered; heretofore two or three wealthy firms controlled it all, but now there are half a dozen large houses and a dozen jobbing houses, all claiming to be importers. Auction trade sales with us are held perhaps every sixty days. Our sales are being extended Eastward quite steadily and will in time be of considerable importance.

Traffic in the leading items shows that our local manufactures are doing considerable towards checking Eastern supplies on this coast. Bags for grain are largely made here and of good quality. Boots and shoes show a large falling off in Eastern supplies, thus establishing the fact that home Pacific Coast factories are making visible headway reducing imports 50 per cent. in six months. Candles come from the East in increased quantities, but another year will show a great

change to the credit of home manufactories. Provisions continue coming from the East in large quantities, such as Sugar Cured Hams, Bacon, Lard, etc. Butter and cheese, on the contrary, show an exhibit favorable to an increased Pacific Coast product. Hogs on foot in quantities are now arriving here from Nevada. Our farmers ought to give more heed to the raising of swine upon this coast; there is no crop so profitable as hog raising in California if well applied. Eggs in large quantities come here from Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, etc., and though selling at comparartively low prices are profitable to the shipper, if he succeeds in getting them here in good order.

Tonnage continues scarce and is likely to be so for sixty days to come; the last freight engagement to the United Kingdom for Wheat was at £5. This we consider an extreme rate. At present there is but little new business offering. Wheat arrives very sparingly, and ships now on the berth make slow progress in loading. Shippers pay $1 65 for wheat delivered alongside, but at this price farmers are by no means anxious to sell. Most of them are now in the harvest field, and have no time to bring their grain to market. Macondray's steamship Valley of Lorne, for Hongkong, sailed on the 10th instant with 12,720 quarter sacks flour. The Arizona, for Panama, carried en route for New York, 1,200 half sacks. Parrott's steamship Cyphrenes, hence for Hongkong July 3d, carried 18,960 quarter sacks flour. The flour market is sluggish; superfine can be bought at $4@4 25, extra superfine $4 50@4 75, extra $5@5 50 per 196 lbs; the latter an extreme price for best silk-dressed extra. Millers buy all the good old wheat they can get at $1 70@1 75; new crop selling at $1 60@1 65. Barley - the crop is a full average one—feed selling at $1 12½@1 15; brewing, $1 20@1 30. Oats are not plentiful; price, $1 75 @1 90. Corn is quite abundant at $1 25@1 30. Hay, $10@14 per ton. Potatoes, $1@1 50 per 100 lbs. Hides, 15½@16c for dry Mexican; California, 16½@17c; dry, 8½@9½c. Tallow, 6@6½c. Wool, over present stock, upwards of 3,000,000 lbs. The steamship Ajax, July 8th, brought 629 bales Oregon, and for this description of fleece there continues an active demand, at some advance upon previous rates. Recent sales of choice Northern fleece have been effected at 22@25c, the latter for superior clips of long staple. Burry and inferior Southern fleece has also advanced fully two cents per pound from the lowest rates of the season, now quotable at 14@15c; medium clips, 16@18c; average, 19@20c; good to choice Northern, 22@25c, the latter an extreme figure.

Fruit.—The market is now profusely supplied with Peaches of medium quality and of small size, selling to canners at 40@50c. per basket, which is considerably lower than last year. The Cherry and Currant season is rapidly drawing to a close, though there is still quite a quantity of Currants to come in, the most of which will probably go to the factory, as the trade takes but little. Other kinds of fruit are in better demand and more salable. The Royal Ann Cherries sell readily at 17*a* 18c. Apples are now very plentiful and cheap. Tomatoes come forward rather sparingly as yet. Figs, both black and white, are in good supply; our people as a whole do not take kindly to them, requiring to be educated up to a knowledge of their goodness in a ripe, fresh state. Blackberries, Strawberries, and Raspberries continue in good supply. The markets make a splendid exhibit at this season of the year, the assortment consisting of Apricots, Pears, and all other kinds in their season. The Staghound, from Tahiti, brought 180 M Oranges, Limes, Cocoanuts, etc. We quote as follows: Apples, choice, $1*a*1 25 per box; common, 50*a*$1 pebox, 30@50c. per basket. Pears, Bartlett, $3 50 per box; common, 50c. *a* $1 per box. Peaches, Crawford's, $1 50*a*3 per basket, according to quality; Hale's Early, $1*a*1 50; Tillotson, 30*a*50c.; Grapes, 5*a*8c. per lb. Plums, 3*a*12½c. per lb. Strawberries, $3 50*a*5 per chest. Raspberries, 8*a*10c. per lb. Gooseberries, 8*a*9c. Blackberries, 8*a*10c. per lb. Red Currants, 6c. per lb, 4c. to canners. Figs, 8*a*10c. Apricots, 3½*a*5c. per lb, $1*a*1 25 per basket. Oranges, Tahiti, $40*a*45 per M. Lemons, Sicily, $6 per 100; Los Angeles, $5*a*6 per 100. Limes, $15 per M. Bananas, $3*a*5 per bunch. Pine Apples, $6*a*9 per doz. Cocoanuts, $12 50 per 100. Watermelons, $12*a*18 per 100. Cantaloupes, $2 per doz. Dried Fruit—Apples, 6*a*7c. per lb in sacks, 7*a*8c. in boxes; Plums, 5*a*8c., pitted 16*a*18c.; Raisins, 5*a*12½c.; Figs, 8*a*10c.; Figs, white, 15*a*18c.

The Bag Market shows improvement. Sales for the week, 14⅛ *a* 14⅛c; now held higher. Agents for Gilroy Burlaps are now demanding 15½. Coal continues to rule; English, steam, $9 *a* 9 50; West Hartley, $11 *a* 11 50; Cumberland, $20 *a* 22 50; Coast Bituminous, $8 50 *a* 10; Chili, $12 50; Anthracite, $10 *a* 12. Chemicals are in quite moderate supply and prices firm and steady. Borax abundant at 20 *a* 25c. Salmon is plentiful with large shipments to Liverpool. French goods are in renewed supply; prices steady. Malt liquors are in better supply, but good prices prevail. Metals move off sluggishly. Pig Iron, $50 *a* 52 50. Oils.—coast whale, sold at 30 *a* 32½c; Caster oil, $1 25 *a* 1 50. Petroleum has declined to 34c for standard, and 40c for Devoe's in cases. Provisions are plentiful, and prices for the most part as heretofore. Choice Sugar Cured Hams, 14 *a* 15c; Bacon, 11½ *a* 13¾c; Lard, 11 *a* 11¾c; Cheese, 10 *a* 14c, latter rate for factory; Butter, 25 *a* 30c; Eggs plentiful at 25 *a* 30c. Spices are quite scarce. Salt is slow of sale. Syrups, 60c in kegs, 55c in hf bbls, 52½c in bbls for California golden. Spirits remain unchanged in value. T. H. Cutter's Old Bourbon continues to command the market.

Quicksilver.—A contemporary says that the "Redington mine, which for years has been the third, and may become the second, Quicksilver mine in the State in the amount of its production, has not yet finished its new furnaces, and will probably not get under full headway again before November. The consump-

tion of our coast is about 19,000 flasks annually, and other portions of the continent about 11,000, so that North America supplies her own demand, with no surplus." There is no good reason why the production of this valuable staple is so greatly restricted upon the Pacific slope. We have the ability to supply not only the entire wants of the United States, but also meet the large export requirement of Mexico and China. It is simply the restrictive policy of the monopolizers that these things are so, and the price crowded up to $1 ℔ lb. It can be produced at a large profit for half the present price. A new mine, the St. John's, near Vallejo, has recently erected a new furnace, which is now complete and in operation, and is capable of producing 150 flasks per month. This and the Phœnix mine product is under the agency of C. Langley & Co. At last advices, the price in London had advanced to £15 ℔ flask.

Imports for the current month include four full cargoes of Central American Coffee, and general merchandise from France, England, Scotland, and the Atlantic States; Coast supplies of Coal, Lumber, and produce in general to a liberal extent. Our exports include Flour, Wheat, Wool, Oil, Wine, Lumber, Salmon, Lead, and other home products too numerous here to mention.

University of California. The following is the daily order of exercises for Commencement: Friday, July 11th, at 8 P. M., Durant Rhetorical Society, Brayton Hall—Oration by Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D.; poem by Charles Warren Stoddard. Saturday, July 12th, at 8 P. M., Neolœan Literary Society, Brayton Hall—Debate and other literary exercises. Monday, July 14th, at 8 P. M., Zeta Psi Society, Brayton Hall—Oration by Rev. W. A. Scott, D. D.; poem by E. B. Pomeroy, B. A. Tuesday, July 15th, at 4 P. M., at Brayton Hall—Selections from the Theses of the graduating class; presentation of candidates for Degrees. Tuesday, July 15th, at 6:30 P. M., Grand Central Hotel—Annual Festival of the Alumni Association. Wednesday, July 16th, at 4 P. M., Commencement—At the North College (College of Letters), Berkeley. Wednesday, July 16th, from 8 to 10 P. M.—President's Reception, at the parlors of the Grand Central Hotel, Oakland. Candidates for admission will be examined Tuesday, July 15th, at 9 A. M., at the College building, Oakland.

San Franciscans Abroad.—PARIS.—Mrs. M. A. Bartlett, Miss Alice Bartlett, Miss Annie Bartlett, 4 Rue Balzac; F. A. Benjamin, Grand Hotel; Mrs. Wm. E. Brown, 5 Rue Euler; Alfred Elfet, Grand Hotel; Mrs. Matthias Gray, Hotel des Deux Mondes; Mrs. A. E. Head, Miss C. R. Head, 49 Rue Lafayette; Mrs. C. G. Hooker, 49 Rue Lafayette; Miss L. M. Nudd, Miss S. P. Nudd, Hotel Chatham; Charles M. Plum, 45 Rue de Trevise; E. W. Scott, Hotel Chatham; Lloyd Tevis and family, Grand Hotel. LONDON.—Miss Nellie Chapman, Miss Lizzie Chapman, 29 Upper Bedford Place; Mrs. M. Cheeseman, Miss C. Cheeseman, Golden Cross Hotel.—*American Register.*

In San Francisco, the total assessment this year was $215,709,778, of which sum $169,504,129 is of real estate, and $46,205,649 of personal property. A tax of 1½ per cent. on the total amount would yield a revenue of $3,235,646 67, which, it is thought, will be amply sufficient. One per cent. ($2,157,097 78) will be sufficient for municipal requirements, while fifty cents on each $100 will doubtless be sufficient for the State tax. The valuation of property this year is $82,175,464 less than that of 1872, in consequence of the recent decision of the Supreme Court, declaring mortgages and solvent debts exempt from taxation.

Californians Registered at the Office of Charles Le Gay, American Commission Merchant, 1 Rue Scribe, Paris, June 20, 1873.—Lloyd Tevis and family, Thos. Sunderland and family, Mrs. A. J. Butler, Mrs. E. R. Cory, W. M. Smith, Chas. M. Plum, A. E. Head and family, Miss Head, C. G. Hooker and family, J. B. Dickinson and wife, C. F. Fargo, Mrs. S. Ladd, Judge McRea, Mrs. C. Reis and family, Mrs. A. L. Barnes, Geo. A. Worn and family, L. Scellier, H. Laurencel, Chas. Crocker.

A Cardiff Paper, in reporting the ceremony of turning the first sod of a new colliery undertaking near Celynen, near Abercarne, pays the following compliment to a lady who took a prominent part in the proceedings:—"Mrs. Beynon, in a navvy-like manner, wheeled the barrow containing the first sod along the plank to the place assigned, and returned with the barrow behind her in a most workman-like manner."

Ambition.—Grandmamma (encouragingly)—"And what will you be, Harry, when you grow up?" Harry—"Please, Gran'ma, I'd like to be an organ-grinder with a monkey."

THE SUNFISH.

In the cool clear stream,
Where the white pebbles gleam,
You glide through murmurous ways of shade and sun,
Where currents of untroubled pleasance run.

Thrills of most exquisite
Rare happiness flit
Ever across the crystal of your life,
Unsmitten of any dissonance or strife.

Uninterrupted flow,
Above you and below,
Broad volumes of rich music undefiled,
And artless as the first song of a child.

And my life, too,
Is sweetly drifting through
A crystal deep of wonderful harmony—
Of songs of birds and streams poured over me!

—*James Maurice Thompson, in Appleton's Journal for June.*

SNAKE-CHARMER.

The Most Charming Snake-Charmer is Mrs. M., whom an inquirer, "not very much afraid of snakes," has been kindly allowed to interview. Mr. M., who received the visitor, after remarks upon the weather, produced out of a cupboard a large boa-constrictor, a python, and several small snakes, which at once made themselves at home on the writing-table, among pens, ink, and books. Interviewer was a good deal startled, when the two large snakes coiled round and round Mr. M., and began to notice himself with their bright eyes and forked tongues. Mr. M. then went to call Mrs. M., leaving him alone with the boa deposited on an arm-chair. He felt queer when the animal began gradually to come near him, to improve their *tête-a-tête*, but was soon relieved by the entrance of his hosts, followed by two little children, charming and charmers also. The lady and the children went at once to the boa, and, calling it by the most endearing names, allowed it to twine itself most gracefully round about them. This boa-constrictor, as thick round as a small tree, twined playfully round the lady's waist and neck, forming a kind of turban round her head, and expecting to be petted and made much of like a kitten. The children over and over again took its head in their hands and kissed its mouth, pushing aside its forked tongue in doing so. "Every one to his taste," as the old man said when he kissed the cow. The animal seemed much pleased, but kept continually turning its head toward interviewer, until he allowed it for a moment to nestle its head up his sleeve. This splendid serpent coiled all around Mrs. M., while she moved about the room and when she stood up to pour out coffee.

About a year ago Mr. and Mrs. M. were away for six weeks, and left the boa in charge of a keeper at the Zoo. The poor reptile moped, slept, and refused to be comforted; but, when his master and mistress appeared, he sprang upon them with delight, coiling himself round them, and showing every sympton of intense delight. The children are devoted to their "darling C'eo," as they call the snake, and smiled when interviewer asked if they were ever frightened by it.

Interviewer's conclusion. It is mere prejudice, when snakes are not venomous, to abhor them as we do. They are intelligent and harmless, perfectly clean, with no sort of smell, make no kind of noise, and move about far more gracefully than lapdogs or other pets. These seemed very obedient, and remained in their cupboard when told to do so.—*All the Year Round.*

CIVILIZATION AND CAPTAIN JACK.

The First Evidence given us that the Modocs have felt the influence of civilization is Captain Jack's explanation of the hand he took in the recent Lava Bed troubles. Now the untutored savage of olden times would have maintained a dignified silence in the presence of his captors or simply remarked, "I did it with my little hatchet—I am prepared to die;" and wrapping his robe around him he would have received his death wound with stolid indifference, and died chanting the war song of his nation. But Captain Jack has given up all such foolish ideas of Indian etiquette and has adopted the civilized dodge, and says, "Now, look here, boys, a joke's a joke, but this has gone far enough. You can't play this on me. Never saw General Canby; don't know him. When he got killed I was trying to stop the row, that was all. Always did like the whites anyhow, and tried to help 'em along. Never stole anything in my life; always bought it and come down with the coin like a man. The other fellows were always trying to kick up a disturbance, but I wasn't. Never shot off a gun during the whole fight; 'pon honor I didn't. You see I ain't the man you're looking after at all. Now just ask the boys and see if I ever told a lie in my life. I wouldn't tell a lie to be President of the whole United States." If the authorities don't swallow Jack's explanation, he will have to fall back on the insanity dodge.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The T. C. learns from a special sent direct from the White House, that U. S. Grant was actually crowned Emperor of the United States last Wednesday evening. His informant, who was an eye-witness, thus describes the mysterious and imposing ceremony: "Last night, after the President had read prayers and was taking his usual allowance of Old Bourbon and fifty-cent cigars, a ring was heard at the front door-bell, which, being immediately answered, a party of twenty-five mysterious visitors was found, one of whom, evidently the leader, handed the servant a small note for the President, and said he would wait for an answer. Despite the late hour of the evening, the servant was so much impressed with the serious and important demeanor of the visitors, that he at once took the note to the President. He found him just pouring a regular three-finger dose down his throat, and was met with the somewhat uncourteous remark, "What the h—l do you want? Can't you let a coon take his tansey in peace?" "Please, your Excellency," replied the somewhat abashed attendant, "a party of very high-toned gentlemen are outside, and one of them gave me this (here he handed the President an embossed envelope), and said he would wait for an answer." U. S. impatiently tore open the envelope, and having perused its contents with evident satisfaction, said, "Show these gentlemen in at once. Yet stay! Put away the whisky and cigars first, and bring me a copy of our Constitutional laws from the library. And so," cried the President, "my fondest hopes are about to be realized. O, this is hunky!" The servant quickly returned with the book, Grant struck an attitude of deep study, and the guests were announced. "Settle down," said the President, "and make yourselves quite at home. I'm glad to see you all, though you have somewhat surprised me." "Most worthy and potent sire," answered the tall man who had given the note to the servant, pulling at the same time a large bandbox from under his cloak, "we have tested the feelings of the country, and have found them to be almost universally in favor of the little Imperial suggestion we made to your Excellency some time ago; so much so, that we have taken the liberty to wait upon you in order this night to place upon your head a crown which could never find a worthier wearer." Here the President smiled, and blushed a pale purple, but overcoming his embarrassment, he thus replied: "Gentlemen, I have long felt that there was a something wanting to make my head feel as it should feel (cries of no, no), and that something is what I guess you've got in that ere band-box. Produce it, put it on me, and let us have peace! But stay," he said, scratching his left ear in a thoughtful way, "I reckon the missus and Nellie ought to see me topped up." He then pulled the bell, and told the servant to tell Mrs. Grant and Miss Nellie to come down at once, and if in bed to "hurry up their fixings," as he was very anxious to see them as soon as possible. In about ten minutes a rap came at the door, and a pretty face, with hair in curl papers, peeped in. Seeing so many people, however, it hastily popped back. "Don't be scared, Nell," shouted the President, "where's the mother?" "She's outside, Pa," answered the owner of the head. After a little more parleying in they both came. Mrs. U. S. was tastily dressed in a blue and red striped dressing gown, spotted with stars, while Miss Nellie wore "a robe de chambre," composed entirely of the breast feathers of eagles. A worthy Bishop, whose name I dare not repeat, then proceeded to read some scarcely audible words over the President, who had in the meantime thrown himself flat on his back, and kicking the lid of the band-box produced a first class crown, which, after telling Grant to get up, he placed upon his noble brow and hailed him as Emperor of the United States. The twenty-four other visitors then threw off their cloaks and masks, and discovered to the astonished President all the most influential Bankers, Steamboat, Railway, Credit Mobilier, etc., men in the States. Feeling bound to say something, the Emperor thus briefly spoke: "This is the proudest moment of my life." Ladies retire. "What will you take, gentlemen?" At a late hour next morning, twenty-five masked and cloaked visitors left the White House in an express wagon, singing lustily, though huskily, "Long live our Emperor! Long live great Grant!"

The Ladies of Brooklyn seem to have met with a most severe disappointment. The dead body of a man was lying in the Brooklyn morgue awaiting identification. One old lady thought it was her son-in-law, but on a closer examination she could not find the scar that her daughter had inflicted on him just before he became missing for six months. The tears of this bereaved mother-in-law were heart-rending when she knew for certain that it was *not* her son. Two ladies from the land of saurkraut and lightning-conductor hats had a little difference of opinion as to the identity of the corpse. One said it was her husband, while the other swore it was her son. The former was horribly amazed, and the latter visibly affected, at not finding the "strawberry mark," without which no identification can be complete. A sweet and blushing young wife from the Fatherland also recognized the pants of the deceased as those of her Ferdinand, who took $700 away, and remarked on parting, "I'm going away for to leave you, so good-bye." She swore to a scar on the left arm of the corpse, which had been caused by the accidental explosion of a cannon, whilst her husband was looking down it to see if it were clean. The obliging showman of the morgue—an Italian of the name of McGuire—dispelled the illusion by explaining that the well-known scar to which the would-be widow alluded was merely caused by one of the numerous icebergs which float around morgues. This fair creature also went home a sadder but a wiser woman. Thus three loving hearts were broken, and one cracked. Such is life. *Sic transit*, etc., etc.

"**New York, July 8th.**—An exhibition game of billiards was given last evening, by several experts at St. Cecilia Church, on One Hundred and Fifth street." The *T. C.* thinks this a step in the right direction, and would suggest the following programmes in our churches when sermons fail to draw, and sacred concerts don't clear enough to buy sacramental hard tack: **Trinity.**—A grand exhibition in aid of the funds of this church will be held on ——, when the following racy programme will be gone through: A set-to with gloves between the two well-known Professors, Kip and Silliman; a Virginia Reel by the members of the choir, led by the "stiff brother;" "We won't go home till morning," simultaneously in three different keys by the organist, with bagpipe accompanyment by the sexton; to conclude with the "same old plate trick" by the collectors. **Calvary.**—A grand entertainment in aid of destitute bummers will take place at this church on —— next, when the public may expect a rich treat. Programme:—Mr. Hemphill will illustrate the "Rakes Progress," with graphic illustrations, and volunteer assistance from some of our most noted leaders of fashion; Michael Reese will take part in scene No. 1; a gentleman, of some note as an elocutionist, will then read some striking verses from Byron's Don Juan. The performance will end with a ballad by the ladies and gentlemen who have taken part in the "Rakes Progress," introducing an Irish jig by Hemphill. **Dr. Stone's.**—On the —— of this month a game of Faro will be introduced in this church, the funds derived from which will be devoted to furnishing the most Rev. Dr. with a set of false teeth. **St. Mary's.**—The clock of this church sadly requiring a coat of *green* paint, an evening entertainment will be given on ——, introducing the following highly interesting features: Comic song, by Bishop Alemany, "O take the girls away from me!" double somersault, by six young priests; the wonderful Stigmata trick, by a young lady of this city; a set-to with shillalahs, by Patrick Murphy and Phil McMahon. To conclude with "Finnegan's Wake," by the choir.

The Board of Education, and other boards of wooden heads, are blather-skiting about what shall be done with the condemned ship, all agreeing that she should be placed at the service of the hoodlum custodians for their delicate wards. One way to dispose of these wayward juveniles, after having them on board a short time, is to palm them off on some unsuspecting shipmaster, who, if he spanks one of them, will be arrested upon his return to the United States, and thus make fun for the lawyers and newspapers. What sport we have in prospect. Dog Jack recommends that she be placed in command of that *weather beaten* mariner, the Shipping Commissioner, who will receive all the festive hoodlum youths on board, and make mariners or soldiers of them, as he understands drilling soldiers better than shipping sailors, judging from his knowledge of the latter duty as shown daily. Should the ship not be large enough to afford the room for drilling, he could get permission from Pickering and Fitch to take them to Goat Island for that purpose, and when wanted for service in Arizona, they could be sent down by that Atlantic and Pacific Railroad which they did not build last year.

While the T. C. was leisurely talking to one of the clerks at the Lick House (one who unlike most hotel clerks is a most pleasant gentleman), the most perfect type he ever saw of the unsophisticated Irishman walked, or rather hopped in. His hair was the color of a cocoanut fibre door mat, sprinkled with cayenne pepper. His underlip protruded in such a way as to render the use of a pocket handkerchief a work of supererogation, while the vast amount of real estate he carried on his face, neck, and hands stamped him at once as an embryo land owner. This child, or rather freak of nature, inquired for the Stewand, Mr. S ——, and, on being politely told that he was not home, looked half angry and half sorrowful. Scissors, soft-soap, a spokeshave, and a strong solution of "blue mass," carefully rubbed over his person, will, no doubt, in a short time, metamorphose this sweet specimen of humanity into a first-class waiter, and for aught the *Town Crier* knows he may himself have the sublime pleasure of having his soup spilt over his clean shirt-front, or his butter carefully rubbed down by the deft fingers of this distinguished foreigner.

The T. C. cannot bear to see any one in tears (rather suggestive of a dead frog in spirits). No, his tender nature, one which even the death of a bed bug or the sacrifice of a mosquito affects, melts at the sight, and he, though he blushes to own it, feels bound out of sympathy to make one more in producing a briny shower. Imagine the fearful effect of the following unfeeling parody composed by a funny friend:

"Oh, old Thiers, unhappy Thiers,
Who hast now no chance to reign;
I am glad that it is so,
And that France is free again."

Sacramento is a great city. It celebrated the Fourth of July in a surprising manner; not quite new as to form, indeed, but as to matter, purely original and Sacramental. The procession, and the rest of it, passed off as well as could be expected; but the crowning glory of the day was an oration in honor of the big-fisted Northmen, who carried hammers, and robbed all their neighbors; a kind of relash of history, secundum Carlisle and Kingsley. An illustration of the fact that the rougher the climate the better the man, was found in "Athens and Sparta, which were free and vigorous under a 'forbidding sky.'" This rather staggered our settled belief in the Grecian heavens; but rising to the hight of the occasion, we remembered with pleasure that the sky of Athens, and even of Sparta, always forbade the existence of any such tremendous boobies as grow in Sacramento.

What a Poor Opinion the New York correspondents must have of our California dailies, when they telegraph the wretched jokes of the parricide Walworth across the continent; and what a still poorer one our dailies must have of the public when they publish them. To shoot some one seems about the surest way to become famous, for the meanest joke or most commonplace remark proceeding from the mouth of a murderer is immediately telegraphed all over America, while the lofty genius of such men as Pickering, MacCrellish, etc., is condemned by an unsympathizing public to the ignoble office of wrapping up tripe, liver, crabs, and such daintics. If Mac would only choke his grandmother (*Alta*) with a slice of Saucelito, or Pick smother his last born hybrid with a wrapper, the telegraph would flash their movements to the utmost corners of the earth, and eager multitudes would gloat over their every word.

The Reason Why. We have often thought that the singular animosity of the Irish against the Chinese presented some of the features of a family quarrel; but, being horribly afraid of Irish arguments, we never dared to say so much before. Now, we find a brother of the holy Society of Jesus, the Rev. S. Thebaud, declaring in his great work on "The Irish Race," that the Irish are the oldest people in the world except the Chinese. There is no longer any doubt possible. Here we have the clue to the origin of that feeling, which vents itself in cobble-stones and *Chronicles*. But for the cunning of the Chinese in stepping in ahead of them, the Irishmen might to-day wear the pig-tails, and smoke the opium, and do the cheap washing, and be chicken thieves instead of Supervisors. We almost forgive their hatred of the Mongol.

For the Thousandth Time has the request just been put to the unfortunate *T. C.*, to render a decision on the great question now before the public—"Wherefore does a canine vibrate its caudal appendage?" For the thousandth time has he begged those interesting specimens of inquisitiveness to go to Hades! He now appeals to the world for sympathy and protection. He respectfully petitions the city daddies to pass an ordinance directing the pound-keeper to arrest all such offenders. In his palatial mansion they will have ample opportunity to ratify their mind on the above question.

Vive la France! The glorious army, which, since '70, had been rather in the shade, has regained its prestige since the grand victory on Friday last. *La revanche* has commenced; the first battle has been fought. The success of the *grande nation* would have been doubtful but for the masterly ability with which General Hewston caused the Tentons to retreat. All hail to the victor! We humbly suggest that the Legion of Honor be conferred on the mighty warrior! Nobly does he deserve of his—no, of another fellow's country.!

Senator Casserly, finding that he can get his shirts (he has two) washed cheaper East, has been in the habit of "franking" one each month to New York. As, however, the little franking game is about played out, he sent two at the end of last month, and might have been seen at home pacing the room, wrapped in a green blanket, till Saturday last, when he got a big mail, and now adorns our sidewalks in all the splendor of a snowy white shirt-front and a large diamond (native) breast-pin.

The Public Schools were reopened on the 7th July. Among the first questions put to the pupils was this: "If the World's Fair at Vienna is called by the English an *Exhibition*, by the Germans an *Ausstellung*, by the French an *Exposition*, by what name should it be known to Americans?" The pupils answered, in chorus: "It is known in America as the Vienna *Exposure*."

The New Minister.—The Rev. W. N. Van DeMark, of Pittsburg, Penn., who has accepted the call from the First Universalist Society, arrived in this city on Thursday evening. The Society met at 804 Bush street, last evening, to give him a most heartily, social greeting. He will preach his first sermon in Pacific Hall, on Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, and in due time the *Town Crier* will photograph him.

Pacific Mail Stock Enjoined.—NEW YORK, July 11th.—The Chairman of the Stock Exchange this morning issued the following notice to members of the Board: "Morton, Bliss & Co. have been enjoined from transferring any Pacific Mail stock in the name of persons recently published as bondholders, and such stock is not now good on delivery to purchasers."

The Annual Election for Directors of the Central Pacific Railroad was held in this city yesterday, with the following result: Leland Stanford, C. P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, E. H. Miller, Jr., Robert Robinson, C. H. Cummings and Wm. E. Brown. All the so denominated branch roads of the Central Pacific, except the California Pacific, will hold their election to-day.

A New Story is told of Sidney Smith, who rebuked Lord Melbourne's profanity by saying, "Let us assume that everybody and everything are damned, and proceed with the subject."

PLUNKETT AND PRIOR.

It was School Director Plunkett, and he said to Mr. Prior,
"I do not care a damn, sir, for the way you think of me;"
Then back to Mr. Plunkett spoke the plucky Mr. Prior—
"Ditto, sir, to you!" says he.

Then the School Director madly smashed the fearless Mr. Prior,
Smashed, and beat, and knocked and kicked him, in a manner sad to see;
But the more he kicked and pounded, all the more the sturdy Prior
Lay down flat, undauntedly.

Then the haughty Plunkett's fingers, in the locks of Mr. Prior,
With a soft and pleasant motion, nestled so confidingly,
And he bumped him till he cried, "Mr. Plunkett, I require
You at once to let me be."

Then the wild Director Plunkett hauled the sternly speaking Prior
In a fashion most Homeric, along the wide entry;
And while they went, like Stephen, looking upward, Mr. Prior
Saw the glory that should be.

And the ceiling swam before him. "Prematurely," thought the Prior;
"I must leave the Union Grammar, and my monthly salary,
If this furious monster slay me!" Then he thought of Mrs. Prior,
And his babies, two or three.

And to Plunkett, madly bawling, with a faint voice spoke the Prior:
"I adjure thee to forgive me for the kicks I had from thee;
Thou art wrathful, thou art noble, and the weeping Mrs. Prior
Will expect me home to tea."

Sternly smiled the haughty Plunkett, and released the praying Prior,
And he, with nimble gesture, rose and bent the grateful knee;
And the Plunkett's anger melted, and he patted Mr. Prior
Where his honor ought to be.

"LA MOUNTAIN," THE AERONAUT, KILLED IN A BALLOON ASCENSION.

Chicago, July 7th.—Mail reports give details of the fatal accident to the aëronaut, La Mountain, at Ionica, Friday, July 4th. His balloon was simply filled with rarified air, not gas. The canvas had a worn appearance, as if worse for being filled with heated air too often. At the summit, where the canvas was sown together, a block some ten or fifteen inches in diameter was fastened, and through this hole six guy ropes were secured, hanging down over the sides of the balloon, being at the bottom some seventeen feet apart, and these were tied to the basket by the Professor himself. There were no ropes running around the balloon horizontally, to keep the guy ropes from slipping, or to prevent the whole thing from slipping out between the ropes with a gust of wind. At 3:55 P. M. the Professor stepped into the basket, and the balloon took a shoot up almost perpendicularly, with the Professor swinging his hat to the crowd, all apparently enjoying the sight. A few moments later, however, the mouth of the balloon was observed to wave about two or three times, then to pass between, the balloon careening over on the side, when the ropes broke out from the fastening at the top, and the fall commenced. La Mountain was noticed to be apparently making some effort to get the basket above him, and, if possible, to break the fall, but after the first struggle he fell so rapidly that nothing could be distinguished but the falling body, his hat coming after him about one hundred feet or more behind, the old canvas, nearly collapsed, falling down gradually. He struck with such a terrible thud that it jarred the ground for fifty rods around, and made an indentation in the solid ground eight inches deep. There was scarcely a bone in the whole body not broken into fragments, it was as limp as a rag, and there were very few fractures of the skin except the right foot; the bone of the right leg was driven through the bottom of the foot.

REPORT OF WOOL MARKET.

July 8th, 1873.—The "Fourth," and the ensuing day, holidays, seem to have left our market without life, a very common effect, but we hope not a lasting one. Up to the evening of the 3d, there was considerable activity in all grades at full prices—23@24c for choice, 16@22c for fair to good, and 11@15½c for burry.

WATT & McLENNAN, Wool Commission Merchants,
625 Sansome street, San Francisco.

A Relief Party which had been sent to the Spitzbergen group of islands, found the eighteen Norwegian sailors who had been left there by a vessel of the German Arctic Navigation Company, all dead.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

LETTER FROM A CHINAMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 9th, 1873.

Dear News Letter :—We have a Chinese clerk, a bright and intelligent fellow. He is a keen observer of men and things, and he reads the newspapers. He finds the *News Letter* on our desk, and has discovered that you are not so senseless an enemy of his race as are some other papers. It therefore occurred to him that he might venture upon the American custom, and as a newspaper correspondent present his view of the Chinese question. He appeals from the press to the people, and has brought us the accompanying letter, with the request that we ask the *News Letter* to immortalize it in print. It is a simple screed, letter-writing being "a game that he don't understand." Yours, JONES & WALKER, Front street.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1873.

To the Great and Just Paper, the San Francisco News Letter :

I am Chinaman. I like speak to American man. Newspaper say you no like Chinaman—Chinaman work too cheap, wash clothes, make blankets, make shoes, make cigar, and many things American man like buy. Newspaper say Chinaman make plenty money, take money, go back China. You say Chinaman bad man, no live all time in California, no have wife here, no have same God, Jesus Christ, no wear same clothes like American man. All time say no want Chinaman come here. I like talk with you. I learn little English. All Chinaman no can write English, so I speak. Long time ago China country all alone. No Chinaman go away, no American man in China. China big country, plenty people, plenty work. Chinaman make tea, silk, many nice things. Pretty soon Englishman, Dutchman, American man, Frenchman send ship. He buy tea, silk, he bring Chinaman other things. He make plenty business, plenty money. Then he make treaty with China, and say American man come live, work, make money in China, and Chinaman go do same in other country. Chinaman long time no like. By and by Chinaman say yes. Pretty soon plenty man come live in China, get rich, have big store, big business, like Chinaman money very much. When make plenty money go back home, leave China. Then come California big gold mines. Every people like gold. All come see California and dig. All same come American, English, French, Dutch, and every country. Suppose he make money, he go home and take away money. Suppose he no make money, he no can go. Some Chinaman, not many, come too. Pretty soon plenty people in California; make houses, have wife and children, and make nice country. They say we like stay here. So American man he say he like railroad, factory, and many things all same like other place. He come over in China, and tell Chinaman, suppose you go to California, have plenty work, get one dollar day, and make money all same like American man make money in China. So Chinaman come—some China merchants, some factory man, some work man, maybe some bad man come too. Plenty bad man in all country. When Chinaman get here he go work. Five, six thousand dig two, three years, make place for great railroad. Plenty American man work too. Chinaman take pick, shovel, wheelbarrow, American man make bridges, big shops, iron rails, cars, plenty things Chinaman no do. All have plenty work. Now railroad done, American man have work all time, Chinaman not, Chinaman work done. Then Chinaman learn make shoes, blankets, cigars. He make very good, very cheap, so American man no have to buy shoes, blankets, from other place, so can keep money here. Suppose 5,000 Chinaman make shoes, blankets, cigars, cheap. I think all men in California, 700,000 people, like that. Suppose 5,000 Chinaman no make, then all 700,000 people pay more money, and send same all away some other place. That not good for California. I think American man no like that. Suppose Chinaman make blankets, everybody buy blanket for six dollar pair. Suppose Chinaman no make, everybody pay nine dollar pair. That no good for California people. Shoes, cigars, all same. I suppose poor man no like that. Some Chinaman go work in country, in harvest, get one dollar day. Farmer say he no can pay two dollar day. Suppose he no can get Chinaman, he no plant wheat. That not good for California. Suppose many Chinaman work, that make work all time for every people. Some people make big factory house, make machinery, make wagons for carry goods, make shops for sell goods, and ships and railroads for wheat and other things to go in. No have some work cheap, no can have all these things, because no can use. Then other people no have work. Chinaman make nice vegetable grow. Chinaman understand that. He make plenty strawberries cheap. Suppose Chinaman no do that, then no can have vegetable cheap, no can have strawberry cheap. Everything Chinaman do is good for poor man. Poor man like strawberries, nice vegetables, good blankets, and everything all same as rich man. Chinaman no bring wife here because he fraid American man take away. Chinaman love wife, love father, love mother. You no like Chinaman take away money. Chinaman no take all. He make one dollar, he spend half dollar. He pay plenty money for ride on railroad, on steamboat. He pay plenty taxes, he pay policeman, he keep shop, pay big rent. Good Chinaman pay all he owe, bad Chinaman not. American all same. Chinaman buy plenty chicken, pig, spend much money. Chinaman no speak much English. Plenty Dutchman, other man all same. Chinaman no have American wife, plenty Jew all same. Chinaman no have same God, Jesus Christ, Jew all same. What for American man like Jew, no like Chinaman? Suppose you no like have Chinaman come here, no send ship tell him come. When Chinaman all go home, American man go too, for no have busi-

ness. California very big country, not much people. Great many people in other place, but too far, so cost too much money to get here, and people no come. Suppose people no come, business get sick. Maybe, by and by, long time, people come, then California rich, but everybody here dead then. That no good for this people. Suppose you no let Chinaman come here, American man go build factory in China, send wool over to China, and Chinaman make blankets there all same like now here. Factory man send blankets to California, get nine dollars pair. That very good for China factory man, no good for California people. Suppose you no see that, you like; all right, Chinaman like too. Good-bye! Suppose American man like come to China, Chinaman very glad. Chinaman children no throw stone at American man. Chinaman no tell American man, go away. American man teach Chinaman many things—some good, some bad.

Good-bye!

AH-ME.

Business Notices.

George Washington, when a boy, met with an accident that came very near making him a cripple for life. It happened thusly: George, then a curly-headed little urchin of ten, was sitting on a high, old-fashioned stool, practicing pothooks, when suddenly one of the legs of the stool gave way, and over he went backwards. For some weeks his back was so much injured that serious doubts of his recovery were entertained. He however eventually recovered. It only shows us how careful every one should be in buying office and school furniture. Gilbert & Moore, on Bush street, make the best we have ever seen.

A Rolling Stone gathers no moss,
A lazy bee no honey,
And while a man's a bachelor
He never will make money.

No, get a loving, faithful wife—
A loving and gentle soul—
Then take a house and furnish it
From the store of N. P. Cole.

The Fourth is over, and business men are once more hard at work, feeling all the better for their short holiday in the country. A great many people drove out that day to the Golden Gate Park, and were most agreeably surprised to find there an hotel equal to any we have in the city for comfort and good living. We refer to the "Park Villa," just opened by Mr. and Mrs. Mangenberg. It is the most perfectly fitted up place we ever saw, and cannot fail to be a grand success. The gardens are simply lovely.

Wherever a man meets his neighbor,
Be it ever so wet or dry,
He pats him on the shoulder,
And its "What are you going to try?"

Now if you have to drink with all
You're apt to get quite frisky,
So take a pioneer's advice
And stick to Cutter's Whisky.

Lord Dundreary has filled the California Theater almost to overflowing for a week, and Brother Sam has followed suit. Brother Sam's get-up is almost perfection. His necktie and collar seem made for each other, while his shirtfront and waistcoat are on the most friendly terms. His gloves fit like skin, and the *tout ensemble* is faultless. Now as most of our young men like to have nice collars, shirts, neckties and gloves on, we will give them a small piece of advice: Always go to Anderson & Irving for your hosiery, etc. They beat the deck.

It is mistaken economy
To buy things cheap and bad,
When, just for a very trifle more,
The best things can be had.

And if you want to buy a carpet,
Why, go to Plum & Bell,
Their prices are not exhorbitant—
Their carpets are liked well.

Noah made himself very comfortable on board the Ark, and has very often been heard to remark "that though he rather preferred the land, yet a trip on the sea was very grand." He said, too, that there was something wrong with the stoves, and that several nice messes and elephant hashes were spoiled on that account. One morning Miss Noah was preparing an omlette, when the old stove blew up and scalded her very badly. Noah has heard of the De La Montanya Union Range, and says if he ever goes to sea again he'll have one.

Look at him, watch his tottering step.
Observe his bleary eye,
And that nose, which like a comet shines,
Stuck in a whisky sky.

Had he but stuck to the Gerke Wine,
His eye would now be bright,
His step would still be light and free—
His nose be cool and white.

In 1864 the United States entered into a treaty with the Modocs, but it was not ratified and proclaimed till 1870. It was signed by a chief and four leading Modocs, who were all made properly drunk for the occasion. In accordance with this treaty the Modocs went on the barren Klamath Reservation, where they stopped for a long time. Captain Jack, however, would not acknowledge the treaty, as he had not signed it, but he said that if the United States Government would supply him with proper food and some of Eberhardt & Lachman's celebrated native wines, he would stop there.

Six Miles down the San Bruno Road, Harry Blanken's comfortable house invites the weary traveler and the heated excursionist to come in and rest. He is always at home and glad to see his friends.

Many Feet below the surface of the sea lives the bivalve known as the Oyster. There, all secure in his pearly castle, he increases and multiplies till the rude instruments of man drag him from his hiding place; he is killed by the murderous knife, and before he has had time to realize the horrors of his position, he goes down some one's throat. If you want to taste him in all his freshness, go to Emerson Corville's, at the Saddle Rock; there you may have him *au naturel* or cooked in any style you like.

Governor Booth, when riding in the procession at Sacramento on the Fourth, made every provision for both himself and his staff's appearance. He ordered a dozen sets of trappings for the horses from Main & Winchester, and a finer turnout than they made has seldom been seen. Governor Booth himself remarked that the saddle he rode on "was the most comfortable one he ever used," and intends, like every other sensible person, always to buy all his saddlery, rugs, etc., from Main & Winchester.

The Following is a copy of a letter just received from Vienna by a well-known citizen: "Dear ——: Thanks for the photographs by Bradley & Rulofson. They are the finest I have ever seen, and have created quite a sensation. I lent them to a friend of mine, who showed them to the different men who represent photography in the exhibition here. They all, he says, said that they could not take as good pictures themselves, nor had they seen any to equal them. Yours, Col. E. E."

The Emeralds of Antiquity have most of them turned out to be merely glass, but glass of such an extraordinary hard nature as to defy all imitation in the present day. Even the potters of Umbria, whose ruby lustre was so prized by the dilettanti of the Cinque Cento period have their secret buried with them. Even the art of photography is said to have been known in London more than a hundred years ago. Be this as it may they never yet could take photographs like those taken by Houseworth, 12 Montgomery street.

Muller's Glasses are as well, nay even better, known than any other make of spectacles. They are wonders in their way, and many have had just cause to bless the power that gave them sight. And thus saith the polite attendant, James Alger, who represents the worthy Muller.

A Neglected Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, which might be checked by a simple remedy, like "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" if allowed to progress may terminate seriously.

LATEST ATOMS OF NEWS WITH NOTES.

W. C. Ralston has been elected President of the Bank of California, to succeed D. O. Mills, whose intended absence renders his retirement from the chair necessary. This is as it should be. Nine years ago these two gentlemen entered upon their responsible offices—the one as Chairman, the other as Cashier—both virtually the responsible managers of the great corporation. They were elected for four years, but their re-election has always been insisted upon by the shareholders, who have now unanimously chosen Mr. Ralston to fill the void caused by Mr. D. O. Mills' departure, so long delayed in deference to the wishes of the shareholders, but now rendered imperative.

Fruits abound everywhere. Our markets are surfeited with ripe fruits. Peaches, berries, apples, pears, etc., selling "dirt cheap" from first hands, but very "silvery" from middlemen. Why do not growers, or some men of enterprise establish a fruit depot on Market street, and another at the north end of the city, and sell peachers at fifty cents per basket to the masses?

The World is pretty well sick of 4th of July speeches, but Governor Booth uttered a most graceful one on the 4th to the Pioneers at Sacramento. It was so good we had placed it aside for printing in extenso, but such has been the immense pressure of MS. this week we have reluctantly delayed its publication until our next issue.

The Produce Exchange, at its annual meeting, re-elected Horace Davis President, and E. G. Matthew Vice-President. This institution is progressive, and now enrolls among its members most of the influential merchants of the city engaged in wheat, flour, and produce generally. Its value and usefulness none can gainsay.

English Capitalists have projected a railroad from San Diego across the continent to Matagordo Bay, on the Gulf of Mexico, for which the surveyors have completed the preliminary survey from San Diego to the mouth of the Colorado river, and their report upon it is very favorable.

The Post Says: "With Senator Casserly, on Saturday night, arrived some ten tons of franked matter, and more came through last night. The Post Office is deluged with *Congressional Globes*, speeches and reports for the Senator's constituents—the last expiring agony of the franking privilege."

Fruit is now down to such low prices that receivers will be compelled to dump it overboard unless the masses will come to the rescue. Pears and peaches and apples are selling at 25@50 cents per basket. Who will buy them?

THEN AND NOW.

She stood at the threshold that evening,
She was clad in her bridal dress
She knew he was ready to greet her,
And she long'd for his fond caress.

'Twas the robe she would wear on the morrow,
And she wanted her love to see;
How fair was his chosen flower
How beauteous his darling would be!

And Hope, with her glittering finger,
Bade her look to the life before,
And she smiled in the mirth of her spirit
As she stood at the study door.

Years passed three short years of gladness,
And the stream of her young life flowed
Like the stream of a laughing sweet
When the sunshine knows no cloud.

And again does she stand on the threshold
Where she stood on that happy night;
But her eyes are no longer laughing—
Her dress is no longer white.

And the sorrow that pass'd o'er her features
Is as dark as the robe she wears,
And a wreath of mourning flowers
To lay on the dead she bears.

For he never again shall greet her;
He shall rise to receive her no more;
The voice which she loved is now silent
As she waits at the study door.

Then her step was so firm and eager;
It is now so subdued and slow;
Then it was he who had stopped to kiss her;
She must kneel to kiss him now.

But e'en so, with consoling finger,
Hope points to the life above,
Where beyond the dark night of sorrow
Is the dawn of eternal love.

IS IT A MONOPOLY?—THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

Some of the Papers of this State have lately been much exercised in regard to the question of irrigation of a portion of the San Joaquin Valley by a company incorporated in 1871, under the laws of this State, called the "San Joaquin and Kings River Canal and Irrigation Company." It is said that this company has claimed all the waters of the rivers, lakes and streams of the valley, and is thereby a monopoly of the worst possible kind. Now, we have taken the trouble to inquire into the facts of the case, and we find that this company has never claimed all the waters as has been alleged. The certificate of its incorporation is as follows: "The construction of canals in the State of California, leading from the San Joaquin river and Kings river and their tributaries; also, from Tulare Lake and streams flowing thereinto, and other waters." This company has only two canals, and both are situated on the west side of the valley. One, which is now under construction, is on a grade of twelve inches to the mile, and connects with Kings river and the San Joaquin river, above Firebaugh's, and will be connected with the water and Stockton by a lock below the junction of the Stanislaus river with the San Joaquin river. The *other* is from Tulare Lake direct, on a grade of three inches to the mile, and will water lands which the other canal cannot command, and it will connect Tulare Lake with the water at Antioch. The cost of the first mentioned canal will be one million dollars, or ten dollars per share, one-half of which has been already expended. Its discharge or capacity is not one-tenth part of the waters available in the above named rivers during the season when irrigation is most required. The cost of the other or upper canal is estimated at four millions of dollars, or forty dollars per share, and it will draw off annually only some eighteen inches off the whole area of the lake. In order to assure the public generally that there was no intention to monopolize the entire waters of the valley, and to scatter the stock among the people generally, the Trustees of this company met on the first of January last, and resolved as follows: "The shareholders of this company, desiring the co-operation of the public press and their fellow citizens in the rapid completion of this great enterprise, without the aid of foreign capital, hereby invite the people of this State to subscribe to the capital stock of the company on the same basis and price as the original subscribers. That in order to secure a co-operation of the citizens of California in one of the most important works for the benefit of the agricultural and commercial interests of the State, the President is hereby instructed to open books for the subscription of 75,000 shares of the 100,000 shares, capital stock of the company, at the present cash cost of the whole now done." The above resolution was advertised in all the local and county papers, and notice given that the books were open for subscription. This clearly showed that the present shareholders did not wish to make the concern one of a close corporation character, but rather to scatter it as much as possible among 150 or more parties, as no subscription was to be received for more than 500 shares. Every farmer, mechanic, store-keeper, and others interested in the success of the west side of the valley, was hereby invited to participate in the undertaking, and to continue on precisely the same footing as the original subscribers. We find, too, on inquiry, that only 17,500 shares of the whole 100,000 shares of the capital stock of the company are held by parties owning lands on the west side of the valley, where this company's operations, both present and future, belong, and further, that only 22,500 shares out of the whole 100,000 shares are in the hands of parties who own lands in the valley, and that it is strictly true, as can be proved by the books, that four-fifths of the capital stock of this company is held by parties who do not own

an acre of land in the entire valley. We assert that this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and the editors of the Sacramento *Union* and of the *Call* may satisfy themselves that this is so by inquiry at the company's office, and seeing the books. We have satisfied ourselves further that the farmers on the west side of the valley are neither rich enough nor numerous enough to afford to raise and spend five millions of dollars to secure forever their lands from the droughts which have rendered them unprofitable three years out of the past five. They want the water immediately to save themselves from the risk of another season like the past, and neither the State nor Congress can give them this security; but the present company can by immediately extending their canal as proposed; and they should be encouraged in their public enterprise, not only by the farmers and landowners, but by the good-will and fellowship of the citizens of the State. The company binds itself to sell the water to the farmers at what is really a cheap rate, being but one-thirtieth the value of the annual yield of the land irrigated. We assert that the Sacramento *Union*, and other papers in this State, have wilfully ignored the actual facts of this great enterprise, and have never even taken the trouble to make proper inquiry into the organization, objects, and results of this company. They have been purposely blind and deaf, and instead of taking pains to acquaint themselves with actual facts, and to give the same to the public, they have indulged in surmises, gross misrepresentations, and hindered thereby the early completion of a work that but for them might have been completed in February last, and secured over 100,000 acres of grain from being lost to the farmers on the west side of this great valley. The agricultural community have to thank the knowing misrepresentations of the designing press of this State for the delay which has arisen in the completion of the canal system on the west side of the San Joaquin Valley.

PUNISHING OFFENDERS IN OLDEN TIMES.

Gentlemen of an Inventive Turn of Mind found the city of London an unpleasant dwelling place. In 1364, John de Hackford was convicted of telling a friend there were ten thousand men ready to rise and slay the chief people of the city: he was sentenced to be imprisoned for a year and a day, and to stand in the pillory for three hours once a quarter, coming out of Newgate for the purpose, "without food or girdle, barefoot and unshod, with a whetstone hung by a chain from his neck and lying on his heart, it being marked with the words 'A false liar,' and there shall be a pair of trumpets trumpeting before him on his way." In 1371, a man was pilloried for reporting that it was about to be proclaimed that alien merchants might sell merchandise as freely as the freemen themselves; that no pleas were to be pleaded in the city, but only before the king's justices at Westminister; and that Newgate was to be abolished, and its inmates removed to the Tower. One Bertram had to stand in the pillory five successive days, with two whetstones hanging from his neck: a large one in token of a lie he told about the mayor, and a smaller one in token of a lie about some less important individual. In 1382, an indiscreet maltman amused himself by spreading a report that the mayor had been sent to the Tower; and in order that others might beware of telling such lies, he was ordered to be taken to Newgate, and from thence to the pillory in Cornhill, to remain there one hour, bearing, of course, the liar's burden, and then to be carried back to prison to be confined until further orders. Those guilty of contempt of court, or who spoke evil of magistrates, were handsomely punished. In 1292, Strage, the sweeper of litter in Chepe, was sent to the Tun for saying the aldermen took the money of the commonalty for the support of city orphans, and spent it upon themselves. In Richard II.'s reign a reckless boaster swearing that for half a bouseful of gold he would call the chief magistrate a scoundrel, and fight him at Horsley-down, expiated his bragging by twelve months' imprisonment. Such offenders were sometimes permitted to compromise matters; thus, the insulter of an alderman was released upon giving surety for a tun of wine, to be forthcoming whenever the offended dignitary demanded it; another rash man who dared to curse a sergeant in the presence of the mayor, was let off "this once" upon promising, in case of again offending, to pay forty shillings towards the repairing of London Bridge; while Roger Torold, who had publicly defied Mayor Leggy, and vowed if he caught him outside the city walls he would take care the mayor would never get inside them alive, escaped worse punishment by presenting Leggy with a hundred tuns of wine, and binding him in the sum of forty pounds to keep a civil tongue in his head for the future. A bolder offender—but then he was in the King's service—made still better terms. He had drawn his sword upon an alderman, and wounded a constable, because they prevented him killing a tailor. For this he was condemned to lose his hand, to stand in the pillory, and to be imprisoned for a year and a day; but "other lords" interceding for him, the sentence was remitted upon condition that he carried a lighted wax candle, weighing three pounds, from the Guildhall to St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet street, and there offer it at the altar; which he was only too glad to do.—*Chambers' Journal.*

We Have to Thank some unknown friend in Yorkshire, England, who has so regularly transmitted per month to the *News Letter* files of the Huddersfield *Examiner*, the *Leed's Mercury* and the Huddersfield *Daily Chronicle*.

OUR HOLIDAY.

The End of Last Week and the beginning of this were gala days for labor. By a happy combination of holidays, Sundays and no-days, three and almost four, consecutive revolutions of our earth on its axis ought to be devoted to pleasure. The consequence was that everybody felt it his bounden duty to go somewhere in the country. This was more particularly the case among those whose life is a daily routine of office work or clerkship, and on Thursday afternoon of the 3d, or Friday morning of the following day, there was a constant stream of pleasure-seekers from the city. Then it was that people remembered some dear friend or distant relation in the country, or the cordless parting word, "Come and see us some time." They who had neither country cousins nor rustic friends, or who had conscientious scruples, or preferred liberty of action, consulted time-tables and scales of charges and deciding whether to go North, East, South or West, but go somewhere they must. This has nothing to do with the banker, or rich merchant, or professional man, who has his country house, and whose daily life is a monotonous existence. These either retired to their groves or gathered a crowd of guests under their roofs. Unquestionably, the great attraction lay towards the various "Springs," wherewith Napa and Sonoma counties are so plentifully endowed. The access was easy, the country was beautiful, and the fares were comparatively moderate. The consequence was that the *Antelope*, at half-past two o'clock, and the *New World* at four—the one for Donahoe and the other for Vallejo—carried away an immense load of passengers, armed with guns, fishing rods, field glasses, valises and baskets. On every side was heard: Calistoga, Geysers, Skaggs' Springs, White Sulphur, Healdsburg, Clearlake, Mount St. Helena, and other minor celebrities. To judge by the numbers of people who declared their intention of making themselves happy at one or the other of these places, it would presuppose the necessity of each of them having a bote about the size of the Occidental. However, there they were, as motley a crowd of nationalities as only San Francisco can pour forth. The gallant Celts and the extreme patriots, together with those whose official position required their presence, stayed at home perforce, to join in the Fourth of July processions, but young men of all nations—the Frenchman and the Englishman, the German and Italian, Jew and Gentile—preferred the country, and determined to have a good time of it. Now, this "good time of it" is a humbug somewhere in its nature, as are the colors of Nature herself. To one it is a dreamy lying under shade trees, doing nothing, lazily thinking, to another, it is climbing to the tops of the highest mountains, until the body becomes physically exhausted. To the clerks of Downey & Son, or Sacchar'm, Sand & Co., it is making up a party for a picnic, and asking among themselves afterwards, not too discreetly, what fun they had with the girls. B— is supremely happy because he has discovered a fount a moth in the woods, which had been long waiting to supply a lack in society. Podge Jones and his party, after roaming all day, nothing about but Cocoa-nut Grove, drinking ditto, pass away the time till the small hours, telling stories, playing poker, and cooling themselves with whisky. That loud talking and boisterous laughter proceeds from a party of fat, persevering, well-to-do German Jews. They are wear dusters, all smoke cigars incessantly, and all carry a large flask of cocktails, the frequent applications to which have no effect, except to make them more exuberantly noisy. The above are chiefly to be found at Calistoga and Skaggs. At the Geysers, although they won't all own it, the majority are disappointed; the Frenchman compares it to the great source of misery as expressed in the following words: *Mon, Monsieur, le pauvre est bien-aise.* The crowds at the White Sulphur peep out a little in the morning, to get the early dew and show their pretty light dresses and cravats, and then when the distant dust announces the van of the daily army from Calistoga, they sneak into their cottages or room until dinner time, and after that have their bath in peace, for the last of the trapezoids has departed. So they all have a good time of it, and perhaps at the end of the week it will be found that Badam, or Foss, or Alstrom, or the venerable Koutchkar at the Geysers, or at the Post at Healdsburg, or the ten or twelve stages that start thence, have in reality had the best of it. We have not encountered the sons of amateur Admirals who left the harbor in pinnaces and skoops and schooners, the majority of such vessels having canter-beams, and are called by courtesy "yachts." Nor have we encountered the circumscribed space of their sleeping volunteer crew by day, and the utter violation of the cubic air measurement by night; nor the amount of Liebig's Extract washed down with whisky, for praised be the Lord, we were not there.

HEAVY STOCK SUIT.

"Peleg" Goeth for "Joseph."—Peleg Bumpus brought suit yesterday, in the Fortieth District Court, against Joseph M. Shotwell, a stock broker and Director in the Clay street savings bank, for $47,—, for alleged wrongful detention and misappropriation of twenty shares of original Belcher mining stock, with its numerous sub-dividends. Peleg shows good judgment in having secured as his counsel the ever successful and courteous Burvey. He knows a thing or two about stocks as well as law, for they say scattered some of his superfluous cash in Comstock street, just to find out how things are done. We know none of the case except from the complaint on file, and can only say, may the right succeed.

THE BROKEN RING.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF EICHENDORFF.]

Within a great valley
A mill-wheel turneth o'er;
My darling one who dwelt there
Hath vanished evermore.

A little ring she gave me,
She vowed a faithful vow;
The vow, alas! is broken!
The ring is shattered now!

O, would I were a minstrel
The world to wander o'er;
And of my poor heart's sorrow,
To sing from door to door.

Or, would I were a horseman
Far in the bloody fight;
Or near the camp-fire lying
All in the dismal night.

Ah! when I hear the mill-wheel
I know not what I will
I fain would die; my anguish
Would then at once be still.

THE GODLESS SCHOOLS.

A Good Name is Declared, on excellent authority, to be better than various other good things; and the Catholics are fully entitled to plume themselves upon the name they have invented for our public schools. Were Catholics, eaten up by zeal of the Lord's house, in any way like other people, we might suppose they were talking mere ribaldry when they spoke of the godless public schools; but they are very seriously horrified at the absence of images in the school-rooms, and at the pretty bonnets of the teachers, necessarily hateful in the sight of God, since he admires the white coal-scuttles which the world looks upon with loathing. The *Catholic Guardian*, organ of the true believers, cannot contain its holy horror at the condition of the public schools, as revealed by the seizures of obscene literature, recently made in New York. More than fifteen thousand letters, written by students of both sexes throughout the country, were among the articles found in the possession of the dealers in these vile wares. Documents there were which showed that the dealers have organized circulating libraries of this poison, under the charge of the most vicious boys in the schools, who are paid to spread contamination on every side. Truly a sad showing, but not directly perilous to us in San Francisco. We have schools, to be sure, and they are quite godless; but there is not the least call for God so long as we have School Director Plunkett. The *Guardian* must allow us, also, to thank it in the name of America, for the concern which it expresses at the contemplation of the frightful future before a people who persist in bringing up their children in schools so polluted. None but a conscientious Catholic writer could fully sympathize with us in this our affliction, for if any man can know what depth of depravity may be reached in schools, it must be a pious Catholic, familiar with the monstrous practices of priests in charge of seminaries and boarding schools; practices which have called for the interposition of the civil power, and have been judged by criminal process in Catholic countries, not once or twice, or twenty times, but so often that in many districts of France and Italy the local dialect has been enriched with a shameful verb. A pious Catholic, who has studied and occasionally refers to "Dens' Theology," certainly knows what obscene literature is; and because the *Guardian* hates all impurity, we venture to ask whether it ever heard of Dr. Friedrich, who visited Rome for the first time during the sitting of the Vatican Council, and recorded his impressions in a Tagebuch, published at Nordlingen in 1871? In this volume he has noted down many things, which startled and confounded him, a believing son of the church, and one in particular which we really commend to the attention of the *Guardian*. The Prof. of Moral Philosophy in the University, Dr. Friedrich tells us, kept a brothel for the use of priests, chiefly. The *Guardian* very properly considers that, for a Catholic, there can be no morality outside of religion. We beg it, therefore, to decide for us whether a priest, enjoying the hospitalities of the Professor's zenana was, for the time being, a student in morals or a student in theology? It is very true that two wrongs do not make a right. We accept as proven, the charge against the public schools, and stop only to point out that, since there are degrees in infamy, the condition of these schools is purity itself compared with those under the charge of Catholic priests, and for this reason: the obscene literature conveyed into the public schools is conveyed surreptitiously. It is furnished by vile creatures, who have no connection with the school system; and it is certain to be seized and destroyed when discovered, and the whole public is deeply interested to discover and destroy it. In these godless schools no foul-minded teacher can wield an influence of religious terror to cow his pupils while he poisons their innocence with suggestions of foul thought. The public schools are open to the gaze and the criticism of every one. They are far from perfect, but the broad day shines in upon them. The case is totally reversed with the schools that are godly in the eyes of the *Guardian*, and every assault upon the free-school system is but another reminder that the history of the Catholic Church and the literature of all Catholic countries tell but one and the same story, as to the utter unscrupulousness of the priest in power, whether Pope or archbishop, professors of morals under Pius IX., or editor of the latest Catholic organ.

Punctuation first used in literature, 1520. Beforethattimewordsandsentenceswereputtogetherlikethis.

STEAM AS AN EXTINGUISHER.

The Fearful Ravages of the best of servants and the worst of masters, fire, during the restless years makes the subject of fire-extinguishers grow every day more important, and as experience is the best teacher we subjoin the following, taken from an English scientific paper, relative to the fires, for the extinguishment of our very effective Fire Department: "We can not better illustrate the practical value of steam under the circumstances stated, than by report at length the particulars of a case wherein one of the factory buildings was utterly burned out, and 180 feet long by 80 feet wide. The upper or roof portion of the place was separated from the portion below by a close flooring. This roof-space was used as a storehouse for rolls of various kinds, rags, shavings, cotton-waste, etc. In the portion of the factory a fire broke out during the night, which unfortunately was only discovered towards two o'clock in the morning, when half the length of the roof was already in flames. As the location of the burning building was somewhat isolated, more than an hour passed by after the discovery of the fire before the services of the neighboring fire department could be secured, which, nevertheless, the efforts of these, aided by the facilities to check the spread of the flames had proved so effectual that the whole of the upper portion of the building was ablaze fire to flame, and the flames had already seized upon the lower story, the walls of which had been thoroughly heated by the ravages of the flames. In the lower portion of the building there was an arrangement for steam boiling, the boiler for which was located in a separate building, and which had been stopped some hours before the morning operations. After the fire had been raging for some two and a half hours, this boiler was set in operation with a strong wood fire, and as soon as steam was up, a bold carpenter ventured into the burning building—against the command of the engineer in charge of the fire department, who had ordered the demolition of the whole structure—and with an axe broke one of the main steam-pipes, in the first best place. The effect is stated to have been almost instantly perceptible. The whole space was rapidly filled with steam which issued from the shattered pipe under strong pressure, and the raging fire was almost instantly smothered in vividness, into burning mass after the other was extinguished, and even the heaps of rags, which were then burning under the fire hot, were put out as the steam envelopped them, so that within an hour after the admission of the steam, all danger was considered past, and the fire was brought under entire control."

[EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.]

London, June 21, 1873.—Perhaps the most curious document in the world would be the honest opinion of the Shah in regard to various foreign notions and ideas entertained in the countries he has visited during this his European journey. He may see some in the exhibitions at present going on in London. We do not. We were in the Park yesterday and noticed a Japanese gentleman walking by himself, and every now and then bursting out into a loud fit of laughter. We have never seen an Orientals react like that before; but perhaps he is not an Orientals, and has messages and in connection with the howling mass that greeted the Shah. One of the attractions, on another walk at Paris, asked says Lord Byron—"If nothing follows all this peaceful work?" The Mirza of the Band has become the "Mirza" of the reporters. * * * * * The Shah is to visit St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and to hear Professor Tyndall. The Dean of St. Paul's is to explain to him the symbolism of the change produced in a bit of bread, by one of our Christian priests, whereby the bread becomes a bit of the Almighty's muscle, and, through the same means, port wine is changed to a drop—"strongly presumptive" for sacramental purposes—per sacramental gallon, with 10s. saved. All this is to be explained to the Shah, and Professor Tyndall is to explain the latest conjecture by means of a microscope of "forty-per-cent power." The "affection" of the English upper-classes—and to say people—is of course put to "nature," and "spontaneous," and will doubtless make a "profound impression" on the "interesting stranger." The popular enthusiasm is immense. He is to visit the Zoological Gardens, and our friend Punch anticipates that "the beasts will behave better than the company;" and this is the more likely as the visit is to be made on Sunday, when "respectable people" are not admitted—that being the only day in the week when they can, by any possibility visit such a place, but are wisely driven to the gin shops. The Shah has much to see and very much to learn. The ladies take a lively interest in all that concerns his welfare, comfort and temporal, and the more so since they have learned that he has left his harem in Persia, and has even become so good a Christian as to send home the few wives he brought with him to Europe. It will be a great thing if this Persian can be converted to the true religion. Exeter Hall has converted cannibals, and turned them from eating human flesh; but would it not be a more glorious thing to teach this ruler of a great people to eat the flesh and drink the blood of God?

It is a Noticeable Fact that in New York and other American cities a larger number of people than usual are this year cultivating simplicity and richness, rather than show, in their dress. This is already apparent in Saratoga.

Funny Anecdotes About Parrots.---A correspondent writes: "A parrot belonging to some friends of mine was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear he might join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and for some time he maintained a decorous silence; but at length, instead of 'Amen,' out he came with 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer.' On this the butler was directed to remove him, and had got as far as the door, when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself, and had better apologize, called out, 'Sorry I spoke!' The parrot of a relation of mine also used, whenever he dropped anything he was eating, to say, 'Pick up Bobby's crust;' being doubtless prompted by the same train of associations as those which led another parrot, which I well knew, invariably to say, 'Thank you' whenever anything was given to him. Some parrot fanciers had agreed to meet in a year's time, when each was to show a bird for a prize—proficiency in talking to be the great criterion of merit. On the day appointed all the rest came, each duly bringing his parrot. Only one appeared without his saying that he was such a stupid bird he was quite ashamed to bring him. This excuse was held to be inadmissible, and his master accordingly went off for and returned with him. No sooner was he introduced than, looking round at the large assembly of birds, he exclaimed, 'My God, what a lot of parrots!' The prize was immediately voted to him by acclamation."

Miscegenation at Paris.---Considerable interest has been excited in Paris by the announcement of two oriental marriages which are about to take place there. One is between the Viscount Chales de Thouals and a young Chinese lady, a convert to Christianity, and the adopted daughter of a French merchant at Canton. This gentleman brought his fair daughter back with him to France, and had her educated at a first-class school in Bordeaux. The young lady's name was In-Tse, but on her baptism she added that of Marie. The other projected marriage is still more remarkable. A Japanese dignitary attached to the embassy now in Paris, Lakana by name, young, rich and handsome, has asked and obtained the hand of Mdlle Hebert, the daughter of a wealthy coal merchant, now retired from business and living in good style. The fiancee appeared only to have stipulated that her suitor should embrace Catholicism, to which request he made no demur. The Chinese lady will be given away at the Madeleine. The Japanese gentleman will plight his troth at St. Philippe du Roule. Both these unions are said to be unprecedented.

A Great Many Curious Things come up in the course of the Tichborne trial, and from day to day things come out tending more and more to complicate the affair. The latest is a report concerning the alleged death of Arthur Orton in Australia. Information has been asked about a man shot near Yea in the year 1862. This man was in company with two others, and suspected of horse-stealing. They were pursued, and the constable and his party came up with them just as the men were riding off. As they did not halt when ordered to do so, one of the constable's party fired upon the three, bringing one of them down. He died, and the only thing ascertained about him was that he was passing under the name of Cosgrove. The bushranger Power, who is now undergoing sentence, asserts that this Cosgrove was Arthur Orton of Tichborne notoriety. The police of Yea have been instructed to make an inquiry into the matter, and probably both sides will now run off upon this new scent.

Moving a Girder by the Sun.---A girder of the bridge now constructing at Kuilenborg (Holland), which rested about two inches too far on one of its piers, has (according to the *Chron. de l'Ind.*) been moved into its proper position by a means not unknown in this country. By a variation of temperature of the girder, which is about 465 feet long, 1 degree C., it was found to expand about 1-14th of an inch; the difference of the temperature of the air by night and by day amounting to 18 degrees C. In the morning the girder was securely fastened at the end, where it rested too far forward, and in the evening, when in consequence of the rise of temperature during the day, it had moved forward about 1 inch at the opposite end, it was fastened to this, but set free at the other, so that it might contract during the night. By repeating the proceeding, the girder was got into its proper position.

An Interesting Collection of ancient needlework is now on view at the South Kensington Museum. The first class comprises ecclesiastical work, gorgeous vestments, chalice covers, etc., with pearls and precious stones interwoven, the earliest dating from the ninth century. The next and most curious contains historical work, such as James VI. of Scotland's baby basket, Queen Elizabeth's satin shoes, Charles I.'s Star of the Order of the Garter, several valuable pieces of old tapestry, and a variety of other curiosities. Next come small objects of embroidery of all kinds, caps, gloves, stomachers, and wedding head-dresses; after these embroidery on workboxes and pictures, some scarcely distinguishable from water-color paintings.—*Graphic.*

The Old Man, His Ass, and His Wife.---An itinerant vender of salt and whiting, who plies his vocation in and around Stranraer, was airing his jackass one Sunday evening, when it suddenly turned upon him and attacking him lacerated his legs, arms, and other parts of his body in a fearful manner. A man who was working in an adjoining field came to his assistance with a pitchfork and rescued him. A medical man having been sent for, he ordered the application of half a dozen leeches to the wounded parts. The man's wife, not knowing how to apply them, had three boiled and three fried, and the old man at once swallowed the lot! The donkey, we believe, has been destroyed by order of the police.

LOCAL DOTTINGS.

Deer Shooting does not commence till August 1st. *Verbum Sap.*——Adolph Hartdegan, the violoncellist, left for Peru on Saturday.——A sounding line of 4,000 fathoms has been shipped on board the *Hassler*, for use in sounding on the telegraph cable route to China.——A social club was organized on Wednesday evening, called the Social Violets, of which J. Farrel is Chief Scented Violet. Modesty of demeanor is to be the characteristic of the members. Hem!——Nearly seven thousand passengers on the C. P. R. R. during June, of which number 4,573 came westward.——James Williams, the brute who drove "Shoo Fly" to death on the Cliff House road, has been sent to prison for one hundred days.——Several very severe accidents have taken place during the past week or two, from the explosion of Chinese bombs. What a farce the Supervisors' order was, to be sure.——More men are wanted on the Clay-street railway.——The case of the brutality of the Mate of the *Caravan*, to three of the crew, has been set for trial on Monday next.——The importunities for your vote on Thursday were little better than being dunned.——The Higginses are not happy. He wants a divorce because she is unfaithful, and she wants a divorce because he is cruel. Male Higgins says he is afraid of daily poisoning, and female Higgins says he always has poison ready in his pocket. What a lovely thing is marital felicity!——Clay street is rapidly becoming Chinatown.——Michael Reese has bought $20,000 worth of Hospital bonds. Doubtless the condition of the patients will be much ameliorated.——It seems rather dangerous to try to pass a spiel mark, Peter Finley, Esq., being sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment for this mild joke.——Miss Minnie Walton is going East to fill other, and we hope better, engagements.——A competitive examination of applicants for positions as teachers in the High Schools was held on Wednesday evening.——John McCullough was seen lying in the water at the foot of Washington-street Wharf, on Tuesday evening. But such is the name of Captain J. Lee's new schooner, and it should have been printed in *the dailies*.——There were 368 deaths in this city in June, which number includes nearly twice as many men as women.——John Hennessey will be careful about stepping on orange peel in the future. He put his little foot on a piece last Sunday evening, fell and broke his leg. Poor man.——That fearful nemesis, Rogers, captured eleven Chinamen for huddling like pigs, on Monday night.——The Howard-street cars will, in a few days, extend their trips to Twenty-fifth street.——Dr. Oswald Weiss has been elected Rabbi and Reader of the Sherith Israel Church.——William Gray has exceeded the stealing of a dime from a blind man's hat. He has taken to robbing the tombstones of their ornaments—that is, he had taken to, for now he is taken up.——Shooting is not allowed in the Golden Gate Park.——A Ladies' Fair, by ladies fair, was held during the latter part of this week, in Platt's Hall, for the benefit of the San Rafael Orphans. Only the object can warrant the imposition.——The losses by fire in the city during the year ending June amounted to $381,860. The actual fires numbered 187; the alarms 269.——A shark weighing sixty pounds was caught in the bay last week.——The *Gallery of Lorne* sailed for Hongkong on Thursday.——The City Prison has been elevated to a state of cleanliness.——Surgeon Semig, who returned from the Lava Beds on Monday, bears sad marks of the Modoc war. One foot has been amputated, and his left arm paralyzed by a ball, which remains in the shoulder muscle.——Johnny Mack's tomb is be decorated by those who remember the deceased comedian, to-wit: Robert Frazer, James Farquharson and Little Mac.

EVIL EFFECTS OF TEA DRINKING.

Dr. Trotter, a celebrated physician of Bath, who was in great repute early in the present century, a man of large practice, acute observation, and high moral and religious feeling, writes as follows:—"Fine tea, where the narcotic quality seems to be concentrated, when taken in a strong infusion, by persons not accustomed to it, excites nausea and vomiting, tremors, cold sweats, vertigo, dimness of sight, and confusion of thought. But I have known men and women subject to nervous complaints, who could not use tea in any form without feeling a sudden increase of all there unpleasant symptoms, particularly acidity of stomach, vertigo, and weakness of sight. Though fond of tea myself, I have sometimes been obliged to leave it off, by suspecting that it added to my natural shortness of vision. As the use of this article in diet extends among the lower orders of the community and the laboring poor, it must do the more harm. A man or woman who has to go through much toil or hardship, has need of substantial nourishment; but that is not to be obtained from an infusion of tea. And if the humble returns of their industry are expended on this leaf, what remains for the purchase of food better adapted to labor? In this case tea comes to be hurtful, not only from its own narcotic quality, but that quality will act with double force in a body weakened from other causes. This certainly is one great reason for the increased and increasing proportions of nervous, bilious, spasmodic, and stomach complaints, appearing among the lower ranks of life. This fact has long been confirmed to me in different countries, and among persons varying much in their employments. I have lately met with many severe and obstinate cases among poor tradesmen and laborers, where it was plain they originated from this cause. I also think that the use of tea often paves the way to habitual dram-drinking among this class of society, more than among the better orders. It is worthy of remark, that the finer the tea the more of the pernicious quality it contains."—*St. Pauls.*

FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

Messieurs De Cassaignac and Ranc, having ventilated each other with small-swords, consider their honor saved. O, Tempora! O, Mores! O, ventilated idiots!——A new comet has been discovered at Vienna and an attempt made to burn down the Exposition.——The Shah is now in France, eating peas with his fingers probably.——The trial of Marshal Bazaine (of Metz notoriety) will take place in September.——The Spanish Government has given the Carlists five days to surrender. An ultimatum is of value in ratio to the power of the issuer.——The Fourth was celebrated by the American residents at Madrid, but not in Lisbon.——The Pope is taking constitutional walks; we expect to hear of his training for a race next week.——It is officially reported from St. Petersburg that the Khan of Khiva has surrendered to the Russian forces. No news from the Khan.——A new Turkish loan is about to be introduced in the London market.——Panama still continues in its chronic unsettled condition.——A certain Ralph Morris has been discovered by an English newspaper, who fought under Sir John Moore at Corunna.——There is another side to the quarrel between Holland and Acheen, from which Mengherr seems to have played the aggressor.——The Hindoo peasants of Poonah have revolted, but no serious trouble is apprehended.——There are forty-two Protestant churches in Rome.——China is spoken of now as the most profitable field for railroad enterprise.——The vine disease is spreading in Portugal.——Yucatan is in a state of siege.——The second installment of the last milliard of the French war debt was paid on the 5th.——An International Postal Congress is to meet in Berlin on September 1st.——The telegraph cable from Havana to Porto Rico is in working order.——Ten thousand Persian slaves were found in the Capital of Khiva by the Russians.——Sir Samuel Baker has reached Khartoun in safety; he reports Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza as one enormous inland sea, seven hundred miles in length.——The entanglements of the Tichborne case are getting worse than ever. First, a young woman swears that she was engaged to the claimant for a year as Arthur Orton, and now an Australian convict declares that he was present at the death of Orton years ago.——There seems to be good reason to suppose that *Herald* O'Kelly will shortly be released. He is at present in Madrid.——The Swiss Federal Assembly was opened on the 7th.——Don Carlos has ordered the arrest of the fighting priest Santa Cruz.——The Mexican press is urging the Government to confer the rights of citizenship upon foreigners without compelling them to renounce their nationality.——The Shah has a long mustache and a short temper.——The presence of the cholera at Venice has been officially announced.——The English House of Commons, on the movement of Mr. Richards, has declared in favor of permanent national arbitration.——The Parisians receive their French news from English papers.——*On dit*, that Eugenie has hired a house in Paris, and intends commencing house-keeping there again.——There are only four of the "gallant six hundred" of Balaklava left.——The Lieutenant-Colonel of a Spanish regiment has been cashiered for challenging a brother officer.——The Havana *Tribuno* has been suspended by the Cuban Government until the fine of $2,000 imposed by the authorities is paid.——The theaters are now used in London for special religious services for the masses. A step in the right direction.

CHINESE RAILROADS.

Some Enterprising Englishmen have determined to try the experiment of introducing railroads into China, and propose to put down and equip ten miles of road, which they will make the Chinese Government a present of. As the greater part of the money has already been subscribed, so far as the English are concerned the enterprise bids fair to be carried out; but by far the most serious obstacle in the way is the Chinese Government. It is the most conservative government in the world, and dreads the slightest innovation by foreigners as much as it would a pestilence. Should the Chinese, however, be tempted to allow the road to be laid down, and the wonderful powers of the steam locomotive to be thoroughly and practically demonstrated, wonderful results may be confidently expected. Very little is known of the interior of China, but enough is known to prove that she has coal, iron, gold, silver and other minerals in abundance, and that the two vast rivers which traverse the country have on either side of them valleys as fertile as any in the world. The very fact of a population of some four hundred millions, being on an area not larger than the United States lying east of the Mississippi, speaks volumes for its fertility. England has more inhabitants to the square mile than China, but then there is no comparison between the importations of the two countries, as China imports but very little. At present transportation is carried on by means of a perfect network of canals, loaded coolies acting as beasts of burden in the mountain districts. That the introduction of railroads into China will have a beneficial effect upon the Pacific Coast few can doubt. It will at any rate keep a few of them from robbing the white man of his hard earned crust, and open out numerous markets for our home productions and a vast field for speculations of every description.

The Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company in London have received a telegram from their Melbourne agent intimating that the mail contract has been awarded to the company for seven years, at the rate of £290,000 per annum.

AGASSIZ AND DARWIN.

Modern Science with Darwin, as a most powerful auxiliary, is waging a war that bids fair to upset the incongruities of the Book of Genesis. Agassiz, however, has arrayed himself on the side of the theologians, and has constituted himself their champion. He looks upon the theories of the evolutionists, or, as he chooses to call them, the "transmutationists," with a kind of holy horror, and speaks of them in a petulant and somewhat hasty way. What seems to annoy him most is the fact of the evolutionists having argued from premises that he established in favor of theories which he never for a moment would uphold. This testimony must of course be taken for what it is worth, for when a man gives facts which he has established, and the world corroborated, they become public property, and their establisher has no right to find fault with any one using them as a basis for their arguments. He upholds that the reasoning of the evolutionists is nullified by the fact of the correspondence between the series of transformations observed in the egg and the succession of animals in the earliest geological periods, extending to a series of gradation of structural rank among living animals. Agassiz asks, "Shall we infer because a chicken or a dog in our own day, in a certain phase of its development, resembles, in certain aspects, a full-grown skate, that therefore chickens and dogs nowadays grow out of fishes." We know it is not so; and yet the evidence is exactly the same as that which the transmutationists use so plausibly to support their theory. The truth is, that while a partial presentation of the facts seems to sustain this theory, when taken in their true connection and fully stated, they destroy it by proving too much. They show that the relations between fossil animals supposed to prove descent, exist also between living animals, where they have nothing to do with descent." The general correspondences are undeniable, but the details "fall apart the moment we try to test them by any material connection." We leave Darwin to answer for himself, and feel sure that the result of this antagonistic feeling between the two great scientific men of the day will be eagerly looked forward to by all who can afford to look at things through other eyes than those of jaundiced religion.

LAUGHABLE FAILURE OF A FLYING MAN.

The "Scientific" Experiment made by M. de Groof, at Brussels, recently, ended in ignominious failure. It will be remembered that the Belgian aeronaut proposed to ascend to the hight of 300 feet in an apparatus which, with the aid of a balloon and a pair of wings, he was to regulate his progress through the air and alight safely at any spot he might select. An immense crowd of persons had assembled in the Champs de Manoeuvres to witness the feat, which was announced to take place at three o'clock. It was, however, half-past four before M. de Groof made the attempt to ascend, and he had scarcely stepped into the machine when a gust of wind blew the whole apparatus over, and threw the aeronaut to the ground. The damage done to the machine was, however, at once repaired, and M. de Groof proceeded to make the second attempt. On this occasion the machine ascended to the hight of a few yards, when the cord attaching the apparatus to the car broke, and the aeronaut was once more precipitated to the ground—without, however, suffering any serious injury; and the wings and rudder were completely smashed. The second failure to satisfy the curiosity of the assembled multitude was the signal for immense uproar; the unsuccessful aeronaut was received with groans and yells, and the excited crowd broke through the barriers in the Champs de Manoeuvres, smashed the apparatus in pieces, and breaking everything that came in their way. Whilst this scene of uproar was taking place, M. de Groof fortunately succeeded in escaping from the threatened violence of the mob. Several persons were more or less seriously injured, and the police arrested a number of the ring-leaders. The *Independance Belge* estimates the number of spectators present at upwards of 100,000.

A Parisian Manager has been selling some of the properties of his theater. Among the bargains offered to buyers were: A sea consisting of twelve large waves, the tenth, which is larger than the others, being slightly damaged; a dozen and half black-bordered clouds, in good condition; a brand-new rainbow; a superior snow-storm, composed of flakes of fine paper, and two other snow-storms of an inferior quality; three bottles of lightning flashes; a setting sun of no great value, and a new moon; an elephant, a crocodile, and three dragons; several phials of alcohol, good for apparitions and for producing blue flames; finally, some entirely new thunder.

D. N. and E. Walter have shown us over their lately arrived stocks of carpets, wall paper, curtains, etc., and we were surprised to see so large and elegant a stock of goods in the hands of one firm. They, however, explained to us that their business being wholly a "chopping" and wholesale one, they have always to keep a large stock of the best goods on hand. We do not know who has the choosing of their patterns, but whoever does choose them, not only knows his business, but also has a very fine eye for color and effect.

DANIEL J. MURPHY.

We Like a Man that not only knows his duty, but has pluck and integrity enough to do it. In Daniel J. Murphy, the District Attorney, we find exactly such a man. He has no more fear of the friends of the men he prosecutes in the name of the law, than his namesake had of the lions of King Darius, and is no more likely to be influenced by their money than their threats. He it was that from first to last denounced Mrs. Fair as the murderess she is, and it was owing to his eloquence, sound argument, and perfect knowledge of our criminal law that the first jury (to whom be all honor) found her guilty of murder in the first degree. Had it not been for him, many a noted criminal would now be at large. It was mainly through him that the most accomplished of modern forgers, the Brothertons, although backed up by any amount of money, were convicted, and are now undergoing the sentence of the law. He it was, when defrauded Justice cried aloud for the death penalty to be carried out in the cases of those who shed innocent blood, boldly held out (though opposed with more force than the public imagine) that Devine must expiate his many crimes on the gallows. Devine was hung, and for once angry heaven was appeased. In a day when money seems to cover a greater multitude of offences than it ever did before, we are more than ever in need of the services of such a man as Murphy. We do not look at it from a political point of view, but from the broad platform of the public weal. The various judges have drawn up a petition to the citizens praying for Murphy's re-election as District Attorney, and we entirely endorse them in considering Daniel J. Murphy too valuable a public servant for the community to loose.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL THOMAS N. CAZNEAU.

One of the Most Amiable and Excellent of our citizens was General Thomas N. Cazneau. General Cazneau was a man of marked prominence in both business and social circles, and his loss will, in the peculiar line of his business as a Marine Adjuster, be irreparable. He was one of our earliest citizens, coming to California from San Domingo in the year 1849. He was of Irish parentage, and in the politics of the Democratic party was a prominent leader. Fond of military affairs, he became largiy identified with our citizen soldiery. From the command of the McMahon Grenadiers he was advanced to the rank of General. During the administration of Governor Haight he was Adjutant-General of the State. At the time of his death, General Cazneau was Marine Director of the State Investment and Insurance Company, having the control of the Marine Department of that Company, to whose prosperity he largely contributed. The General leaves a wife and a family of grown sons. He died at the age of sixty-one years, after a brief illness.

There are in Europe at the present time 1,507 theaters. Italy, with a population of 26,000,060, supports 348; France, with 36,000,000 inhabitants, has 337; and Spain, with 16,000,000, has 160. On the other hand, the empire of Germany, which now reckons 41,000,000 subjects, has but 191 theaters; and the empire of Austria, 152, for a population of 36,000,000; finally, Great Britan supports only 150 theaters, and Russia 44, although its population amounts to 70,000,000. These figures show a remarkable preponderance of the dramatic instinct in the Latin races.

There are Halfpennies in the World worth £14 5s. That was a price which a specimen of King Alfred the Great's coinage fetched at the sale of the late Mr. Bergne's collection, and collectors may be of opinion that such a halfpenny was cheap at the figure. A double sovereign of Edward VI. changed hands for £165, and a silver sixpence of Queen Elizabeth for £41. A Queen Anne's guinea went for the respectable sum of £42 10s., and two of her farthings for £5 and £7.

Mr. Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Opera, London, who, like all managers, is pestered to death by aspirants for theatrical honors, has hit upon the "happy thought" of allowing unknown Marios, Grisis, Tamburnis, Lablaches, and Albonis to try their powers on the stage of Drury Lane Theater every Tuesday afternoon, in presence of himself and his *maestro al piano*. This capital movement may some day lead to the discovery of a vocal Koh-i-noor.

The Shad.---Some of the gentlemen connected with the Fish Commission returned recently from Tehama and reported that the 35,000 shad were successfully planted in the Sacramento at that place. Livingston Stone did not come down, having gone on to St. Cloud river to take a look at the salmon spawn-gathering establishment located there and from whence he expects soon to be able to send several thousand eggs to Washington.

A FUNNY PLACE.

Danbury, Connecticut, is getting to be considered the most funny place in the country. Here is a part of a poetical letter received some time since from that interesting locality, ordering the *Floral Guide* for the year:

My wife of the dear, darling flowers is fond,
As a bee of the clover or duck of the pond—
A frog of the water—a snake of the grass—
The maid of her mirror—the toper his glass—
An oyster of ocean—a lawyer of fees—
The youth his cigar or the rat of his cheese.
If you talk about *bude*, why the mere whispered name
Blows up conversation at once in a flame;
The sight of a *paper of seede*, you must know,
Sets both of her eyes in a rapturous glow;
And a glance at a *bulb*, if the truth may be told,
Delights her far more than a nugget of gold;
A green-house or flower-stand—mercy on me!—
Sets everything flying in chatter and glee;
Nor would she then care, in so glowing a scale,
If the whale swallowed Jonah, or Jonah the whale.
Such perfect beatitude never, dear sir,
You saw, as the flowers impart unto her.

SUNBEAMS.

— A Hen Case.—A mamma in the rural districts lately gave her five-year-old hopeful an outfit of fishing tackle. Soon she heard a shout from Willie, and running out found one of her best hens winding up the line in her crop, whither the hook had already preceded it. Willie, observing the troubled look of his mother, quietly remarked, "Don't worry, mother; she will stop when she gets to the pole."

— As little Alice was walking round the garden with her great-aunt, a maiden lady, she caught sight of an insect upon the footpath, which she immediately crushed with her boot. "Oh, Alice," cried the lady, "you should not have done that! Perhaps the poor thing was a mother, and had some little ones to provide for." After a few minutes' consideration the child exclaimed, "But, auntie, perhaps it was only a great-aunt."

— "Talking about getting a good deal out of a little piece of land," exclaimed Simson—"why, I bought an acre of old Mr. Rees, and planted one acre of it with potatoes and the other with corn." "I thought you said you only bought one acre, Simson," remarked the listener; "how could you plant two?" "Very easily, sir; I stood it up on the end, and planted both sides."

— Poetry Running to Seed.—At a recent agricultural show in Norfolk, one of the inhabitants uttered his sentiments on a canvas banner:

"Of all the crops the farmer raises,
Or capital employees,
None brings such comfort and such praises,
As a crop of girls and boyses."

— "So Dear to Me the Hour."—Mary (who has been sent to market, and told to bring the new daily in with her): "If you plaze, sir, the hour is nine o'clock, and you won't catch your train if you aren't quick."

— A Little Knowledge.—Obliging Waiter—"Sausages—oh, yes, sir, I can recommend the sausages. I know the man as makes 'em!" Patron—"H'm, it would have been better if you had known the pig!"

Smart.—An American paper says: "Massachusetts is noted for two things—intelligence and patent medicines." We presume the intelligence is displayed in selling, not taking, the physic.

— A Patronizing Damsel.—Miss Margaret, aged nine, to mamma, who is a widow and has no sons—"I'm very glad uncle has come to stop with us, mamma. It's nice to have a man about the house."

— Josh Billings says that a red herring will keep a man dry better than an umbrella.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The Following is the Result of the Pioneers' election on Monday last: President, James Lick; Vice-Presidents, David J. Staples, Peter Deane, John H. Jewett, Benjamin P. Kooser, J. Ross Browne; Secretary, Louis R. Lull; Treasurer, Howard Havens; Marshal, William Huefner. Directors—Thomas Nelson, Emil Buffandeau, William C. Randolph, C. A. C. Duisenberg, Jacob Deeth, James Neal, Arch. Wason, Henry H. Ellis, Washington Bartlett. The result was announced at 8 P. M., after which the members repaired to the banquet hall, where a sumptuous collation was served.

Every One has read the history of Samson and Delilah, but few people really know how much both men and women are dependent upon their hair for both beauty and strength. A good crop of hair is not only pretty, but also denotes a good, healthy constitution. Perhaps the most useful of all preparations for the hair is the X Twiaba X, known as the Nevada Natural Hair Restorative. It has wonderful qualities, which its use can best demonstrate. Go to Heathfield, Bogel & Co., 206 and 208 Battery, and try it.

Frank M. Pixley has purchased a large tract of land upon the line of the new coast railroad, about midway between Saucelito and San Rafael, upon which it is his intention to lay out a suburban city. It is located in a most delightful and picturesque position at the foot of Mount Tamalpais, and reaches down to the waters of the bay, is well guarded from the winds, and is altogether a promising enterprise. Our suggestion is that the city be named "Frank's Fort," or Corte Madeira.

Lord Russell has astonished his friends, who thought they knew well enough to be not easily surprised on any enterprise of his however daring, by proposing withing the limits of a sheet of note paper a scheme for the restoration of the Heptarchy by a division of the United Kingdom into seven provinces. The principle has reference to and squints at home rule in Ireland only. The idea is coupled with hope in some quarters and alarm in others.

Delicate Consideration.—Mamma: "What a din you're making, chicks! What are you playing at!" Trixy: "O, mamma, we're playing at railway trains. I'm the engine, and Guy's a first-class carriage, and Sylvia's a second-class carriage, and May's a third-class carriage, and Gerald, he's a third-class carriage, too—that is, he s really only a truck, you know, only you mustn't tell him so, as it would offend him!"

"'O, Come Into My Parlor, said the Spider to the Fly.'"—Benedick: "Yes, but four guineas, hang it! Why, the bonnets in the window are ticketed at eighteen shillings!" Madame Amaranthe (nee Robinson): "Yes, my dear gentleman; but, candidly, would a cheap article be suitable to such a singularly beautiful person as your dear lady!" [Moral.—Husbands, don't accompany your wives on such expeditions as this.

It is so Difficult in our day to get a really good Havana cigar, that we consider we are conferring a boon upon the public when we tell them where they can get a cigar that will not only smoke pleasantly but will also afford pleasure both to the smoker and the passer-by. Such a cigar can be bought at the house of H. H. McClellan & Co., 518 Battery street, opposite the Custom House.

The Western Savings and Trust Company, 136 Montgomery street, cannot fail to be a success, as the names of the men connected with it are alone sufficient guarantee of its legitimacy and business integrity. It will no doubt facilitate the business operations of our merchants, brokers, etc., and will no doubt soon rank among our leading banks.

Neglected Genius.—Mistress: "No opportunity of improving yourself here, Parker? Why not?" Maid: "Well, ma'am, I've arranged this hair differently every day for a week; but as you have never put it on, and have taken to wearing your own, I feel as my feeling's is hurt, and my education is wasted."

Cape Town, May 6th.—The Ministry proposed to introduce 2,000 artisans and laborers from Europe for the railway works. The bill to establish federation has been withdrawn. Some people have left the diamond fields for the gold fields of Reydonberg.

The Modocs are indirectly responsible for the death of C. G. C. Canby, brother of the General. He died in the Missouri State Lunatic Asylum, on the 9th of June, having become insane on learning of the General's murder.

Death of a Daughter of Burns.—Mrs. Thomson, daughter of the poet Burns, died at Cross Myloof, near Glasgow, recently, in the 48th year of her age.

The Board of Directors of the Canada Pacific Railroad have accepted Sir Hugh Allen's terms for its construction.

Cynical Thought.—A man is never so old in the outside world as he is made to feel when in the bosom of his family.

Mr. Wilkie Collins will leave England in August for his projected lecturing tour in America.

Horace Davis has been re-elected President of the Produce Exchange.

TIME OF FAST HORSES.

Sportsmen will be interested in the following carefully prepared table of horses that have beaten 27. It was prepared by the Secretary of the Hampden, Mass., Park Association. Those horses marked with an asterisk are now off the turf:

Goldsmith Maid	2.16¾	Toronto Chief*	2.24½
American Girl	2.17¾	Susie	2.25
Dexter*	2.17¾	Com. Vanderbilt	2.25
Lucy	2.18¾	Pilot Temple	2.25
Lady Thorn*	2.18¾	Joe	2.25¾
George Parmer	2.19¾	Crown Prince	2.25¾
Flora Temple*	2.19¾	Fannie Allen	2.25¾
Henry	2.20¾	C. E. Lowe	2.25¾
Mountain Boy*	2.20¾	Ethan Allen*	2.25¾
Gazelle	2.21	Nonesuch	2.25¾
Jay Gould	2.21¾	Thos Jefferson	2.25¾
Comors	2.21¾	Byron	2.25¾
Judge Fullerton	2.21¾	J. J. Bradley	2.25¾
George Wilkes*	2.22	Colonel Russell	2.24¾
Lady Maud	2.22¾	Mohawk, Sr	2.25¾
Rosalind	2.22¾	Derby	2.25¾
Huntress	2.22¾	Harry Harley	2.25¾
Jennie	2.22¾	Charley Green	2.26¾
Flora Belle	2.22¾	Ben Flager	2.26¾
Kilburn Jim	2.23	Ben Cummings	2.26
Wm H Allen	2.23¾	Grace Bertram	2.26¾
Hotspur	2.23¾	Surprise	2.26
Sensation	2.23¾	Morrissey	2.26¾
Jim Irving	2.23¾	Matt Smith	2.26
Billy Barr	2.23¾	Bay Whalebone	2.26¾
Major Allen	2.24¾	Grand Duchess	2.26¾
Red Cloud	2.24¾	Lydia Thompson	2.26¾
Beppo	2.24¾	Sea Foam	2.26
Chicago	2.24¾	Queen of the West	2.26¾
Draco Prince	2.24¾	Lucille	2.26¾
Lady Blanchard	2.24¾	Honest Dutchman	2.26¾
Lulu	2.24¾	H. W. Genet	2.26¾
Sleepy John	2.24¾	Royal John	2.26¾
Myron Perry	2.24¾	Pocahontas	2.26¾

LATEST PRICES OF IMPORT AND EXPORT STAPLES.

METALS.	PRICES.	TEAS.	PRICES.
Pig Iron, Scotch, No. 1	$50 00 @ 52 50	Japans	$— 20 @ — 75
Bar Iron, assorted, ₱ lb	— 4 @ — 6	Oolong	— 50 @ — 85
Metal Sheathing, ₱ lb	— 24 @ — 25	SUGARS.	
Tin Plates, I C, ₱ box	13 00 @ 14 00	China, No. 1, ₱ lb	— 9 @ — 9¼
Tin Plates, I X, ₱ box	14 00 @ 15 00	Sandwich Island	— 7 @ — 7¾
Lead, Pig, ₱ lb	— 6 @ — 6½	Manila	— 6 @ — 7¼
Lead, Sheet, ₱ lb	— 9 @ — 10	Crushed, American	— 11 @ — 11¾
Banca Tin, ₱ lb	— 36 @ — 38	Muscovado	— 6 @ — 8
Quicksilver	— — @ 1 00	Peruvian	— 6 @ — 8
COAL.		CANDLES.	
West Hartley, ₱ ton	11 00 @ 12 00	Sperm Wax, ₱ lb	— 30 @ — 44
Australian	11 75 @ 12 —	Adamantine	— 14 @ — 18
Cumberland	20 00 @ 22 50	SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.	
Anthracite	10 00 @ 12 00	Whisky, American	1 25 @ 4 00
Bellingham Bay	8 50 @ — —	Whisky, Scotch	5 00 @ 5 50
Mount Diablo	6 50 @ 8 50	Whisky Irish	5 00 @ 5 50
COFFEE.		Alcohol, American	2 00 @ 2 10
Guatemala, ₱ lb	— 19 @ — 20	Rum, Jamaica	4 50 @ 5 25
Java, Old Government	— 22 @ — 23	Brandy, French	4 00 @ 10 00
Manila	— 19 @ — 20	BAGS AND BAGGING.	
Costa Rica	— 19 @ — 20	Chicken Gunnies, 200-lb	— 18 @ — 19
RICE.		Gunny Bags in bales	— 17 @ — 18
China, No. 1, ₱ lb	— 6¾@ — 7	Burlap Bags	— 14½@ — 15
China, No. 2	— 6 @ — 6¾	Hessian, 40-inch, ₱ yard	— 11 @ — 12
Hawaiian	— 7½@ — 8¾	DOMESTIC STAPLES.	
WINES.		Wool, ₱ lb	— 15 @ — 24
Champagne, ₱ doz	20 00 @ 25 00	Tallow	— 6 @ — 6¾
Port, according to brand, ₱ gallon	2 00 @ 6 75	Hides	— 16 @ — 17
Sherry, do. do	1 75 @ 7 00	Wheat, ₱ 100 lbs	1 65 @ 1 75
OIL.		Barley	1 15 @ 1 35
Coal and Kerosene	— 34 @ — 42	Oats	1 75 @ 1 90
		Flour, ₱ 196 lbs	4 25 @ 5 25

THE CHINA TRANS-PACIFIC STEAMSHIP CO. (LIMITED.)

The Galley of Lorne, in this line, steamed prondly out of the harbor just after noon on Thursday. The *Vasco De Gama*, the first of the ships built for the line, is nearly ready, and will soon take her place regularly. Her inside fittings are being superintended by our old friend, Sam. Hubbard, formerly of the Pacific Mail Co., which is a guarantee that things will be right in that respect. She will be commanded by Capt. Rice, formerly of the ships *Golden Horn* and *Portland*, and is well known by our mercantile community. Our old friends, Macondray & Co., as agents, will afford all facilities, as is their custom.

THE SAN JACINTO TIN MINES.

The Following Extracts (from a late report made by Mr. E. N. Robinson, General Superintendent of the San Jacinto Tin Mines, located in this State,) induce us to believe that the tin deposits of Temescal are sufficiently extensive and rich enough to warrant a large expenditure of capital, and the employment of hundreds of men upon the said estate to develop the same. Certainly no kind of mining could be more profitable than tin under the circumstances named:

The San Jacinto Tin Company was organized on the 2d day of January, 1868, with a capital stock of $4,000,000 in 40,000 shares of $100 each, the object of said company being to acquire the "Rancho Sobrante de San Jacinto," a Spanish grant of eleven leagues (or about 49,000 acres of land,) situated in the lower part of this State, made and confirmed under the Mexican laws direct to Maria del Rosario de Aguirre, in the year 1846. The company named, by payment of a large sum of money secured all the right, title and interest of said Maria del Rosario de Aguirre to said property, said sale being endorsed and agreed to by her husband, Don Manuel A. Ferrer. The deed and all necessary documents are recorded in due form. The grantors of the San Jacinto Tin Company, after purchase, took the necessary steps to secure a confirmation of the title from the United States Government, and on the 26th day of October, 1867, a patent to said property was issued; and the company named, through me, as their agent, on the 24th day of June, 1868, took quiet and undisputed possession of the property. This grant has passed through the ordeal of "judicial investigation," and the title is perfect.

U. S. Commissioner Joseph S. Wilson writes, under date of May 13, 1869: "Lands in the hands of persons claiming under Mexican grants, confirmed by the United States, are perfect as to title."

The boundary lines, as surveyed and established by the United States Surveyor, and patented, enclose 48,847 28-100 acres, most of which is mineral land, although there are within the limits of said property seven to eight thousand acres of first-class agricultural land, which by irrigation, easily procured at an expense not to exceed $25,000, can be made worth at least $50 per acre, or, in the aggregate, from $350,000 to $400,000.

The climate there is not surpassed in any portion of the world. In the adjacent valleys the soil and climate are equally well adapted to the growth of the orange, lemon, lime, citron, fig, walnut, olive, banana, almond, filbert and currant, and wheat, barley, corn, potatoes, cotton, tobacco and sugar-cane thrive well.

Over 500 claims, ranging in length from 500 to 3,000 feet each, have been located on the mineral belt within the boundaries of the estate, many of which will, to my knowledge, furnish a satisfactory assay in tin. Copper, nickel, gold and silver have been found on this property; but, on account of the remarkable tin deposits, little work has been done or attention paid to anything but tin, of which metal, although fifty-three lodes are known, one only, the "Cajalco," has been worked to any great extent, a plan of which I submit. From this illustration it will readily be understood how the mine has been worked, and to what extent.

The analysis of the ore by F. A. Genth, Washington, gave the following:

Silicic acid	9.82
Tungstic acid	.22
Stannic acid (equal to 59.92 tin)	76.15
Oxide of copper	.27
Oxide of iron, manganese, aluminum, magnesia, lime, etc.	13.54—100.

The tin smelted from this ore gave: Tin, 99 78-100; iron, 0.11; copper, 0.11.

I have received in San Francisco from the Cajalco mine, at various times, about twelve tons of ore, as it was taken from the drifts and shafts while driving and sinking. This ore, or a part of it, was concentrated (imperfectly) in this city, a considerable quantity of it being lost from defective machinery. Notwithstanding this, the ore yielded about 20 per cent. tin, out of which I had tin plate made, and worked into various utensils, which were on exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair of 1869, in San Francisco, for which our company received a gold medal. The tin was pronounced, by those who worked it, of superior quality.

In fact, all our tests and workings go to prove that this mine alone may safely be depended upon to yield an almost inexhaustible amount of 8 per cent. ore; and with the facilities surrounding same it cannot, in my estimation, be surpassed as a tin-producing property. That there are many other tin mines on the estate of equal value when developed, cannot, I think, be doubted.

The work done in this mine during the year 1868-69 aggregated 1,186 feet of shafts, tunnels, drifts and cross cuts.

Dr. A. Roessler, in charge of Mineral Cabinet, Interior Department at Washington, pronounces the "San Jacinto Tin ore very rich." Dr. Genth does the same.

Practical tin workers in Cornwall worked the ore in my presence and pronounced it extra fine; and several tons worked on a large scale in this city returned over 20 per cent. metal. That (without the usual and ordinary carbonized wood and skimming process to free it from impurities) made sheet tin that was pronounced by tin workers as equal to the best imported. The deposit of tin on this estate seems extensive enough to furnish employment for thousands of men, and, if properly worked, would end the importation of $16,000,000 worth of tin yearly, upon which we pay 15 per cent. duties, and revolutionize the tin trade of the world.

The mines I visited while in Cornwall, England, and the great number of people I observed as supported by them, assured me of the great value that must sooner or later accrue to this estate, when the mines thereon are properly worked. This property will then be in a great manner to this State what Cornwall has been and

is to England. My examinations of the English tin mines assured me that, with one or two exceptions, the equal of the Cajalco is not to be met with there, and the facilities for working the mines and for mill purposes are not equaled there.

There is scarcely any metal which serves as raw material to so many skilled manufacturers as tin; and the variety of uses to which it is put seems endless.

A visit through Cornwall at the present time will exhibit hundreds of chimneys, many feet high, looming up in all directions like a great forest-silent monuments of mines worked out, and busy life long passed, nevermore to lend their aid in adding to the material wealth of the world. That Cornwall is becoming exhausted, so far as the tin deposits are concerned, seems obvious, when one looks back, say thirty years, and notes what that country then produced, and compares the years previous to 1840 with those since, up to the present time. The Bottallock mine, situated near the Land's End, has been worked continuously since the last century. Its lower level is over 1,500 feet below the surface, vertical depth, while the incline to reach that level is 3,000 feet long, and extends for most of that distance under the sea. Very little metal of any kind is found at this extreme level; most of the ore raised in late years came from the upper workings. The average yield of tin ore from one ton of tin stone, of this mine, is about forty pounds, or less than two per cent. metal. They run all their machinery by steam power, and are compelled, for concentrating purposes (as are most of the mines in Cornwall), to use the water pumped from the mines; and when the water is limited it is used over several times, in fact continuously, until it is exhausted by evaporation and other causes beyond control. Near to and north of Bottallock is the Levant mine; it is worked to a depth of 1,800 feet, and furnishes ore that yields on an average about 2½ per cent. The Levant reduction works illustrate how cheap is the separation of tin ores after they are once mined, for they are working over an old dump-pile of waste rock that has been accumulating for many years, which by assay yields less than one per cent. of tin stuff. This, of course, can only be done under the existing high price of tin and the low rate of Cornish labor. The Dolcoth mine of Camborne is worked to a depth of 1,800 feet, and yields two per cent. ores. They work tailings here that only yield five pounds of tin stuff to 2,000 pounds of ore. They reduce about 1,000 tons of tin stone per week with 184 stamps, 1,000 tons yielding about twenty tons of tin stuff ready for smelting, and some copper. The Phœnix mine, near Liskeard, is one of the most successfully worked tin mines in England, and is under the able management of Mr. West, who is a large shareholder in the enterprise; the property is valued at about $1,250,000; it is worked about 1,500 feet deep, and was once a copper mine, but at depth changed to tin, although considerable copper is extracted from the mine monthly. One thousand tons of the ore from this mine yields about twenty tons of *black tin*, or about one per cent., and some copper. There are about 1,000 people employed here, and the enterprise pays satisfactory dividends.

The statistics giving the true amounts of tin productions of the world are difficult to find, as Great Britian has ever attempted to keep her tin deposits, manufacture and extent of mining a secret. The island of Banca produced in 1852 5,252 tons of tin ore. The province of Tenasserim, on the Malay peninsula, in 1853, produced 1,000 tons. In 1856, Australia sent to England 370 tons of ore; the same year, Mexico and South America furnished some 842 tons of tin. Bolivia furnishes annually about 3,000 tons of very rich tin ore. The production of tin in China and Malacca it is impossible to give. The production of the Cornwall mines, from 1800 to 1850, was near 2,500 tons per annum, and since that time up to 1865 the production will reach 6,250 tons annually.

We imported in 1857, of blocks, bars, and pigs $1,023,210 in value, in tin plates and sheets, to the amount of $4,786,538; of tin foil $21,436 in value, and of other grades and qualities $31,922.

In 1859, of bars, blocks and pigs, the value imported was $1,039,781; of plates and sheet tin, the value of $5,331,147; and of tin foil $26,401 in value; and of other qualities of tin, a value of $28,638, showing an importation of $5,866,096 in value for the year 1857, and $6,425,967 for the year 1859.

No incentive is wanting to seek for tin deposits in the United States, to judge from the small quantity produced, and the increasing demand therefor. It is estimated that the annual consumption of tin in America and Europe was in 1868, about 22,000 tons; in 1870, 24,000 tons; in 1871, 27,000 tons. This supply was derived from four sources which, last year, produced in all only 31,700 tons, made up as follows: English tin, 10,500 tons; Banca tin, 9,000 tons; Straits tin, 9,500 tons; Billeton tin, 2,700 tons.

The imports of tin into the United States last year were of the cost price of about sixteen million dollars, and will be from one eighth to one-sixth larger the present year; hence it is highly desirable that some part of the increasing consumption of each year be met by the opening up of domestic sources of supply.

The price of tin is about $800 per ton, and is increasing yearly. The known deposits of this mineral in our country should be developed at an early day, that this drain of about $16,000,000 per annum may be stopped. In California, tin stone, with sufficient metal to pay largely for reduction, has been found.

Besides our own consumption, China would require a large amount, as tin is there used in vast quantities in the manufacture of ornaments and gilt figures, with which they celebrate their holidays, and which are in a great measure destroyed by fire, thus recreating a demand.

The present Company have, by a liberal expenditure, developed and proved this estate to be of great value.

E. N. Robinson.

A LITTLE HISTORY.

The Following Bit of Golden Rhyme appeared in the London *Sunday Times* of January 6, 1849. It attracted the attention of a young man, the son of an English clergyman, and so impressed him that he immediately left for the land where "gold is got in pan and pot." Arriving here in 1849, he set his stakes in the foothills of Placer County, and there they remain yet, and so does the English adventurer, now grown to be an old man. He is still a habitat of one of the primitive log cabins of the country, and eking out a subsistence by putting his hands to such labor as they can find. His bright visions of gold and happiness have long since proven to be the "baseless fabric of a dream." During twenty-four years the unfortunate searcher for gold has kept in his possession a copy of the siren song that enticed him to these shores, and from a time-worn newspaper scrap furnished by him we copy the delusive rhymes of '49. May their appearance in newer and clearer print be to him the precursor of brighter fortune:

A NEW GOLD SONG.—Air: "Yankee Doodle."

"What is here?
Gold?—yellow, glittering, precious gold?"—TIMON OF ATHENS.

Now's the time to change your clime,
Give up work and tasking;
All who choose be rich as Jews,
Even without asking.
California's precious earth
Turns the new world frantic;
Sell your traps and take a berth,
Across the broad Atlantic.
Every one who digs and delves,
All whose arms are brawny,
Take a pick and help yourselves—
Off to California.

Yankee Doodle all agog,
With the golden mania,
Debts no longer prove a clog—
Happy Pennsylvania!
Those who about stocks and loans
Kicked up such an old dust,
Live to see the very stones
Come down with the gold dust.
Every one who digs and delves,
Join the Indians tawny;
Take a pick and help yourselves,
In happy California.

Shakspeare, of undying fame,
Whom they're going to play so,
Gave to gold a naughty name,
Or made Timon say so,
And the mob their true lands leave,
Corn and canes and "taters,"
To appear, lest it deceive,
As Californicators.
Every one who digs and delves,
Wear your hands quite horny,
Take a pick and help yourselves—
Off to California.

Gold is got in pan and pot,
Soup-tureen or ladle,
Basket, bird-cage, and what not,
Even to a cradle!
El Dorado's found at last,
Turba sed virorum
Lose their dazzled heads as fast,
As Raleigh did before 'em.
Choose your able-bodied men,
Navvies bold and brawny;
Give them picks and spades, and then
Off for California.

How this flush of gold will end
We have statements ample;
Perhaps a few sacks they will send,
Only for a sample.
But we hope this golden move
Really is all true, sirs,
Else will Yankee Doodle prove
A yankee doodle doo, sirs.
Every one who digs or delves,
Stout and tough and brawny,
Buy a pick and help yourselves—
Off to California.

NAHL'S PICTURE

Of the Apache Indian Family is in the window of a Kearny street picture store. It is capitally lighted at night, to bring out its strong effects. There is an audacity in Nahl's management, of glaring orange in juxtaposition with cold indigo blue, of moonlight and firelight. No painter in our knowledge better understands the full value of color, its natural effect, or dares to paint so close to nature. The camp-fire glows upon the naked forms, lighting them from below, throwing up all the shadows of facial features, and the superbly painted anatomy of the figures—a splendid study, and impossible, save by the thorough artist and student of superficial anatomy. The cold, silvery moonlight behind the figures, catches upon their bronzed forms, gleaming just where they round against the warm, fire-glow, like the polish on slumbering artillery, silenced by night-fall on the battle-field. The expressed repose in the warrior's attitude contrasts finely with the unceasing watchfulness of his face, as if the body rested while the mind stood sentinel. The natural way in which the savage mother holds her offspring; the easy grouping of the figures; the floating cinders like butterflies of fire; the still cold, silvery stars, spotting the chill, blue heavens, are evidences of sentiment, poetry, study and knowledge which would honor any painter. Yet, this *chef d'ouvre*, with all its beauties, is "*caviar to the general.*" B.

Temperance Motto.—Fight for the right, and never get tight.

THE SHAH AND BARON REUTER

All the English Papers are full of glowing accounts of grand receptions, balls, etc., given in honor of the Shah of Persia, who has for the first time visited England. His visit is not for idle curiosity, nor is it merely for pleasure, but is undertaken with a view to opening out and improving his country, whose vast resources have hitherto been a sealed book to the civilized world. The first and most important step was his concession to Baron Reuter, the great telegraph agent, of large tracts of government land, the right to use government quarries, gravel pits, etc. In return, the Baron undertakes to build a railway from the shores of the Caspian Sea to Teheran, a distance of over four hundred miles. The Shah also agrees to pay interest at the rate of seven per cent. on thirty millions of dollars raised by loan for the building of the road, and will concede five per cent. in order to form a sinking fund to pay back the debt. He asks in return twenty per cent. of the net earnings of the Teheran line, and such other branches as may afterwards be constructed. The annual revenue of the Shah is about a million dollars, and if Baron Reuter will agree to give him one hundred thousand dollars more, yearly, the Shah will allow him to levy taxes, hold the monopoly of railroad building, gas making, and the establishing of all kinds of industries. The Baron has already advanced the sum of a million and a half of dollars, on the strength of which the Shah, Nasir-edeen, is now astonishing Europe with his blaze of diamonds. With a modesty which is singular, and enhances the worth of his actions, we hear little if anything of the instrumentality of Baron Reuter from himself directly or indirectly, and it is left to those who are sufficiently analytic and generous enough of nature to trace the process of cause and effect in this transaction. The Shah wants to see Persia imitate England, and it must be flattering to the "old country" to feel that she is picked out from all the other countries of Europe as the model after which future Persia is to be formed. Since the Baron made his bargain with the Shah other capitalists jealous of his good fortune have tried to make the Shah believe that he has been swindled, and that had he but come to them in the first instance they would have made terms much more advantageous to him. This has somewhat disturbed the Shah's mind, and has made Baron Paul Julius Reuter feel a little nervous. It is hoped, however, that the grand way in which the Shah is now being feted will have the effect of convincing him of the Baron's and England's good faith, and so make him adhere to his agreement in spite of all the insinuations of intriguing outsiders.

ALFALFA.

The Statements, so frequently published about the yield of Alfalfa, have stimulated a number of our farmers in the neighborhood of Kern River to give, in an authentic manner, the results of their experience in treating this wonderfully yielding grass. One who owns a small field of this grass, sown about six years since, and is now well rooted, declines to furnish one on the ground that it would seem incredible and a gross exaggeration. We hope he is the only person this consideration will deter. We append one of the many letters received. The writer, Mr. H. A. Cross, of Bakersfield, writes as follows:

BAKERSFIELD, June 30th, 1873.—ED. COURIER: This year I rented the farm of Mr. L. R. Reeder, near Bakersfield. He has a field of thirty acres of alfalfa; this I commenced mowing, for hay, the latter part of April, and finished about the middle of May. The yield, without weighing, was estimated by experts at one and three-quarter tons per acre, but to be well within bounds I can call it one and a half tons per acre. About ten days after the first cutting I commenced to cut it the second time, and finished about the middle of last week; the yield this cutting was considerably more than at first, and I estimate it at two tons per acre. To-day I commenced cutting it the third time; the yield promises to be fully equal to the last. I use a mowing machine and keep three men constantly employed—one in cutting and two in hauling and stacking. The warmer the weather the faster it grows. I can easily cut six crops if I wish, but after taking off the fourth crop will probably use the field for pasture. If I should mow it six times, the yield of hay would be at the very least eight tons per acre. If these facts are of any service to you, you are at liberty to publish them. H. A. CROSS.

We are glad to find S. W. Moore & Co., Seedsmen, of 420 Sansome street, have just landed twenty tons of this amazingly productive grass.

Speaking of the disposition of New York women to wear a fashion "to death" reminds one of a pretty bonnet which has been brought out by Harry Taylor, Stewart's "man milliner." This hat he christened the "Taglioni," in honor of that celebrated retired *danseuse*, who by the way, is now living in reduced circumstances in London, and giving dancing lessons to some few scions of noble families as a means of support. The Taglioni bonnet sold so readily, its originator changed the name to "Ready and Go It." It is a half-bonnet, half-hat, with a close brim, a high crown, separating the brim and coronet with a butterfly on one side, a pom-pon feather in front of the crown, a little to one side, and flowers looping the ribbons and lace scarf in the back.

ABOVE THE TREE.

Why should I tarry here, to be but one
To eke out doubt, and suffer with rest?
Why should I labor to become a name,
And vaunt, as did Ulysses to his mates,
"I am a part of all I have met."
A wily seeker to suffice himself!
As when the oak's young leaves push off the old,
So from the tree of life man drops away—
And all the boughs are peopled quick by Spring—
Above the furrows of forgotten graves.
The one we thought had made the nation's creed,
Whose death would rive us like a thunderbolt,
Dropped down—a sudden rustling in the leaves,
A knowledge of the gap, and that was all!
The robbin flitting on his frozen mound,
Is more than he. Whoever dies, gives up
Unfinished work, which others, tempted, claim
And carry on. I would go free, and
Into a star above the multitude—[change
To shine afar, and penetrate where those
Who in darkling boughs and prisoned close,
But when they catch my rays, will borrow light,
Believing it their own, and it will serve.

—*Elizabeth Stoddard in Appleton's Journal of June 14th.*

A CHANCE FOR ALL.

In 1864, Congress granted to the "Oregon Central Military Road Company" eight hundred and fifty thousand acres of land, in order to assist them in the construction of a military road from Eugene City to the eastern line of Oregon, on the borders of Idaho, a distance of some four hundred and seventy miles. This grant was ratified by an Act of the Legislative Assembly of Oregon the same year, and also by another Act passed in 1866. This land grant is now offered to the public by the "Pacific Land Company," at prices that cannot fail to make the speculation a good one both for settlers and investers. The road traverses the southern section of the State, and runs alongside of its lakes and rivers, and the "Pacific Land Company, by virtue of their purchase from the Oregon Road Company," now hold at the disposal of the public, for the most moderate prices, three sections for each mile along the entire line of road. The Company having purchased the military road and entire land grant, have incorporated, with a stock of five thousand shares, at the par value of two hundred and forty dollars. But a purchaser of one share of the first one thousand shares offered may obtain it at one-half that amount in United States currency, or at a rate of about seventy-five cents per acre. A share will represent over one hundred and sixty acres of land. A share will be received by the Company at par value—namely, at two hundred and forty dollars—in payment for land. Such shares will then be canceled, not re-issued, and a deed given the purchaser. The land will be appraised at moderate rates, in sections of six hundred and forty acres. This land is classified as first, second and third quality: soil of great fertility; or of a quality suitable for grain; or as grazing and timber land. Only a small portion of mountainous land is unfit for one of the purposes named. The country is well watered, and the climate reported and generally understood to be very pleasant, and the whole section a remarkably healthy one. That this Company is a reliable one, and the whole affair a *bona fide* transaction, a reference to the names on the prospectus at once proves. The opinion, too, of Clarence King, the United States Zoologist of this Coast, which opinion, as the world knows, is ever given without either fear or favor, is, that the greater part of the grant (which grant he has carefully inspected) is land of the finest quality. As this is probably about the last great land grant that will be given by Congress, settlers, capitalists, and business men, who some day mean to settle down on a comfortable homestead, should not miss so grand an opportunity of becoming either purchasers or shareholders of this Company's land. Here is a belt of land stretching as far as from Portland, Maine, to New York, three miles wide, from which, for a comparative trifle, any one may obtain land, hold it for an advance, make it a home, or keep his stock, as a certain and profitable investment. A farm can be bought for the small sum of $120, a sum which many a poor man has lost in a day on stocks, or spent in a week on a drunk. We would especially call the attention of English capitalists and farmers to the wonderful opportunities here offered both for legitimate speculation and farming operations. Many an English farmer pays a rent for a few acres of land overrun with game, which sum, if invested here, would make him an independent man, and give him a happy home in a country where rich lords don't eat up poor tenants with hares and rabbits, and where the virgin soil simply wants turning over to produce crops far superior to those of his native land.

A Curious and interesting experiment may be conducted by letting the current or sparks of an induction coil pass through the luminous flame of gas or of a candle, when no alteration will be seen in the flame, excepting that in the path of the sparks the flame will be intensely luminous. If, however, the flame be examined by means of the rotating mirror, it will be found that the flame is always extinguished above during the passage of an individual spark, while the part below the spark will be constant and steady.

OUR MINES.

The Mining World Thus Speaks of Our Mines: Foreign mines continue dull. Emma, 4¼, 5; it is stated that unfavorable advices have been received, but we have not been able to glean any information at this office. Flagstaff, 13, 13¾; we are officially informed that all is going on well. Last Chance, 7¾. 7¾. Tecoma, 10¾, 10¾. Eberhardt and Aurora, 6, 6½; the Directors have received, since 15th May, 63 bars of silver, worth £15,600, the profit on which has been about half. The assay value averages $69, a very satisfactory figure. It has been ascertained that the cost of reconstructing 30 stamps will not exceed £10,000, which will place the company in a better financial position by £5,000 than anticipated by the Directors. South Aurora, ⅝, ¾. Pacific, ⅞, ⅝. Thornhill Reef, 2⅛, 2⅛. Utah; we learn, but not officially, that a rich body of ore has been cut, containing a better percentage of silver and an appreciable quantity of gold. Sweetland Creek, 4¼, 4¾; a dividend of 4s. per share has been declared. Birdseye Creek, 2¼, 2⅝. Cedar Creek, 1¾, 2. Gold Run, 6s., 7s. Malpaso, 1, 1½. Rica, 12s., 14s. New Quebrada, 4, 4½; we are informed that the agent dispatched lately to Venezuela in the interest of this company has returned, and reports that, in his opinion, no obstacles of importance exist to the construction of the railway to the mines owned, and that he received from the highest officials in Caracas the assurance of their approval of the joint enterprise. Shares are very flat and steadily declining. Sierra Buttes, 3⅛, 3¾; the result of the working at the Sierra Buttes and Plumas Eureka mines for May, received by telegraph, is as follows:—"Sierra Buttes Mine Receipts, $37,932; cost of mining and milling, $20,570. Plumas Eureka Mine—Receipts, $15,000. Eureka run only seven days in good quartz, balance Mammoth rock." Richmond, 5¾, 6; we are informed that the company is now in possession of the large mass of ore, valued recently by Mr. Clarence King in his published report at £700,000, which is a continuation of the Richmond lode running under the "Look-out" location. The Eureka Company commenced a suit to obtain possession of this ore, but the jury not agreeing, the two companies settled the matter out of court, the Richmond buying of the Eureka the whole of the "Look-out" ground for £17,000, the Eureka at the same time withdrawing all suits against the Richmond, each party sustaining their own costs. The Directors have received the following cablegram from the mine at Eureka, Nevada: "Hall, London.—Last week's run, forty-five thousand dollars. Three furnaces."

The Heroic Platelayer.—So rare is heroism in these days of strikes and corners, of money-making and cotton-spinning, that we are more than ever disposed to welcome a noble deed; and a nobler deed than that of Platelayer Elliott we may go far to seek. Elliott was one of the gang who were repairing the metals of the London and Southwestern line near Surbiton, when the Exeter express came thundering along. The platelayers of course dispersed, and were standing to let the train pass, when Elliott's quick eye caught a heavy iron chain lying across the metal, and he saw in another moment the train would leap from the line and roll down a steep embankment. With a courage as cool as that of the little midshipman who picked up and threw overboard the loaded shell, Elliott dashed forward, and was but just in time to snatch the obstacle from out of the path, and to avert a most terrible accident. He was in time to save the lives of others, but he was just too late by a second to save himself. The buffer-board of the great express engine caught him as he stooped with his heavy burden, and dashed him high into the air a corpse. For those who love a brave deed the memory of Elliott the platelayer will live along with that of Elson the pilot and Ford the fireman. It is men such as these—who can dare forlorn hopes—who won our Empire for us, and to whom we may yet have to look to save it. But meantime Elliot, who thus at a moment's notice laid down his life to save the lives of others, has left behind him a wife and children totally unprovided for. When we think how hideous would have been the catastrophe that Elliott averted—how terrible the loss of life which it would have involved—how many the homes which it would have left desolate—we shall surely not allow an act of self-devotion, so simple and yet so noble, to pass by unnoticed. Elliott, without hesitation, laid down his life for others. His widow and his fatherless children must not be allowed to want.—*Telegraph.*

A Curious Gem from Lake Superior.—Dr. Van R. Rich, of Oswego County, N. Y., has in his possession one of the most curious gems that has ever come before the attention of connoisseurs, and is pronounced by jewelers and others to be among the most exquisite of nature's specimens. Experts in gems have been puzzled to give it a distinct name. It was found by a Huron Indian on the shores of Lake Superior, and is a compound of four classes of stones agglomerated together so as to constitute a perfect gem of rare beauty. The stones comprised in it are agate, cornelian, perite, and crystal. Among the other remarkable features of this curious gem are the appearance upon each side, as if from the hand of an engraver, of a resemblance to a miniature crown, the clearly defined forms of a black-and-tan dog, the head of an owl, the tracings of the shores of little lakes and other remarkable phenomena, rarely if ever found in stones of any kind.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

If Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Liberty, the people of this city ought to be very free, for they are always investigating something or somebody. If the Industrial School offers no opening, there must be something wrong in the City and County Hospital, or the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, or the Pound, or the Broadway school, or the street sweeping machine. Without an investigation we can no more exist than a Board of Education without bad grammar, or Rincon School without Knowlton. It makes no kind of difference to San Francisco whether the investigation ends in establishing charges or not. We are all at a kind of Donnybrook Fair: all that we can care for is a head to hit. The business begins and ends there. Just out of the dreary Wilkinson investigation, which, from pure tediousness, broke up many households and reduced the population of the city, we are now on the eve of another most promising inquisition. The Boys's High School must be looked into. A number of sagacious citizens are discontented with the Principal of this school, because the boys do not graduate fast enough, although they—the citizens—are perfectly satisfied that their boys are fully prepared to graduate with dignity and honor. It is a matter of congratulation that the city possesses so many capable volunteer Principals, ready to do their duty, even at the risk of displacing the nominal head of the High School; but as these cultivated men acknowledge that they look upon the High School as a kind of House of Refuge for boys, who would without it be thrown upon their parents' hands, we can hardly accept them as competent critics of Mr. Bradley's capacity. Is it not a little strange that men, holding decent positions in society, should publicly confess that their children, "who leave the High Schools, too often become recruits to the hoodlum element?" With whom is the responsibility in such cases, and by what right do parents, who proclaim their own imbecility, undertake to sit in judgment on Mr. Bradley? As for the number of graduates from the High School, it no doubt represents pretty nearly the scholarship of the boys who enter there. These sorrowing parents, whose children are required to work for their degree, take it for granted that the previous schooling of their offspring has been a series of uninterrupted intellectual triumphs, and that the "joy and glory" of their lives have been basely torn from them by a designing Principal. Their argument is pitiful throughout. Mr. Bradley is accused of retaining the boys in the school, on one pretext or another, so as to make a show of full benches, term after term; while the fact is that, supposing him to think of nothing but his own popularity, it is clear that he would best secure this by showing a large percentage of graduates. We do not know Mr. Bradley, and have not paid particular attention to the High School; but, taking the figures reported by these indignant parents, we are inclined to believe that quite as many boys graduate from that school as deserve to graduate. Mr. Bradley, most probably, does his duty too well; and the only adequate punishment for such an error is dismissal. Let him, in any case, take the lesson to heart, and never forget, in his future dealings with the many-headed beast, to tickle its vanity. The boys enter his school, not to learn, but to graduate. In God's name, let them go through!

Those Old Sermons.---The *Alta* owes a duty to society; and of course, it will keep on owing. None the less does society call for the complete text of those two old Portland sermons, which the Rev. Dr. Stebbins rehashed for his oration before the University, on Friday of last week. Specially composed for the occasion, it would have been forced upon us at full length, in every paper. Jumbled up as it was, of second-hand materials, why should we be cheated of our refreshment? The *Alta* values the MSS. (there may be several of them), but it is not necessary to sacrifice these. They might be set up under the eye of the daring reporter, who captured them by force of arms; but printed they ought to be. It would be so pleasant for his admirers to have a fair opportunity to compare, or (shall we say?) contrast, the inchoate Stebbins, as yet but a grub, with the full developed, abounding Doctor and Regent! Comparisons are odious, to be sure, in most cases. If, for instance, we call Stebbins the twin brother of Tupper, one or the other would have ground for action against us; but even a man's friends may compare him with himself as he used to be. It is in the interest of society that we speak; for our own conviction in the case of Stebbins was long since arrived at. No chance discovery of cheap juggling can have any effect on our opinion of that vast intelligence. We saw him as he was, and is, and is to be; and his followers will go with him to the end, no matter what revelations are made. Shelley says:

> Greece and her foundations are
> Built below the tide of war.

Dr. Stebbins is like Greece. His foundations are built on the immovable belief in the value of gab. Prove him to be a mere dealer in old trumpery rhetoric, and you make his people cling to him with passionate fervor; for if there is one thing outside of dinner and dollars, which they do love, it is trumpery rhetoric. All that they want is their regular allowance, their quantum suff, of this delectable mental food. This they get from Dr. Stebbins; and whether it was taken from Portland or Portugal, it is all one to them. Nevertheless, let us have the MSS. of the two sermons. Let them, at least, be presented to the Library of the State University.

An Original Pennsylvania Editor comes out fairly and squarely. He calls his paper "An airy old sheet, devoted to wind, whisky, wickedness and other religious matters. Vox Populus, Vox Belzebub."

Next to the American's Love of the American People, as represented in his own particular self, stands as a most excellent characteristic his self-denying and noble patriotism. This was beautifully evident on the glorious Fourth, but is still more unmistakably apparent in the accounts presented the Auditing Committee by the participants in that dazzling pageant. The list of amounts charged for upholding the dignity of the country is an odd one. To be sure, the difference between the "claim" and "amount allowed" is in some instances astonishing, and the evidences of attempted extortion, under the guise of national services, would be rather sad were they not so very comical. Master McKenzie, having provided five gentlemen to toodle discordantly on horns, values their services at $75, but is sent away with $25. William Gerrish asks $9 for a flag-pole, but doesn't get it, while Mrs. Hoston, who puts a girl inside some fluffy muslin and odd ribbon ends, asks $100 for passing her off for the Goddess of Liberty! And, alas, alas! for our trust in the saints of the Y. M. C. A., they, carried away with enthusiasm, thought $20 a fair value for the use of a bench or two. They only got $10, which were just ten too many. There were some bills not allowed at all, and an inspection of these would be an interesting study of the extent to which the farce was carried by our patriotic citizens.

The Following Singular Bill for hanging and boiling a friar is extracted from an old document. Of course a friar ought not to have been boiled; this we may premise with, but it is extracted from an old document: "Account of the hanging and parboiling of Friar Stone, at Canterbury, in 1539.—Paid for half a ton of timber to make a pair of gallows for to hang Friar Stone, 2s. 6d.; to a carpenter, for making the same gallows, and the dray, 1s. 4d.; to a laborer that digged the hole, 3d; other expenses of setting up the same, and carriage of the timber from Stablegate to the Dungeon, 1s.; for a hurdle, 6d.; for a load of wood, and for a horse to draw him to the Dungeon, 2s. 3d.; paid two men that set at the kettle and parboiled him, 1s.; to three men, that carried his quarters to the gates, and set them up, 1s.; for halters to hang him, and Sandwich cord, and for screws, 1s.; for a woman that scoured the kettle, 2d.; to him that did execution, 3s 8d; total, 14s. 8d." It will be seen in these days of high-priced labor how much cheaper they worked in those days. But cheaply though they did the work, the *T. C.* would undertake to swing off some of his *particular* friends at even a lower rate, and would boil them simply for their lard. One little fat, fussy individual in particular, whose god is his stomach, should be hanged, boiled, and his lard used for greasing theater doors free of charge.

Jesse Grant was a very great man. Since his death, his remarkable poem on a "Pair of Shoes" has taken the literary world by storm, and Mr S. Austin Allibone, author of Dictionaries and Indexes without number, is about to commit suicide, because his latest volume of literary hash (see the New York *World* has just appeared, without the name of Jesse. A Cincinnati surgeon is now engaged on a work which will explain the "Moral Causes of the Death of Jesse Grant." According to this distinguished authority (we quote from a private letter) "The relaxed condition of the maxillary muscles unmistakably points to irregular Cardiac action, superinduced by profound emotion at the sight of his son's giddy elevation." Either that, or something else; our own opinion being that the old gentleman, borne by his fiery intellect, had looked too far into the awful glories of the hereafter, but even then we fail to understand how one so great could die. He is gone; the grandfather of our country is no more; but the cigar comforts the sorrowing son of Jesse, and the New York *Times* breathes again.

The T. C. took a stroll through Pacific Hall yesterday, and gazed with mute admiration upon the lovely specimens of embryo manhood, matronly beauty, and lacteal development. His dazzled eyes feasted upon the rich dollar store prizes to be awarded to the little darlings who should happen to have either the most sugary smile, the most corpulent or scraggy person, smallest feet, etc. The papas were conspicuous by their absence, which, by-the-by, did not astonish the *T. C.*, as however bold y and confidently (on the strength of the nurses' assertion that the baby is "his living image") the happy husband may at home assert his paternity, few papas (?), especially in San Francisco, have the audacity to locate their claims in public. It is just possible that they might have them disputed. The *T. C.* does not mind a cat or dog show, has even been to a cattle show, but to exhibit such insignificant manhood seems too absurd for anything.

Viscount Venosta.—Our daily papers are all well up in European political movements, and it was, therefore, quite natural for them to explain the leanings and describe the character of the new Italian Ministry. Each journal knew more than the others, and the *Chronicle*, as usual, left even itself far in the rear. We are obliged to talk Irish, for plain English cannot deal with the live paper. The telegraph turned Visconti-Venosta into *Viscount* Venosta, and the *Chronicle* told us all how the new Minister for Foreign Affairs had been made a Viscount in reward for treachery to his party. Down with the traitor, by all means; but is it not just a little odd for a journal so thoroughly wide awake, not to know the name of a statesman, who has been at the head of the Italian Foreign Office since 1869?

The Chronicle's Musical Critic is a man wonderfully fitted for such an office on such a paper. In his report of Madame Bishop's first concert, he got hold of the names all right that were on the programme, but rather slipped up when he called Mr. Frank Gilder's encore in the second part the "Old Hundred," and the pianist "Frank Glider." It must be either an Irish Christian young man, or a driveling idiot, who mistakes "God Save the Queen" for the "Old Hundred."

"**The Chinese Magdalen, or the Modern J. C.,**" is the name of a play now in course of construction by the *Town Crier*. Many amusing little incidents will be introduced, and the dialogue throughout will be sparkling and racy. Several first class miracles will be introduced, in one of which six gallons of Spring Valley Water will be turned into a drinkable fluid and *given away*, while in another, still more startling, a police officer will, by one touch of a master hand, be turned into a comparatively honest man. The piece will be complete in about a month and will be put on the boards of some first class church. Several good-looking parsons have already agreed to take parts.

A Vicious Yet Plaintive Roar comes from the *Tuscarora*. Poor Jack, who from time immemorial has been the prey of land and sea sharks, whose soft and susceptible heart sees beauty in the plainest old syren, and who drinks the worst tanglefoot with as much relish as his Captain would champagne, has again been taken in and done for. He gets greenbacks while the officers get gold. Making every allowance for Jack's exaggeration, and the columns through which he makes himself heard, the *T. C.* still fancies there is *some* truth in what Jack says, and warns the Navy Paymaster in a friendly way not to do it again. If he does, look out for squalls.

O, How Sick the T. C. is of reading about the Shah. The dreaded name greets him in every paper. The European papers in particular are full of little anecdotes of what the Shah did or ought to have done. Mrs. *T. C.* has read all about his diamonds, rubies and emeralds, and now looks with scorn upon the humble ring, the placing of which upon her finger once made Towney a happy man. The *T. C.* does not believe the Shah will ever pay Reuter a cent back of the million and a half he borrowed, will never have any railroad built, but will, as Persian monarchs have a habit of doing, put the poor Baron in a "den of lions," and look on to see the sport.

A Gentleman lately arrived from the classic wilds of Boston was dreamily strolling round our magnificent Central Park (generally known as the Plaza), and comparing it favorably with the "Hub Common," when he was startled by the apparition of a tall individual with a cigar—just fancy, a real lit cigar!—in his mouth. For a moment the gentle Bostonian paused in amazement at the tall man's audacity in thus smoking in a public park, but soon he collected his thoughts and mildly remonstrated with the tall man. That young Bostonian now sees more freedom with the one eye he has left than he ever saw the twenty-five years he rusticated at the "Hub."

Why will the Central Pacific persist in having the steps of their cars such a hight from their platforms? Many a sprained ankle and many a serious fall have been caused by them. Many people, especially ladies, are not able to step some two feet and a half without much exertion and danger. On the cars running to Oakland the steps are such a hight from the ground that a lady can hardly get up or down without an exposé, or even worse, a sprained ankle. Look to this, ye railway men, or beware of the *Town Crier's* wrath.

The Town Crier rejoices to see that the poor city has for once defeated monopoly, and that the tax-payers have been saved the payment of the nice little sums of $92,000 down, and $2,400 per month for municipal water. This is at any-rate a step in the right direction, and holds out some faint hope to citizens that monopolies will not always rule the water, regulate the price of gas, and generally control the necessities of life.

Dr. Hemphill recently delivered a discourse on the "Syrens' Progress." It was the "Harlot's Progress" in Hogarth's time. The same Rev. gentleman also delivered a very flat and insipid sermon on the "Rake's Progress," in which he handled the idea as if it was a can of nitro-glycerine. Let this moral instructor confine himself to the petty sins of his congregation until he learns the ways of the world and Pike street.

Henry Ward Beecher remarked the other day at Plymouth Church: "How I felt when the ship hove in sight of land. There was an odor in the air, and I shed tears when I smelt the ground swell of Old Ireland." It must have been the inspiring scent of the sod whisky that so inflamed the lacrymose glands of the great pulpit pounder of Brooklyn.

"**We Kissed** each other by the sea."—*Waverly*. [Well, what of it? The seaside is no better for such practices than any other locality. In fact, we have put in some very sweet work of that kind on the tow-path of a canal in our time, and never said anything about it in print.

A Forty-niner took a trip to Oakland for the first time, this week, and is said to have been so struck with its humming thoroughfares and magnificent public buildings, that he at once fell on his knees and thanked his manufacturer that his lot was cast the other side of the bay.

A Young Man who worked hard all the afternoon to win $3 50 at a Lick House pool table, went to the Catholic fair last night and lost it in five minutes shaking dice with a priest. Poor deluded boy.

Kendall has been writing some more poetical hog-wash for the *Chronicle*. He seems to have taken advantage of Pixley's fishing excursion to shove in his copy. O, Lord, how long?

The Young Man who runs the shears department of the *Examiner* wants to run for legislative honors. He ought to make a good one, as he is the fastest *clipper* in town.

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.

How monotonously dreary
Life becomes at middle age!
Pah! the story makes me weary!
Let me quickly turn the page.
No adventure, no romances,
Nothing new to do or say;
Dull employment, duller fancies—
All the same from day to day.

Smoothly ever flows the river;
No excitement as of old
Sends my pulse an extra quiver,
Keeps my heart from growing cold.
Straighter than the straightest arrow,
Miles before me lies my way;
It is gloomy it is narrow—
Just the same from day to day.

Getting up at eight and feeding,
(Always ham and eggs at nine)—
Dawdling, writing, lunching, reading,
Till the hour has come to dine.
After that I seek protection
From blue-devils at the play;
Then to bed in deep dejection—
Just the same from day to day.

I would rather take my sorrows
Far from Habit's iron bands;
I would rather take to-morrow's
Early train for foreign lands.
Other latitudes invite me;
Here I cannot, will not stay;
Such a life begins to blight me—
Just the same from day to day.

NEW BOOKS.

WORK: A STORY OF EXPERIENCE. By Louisa M. Alcott, Author of "Little Women," "The Old-Fashioned Girl," etc. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Miss Alcott has taken as text for her new work a sentence from Carlyle: "An endless significance lies in work; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair," and on this idea she weaves a story full of incident and interest. Her heroine, Christie Devon, is a bright, energetic New England girl, who tires of her home, "where the one idea is to eat, drink and get rich," and determines to go out into the world and earn her own living. The character is well drawn, and full of noble traits, yet it does not awaken either the interest, sympathy, or love, that homely, hoydenish, independent Jo, in "Little Women," does. Whether the different stations in life that Christie occupied as servant, governess, actress, companion, seamstress, are too wide apart (each chapter affecting one as an entirely different story), does not take away somewhat from the interest of the whole, we cannot say; or may be she is too capable—too good, in fact, too perfect—and these perfect characters are too unreal to excite much feeling in the human breast; or it may be again that there is too much of the irrepressible Yankee about her—a type which Miss Alcott evidently regards as the highest. Anyway Christie is not our ideal heroine, and "C. Wilkins' Clear Starcher," whose jolly face heads a chapter, is a much more lovable character. Miss Alcott has worked out her lode of independent girls, model servants, hard-working, virtuous boys, and appreciative wealthy relatives. Let her seek "fresh fields and pastures new," or the reading world will tire of her books all too soon.

BRESSANT. A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES. By Charles Dickens, "Boz." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE RED ROVER. A Novel. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Published by D. Appleton, New York. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

THE MINERAL SPRINGS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. With Analysis and Notes on the Prominent Spas of Europe, and a List of Sea-Side Resorts. By George E. Walton, M.D. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

The Paris Figaro has a story of Sir Bartle Frere, which must be accepted of course for the joke rather than the truth. It states that five months ago he and his son got apart from their escort and were lost in the depths of an African forest. Night came; the two wanderers, dying of hunger, approached a hut which they entered, and where they found an old negress, whom they made to understand they wanted food. The old woman gave them some eggs, with which Sir Bartle prepared an omlette; while it was cooking he caught sight of some black things strung on a thread, and seized them and mixed them in the mess, which was eaten and found excellent. As they were about finishing the last morsel, the old lady's husband came in, and in great anger exclaimed, "Wretched strangers, you have eaten my war trophies!" "What trophies?" was the question. "Those which were hanging from the ceiling, the ears of the warriors I have slain." Sir Bartle Frere found it hard to save his life, and suffered indigestion for four days.

Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner are about to produce a joint work of humor, to be printed at the same time in England and the United States, entitled "The Gilded Age."

AT THE EASEL.

If I had aught of art to trace
Soft-penciled lines which poets love,
I'd draw myself a fairy face,
To hang above.

Twin-roses blushing upon snow—
The tints commingling here and there,
Soft melting into smooth white brow
And sunny hair.

Bright tresses like an aureole,
With downward-drooping rays, to glance,
A chastened light upon the whole
Sweet countenance.

Eyes, for the dim-reflected ray
To tinge with pensive tenderness,
Which the more dazzling light of day
Would dispossess.

But, ah, what painting can command,
What artist-skill could e'er arrange,
Each melody of movement, and
Each charm of change!

The fitful play of life and light
Translucent through that face of hers,
Like stars hung out to guide aright
Us wayfarers.

Is it a sin to sit and watch
This shadow of a fairer face
With tearless eyes, eager to catch
Each gift and grace?

Is it a sin this once to seat
Her in my heart as on a throne;
And fancy her, from face to feet,
All, all mine own:

All, all mine own, from dusk to dawn,
All orbed within eyes' fierce strain;
Nor once to fear the lips' cold scorn,
The lids' disdain?

Is this a sin? Perchance; and yet
No fairer sin e'er earned a fall.
So turn the portrait and forget—
Face to the wall.

A PROPOSITION OF THE NEWS LETTER AS TO THE APPLICATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY TO THE HALL OF RECORDS.

From Time Immemorial the registry of titles to real estate has been in force, and in the majority of instances insisted upon as necessary to insure peaceful and quiet possession. The laws of our State are peculiarly peremptory and binding with reference to the due recording of deeds, and with the preservation as well as the publicity of such records. How far the due preservation has been carried out, the recent scandal of mutilated books will show; at the same time the popular indignation which was excited at the discovery shows what deep interest the public takes in the matter. The City Hall Commissioners, in view of the present inadequate building either for public inspection or for safe keeping, are hastening the erection of the New Hall of Records in preference to other portions of the building, and with reference to that we propose a revolution in the system of recording deeds. *They must be photographed*, not copied by hand. Mr. Laver, the eminent architect of the building, fully indorses our views on the subject, and is prepared to arrange its internal economy with a view to adapt it to the proposed change. Such change in the recording of legal instruments, however, can only be enforced by legislative enactment, but it will be seen at a glance how great its advantages will be over the present system. Economy, correctness, the impossibility of fraud by subsequent erasion or mutilation, universal publicity and diffusion, celerity and security, are among its salient benefits. A thousand fac similes of an important deed can be distributed among as many interested parties. Recent experiments have produced paper that can be photographed on both sides. The present staff of copyists will be replaced by a corps of photographers. A public institution—such, for example, as the *California Placard Exchange*—will publish a monthly volume containing a photographed transcript of all real estate transactions during that period. Of course the various indexes will be necessary; these, however, are but facilities for the searchers of titles, whilst the adoption of the photographic system of recording cannot but be acceptable to that branch of the profession, whose very character and existence depends upon accuracy, legibility and plain exposition of titles to land. A certified photograph of any legal document could be furnished by the Recorder under his seal and sign manual. Such certified photograph could be made admissable as evidence in any other State, or city of this State, and would much facilitate, as well as lessen the expenses of, litigation, at the same time be incontrovertible, and bearing its truth upon its very face.

Mr. Mill's Property and Will.—It is note-worthy that, despite Mr. Mill's eminence in the world of literature and the success he has had as an author, he accumulated but a small sum by the labors of his pen. His entire personal property will not exceed, if it amount to, ten thousand pounds. Considering that he was a man of simple tastes and inexpensive habits, he died much poorer than might have been expected. His step-daughter, Miss Helen Taylor, inherits all his property. With an attention to business and a consideration for contingencies of the most practical kind, he executed no less than three wills, providing for the three possibilities—first, of Miss Taylor dying before him; second, of their both dying at the same time in a railway accident or through any other casualty; and third, in the event of his dying first.

When a Man has no Mind of His Own, his wife generally gives him a piece of hers.

JOCK BRUTE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HIM AND MR. MIDDLE-CLASS.

MR. MIDDLE-CLASS.

You're getting up the tree, Jock Brute—
You're climin' unco high—
But sune you'll land doon at its root,
An' stunned and powerless lie.
Ye needna think to haud the grup,
Ye'll sune be made to flit;
As sune's the maister gits the whup,
He'll bring ye to your bit.

JOCK.

I dinna doot but what he wud,
If he could man't ava;
But sin I've risen oot the mud
I've broke that whup in twa.
An' if ye gie your specs a dicht,
An' higher look, ye'll see
His Guidness, nearly oot o' sicht—
As far up's he can be.
I ken fu' weel I'm past my bit,
As little wits I hae;
But dinna mean to steer a fit
Until he does it tae.

MR. MIDDLE-CLASS.

But when ye ken your'e up ower far,
What way'll ye no come doon?
'Twas you begun't it, and yet ye'd daur
Seek him doon first, ye loon!

JOCK.

Blin' ignorance! you're wrang again;
He led it up—no me.
He'll lead it doon, or I'm mista'en,
An' that ere lang ye'll see,
Altho' he's no exposed to scorn,
He is to nature's laws;
He'll get a fa', as sure's he's born,
The first strong win' that blaws.
I'll come doon tae wi' that same win',
But just a branch or twa;
An' tho' it should be tae the grun',
I haena far to fa'.

MR. MIDDLE-CLASS.

My certie, Jock, you're gaun you're length;
But tho' your words be true,
Whene'er his Guidness fa's in strength
He's sure to land on you.
An' mind I tell ye, sic a lump
I'll g'ye an unco fell;
But fa'in' saft upon your rump,
He'll no be hurt himsel'.

JOCK.

The deil a fear! I'll watch him there;
I'm no sae daft's I've been;
He's dune me times unkent, I'm sure,
But noo I'm no sae green.
I've pay't for a' the wit I hae,
An' winna throw't awa';
Sae when it comes to tumblin'-day,
The grun's his place tae fa'.

—*Kent Wilder.*

If she kissed him every moment she would kiss him half a million times a year, and she would have to kiss him every minute for two years before "to millions they amount." This would not allow time for meals, and it is probable the poet and the woman would starve. As for the poet concerned, we do not know that it makes much difference.

— An elderly Portuguese lady, having pledged herself to make a pilgrimage to a distant shrine barefoot, her friends persuaded her that the fatigue would prove fatal. She persisted, however, in going to the shrine, and in going barefoot; but she went in a sedan chair!

— A coal-black negro, in Georgia, has one white hand and arm, which he is very much ashamed of.

LOCAL DOTTINGS.

What a Charming Thing is Fourth of July patriotism. The express wagoners have charged only $300 each for bearing the Godess of Liberty through our beautiful streets.——Donahue and Sancelito will soon be united by lasting (railroad) ties.——The slumber of the Chinese is still disturbed by that nightmare Rodgers.——A fire occurred on board the *Montana* on her up trip, but was extinguished with but little trouble. "'Stand to the hose,' Nolan said."——Another new social club. This time "The Quartette." We don't see yet where the appropriateness of the name lies.——Peter McAvey is President of the South End Boat Club.——The cackling of the Spring Valley Water Works over the city is hushed. Their triumph is gone up the flume.——Over $200,000 worth of treasure went overland to New York this week.——The Economy of Labor problem has received a very easy solution at the City Hall, where the officials instead of whitewashing each other, set the prisoners to whitewash the walls.——The *China* sailed on Wednesday.——The coinage of the Mint during July will probably exceed $3,000,000.——One has to study heathen mythology before reading the *Chronicle*. Fancy calling a market report a thingumy on "Pomona's bounteous gifts."——Fifteen hundred more pigtails on Sunday. Will this never, never cease?——Bnislay has got out a bigger balloon than ever.——After all the Chinese are not destitute of natural affection. A moon-eyed matron hearing that her pa and ma were dead in the auld counthry, poisoned herself with opium. At least, Mr. Choon Fah says so.——The very fine Te Deum sung at Trinity Church on Sunday last, was the composition of Prof. L. Seward, the organist.——The Magdalen Asylum solicits cast off clothes. Of some particular make, we suppose.——Nearly one half of the property along the route of the Montgomery avenue has now come into the hands of the city in exchange for bonds.——Sothern will delight us for at least a week longer.——What has become of Philip the Whiner? His holy caterwauling seems to be hid under a barrel.——Eighty-four deaths in the city last week.——Ladies' fairs are a mistake; they are traps for the unwary and theaters for extortion under a pretty name. Were it not for the object, we should be glad the one at Platt's Hall was a failure.——Mancusi has our best wishes for the success of his endeavor to establish a season of Italian opera here.——The blowing up of the *S. M. Whipple* with all on board, proved to be but a slight breakage of the machinery.——Professor Yung Chang Cheung Mung Yah Bung, with twenty-eight Chinese students, arrived by the *China*, en route for the seats of learning East.——They speak of Bob Johnson as the Democratic candidate for Mayor.——The States-Orlandini Opera troupe report their success in Mexico as most flattering.——Several fires this week, but all of the bucket-of-water order.——The Custom House lot has been nearly cleared of all vestiges of the old rookeries formerly disgracing it.——The hoodlum boys seem to imagine that by stoning the newly arrived Chinese they exhibit themselves as practical exponents of public opinion. So they do, but it won't do to tell them so.——All the mothers are agog at the issue of the baby-show; life-long jealousies are being established, and even the babies are up in arms.——Mission and Twenty-second streets are afflicted with the cattle plague; that is, the animals of those streets are afflicted, etc.——The First Regiment is preparing, through Col. Barnes, to gain an experience of real camp life.——Mayor Alvord gave $100 for a proscenium box at Marlowe's benefit. Rather generous.——Thursday was a day when men either sought the cool sides of the streets, or frizzled.——The *Witch Queen* has not yet gone for the pearls, there being something amiss with the diving apparatus.——The poor fellow who died in the City Prison, remains at the Morgue unidentified.——Our cullud buvren have been holding their High Jinks during the past week.——Clay Greene is to be married at Trinity on the 24th.——The Bohemian Club is to hold its picnic at Sancelito on the 30th.——The Amphion Warblers kept Madame Bishop from sleeping on Thursday night, and then expected to be thanked for it.——Phillip Smith Allis, the private detective of the "Escaped Nun" notoriety, has been discovered at Virginia City in the white apron of a bartender. Change of bars, only.

Accidentally Poisoned in an Hospital.---An inquest was recently held at Reading, England, respecting the death of Mary Corps, aged thirty-two, a patient in the Royal Berks Hospital, who died half an hour after a draught had been administered to her by one of the nurses. The medical evidence showed that the draught contained four drachms of prussic acid, and that the deceased had taken half that quantity. The dispenser, who had been for four years at the hospital, stated that he had been very busy on Saturday, having made up nearly 200 prescriptions; he had used prussic acid frequently during the day, and it was near the bottle he should have used for Miss Corps' prescription. He was unable to account for the mistake, and it was the first that had occurred. The dispenser was stated to be a very respectable, steady, and careful man, and about fifty years of age. The jury returned a verdict of "Death by misadventure."

The Masonic Fraternity of the United States have under way at least $4,000,000 worth of new halls, most of which will be completed and dedicated this year. The one in Philadelphia is the most magnificent structure of the kind in the country, will be worth at least one million of dollars.

MATRIMONIAL.

One More Happy Man and One More Happy Lady, a marriage of inclination on the side of those most immediately concerned, and of approbation on the part of the parents and the world in general. Last Wednesday evening Miss Cornelia R. Selby was married to Captain Louis Kempff, U. S. A. We need hardly say that the fair bride is the daughter of the Hon. T. H. Selby, our much-esteemed ex-Mayor. The wedding took place at Fair Oaks, the beautiful residence of the bride's father; the grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and the numerous fountains added their sparkling gayety to the scene. A special train left San Francisco at 8 P.M. with about a hundred of the most immediate friends of the family, who, in reality, were our most prominent and influential citizens. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Bishop Kip, and after it was over, a splendid banquet was served in the spacious dining-hall. Every thing was in excellent taste, and the wines of the choicest description. The cynosure of all eyes, after the bride and bridegroom, of course, was the display of handsome presents in the library. The large table was laden with varied articles in gold and silver, with beautiful jewels, bracelets and ornaments, all betokening the good will of the guests and friends to the young couple, as well as the respect and esteem they bore to the lady's father. It were almost invidious to single out among the host of bankers, capitalists and eminent men present, representing the interest of the State, any special names, but we may say, *en passant*, that there were Hon. Leland Stanford and wife, Mayor Alvord, M. S. Latham, Esq., and his wife, D. O. Mills, Esq., and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Friedlander, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston, Mr. A. Yost and lady, Mr. Sather and his two daughters; these are but a few among the two hundred who celebrated this happy day. At a late hour the pair left for their splendid house on Van Ness Avenue, the gift of Mr. Selby to his daughter, who endowed her with this her new home, sumptuously furnished at a cost of over $50,000, and where we will now leave the newly mated ones, with every wish for their happiness and prosperity.

TIN.

In Connection with the Tin Report on page two, we publish the following from the London *Times*, which adds great importance to the tin deposits of this State: "This year, for the first time, an inquiry has been instituted into the tin plate manufacture of the United Kingdom. Twenty-six firms, with 99 mills, have rendered very complete returns for the year 1869 to Mr. Hunt, the keeper of mining records; but the total number of mills fully or partially at work is stated at 164. The returns received from the 99 mills show the number of boxes of tin plate 866,985, and of terne plates 298,892, making the total number of boxes 1,165,877; the actual weight of the whole return is 54,314 tons. Estimating that the 65 mills not returned produced at the same rate as the 99 returned, they must have made 746,460 boxes, showing the total number of boxes of tin plate made in the year to be 1,912,337. According to this, the mills will have worked only three-quarters of full time. But this estimate is thought to be too low, and the following is offered by an experienced manufacturer as being nearer the truth: Mills going or ready to work in 1869, 164; deduct 14 for mills known to be stopping, and mills calculated to be making black plate, leaving the number of mills 150. These, making on an average 300 boxes for 48 weeks, would produce 2,160,000 boxes. But it is thought that 350 boxes per week must be nearer the average per mill. This would increase the estimate by 360,000 boxes, showing the total estimated value of tin plate in the United Kingdom in 1869 to be 2,520,000 boxes."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

A Danbury Man partook of an elegant supper of fried clams, Saturday night, and went home pretty well satisfied with himself and the scenery. At two o'clock the next morning he was awakened by an unusual activity of half a dozen spasms which appeared to have moved in during his sleep. Getting out of bed as hastily as possible, he groped his way to the dresser where he kept a bottle of "Wine of the Woods" standing, and removing the cork hastily swallowed a substantial dose. The moment he got the taste of it he experienced a failing sensation, which, together with the shape of the bottle, created a sudden and ungovernable anxiety within him. "Gracious, Ann!" he said to his wife, "what bottle is that on the dresser?" "Why, mercy!" she exclaimed, "don't touch that; that is my cococain!" It was too late, however. He *had* touched it, and merely explaining that he wished to be laid by the side of his mother, he dropped to the floor, and rolled and groaned until every member of the family was awakened, and came dashing into the room, variously clothed with revolvers, knives, and stove legs, and not much of anything else. But it was too late to save those fried oysters. They had moved.—*Danbury News.*

Recently, Mrs. Coyle, an old lady, living in the east part of El Paso, Mo., put her head out of the window during the storm, and was struck by lightning. She was stunned for a moment, and had the top of her head singed, but she recovered. She says if she "had only seen the lightning a minute sooner she would have dodged, but somehow she ain't so spry as she was sixty years ago."

Special Brevities.

Barry and Patten's Book sells well in the Atlantic States; no small compliment to the authors, for, in old cities, where culture and literary tastes are more things, of course, than in our scrambling, money-chasing community, there are so many who discriminate between good amateur writing and professional bosh, that the book must stand strictly upon its literary merits, and is shorn of the local interest which is attached to it in California. We knew it would sell largely in our community, but it has far surpassed our most sanguine expectations. When are we to have the next volume?

A Curious Work, called a "Grammatical Analysis of the Hebrew Psalter"—which is, in fact, an explanatory interpretation of every word contained in the Book of Psalms—has just been completed, and will shortly be published, by Miss Joanna Julia Greswell, daughter of the Rev. Greswell, B. D., of Worcester College, Oxford. The book is intended chiefly for the use of beginners in the study of Hebrew.

An Example of the enormous profits that are being made by the iron-masters is furnished by the statement that the Sheepbridge Iron and Coal Company, near Sheffield, are about to present each proprietor of an original share with a fully paid-up new £10 share, besides paying a dividend of about 20 per cent. on the ordinary shares. The Staveley Coal and Iron Company have done the same to their shareholders.

Mr. Frank Buckland thus describes in *Land and Water* his last curiosity: "It consists of an oyster, the shells of which are tightly clasped around the neck of a mouse. The head is inside the shell, therefore I cannot examine it. The oyster, which is a pure native, was probably lying in a larder with the shells open, when the mouse put his head in to eat the meat of the oyster, and was immediately nipped by it."

It is asserted that the art of photography was discovered and practiced with success in London a hundred years ago, but was suppressed at the instance of the Government, who feared that if it became known it would be employed by forgers and counterfeiters of bank-notes. A paper in support of this extraordinary theory will be published in the June number of the *Fornightly Review.*

A Nova Scotia Paper chronicles the birth of four children by Mrs. Countaway, at Terrence Bay, near where the wreck of the *Atlantic* occurred. The mother and children are doing well. Since her marriage in 1863 Mrs. Countaway has given birth to seventeen children, in the following order:—1st, one; 2nd, twins; 3rd, twins; 4th, twins; 5th, twins; 6th, four; seventh, four.

Scientific Results of Smoking.—A German physiologist has discovered that tobacco smoking by boys "interferes with the molecular changes coincident with developments of tissues, and makes the blood-corpuscles oval, and irregular at the edges." Any person can thus ascertain if his boy smokes by merely taking out a handful of his blood-corpuscles and observing the edges.

The Berlin Correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs that according to the new treaty Germany engages, at the request of Persia, to tender her good offices towards the settlement of any difficulties which may arise between Persia and other States.

Barbarous Cruelty.—A rich French banker, who always passes the Winter in Paris, adopted the following plan when he wished his gardener to send him from his country house in Touraine a dish of green peas during the month of January. He dispatched a carrier pigeon, with the following note under his wing: "Gather a basket of green peas in the forcing-house, and send it me by express with the pigeon which carries this note, for the bird is very fat, and I intend to eat it with the vegetables ordered."

A Large Meeting at Exeter Hall, London, protested against the toleration of Roman practices in the Church of England. The matter engaged the attention of the Lords, spiritual and temporal, in the House of Lords recently, but was not definitely disposed of. The Archbishop of York explained that but 2½ per cent of the English clergy were disposed towards Romanism in the Church of England.

It is stated that should the Dutch attempt to resume the offensive against Atchin they will meet with a stronger resistance than ever. The Atchinese are prepared to defend the country for two or three years, during which the Sumatra pepper plantations would be ruined. Chinese coolies are enlisting as soldiers.

India Rubber Tyres for wheels, especially adapted for the use of velocipedes, invalids' carriages, basket and other chaises, children's carriages, etc., are novelties brought out in London, and excite attention in England. By a patent device they can be easily placed in position, and will not come off. This invention combines comfort with utility and economy.

The Reigning Beauty in Rome at present is the Austrian Princess Furstemburg—a great dark woman with man-like black hair, a huge coiffure, large black eyes, rich skin, heroic features, and a Venus of Milo form.

Punch maintains that there is one glaring deficiency in the lord-chancellor's Judicature Bill: no clause provides for the creation of a lord chief justice!

A Thirty Pound Salmon is worth but fifty cents in Portland, Oregon. In San Francisco it would sell for about $3, in New York for $7 50.

WHEAT EXPORTS.

Wheat Exports for July of the current year keep well up to those for a corresponding period of last year, when we made the best exhibit in our history—the totals being an increase of more than 100 per cent. over any previous single year. The following exhibits our exports of Flour and Grain for the harvest year commencing July 1st, 1872, exclusive of shipments overland:

To	Flour. bbls.	Wheat. centals.	Barley. centals.	Oats. centals.
New York, etc	13,566	8,358	.....	.....
Great Britain	15,899	9,780,075	201	.....
China	126,416	1,116	60	1,684
Japan	7,653	16	210	725
Hawaiian Islands	7,775	808	221	1,696
Mexico	1,159	2	392	139
British Columbia	2,825	525	11,326	454
Australia	16,318	28,971	52,416	.....
Central America	35,348	56	426	520
Panama	12,670	2	27	207
Tahiti	6,072	718	4,049	12
Manila	5,000	.....	.....	.....
New Zealand	1,250	.....	15,400	.....
South America	3,746	.....	142,193	.....
South Sea Islands	281	.....	.....	.....
Africa	2,500	2,042	.....	.....
Russian Poss., Asia	5,167	.....	.....	.....
Totals, 1873	263,645	9,822,689	226,927	5,437
Totals, 1872	270,979	1,404,382	16,708	11,707
Totals, 1871	196,220	3,571,846	138,008	13,227

It is yet impossible to say as to the greatness of this year's harvest, but from appearances we will have between 300,000 and 400,000 tons surplus.

Remarkable Instance of Canine Sagacity.—A remarkable instance of canine sagacity is reported by the Ellenville (New York) *Press*. About three weeks ago Mr. Enderby, of Napanoch, was engaged in transacting business in that village, and left his horse attached to a chaise tied under a shed. Remaining with the horse was a faithful coach-dog, which took advantage of his master's absence to enjoy a hurried nap in the vehicle. In the meantime the horse became somehow untied, and started off at a furious gallop; this awakened the dog, who, at once seeing the state of affairs, attempted to seize the reins with his mouth, but was unable to do so owing to their being covered by a rug and overcoat. Fortunately, however, on reaching Center Street Bridge, the reins fell from the vehicle on to the ground, when the dog, with singular presence of mind, leapt nimbly after them, caught them in his mouth, reined the horse to a stand-still, and held the reins firmly until he delivered them with a graceful wag of his tail to a stranger, whom, under ordinary circumstances, he would not have permitted on any account to approach his master's property.

The Body's Defence.—The poor body has had very hard lines. Poets, philosophers, and preachers have covered it with ridicule, abuse, lamentation. Shakspeare calls it a muddy vesture of decay; Plato described it as a jibbing horse; Jeremy Taylor treats it almost as if it were the devil himself. But if the poor thing had wit enough to speak for itself, it would say, "Whence comes envy? Is it not a vice of the mind? Whence pride?—the mind again. Whence ambition?—the mind again. Whence covetousness—robbery—murder?" If the mind has not all to do with these, at any rate she has the largest part of the guilt. Why, give the poor body a beefsteak and a glass of beer, and it is content. 'Tis the mind that leads it such a dance after the vain glories of the world, and makes it work all kinds of wickedness in the struggle to gain them. Did Robespierre slay his thousands to please his body? What would his body get by it? No. He wanted to please the fancies of his villainous mind.—"*Notes of Thought*," *by the late Charles Buxton, M. P.*

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Monday, June 9th.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
H F Williams to Morris Keller	Ivy e Van Ness Av, 40x32	$ 150
A S Coburn to Perry Yaple	Lot 16 blk 23, Market St Homestead	250
P Berwin to Mrs B Shonvasser	Post e Hyde, 30x137:6	7,250
J L Blaikie to Susannah Blaikie	Und ¼ lots 1 to 7 inc, 12 to 22 inc, blk 1, lots 7 8 9 blk 2, lots 1, 4 to 18 inc, blk 3, Junction H'd Ass'n	Gift
Henry Mahan to L Aigeltinger	Lot 19 blk 644, Pt Lobos Av H Ass'n	300
D Knight to Ruth A Knight	Taylor n Post, 40x105; also, und 5 acres Treat Tract; also, lots 80 to 83 inc, San Miguel Homestead; also, lot 3 blk 254, Pleasant View H'd; also, und 1-7 com at a point 10 chains due w from the center of sec 24, T'p 2 S R 6 W, s 24.58-100 chains, etc	— —
Geary St Ex H As to L Aigeltinger	Lots 13 14 17 blk 263, Geary St Ex H'd	16,410
H F Williams to Thos Curran	Lot 36 blk 333, O'Neill and Haley Tract	500
J B Arfort to Wm Melody	Lot 408, Gift Map 1	10
P Donahue to City Grading Co	10th e Guerrero, e 100, n 21 deg 30 min, etc; also, n 16th 380 w Valencia, w 75 n 276:1¾, se to com; also, 18th e Guerrero, e 2½, 97:9¾, s 71 deg 30 min, w 95½ inches, n 122:2 to com	10

Tuesday, June 10th.

Henry Pierce to H C Patridge	Harrison sw 5th, sw 56, se 125, ne 112, nw 25, sw 55, nw 100 to com	$7,500
Same to same	5th nw Harrison, 100x75	18,000
S G Beatty to Martin Kelly	Jessie sw 2d, 22:6x75	—
J Winterburn to Pat'k Cleary	Lots 21 and 22 blk 13, Junction H'd	250
Junction H'd As'n to J Winterburn	Same	700
I Kohn to State Investment & I Co	Sansom s Cal'a, 30x137:6	70,000
J Traves to Adeline Haskins	Re-record on account of error in acknowledgement	—
M Buzzini to Doretta Tessmer	Lot 3 blk 51, Paul Tract H'd	600
C J Janson to C C Overman	Com at a pt 101:6 n fr nw cor 20th and Valencia, 25x100	2,000
F L A Pioche to W D Gruenhagen	Lots 41 and 42 blk 47, City Land Ass'n	180
Mary E Hamilton to Wm Dunphy	Vallejo e Octavia, w 75:1½, etc	12,000
O F Cemetery As'n to C Mathews	Plot 2 in Hope Section, on Welding av, Odd Fellows Cemetery	92
E Villeneuve to Frank McGlynn	Margaret Pl n Vallejo, n 91, e 44, n 4:9, e 34:4½, s 55, e 23:7½	9,250
C Curtis to Savings & Loan Soc'y	Pine w Jones, 50x137:6	2,750
C Buchner, Jr, to same	Garden nw Bryant, 25x75	1,165

Wednesday, June 11th.

Elisha T Peck to Chas A Merrill	Nw cor 24th and Shotwell, 35x90	$7,000
Mary Ward to Guiseppo Capurro	Union e Dupont, e 20 s 60 e 40 s 20 w 60, n 80 to com	3,000
G Pendergrass to Anson G Stiles	Buchanan n O'Farrell, 12:6x62:6	215
John Grant to Andrew Bisset	Fremont se Folsom, 22:11x70	5,000
G Capurro to Carlo Bacigalupo	Lafayette s Union, 20x60	1,000
George Hein to Sam'l C Gray	Lot 1 blk 7, College H'd	100
C S Hobbs to Stephen D Gilmore	Sub 25, blk 196, Potrero Nuevo; lot 3 blk 2, West End Map 2; also, se Old San Jose Road ne Naglee av, se 277, etc	500
John Grant to Hans Berglund	Perry ne 3d, 25x75	1,575
James O'Dwyer to J Robertson	S Clipper w Dolores, 52x114	565
Andrew McManns to Wm J Gunn	S Valley e Dolores, 114x27:2	840
G K Fitch to City and County S F	137:6 w Taylor and 46:5 s Francisco, etc	1,444

Thursday, June 12th.

Geary St Ex H As'n to S A Johnson	Lots 21 and 23, blk 166, Geary St Ex Hd	$ 700
Mary Henry to Eliza Thomas	Pine e Taylor, 25x84	1
F L A Roche to Jean Querallacq..	Lot 7 blk 15, City Land Ass'n	90
J O'Connor to Henry C Downing..	Nw cor McAllister and Fillmore, 137.6x137.6, subject to $5,000 due on mortg'e to Hibernia Savings and Loan Soc'y..	10,000
Chas P Duane to Caroline Wirt....	Fulton w Pearce, 137.6x137.6	5,000
W H Tillinghast to Cont'ct & F Co	Com at a point in S B blk 15, 209:2 from sw cor 4th and Townsend, se 91:8, se 60, ne 91 8, nw 60	3,500
Isabella L Munfrey to J P Dalions.	Pine w Dupont, 34 4½x137.6	8,250
Mrs F Cashman to Michael Kelly..	Page e Laguna, 110x120	8,000
N H Seligman to W J Gunn.....	Lot 110, Visitacion Valley H'd; also, lots 5 and 6, blk 18, Excelsior H'd	[illegible]
A J Moon to Arthur K Hawkins...	S corner Market and 10th, 272.6x195	1,750
D Pomeroy to Emily L Gilmore....	Und ¼ Beale se Market, 45:10x137:6	1
Leonard Storry to Geo Prescott ...	Com at a point 91:8 e from e line of Dupont and 104:6 n Francisco, 46x51, sub 50-vara 183 and 184	100

Friday, June 13th.

S S Gordon to Anne M Bauer.....	Avery n Geary, 25x94:6	$ 500
Geo L Bradley to Andrew S Bryant	Sutter e Leavenworth, 22:1½x137:6	12,000
Leonard Storry to Thos K Wilson.	Broadway e Octavia, 68:9x137:6	5,000
N G Chadwick to W B Martin ...	Broadway e Laguna, 27:6x112:6, subject to a mortgage	
J C Duncan to H Bish.....	Lot 14 blk R, Railroad H'd	65
J F O'Brien to John O'Brien.....	Mission sw 1st, 56x24, sub 100-vara 100; also, Clementina s 4th, 23:9x80, sub 100-vara 143	6,000
James Adams to John B Felton...	Bound on the north by what was formerly known as Yerba Buena, nw by lands of the Presidio, w by lands of Don Francisco Haro, s by Sanchez Ranch and on the e by the Bay of San Francisco	800
James Kane to Bridget Kane.....	Shipley w 5th, 26x75	Gift
Alfred Robinson to Michael Phelan	Lots 226 and 228, Gift Map 3	325
R C Rogers to Jane Mari Barity ..	Com at a point 22:8 w Dupont, 69:6 n Broadway, w 46:6, n 21:4, e 28:4, se 28:1 to beg	100
Thos Harwood to same.....	Same	4,775
C L du Monlin to Paul Rousset....	Commercial w Davis, 59:6x20	3,800
Wm Ede to same.....	2½ acres—com Pacific Ocean at extreme high water at stake marked at the sw corner of Seal Rock Ranch, n 5½ deg w 80.37-100 chains, etc	1

Saturday, June 14th.

Thos Pedler to Susan A Pedler....	Lot 1 in blk 24, West End Map 2	$ 150
Romain C De Boom to S P R R Co	Com at a point in fence forming to ne boundary of lands of the party of the first, part 45 ft from the center line of S F and S J R R which pt is opposite station 81 plus 39 on said road, thence sw 486 ft, thence n 44 deg, 32 min, e 91 ft, etc, containing 134-1000 of an acre.	250
Rhinaldo Mowrey to O Mowrey ...	Broadway e Powell, 60x25	3,750
W K Doherty to E P Vlot	Oak e Franklin, 68:9x120	8,700
Jane Montell to Henry Gatte.....	Lot 1 blk 32, Excelsior H'd	1,700
Wm Green to Wm K Doherty	Same as first description above	1
R P Thomas to James F Place	Francisco and Fillmore, 137.6x120	5,070
George Treat to Andrew Genscul .	Se cor Napa and Vermont, 100x100	$ 500
Same to Gustave Mahe.....	Vermont s Napa, s 333, e 100, n 308, e 100, n 25, w 200, to com; also, Kansas s Napa, 45x100	500
Spring Valley H As'n to S Wafford	Lot 215	360
W M Bevins to Amelia Fitel.....	Tyler w Webster, 137.6x27:6	1,200
W H Gawley to R T Thomas	Sac to w Davis, 20x60, sub mortg $3,500	2,400
G Zimmerman to Michael Reese ..	Nw cor Spring and Summer, 43x50	80
Aaron Doud to Lucinda J Swain..	Corbett e Dolores, 75x100	6,500
J Fehn to Andrew Loshaker.....	Re-record to correct error	
F H Woods to Pat'k Plover.....	Ellis and Pierce, 137.6x137.6	3,800
H S Baldwin to W H Raymond ...	Sutter w Mason, 32.6x87.6, subject to mortgage for $9,000	13,000
Henry Matthews to John O'Kane.	McAllister w Webster, 107.5x137.6	5,000
J Rosenfeld to Henry Matthews...	McAllister w Webster, 107.6x137.6	5

Monday, June 16th.

Chas D Elliot to Thomas Emery...	W Central Place s Pine, 58:9x25.....	$ 5
Henry F Williams to W J Gorman	Lot 47 in blk 226 O'Neil & Haley Tract	650
Geo E Davis to R H Hall et al....	E Wisconsin 200 s Shasta, 100x25.....	100
R H Hall to M B French.....	Undivided half of same.....	....
J F Glover to Margaret McCarthy.	N Glover 114:6 w Jones, 23x60	355
Joseph B Malone to John Hill.....	Lot 5 in blk 4, Noe Garden H'd	450
John C Haake to S B Peterson....	Sw 17th and Church, 100x100.....	4,500
Jackson Coalson to S & L Society.	W Hampshire s 25th, 60x100.....	700
L Alexander to same.....	W Steiner s Turk, 25x106:3	750
J T King to J J Daily.....	Pacific and Powell, 22:6x67:6	1,000
Owen Tighe to John Tormey	Mission n 19th, 30x122:6	1,500
Daniel Ryan to Rosita Rider.....	Maple n Broadway, 200x66; also, w Maple n Broadway, w 290, n 66, e 180, s to com, sub blk 840.....	10
Great P'k H'd As'n to Mary Welsh	Lot 13 blk 365.....	250
Sp'g Val'y H As'n to A Wunderlich	Lot 52	360
Same to Lawrence Hussey	Lots 142 and 143.....	720
Same to Bridget Cullinan	Lots 90 and 91.....	720
Same to Annie O'Brien	Lots 92	360
Same to Honora O'Brien	Lots 145 and 146	720
M Chinmark to Isaac Manchester .	Frederick sw 1st, 80x25	1,100
Mendel Yaretsky to B J Shay	Geary w Dupont, 22:6x60.....	1
Mary Chapman to Samuel Read ..	Re-record to cor't error in acknowledge't	....
M N Rodgers to Catherine Curtis .	Lot 8 blk 112, Univ'ty H'd Ass'n.....	1,000
Univ'ty H'd As'n to M N Rodgers.	Same.....	315

Tuesday, June 17th.

Henry Zelle to John Campe.....	Und ½ s cor Howard and 12th, 100x87:6	$8,000
Geary St Ex Hd Ass'n to T Kelly..	Lots 2 and 3 blk 263, Geary St Ex H'd..	700
Alexander Steiger to W H Steiger.	Und por sundry lots in Gift Maps 3 and 4	5
Same to same.....	Lot 8 in block 55, lot 6 blk 152, lot 3 blk 155 University Mound Survey.....	5
J W Harding to Chloe R Holden..	Lots 1 2 7 8 in block 175 University H'd Ass'n; also sw Dwight and Gambier, s 281:2 nw 269:6 n 158:5 e 240 to com't.	1,000
Dominick Gonzalez to S Collins..	E Alabama s 25th, 25x100—subdiv blk 32 Pioneer Race Course Tract.....	650
Hillside Hd Ass'n to Alfred Burr..	Lots 70 & 71, Hillside Hd.....	5
J Townsend to A de la G de Zemeno	Lots 2 3 4 5 blk 87, S S Francisco.....	400
Samuel F Bufford to C A Sharon.	S Sutter 100 w Powell, 37:6x137:6.....	10,000
E G Collins to E B Clark.....	Nw cor Jackson and Dent's Place, 28 x 62:6—sub 50-v 105 sub to $2,800 mortg	1,000

Wednesday, June 18th.

G K Porter to Catherine McIntire.	Ne Quinn and Valencia, n 75x80	$ 500
E S Welton to Chas H Stanyan....	Nw Bush and Buchanan, 137:6x137:6—subdiv blk 273, W A.....	1
Thos Ansbro to Harry W Taylor..	Lots 31 & 33, Gift Map 3	200
J M Larrogne to Cons Reforma M C	Reforma and Bolibiana lodes in Santa Maria Mountain, Lower California...	....
A Moutardier to Malvina H Parker	E Chatham Place n Bush, 23:9x60.....	4,500
B Montariot to same.....	Same.....	4,500
John Ormsaton to S P Taylor.....	S Hill w Church, 25:11x114 sub block 83, Terminus H'd.....	800
Abram Anspacher to Edward Cohn	N Geary w Hyde, 25x137:6	8,000
Joseph Chiousse to Leopold Greget	Com at ne line of 100-v 4 of the Laguna Survey 65:6 nw from e cor of said lot thence nw 100x275.....	4,300
E S Welton to Jas K Philips.....	Nw Pine and Buchanan, 55x81:3.....	1
L H Wakefield to Joseph Congdon	N Fell w Buchanan, 55x120	3,600
Aug Dunlap to Sav & Loan Soc...	W Shotwell s 17th, 48x122:6—lots 57 and 58 Howard and Folsom St Property Union	1,100
Richard Brown by Trus to same...	S Turk e Pierce, 25x137:6	2,400
Isaac Rowell to Maurice Ullman..	Undivided ¾ blk 408 Outside Lds	410
E S Welton to M J McDonald.....	N Post e Laguna, 25x95	150
Isaac Rowell to Clotilde Ullman..	Subdivision of blk 851, W A.....	335
Elizth S Welton to Edw H Parker.	N Pine 137:6 w Laguna, 68:9x137:6.....	500
Elliz'th H Lord to F A W Davis...	Bryant and Gilbert, 37:6x125.....	$1,104
C Delahanty to Thos Giblin	25th e Columbia, 25x104	325
B J Shay to John Heritage.....	Columbia w Valencia, n 114, w 50 s to n line of Columbia st, e 16 to com.....	1,500
W H McGrew to James R Kelly...	Same	1
James R Kelly to B J Shay	Same.....	350
Geo Torrens to Jos L Wilson.....	Und ½ se San Jose R'd 945 sw Precita Av, sw 145, se 300, ne 180, etc	3,000
Mark Pixley to Francis Dewing ..	20th av nw H, 50x100.....	601

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Monday, June 23d.

City and County of S F to J Decker	S Bush e New Cem ave, s 85:10 to e line of New Cem ave, n to s line Bush, etc	$1,376
Erastus Bartlett to B Richardson..	Se Harrison and 8th, 175x275	5
O F Cem Ass'n to J D Robertson..	Plot 8, Walhalla Dell Sect	57
Cal Ld Com'rs to D J F B Chamon	Original 100-v 260	25
Same to J B J Chamon	Original 100-v 193	30
Same to E P Chamon	100-v 181	27
Same to Samuel J Parish	100-v 271	25
Same to D J F B Chamon	Se cor Townsend and Pierce, e 275x240	35
Same to E G Chamon	100-v 233	25
E L Sullivan to Claude Long	W 11th ave n A st, 25x120	400
Mary F Wood to Jane M Doyen	W Clay ave n Clay st, 20x56:9	1,500
Arthur T W French to M F Wood	Same	5
S J Parish to J F B Chamon	100-v 271	200
P J Sweeney to Myles D Sweeney.	All interest in estate of Geo F Sweeny.	4,000
John Solomon to John M Martin..	Nw Hyde and Broadway, 137:6x117:6	2,300
Gus Touchard to Edwin Danforth.	Sw cor Broadway and Battery, 70x137:6	50,000
David Porter to Julia Morrisey	Se Clementina ne 2d, 20x75	2,750
Fred Rading to B J Shay	N Union e Leavenworth, sub 50-v 396	1,000
Bay View H'd to H H Schafer	Lots 5, 6 and 7, blk 433, Bay View H'd	1,500
H H Schafer to John F Schafer	Same	1,000
Same to same	Sundry lots in Mission & 30th st Hd U'n	2,700

Tuesday, June 24th.

Chas Kornfeld to Chris H Schmidt	S Pine w Fillmore, 50x127:6, sub to mort	$2,500
Benj Richardson to E Bartlett	Sw 8th se Harrison, 65x275, sub 100-v	5
E A Fargo to James Kelly	W Jones s Vallejo, 20x68:9	475
P H Canavan to L L Robinson	Sundry lots, subdiv blk 849 W A	14,200
Bay Park Hd to Charles H Aitkins	Lots 29 and 30 in blk 560 Bay Park H'd	720
C H Aitkins to Mary Ann Aitkins.	Sundry lots University and Bay P'k Hds	....
Same to same	S Broadway w Polk, w 45:10x137:6	....
S B Wattson to Jos Brandenstein.	Ne cor Paris and Italy, 150x100	5
Same to same	N Jackson e Hyde, 20x68:6	5
Wm Hayes to Fabius Stanley	Lot se cor 3d and Brannan, 50-v square	10
F Stanley to Wm Hayes	Same	10
Fred MacCrellish to M Cheesman.	Und 1-5th blks 6 10 16 N B water lots	25,000
Same to same	Se cor Webster and Oak, etc	8,000
Isaac Lipman to Meyer Davidson.	Undivided ¼ ne cor Franklin and Page, 54x100, subject to mortg for $1,500	5
I Rowell, dec'd, to Wm J Gunn	N Washington w Cherry, 257:10x135:1	800
E A Fargo to Chas W Pope	Nw Jones n Broadway, 50x68:6	800
Edward J Welsh to Sav & Loan Soc	Subdiv 50-v 241; also, sub 50-v 220	25
Daniel Meyer to Amson Goldsmith	Ne Sutter and Laguna, 137:6x137:6	8,000

Wednesday, June 25th.

John D'Arcy to Hib Sav & L'n Soc	Sw 8th nw Bryant, 75x85	$6,954
Chas H Baldwin to Maurice Dore..	Nw Leav'th and Pine, 137:6x137:6	1
T D Lamer to Ann Sprung	W Mission Ave s 17th, 32x96:9	2,200
A J J Victor to Louis Dutertre	N Broadway e Dupont, 51:6x92:6	22,000
Jeremiah W Gale to Robt Howe..	Und ¼ lots 1 2 3 4 5 6 of blk 1, San Mig Ranch Survey	2,673
Henry Austin to Barnard Boylan..	Lots 4 blk 21, Noe Garden Hd; also lot 6 blk 22, Market St H'd	500
James Donovan to R H Lloyd	N Turk 105 w Mason, 32:6x137:6, subject to mortgage for $4,200	10,000
P H Canavan to S F Butterworth.	Sundry properties in Western Addition	14,200
Russell & Erwin M Co to S Hayden	Portion sundry Outside Lands	1,200

Thursday, June 26th.

Geo Murphy to Abraham Cohl	Vulture w Sanchez, 25x114, Buena V Hd	$ 300
Louis Derr to John Spruance	Lot 568, Gift Map 2	138
John Pforr to Thos Pollard	19th w Guerrero, 50x114	2,000
John McCombe to Cecilia Mahon..	O'Farrell w Mason, 40x60—subject to mortgage for $2,000	2,000
J C Reise to Thos B Howard	S cor 8th and Townsend, ne 275, se 275, sw 36:7½, w 217:7½	5
Thos B Howard to Mary T Howard	Und ¼ same	Gift
Leopold Hyams to Jane M Doyen.	E line of 50 v 101 97:6 n Clay, n 40, w 12, s 20, w 56:9, etc	5
W Borgren to Gustavus S Johnson	Hampshire s 22d, 25x100	300
Pat'k Keating to Pat'k Lynch	Jessie e 5th, 25x60	4,300
Lamson S Welton to A L Frank	Geary w Laguna, 34:4½x137:6	300
Same to John Harrington	Post e Buchanan, 50x137:6	500
H Von Deesten to B M Albern	Sutter w Lyons, n 87:6, w 49:9, s 88:9, e 59 to com	2,700
Francis Foye to Peter Lee	Grand Av se Mission, 25x56:8	1,.00

Friday, June 27th.

Thos Haywood to City & Co S F ..	Dupont n Broadway, n 21, w 40:5, etc ..	$6,965
Peter Nolan to Susan M Low.....	Camp e Guerrero, 30x115	2,100
W H L Barnes to Tabitha Myers...	Re-recorded to correct error.....	....
Henry Connor to Serafino Arata...	N Vallejo at the center of 50-vara 227, thence e 20 x n 50 varas.....	4,000
Serafino Arata to G Gainasso.....	Same.....	Gift
E S Welton to Anson Goldsmith ..	Sw cor California and Laguna, 137:6x137:6; also, Pine w Laguna, 68:3x137:6; also, Sutter and Laguna, 137:6x137:6..	1
M Buzzini to Gandenzio Buzzini ..	Lot 4 blk 57, Paul Tract H'd	600
John Spaulding to C W M Smith..	Sac to w Polk, w 46:9, n 80, subject to a mortgage for $2,000.....	[illegible]
David Callaghan to John Donohue	S Folsom w Fourth, 80x20; also, leasehold int 38 L 328	[illegible]
Angela Feliz to Isabel de Franchini	Buri Buri Rancho, containing 14,639 acs	500

Saturday, June 28th.

Albert C Varney to J S Alemany ..	Vallejo w Dupont, 30x137:6	....
J S Alemany to City & Co of S F..	Vallejo e Stockton, e 21:6, etc.....	827
G V Castro to J J O'Shea.....	50-vara lot 3, blk 401, W A	500
New S S F H'd As'n to C Smidt...	Lot 36, blk 157, New S S F H'd	500
N Smith to Henry Thomas	Mission s 18th, 60x122:7.....	1
T P Riordan to A P Alexander....	DeHaro n Sonoma, 33:4x100.....	800
R C Page to Thos Brown.....	Lots 5 and 6 blk 123, S S F Hd & R Asn	1
Wm B Lake to B F Josselyn	Ocean House R'd sw Bellevue, s 110:4, e 25, n 25, e 25, n 25, etc, Noe Garden Hd, subj to a mort for $300.....	[illegible]
Henry Pless to Cath Schumacher ..	6th nw Bryant, 25x85	5
Same to Same.....	Same	5,000

Monday, June 30th.

B B Miner to C Augusta Hooper..	Nw cor 50-vara lot 655, thence s along e line of Taylor at 4 ft x e 137:6.....	$ 727
S A Hastings to F R Eldridge.....	All of 50-v lots 4 5 and 6 in blk 186, W A, on Chestnut street.....	1
Mission View Hd Ass'n to D Regan	Lot 3 and 4 blk 122 Mission View Hd..	1
City & Co San Fran to Alex Allen.	W 21st Ave 390 N Clement, n 40x240—subdiv blk 161.....	....
Frank Koenig to T R Morgan.....	Commencing at center Granite block at se cor land known as Guerrero 400-va lot, th running s 81¾ deg, w 139 feet ⅛ inch n 8¼ deg, w 82:5, e 190 to Dolores th along Dolores etc, por M B 83	100
J F C Beythien et al to F Campion	Se cor Grant Place and Dupont, 20x60--sub 50-v 904; also ne cor Grant Place and Dupont st, n 20x903	2,400
Wm M Pierson to Jacob Meyer....	S McAllister w Larkin, 18:4x120—subdivision W A 4.....	[illegible]
M C Randolph to Otto Arnold.....	N Sutter e Octavia, 68:9x120—subdivision W A 158	3,300
David Sheahan to Jacob Meyer....	Sw McAllister w Larkin, w 18:4x120....	[illegible]

Tuesday, July 1st.

Dennis Tobin to M J McDonald...	S of O'Farrell W of Larkin, 27:6x197:6 subdiv W A 9.....	$1,200
Chas B Mahan to Wm B Dolan....	S Harrison e 3d, 25x90, subject to mortgage for $2000	3,550
Alwin Weske to Frederick Clay...	S Jackson w Buchanan, 25:3x127:6	300
John A Snook to E Mitchell.....	W Bartlett s 25th, 26x117:6.....	1,040
Max Sichel to City and County S F	Com 80:5 e Scotland st and 120:7 n Filbert n 16:11 etc—sub 50-v 153	[illegible]
Thos Brown to Frank Corde.....	S Clay, 112:6 e Hyde, e 25x137:6	1,800
A W MacPherson to H Wetherbee	Undiv 1-20 N B blks 6, 10 and 16; also 50-v lots 1510 and 1526	10
Lizzie Harnett to Edwd H Doyle..	W Hampshire n 23d, 25x100.....	[illegible]
David E Buel to Nina L Buel.....	Undiv ⅛ se Harrison 50 sw Rincoln Pl, sw 75 se 150 ne 52, nw 7 ne 73 nw 10, sw 50, nw 113 to com—subdiv 100-v 74	Gift.
Jas T Condrin to Wm C Mead.....	S Tyler e Fillmore, e 27:6x137:6.....	1,500
S Riordan to Matthew J O'Brian..	S M, 75 e Guerrero, e 25x114..	700
T P Riordan to Cath M Hartman..	E De Haro, 66:8 n Sonoma, n 33:4x100—subdiv P N 181	[illegible]
Geo T Shaw to Michael Martin....	S Greenwich, 37:6 w Kearny, w 25x87:6 subdiv 50-v 463	2,100
Lamson S Welton to N H Andrews	S Bush e Buchanan, 30x137:6.....	1
Chas H McDearmid to L E White.	E 2d Ave 200 s 16th, s 60x120.....	3,000
S F Cen Pk Hd to H H Lawrence	Lots 50, 51 and 52, block 574, W A.....	750

Wednesday, July 2d.

John J Marks to Florence Crowley	N Post W Franklin, 30x120	$3,000
Austin D Moore to F J P Moore	Nw Folsom ne 12th, ne 100:4, nw etc	Gift.
A A Harvey, to John O'Kane	Commencing at intersec se line Sanchez sw 83:4 se 97:6, n 128:3 to com'nt	1,700
Robt S Martin to Lydia Colvin	To correct error in deed 685 D 83	1
Henry Gutzeit to M Silberstein	Se Folsom sw 5th, 25x90	3,400
Elon De Witt to Chas Harlan	Lots 11 and 13 blk 19, Noe Garden H'd	1,000
Jas Atkinson to W L Hobart	Subdiv 50-v 573, subj to mortg of $30,000	50,000
J L Hussy to Robt Stevenson	S Columbia e Sanchez, 25x114	700
J L Hussy et al to R L Stevenson	S Columbia, 255 e Sanchez 50x114	800
Robt Stevenson to Joseph Denny	N 17th e Douglass, 49:4x260	1,800
Eliza Thomas to Margaret Byrne	N Pine e Taylor, 28x84	4,500
Jabish Clement to Chas H Stanyan	N Fulton w Parker Ave, e 146:5, etc	2,000
Alexander Forbes to L Quint	W Mason n Jackson, 68:9x137:6	8,000
Samuel Sweeney to same	Same	10
Cath Sweeney to Chris Westphal	Same	5,100
Garrett C Sweeney to same	Same	1
Bay Park H'd to M A Howe	Lot 41 block 556	320

Thursday and Saturday, July 3d and 5th.

Sarah Hall to Henry Hall et al	Lot 7 blk 116, University Homestead	Gift
New S S F Hd Asn to A M Murphy	Lots 15 and 16 blk 157, New S S F H'd	$1,000
W A Bray to Geo W Fryer	N Turk e Devisadero, 27:6x137:6	3,300
New S S F Hd Ass'n to Emil Prahl	Lot 37 38 39 blk 157, New S S F H'd	1,500
Peter Doyle to Henry W Seal	Sw 1st nw Clementina, nw 20x77—subdivision 100-v 55	3,500
Edgar Buhop to Chas H Mead, Jr.	S Tyler w Webster, 137:6x27:6	1,500
Gardenville H Ass'n to R C Vencel	Re-record	355
J G Hayden to B Kenefic	Sw Harriet se Howard, se 20x75	1,800
Richard M Sherman to Eliza Noble	N Tyler e Fillmore, 137:6x68:9	1
Bay View H'd to E M Rector	Lot 7 blk 539 Bay View H'd	500
Same to Alonzo Rector	Lots 3 and 4 blk 514, Bay View H'd	1,000
Francis Foye to Peter Lee	Re-record	1,000
Timothy Griffin to Michael J Hogan	E Hyde n Vallejo, n 25x82:6	750
L E White to Geo W Lemont	E 2d Ave s 16th, 30x120—sub M B 39	2,000
Olivia C Peck to Jos C Collins	S Bush w Dupont, 41:6x63—sub 50v 291	100
Lewis Peck to same	Same	9,500
John F McCauley to W A Bray	N Brannan e 6th, 72x110; also und ½ sw 5th w Bryant, 45:10x160; also, Potrero blk 114; also same—P B 148	10,000
Henry Toomy to A Auspacher	E Polk s Pine, 60x62	1
John Hunter to Chas Brockhoff	Lots 5 and 6 blk 324	1,200
J B Moore to Garrett C Sweeney	Sw 6th se Brannan, 50x80	1

Monday, July 7th.

Geo Halm to M J Healy	Lot 2 block 42 Excelsior Homestead	$ 100
Jas Ross to Frank Buckley	E Devisadero s O'Farrell, 25x90	700
S A Hastings to Jas Larkey	Nw Webster and Filbert, n 30x87	100
C V Hastings to Coll Deane	S California .03:8½ w Battery, w 40 x s 89—sub B and W 244, 245, 254 and 255	....
P L Weaver et al to same	Same	70,000
Michael Lynch to Oliver Coulson	N Dorland e Dolores, 45x18, sub M B 79	500
Claus Spreckels to Michael Lynch	Subdivisions M B 79	2
S F Gas Co to S F Gas Light Co	All the Real Estate belonging to S F Gas Co of San Francisco	1
R P Clement to Edward Sumner	Ne Fulton and Parker Ave, n 13th, etc.	1,200
B Pulverman to Jos Clement	E Howard n 20th, 45x122:6: also, e Noe, 101:6 s 18th, s 50x105; also, se Capital and Farralones, e 200x125	9,000
E L Sullivan to F L A Pioche, dec	W 11th Ave and A, etc—sub O L blk 294	4,000
W G Doolittle to Morris Shloss	Lot 23 blk 157 N S S F H'd Ass'n	500
Felton T'ct H Ass'n to Wm Henry	Lots 37 and 38 blk 1,201	340
James Cameron to Henry Brook	W Harrison n 18th, 75 s to Mariposa, etc	2

Tuesday, July 8th.

Jacob Cohen to H Lowenberg	Turk e Leavenworth, 25x137:6, subject to a mortgage for $3,500	$2,000
Henry Fowler to Ellen E Weaver	Broadway w Webster, 137:6x137:6	4,000
DeWitt Thompson to Coll Deane	California w Battery, 40x89	....
J E Slinkey to C E Haseltine	2 acres, McDonald Tract	300
N W Lapham to A McHenry	Broadway e Laguna, 34:4½x137:6	7,000
J O Doane to Ignaz Schmidt	Steiner n Fell, 41:3x110	3,500
H Mahan to Louis Schallich	Pt Lobos Av w Boyce, 25x100	1
Louis Schallich to Hugh Mahan	Cook n Pt Lobos Av, 25:3x120	1
Silver Terrace H As to C H Voight	Lot 333, Silver Terrace H'd	360
Same to Same	Lot 370, same	360
Same to Same	Lot 369, same	365
Same to Same	Lot 371, same	365

Wednesday, July 9th.

A Casamayou to John Weller	Lot 212, blk 187, Central Park H'd	$ 5
Jas Finch to John P Manciet	Kearny s Jackson, 20:2x137:6	100
O F Cem'ty As'n to D Doscher	Lot 10, Harmony Sect plat 4	54
Rufus Parker to Mary McKenna	Shotwell n 24th, 30x122:6	1,860
D F McDonald to J E Slinkey	1 acre, McDonald Tract	1,000
Pt Lobos Av & P'k H to J Mattoon	Lot 66, blk 241, Pt Lobos Av & P'k H'd	280
H F Williams to Edward Martin	Hayes and Laguna, 412:6x275	1
Geary St Ex H'd to C A Sankey	Lot 33 blk 166	500
Marian Hart to James H Lemon	S 19th e Stevenson, 25x85—snb M B 67	2,000
Paul Neuman to Honora Runk	S Jackson w Leavenworth, 137:6x34:1½	....
H A Cobb to Henry L Davis	Ne Jackson and Montgomery, 60x60	....

Thursday, July 10th.

P A Eakins to Wm A Beal	Pine e Buchanan, 27:6x137:6	$1,200
J E Slinkey to Wm J Woodley	1 acre McDonald Tract	300
S H Wetherbee to H Wetherbee	2 und 1-20, blk 6, b'd by Jefferson, Powell, Beach and Mason: Blk 10, b'd by Beach, Powell, North Pt and Mason; Blk 16, b'd by Bay, Powell, North Pt and Mason; 50-vara lots 1510 and 1526, com on n line of Francisco, 137:6 e Mason, n to Bay st, etc	5
P B Hewett to Chas Hopps	Geary w Mason, 20x60	100
E W Burr to Wm Ware	Interest derived under Tax Collectors certificates, 1383, 1386, 1387 and 1388	1
Robert Mills to Same	Mis'n blk 22, b'd by Herman, Valencia, Ridley, Guerrero and Market	5
Lucy S Atwood to H W Taylor	Tehama Pl e 1st, 61:6x19	1,050
C H Morgan to Jas Newman	York n 25th, 27x100	950
J W Gale to Eliz'th Howe	Eureka s 20th, 75x130	1,000
D F McDonald to M F Morrill	1 acre por McDonald Tract	1
Noe Garden Hd Un to O S Richard	Lot 9 blk 18, Noe Garden H'd	500
C H Voight to City and County S F	Com 174:3 e Dupont, and 40 s Adler, e 44:3½, s 53:2, nw 69:2 to com	2,616
Nancy H Andrews to N Atkinson	Bush e Buchanan, 30x137:6	1,500
C W M Smith to Abner Doble	Com 80 ft n of n line of Sac'to and 100 w of w line Polk, th w 50, etc	1,350

Friday, July 11th.

Wm McKibbin to A Pendola	Mason n Green, 23x137:6	$4,200
A D McDonald to J W Brittan	Lots 1656, 1657 and 1658, Gift Map 3	1
J Baldwin to Thos Molens	York n Butte, 25x100	500
W K Van Allen to A Giorgiani	Pine w Mason, 27:6x150	10,000
R E Raimond to Roger D Magee	Hayes and Fillmore, 67:9x70	1
E J Baldwin to Same	Same	100
City and County S F to P Hughes	W 21st Av n Clement, n 100, w 240, s 11, s 9 degrees, e 89, e 230 to com	....
A Guerrero to Sav and Loan Soc'y	Dolores n 16th, e 207:10, etc	2,200
V Guerrero to Same	Same	2,000
Mark Pixley to B Sanborn	Ne 20th Av nw H, 25x100	300
Geary St Ex H'd to J L Hoster	Lot 9 blk 167, Geary St Ex H'd Ass'n	350
Wm E Worth to Wm B Swain	Folsom sw Hawthorne, 35:6x75	8,000
Wm Erzgraber to S P Taylor	McAllister and Webster, 137:6x68:9	6,400
Catherine Erzgraber to same	Same	5
Isaac N Thorne to T C Van Ness	Valencia s 17th, 26x100	5
T C Van Ness to Wm A Piper	Same	5,250
Felton T'ct Hd As'n to G Constant	Lots 25 to 30 inc blk 1202, Felton Tract	1,020
Thos Knight to Henry Pierce	Turk and Leav'th, 137:6x137:6	20,000
W G Doolittle to N Hamilton	Lot 2 blk 157, New S S F H'd Ass'n	500
D McMenomy to John McMenomy	Grove e Franklin, 27:6x68:9	1,100
B Triest to City & County S F	Powell n Union, n 30:11¼, etc	1,262
C B Wyatt to John F Morse	Pine and Scott, 137:6x137:6	4,500
R P Clement to Henry Sutter	Baker and Hayes, 137:6x124:10½, subject to a mortgage for $3,000	....
City & County S F to R P Clement	Various lots in Outside Lands	....

Saturday, July 12th.

Tide Land Com'rs to E McTernan	Clinton nw Brannan, 25x80	$ 8
E McTernan to Bridget McGovern	Same	2,000
L L Robinson to S L Theller	Se Henry and Yale, 120x100	10
J M Welsh to A Pederson	Buch e Mason, 22x80	5,000
Thos Bell to J D Farwell	2d ne Clementina, 80x80; also, und ⅓ Clementina e 2d, 40x80	1,500
M Meagher to Pat'k Tiernan	Lot 535, Gift Map 1	100
W A Menton to E F Preston	Fillmore s Washington, 25x137:6	1,125
Rhanaldo Mowry to Origin Mowry	Re-record	....
Silver Terrace H As to C Gersback	Lots 50 and 51, Silver Terrace H'd	801

Monday, July 14th.

C Berghofer to John F Taylor	Se Mississippi and Colusa, 100x50; also, com on Pennsylvania Av n fr nw cor of sd av and Colusa st, 100x100; also, com on Iowa 50 s fr se cor Iowa and Yuba, 150x100; lots 2 and 3 blk 331, Golden City H'd As'n; also, lot 4 blk 331, Golden City H'd As'n	$2,250
Jacob Ott to Same	Se Yolo and Iowa, 50x100; also, com on Iowa n Colusa, 75x100	750
City and County S F to Jacob Ott .	Yolo and Iowa, 50x100	....
John Hill to Peter Hayden	Lot 5 blk 4, Noe Garden H'd As'n.....	350
Pt Lobos Av & P H to G Robinson	Lots 5 and 6, blk 424	590
Geary St E Hd Asn to Rosa Metters	Lot 17 blk 166, O Lands.....	350
Same to Petro Metters	Lot 18 blk 166, O Lands.....	350
Thos McInerney to Robert Green..	Lots 379 and 381, Gift Map 2	175
F C DuBrutz to Pat'k Swift.....	Lot 349, Gift Map 4	150
Cornelius Collins to Same.....	Lot 361, same.....	150
Lucien Simon to Cidril Houle	Lots 631 and 760 to 763 inc, same	500
T P Riordan to Chas Flick	Vermont n Nevada, 65:8x100.....	2,300
Eliz'th Jamison to T J Morse.....	Carlos s O'Farrell, 40x57:6	3,000
Charles McClay to Thos G McLean.	Com at sw corner of Jacob Herman's inclosure designated by pt A on Hoadley's Survey, n 4 deg, e 37 ch, etc, containing 48 acres.....	3,000
J H Applegate to Wm Ware.....	Mission Block 22	5
T H Allen to L J Hutchings	Leav'th n Jackson, 22:6x70.....	3,500
G S Porter to T H Allen.....	Same	3,200
F L A Pioche to J S Luty	McAllister e Octavia, 50x137:6.....	5
Jos French to P E Hardny	Selena n Cal'a, 30x58	1
L E White to J H Athearn	2d Av s 16th, 30x120.....	1,500
E Villeneuve to Frank McGlynn...	Margaret Place n Vallejo, n 91, e 44, etc, re-record	....

Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.

Reported by G. W. McKeand, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. and San Leandro.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
S C Brown to G Obenauer	Oakland: N line 6th 50 e from Jackson, thence e 50x100	$1,500
A Borel to C Hinz	Same: N line 8th 69:7 w from Kirkham, thence w 50x117:1	—
J de Fremery to M Ryan	Same: 180 Adeline x 286:6; also, 326:6 21st st x 180	1,300
S V Mandeville to A C Brown	Same: N line Brown 266 e from Grove, thence e 50x120	5,000
J B Scotchler to E Remillard	Same: 32:3x104:9 se cor Cypress & 17th.	
Same to V L Norton	Same: 32:3x104:9 ne cor Cypress & 16th	450
P Pinkham to C J Frank	Same: N line 16th 75 e fr Brush, thence e 75x100	450 5,500
L P de Arce to C Deane	Same: 100x300 by Madison, Jackson, and s by 9th	14,000
P T S Ass'n to J Belden	Same: Lot 71, Pacific Theo Sem'y Tract	—
City of Oakland to J Wood	Same: S line 6th 187 w from West street, thence w 107.6	500
G M Condee to A Hinds	Same: 104x75 ne cor Myrtle and 8th	5
A Hinds to L H Cary	Same	7,000
Harmon & Kellogg to T Crane	East Oakland: 5 acs, plot 15, Watson T t	3,000
E C Sessions to P N Remillard	Same: Ne Hepburn 302:6 nw from Antonio, thence nw 150x140	1,200
P N Remillard to H & E Remillard	Same	5
A Babcock to W C Wallace	Same: Ne Madison 100 se from Polk, thence se 50x150	2,000
E C Sessions to M R Kellogg	Same: 50x140 n cor Alameda & Charter	1,250
J V Webster to P Shurta	Same: Sw Monroe 150 se from Pierce, thence se 50x150	900
W C Wallace to same	Same: Sw Monroe 100 se from Pierce, thence se 250x150	2,000
J C Bates to E McD B J Hughes	Same: 150x150 e cor Madison & Pierce.	1
Wolf & Graffelman to W Dorman	West Oakland: 75:7x75 sw cor William and Cedar	1,500
W S Lyon to A Verhave	Same: E line Cedar 50:5 n from William, thence n 50x100:7	1,100
J de Fremery to T Perkins	Same: S line William 80:7 w from Pine, thence w 37:6x100:7	1,525
Same to S F Savings Union	Same: S line William 118:1 w from Pine, thence w 62:6x100:7	2,500
W Wenland to J McIntyre	Same: E line Campbell 67:2 s from 8th, thence s 25x189	800
E Bigelow to G H Chick	Oakland: 50x103:9 ne cor 15th and Jefferson	$1,800
G H Smith to J Hutchinson	Same: S line Bay Pl 420 e from Teleg'h Ave thence e 100x118:4	1,500
Armes & Sather to E Redden	Same: 50x110 nw cor 5th and Filbert	1,195
Same to B Dugan	Same: N line 5th 50 w from Filbert th w 50x100	985
City of Oakland to J S Fogg	Same: Lot corner West, 5th and Market	500
J C Hayes to C P R R Co	Same: Strip 80 feet wide Alice st from 1st street to the creek	1
E Adams to same	Same: Same	1,100
J de Fremery to S F Savings Union	Same: 100x300 n by 13th s by 12th and west by Grove	10,350
M Lynch to C J Frank	Same: 1 acre San Pablo Avenue	5,000
E P Flint to C A Low	Same: 100x100 nw cor 11th & Harrison.	6,000
D Wilcox to R A Heaton	Same: W line Webster 206 n from 14th street thence n 50x150	7,250
W A Stuart to I C Steele	Same: S line Merrimac 200 e from Telegraph thence e 75x145; also in Oakl'd Tp, Parkous Plot 69	2,500
O Hd Ass'n to W D English	Oakland Tp: Lots 71 72 Maxwell Tract.	5
W S Lyon to A Verbose	West Oakland: E line Cedar 50:7 n from William thence n 50x100:7	1,100
D Knight to R A Knight	Same: Various lots in Casserly Tract	1,300
F H Blanchard to same	Same to same	1
T Moetz to C P R R Co	Alameda: Two acres near Mastick Sta'n	4,000
L Michel to E C Michel	Sonsal Creek near San Leandro old R'd half interest in 7 acres	1,500
J T Stratton to E Niehaus	Near Mission San Jose: 7¼ acres	500
J Benzle to C Zimmerman	Laddeville: One Lot	75
S S Frakes to J Rose	Three miles ne from Vallejo Mill: 40 acs	375
A W Bessor to T J Edmondson	Pleasanton: Lots 6 7 8 in blk C	6,000

F D Atherton to T Hanschildt	Near Haywood: 140 acres	$4,000
Same to F Nehrboss	Same: 315 acres	6,000
Whitcher to B Myron	Near Telegraph Ave and Temescal Cr'k	475
J A Williams to J Black	Near Mission San Jose: 50 acres	1,500
L R Snow to L N Snow	San Leandro: Part blk 59	10
M J Denman to G Touchard	Oakland n city limits: 1¾ acres of Webster street	1,000
E Cose to H C Parks	Brooklyn Tp: Tract Redwoods Road	5
G W Dam to J B Sanderson	Oakland Tp: S line Milton 100 w from San Pablo thence w 50x100	650
J Kelly to T Nolan	9 miles ne from Livermore	1,200
Lewis & Miller to J Hall	Near Alvarado: 50 acres	6,000
J Wilkinson to H E Bunker	Livermore: ½ interest in 50x214	1,000
G Forbes to P C Waltenburg	Same: ½ interest in same	1,000
S Merritt to J Bachman	Berkeley: 78x110	1,000
N B Byrne to J Wheeler	Near same: 16 acres and 17 acres part of plot 84	5
Same to G Miller	Near same: 2 acres part of plot 84	5
G Miller to J Sharron	Near same: Same	500
Adams & Boyd to N P R R Co	Strip 100 ft wide on located line N P R R	1
G W Armes to C A Klose	Oakland: E Harrison 446 n from 14th st thence n 156x150	$3,000
Ex'rs of E Tomphins to F J Tyler	Same: 76x150 ne cor 14th and Harrison	2,900
S A Knox to E G Stetson	Same: 111x200 ne cor Broadway Ext'n and Prospect Avenue	1,600
E G Stetson to Ex'rs E Tompkins	Same: Same	2,000
S A Knox to E G Stetson	Same: Lot on Broadway Extension	500
Same to C Sarl	Same: Lot on same	750
T Spelman to A Spelman	Same: N line 12th st 468 w from Kirkham thence w 52x110	Gift.
Durant & Bigelow to E Donahue	Same: N line 5th st 75 e from Henry th e 75x96:3	1,350
Same to T Sheehan	Same: N line 5th st 75 w from Chester thence w 25x95:3	450
A J Gladding to G Dugan	Same: 192:4 and 28th st and 38 Ettie st	300
P S Wilcox to H Hillebrand	Same: W line Broadway 100 n fm Delzer thence n 50x100	3,100
W Stokes to A Wood	Same: N line Durant 125 e from Franklin thence e 30x100	1,010
Armes and Sather to J H Earle	Same: 50x108 sw cor R R Av & Filbert	1,300
S H Willey to F T Tyler	Same: 38x150 ne cor 14th and Harrison	2,665
Armes and Sather to J Corbett	Same: W Filbert 208:10 S R R Association 25x125	500
Same to P Broderick	Same: W Filbert 233:10 S R R Association s 25x125	500
E Bigelow to G W Armes	Same: 156 Harrison n from 4th st by 150; also 78 Alice n from 14th st by 150	5
Ex'ors E Tompkins to Same	Same: Same	1
R B Bartlett to J Hardy	Same: W line Henry 175 n from 3d st th n 50x125	900
P T S Ass'n to E Jones	Same: Lot 59 Pacific Theo Sem'y Tract	....
Armes & Sather to L W Smitten	Same: W line Filbert 183:10 s from R R Ave thence s 25x125	475
Wilcox & Bigelow to A J Snyder	East Oakland: 1-3d int in 22½ acres	1,800
C W Tyler to L James	West Oakland: 50:7x105:7 ne cor Wood and Atlantic	4,000
W E Brown to C W Tyler	Alameda: Half interest 435:4x450 Santa Clara R R Ave & Walnut; also 300 x 435: Santa Clara Walnut and Central	8,000
W H Miller to W E Brown	Same: The Alameda Park Tract	1
C Minturn to C F Hall	Same: S line Cen'l Ave 100 w from Oak thence w 50x150	550
E Minturn to J Powell	Same: Same	500
W Severence to W Marsh	Same: 240x150 nw corner Everett & Eagle; also w line Everett 150 n from Eagle thence n 50x140	5,300
Hays & Caperton to J R & W Nicol	Same: 95:9x140:2 sw corner Lincoln and Broadway	750
C W Tyler to W E Brown	Same: ½ interest 435x450 R R Avenue Santa Clara, Central and Willow	10,000
J W Hines to F E Bailey	Oakland Township: 5 acres part plot 84	4,000
E Jones to M P Randall	Same: 18 acres part plot 79	10
W C Kimball to H Hickey	Same: Lots 98 and 99 Kimball Tract	230
E Martin to J R Browne	Same: 10 acres Vernon Park Tract	10,000
O P Sutton to Same	Same: 9 acres: Same	5,000
J Smith to J L Beard	Near Alvarado—300 acres	4,500
F D Atherton to J F de Super	Haywood: 290:5x300	850
L Parker to M C Volz	Lynn: Lots 39 and 40 in blk G	150
T O'Regan to J A Brown	San Leandro: 12½ acres	6,500
Braley & Reed to W A Jordan	Pleasanton: Lots 11 and 12 in blk A	300
W A Jordan to L W Winn	Same: Same	300

G S Brown to F Maillot	Oakland: N line Sycamore 800 w Telegraph Ave thence w 100x186:4	5,500
J P Cogswell to H H Flagg	Same: S line 13th st 100 e from West st thence e 30x100	1,500
J de Fremery to J Hainfin	Same: 50:100 ne cor 12th and West	2,125
O C Ely to J Hainfin	Same: N line 12th st 50 e from West st thence e 50x100	1,975
J de Fremery to H H Flagg	Same: S line 13th st 100 w from Brush thence w 50x100	1,475
Same to O C Ely	Same: N line 12th st 50 e from West st thence e 100x100; also 100x100 sw cor 13th and Brush	6,965
O C Ely to A R Cogswell	Same: 100x100 sw cor 13th and Brush: also n line 12th street 100 e from West street thence e 50x100	....
A de Matos to T B Crandell	East Oakland: 25x100 w cor Clay and Harrison	1,200
W Erzgraber to H T Suden	Same: Ne Adams 25 nw from Arrayo th nw cor 40x140	1,000
W F Dorman to M Graffelmann	West Oakland: 75x75:7 sw corner Cedar and William	1,800
Sav & L'n Soc'y to W E Brown	Alameda: Lots in Alameda Park Tract.	30.000
Henry & Morton to Union S Bank	Oakland Tp: Tract in V Peralta Reservation	21,600
C L Des Rochers to S E Alden	Same: 1 acre part of plot 18	900
G Emerson to S Howard	Near Mission San Jose: 1½ acres	241
J Howard to F M Meyer	Same: Same	200
M Ragan to P Nolan	3 miles e from Mission San Jose: 49 acres	2,750
W H Ivey to F Peralta	Near San Leandro: 58 acres	1
F Peralta to W H Ivey	Same: 291 acres	1
D McDougal to O E Roberts	Oakland: N line 27th 240 e from West. thence e 25x100	$ 250
E Hackett to C Baggs	Same: 13 acres e line Peralta near 20th.	9,182
A M Irwin to M Rosenberg	Same: 90x50 ne cor 10th and Webster	11,500
H H Flagg to F Oliver	Same: S line 13th 100 w from Brush st, thence w 100x100	3,000
J Bacon to W H Patton	Same: W line Alice 264 n from 24th st, thence n 61:6x150	3,075
T M Annsell to S H Mather	Same: S line 21st 104:2 w f'm Broadway Ext., thence w 208x110	12,000
J C Hays to J Shaw	Same: 25x93 sw cor 5th and Myrtle	600
J M Valdez to Coll Deane	Same: 5 acres, Webster near Elm; also, Tract Marsh	38,000
J Lorne to County of Alameda	East Oakland: Blk 22, San Antonio	5
O H'd Ass'n to J Atherton	Same: Lot 64, Capital H'd Tract	400
H Tubbs to H P Haynes	Same: Ne Humbert 200 se from Strode, thence se 100x150	800
E C Sessions to F L Taylor	Same: N Hepburn 136:6 e fr Broadway, thence e 100x140	800
Hays & Caperton to W Hammond	Alameda: 272 Central x 200 Versailles	3,100
Same to W Paterson	Same: 195:9x140:2 nw cor Santa Clara and Broadway	1,500
Switt & Coleman to Sac'to S Bank	Same: Various blks in Minturn Tract	32,000
E McLean to C L des Rochers	Oakland T'p: 496x40, part plot 13	5
C L des Rochers to J Swett	Same: 200x100, part plot 13	500
E McLean to S E Alden	Same: Part plot 13	250
F Warner to H Hanschildt	Same: 86:4 each Market and San Pablo junction	900
Oakland H'd As'n to G W Frasher	Same: Lot 37 in blk 3, Maxwell Tract	5
G W Frasher to J Shuey	Same: Same	300
L Rerchert to E L Beard	Brooklyn T'p: 23 acres	8,000
J Linforth to C J Deering	Same: 2 acres e line Fruit Vale Av	1,400
G W Dam to E Tripp	Same: 12 acres San Leandro Road and Redwood Road	4,300
E Tripp to W P Valentine	Same: Same	14,000
C Jackson to J B Watson	Same: 8¾ acres near Lake Merritt	1
J Davis to W Thompson	3 miles sw from Dublin: 160 acres	1,600
V Lowe to Same	Same: 160 acres	800
H Hughes to H Hughes, Jr	2 miles w Dublin: 160 acres	800
A Jenks to G W Chapman	Road Centreville to Vallejo's Mills: 5 ac	1,000
N R Reed to G S Rathburn	8 miles ne from Livermore: 640 acres	400
J Williams to Collie & Allen	Near San Leandro: 1 acre	400

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ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK
(LIMITED,)
SUCCESSORS TO J. SELIGMAN & CO.,

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE,

No. 412 CALIFORNIA ST.,

LONDON OFFICE, 3 ANGEL COURT.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL STOCK $6,000,000
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL 3,000,000
PAID IN CAPITAL 1,500,000

REMAINDER SUBJECT TO CALL.

Directors in London,

Hon. HUGH McCULLOCH, | REUBEN D. SASSOON,
WM. F. SCHOLFIELD, | ISAAC SELIGMAN,
JULIUS LINGTON.

Managers in San Francisco,

RICHARD G. SNEATH, IGNATZ STEINHART.

The Bank is now prepared to open accounts, receive deposits, make collections, buy and sell Exchange and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world, and to loan money on proper securities.

The Stock of this Bank being held by leading Bankers and Capitalists of Europe and America, the Bank will have superior facilities in the negotiation of State, Municipal and other securities abroad.

R. G. SNEATH,
IGNATZ STEINHART, } **Managers.**

NOTICE.

MESSRS. J. SELIGMAN & CO.,

Having transferred their Banking business and good will to the ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK (LIMITED), would request all persons indebted to them to settle their accounts with MR. IGNATZ STEINHART, 412 California street, who is authorized to sign in liquidation.

J. SELIGMAN & CO.

San Francisco, July 2, 1873.

QUICK TIME AND CHEAP FARES,

—FROM—

Australasia, China, and Japan,

—TO—

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

THE GREAT TRANS-CONTINENTAL

ALL RAIL ROUTE,

—VIA—

Central and Union Pac. R. R. Line,

Is now in complete running order from

SAN FRANCISCO TO THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD.

THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO DAILY,

Making prompt connection with the several Railway Lines in the Eastern States, for all the Cities of the

United States and Canada,

Connecting at NEW YORK with the Steamer Lines to

ENGLAND, FRANCE,

AND ALL

EUROPEAN PORTS.

Through Time Going East.

From San Francisco to Omaha, 4 days and 6 hours; to Chicago, 5 days and 6 hours; to New York, 6 days and 20 hours.

Silver Palace Sleeping Coaches,

Second to none in the world, are run daily from San Francisco to New York and intermediate points. These Drawing Room Cars by day, and Sleeping Cars by night, are unexcelled for comfort and convenience to the Passenger while en route—combining the elegance of a private parlor, and all accommodations pertaining to a well-furnished chamber, with comfortable couches, clean bedding, etc. A competent Porter accompanies each Car, to attend to the wants of our patrons.

Children not over Twelve Years of Age, Half-Fare—Under Five Years of Age, Free. 100 Pounds of Baggage per full Passenger, Free. Fifty Pounds of Baggage per half Passenger, Free.

Through Ticket Office: 2 New Montgomery st., San Francisco

T. E. SICKLES, Gen. Supt. U. P. R. R.
A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Supt. C. P. R. R.
T. L. KIMBALL, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Omaha, Neb.
T. H. GOODMAN, G. Pass. Ag't, Sacramento.

OREGON

Steamship Company.

Regular Steamers to Portland,

Leaving San Francisco Weekly:

STEAMSHIPS

John L. Stephens,

Oriflamme,

Ajax,

Connecting with Steamers to

SITKA AND PUGET SOUND,

AND O. AND C. R. R. CO.,

And Oregon C. R. R. Co., through Willamette, Umpqua, and Rogue River Valleys, Oregon.

WM. NORRIS, Agent,

No. 217 SANSOME STREET.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR

JAPAN & CHINA.

Leave Wharf, Corner First and Brannan Streets,

ON THE

1st and 16th every Month, at Noon,

FOR

YOKOHAMA & HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with the Company's Branch Line for SHANGHAI, via Hiogo and Nagasaki.

July 16--Steamer CHINA,
Captain Cobb.

Aug. 1--Stmr COLORADO,
Captain Harris.

FOR NEW YORK via PANAMA.

Leave at 12 o'clock noon on the

5th and 19th of Each Month,

For PANAMA, and connecting, via PANAMA RAILROAD, with one of the Company's Splendid Steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

July 19th, - - - NEVADA,
Captain Morse.

Aug. 5th, - - ALASKA,
Capt. Nolan.

ALL STEAMERS

WILL CALL AT

MAZATLAN, MANZANILLO,

And ACAPULCO,

And all, except Alaska, call at San Diego.

STEAMERS OF THE 19th CONNECT AT ACAPULCO FOR ALL CENTRAL AMERICAN PORTS.

☞Through Tickets sold to and from Liverpool, Queenstown, Southampton, Bremen, Brest, Havre, Hamburg, Stettin, Copenhagen and Norway.

☞When the sailing date of China or Panama steamers falls on Sunday, the steamer will sail on the preceding Saturday.

For Honolulu.

The steamship COSTA RICA, Captain Lapidge, will leave at 3 P. M., as follows: Thursday, July 24.
Returning, will leave Honolulu July 8, August 7.

For Santa Barbara, San Pedro and San Diego.

Steamers will leave at 9 A. M., as follows: Friday, July 25th, MOHONGO, Captain Douglass. ORIZABA, Capt. Johnson, Saturday, July 19th; Thursday, July 31st.

For Monterey, San Simeon, San Luis Obispo, and Santa Barbara.

Steamers will leave at 3 P. M., as follows: SENATOR, Captain Harloe, Tuesday, July 22d. GIPSY, Capt. Bogert, for San Diego and Way Ports, carrying acids, oils, and combustibles—Wednesday, July 30th.

For Magdalena Bay, Cape San Lucas, Mazatlan, Guaymas and La Paz.

The Steamship CALIFORNIA, Capt. Metzger, will leave at 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, July 22d.

No freight received or bills lading signed after 3 o'clock P.M. on the 21st.

Apply at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Office, at their wharf, corner First and Brannan streets.

S. K. HOLMAN, Acting Agent.

HOME MUTUAL
Insurance Company,
OF CALIFORNIA.

433 California St., Merchants' Exchange Building

Fire & Marine Insurance

CAPITAL, $650,000.

CAPITAL, $650,000.

J. H. REDINGTON, President. **G. H. HOWARD**, Vice Presiden
C. R. STORY, Secretary. **N. B. EDDY**, Marine Secretary.
H. H. BIGELOW, General Manager.

W. A. KOLLMYER,
Mirror, Picture Frame Maker and Gilder,
640 Washington st., bet. Montgomery and Kearny.

Oil Paintings Cleaned and Varnished. Picture Cord, Tassels, Nails, Etc. Business Cards Framed at Reduced Prices.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.,
Nos. 204 and 208 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Shipping, Commission and Forwarding Merchants. Agents of the Hawaiian Islands and Oregon Packet Lines.

Particular attention paid to the sale or transhipment of merchandise, and all business connected with the Pacific Whaling Fleet. Liberal advances made on consignments.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

San Francisco.

Capital, - - - $5,000,000

D. O. MILLS, PRESIDENT. | W. C. RALSTON, CASHIRE.

AGENTS:

IN NEW YORK.....MESSRS. LEES & WALLER.
IN BOSTON.....TREMONT NATIONAL BANK.
IN LONDON.....ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION.

☞ The Bank has Agencies at VIRGINIA CITY, GOLD HILL, WHITE PINE, and Correspondents at all the principal Mining Districts and Interior Towns of he Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit Issued

Available for the purchase of Merchandise throughout the United States, Europe, India, China, Japan and Australia.

Exchange For Sale on Atlantic Cities.

Draw Direct on

London, Dublin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Bremen, Vienna, Leipsic, Frankfort-on-Main, Auckland, Melbourne, Yokohama, Shanghai, Hongkong, Sydney.

Advertisements of the Leading Business Houses in San Francisco.

SWISS-AMERICAN BANK,

Incorporated in Geneva (Switzerland) January 20th, 1873. Head office in Geneva.

Capital.....$2,000,000 subscribed, one quarter paid up.

PRESIDENT—HENRY HENTSCH, SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH (successors to Messrs. Hentsch & Berton), 27 Clay street. DIRECTORS—Francis Berton, Robt Watt.

This Bank is prepared to grant letters of credit on Europe, and to transact every kind of Banking, Mercantile and Exchange Business, and to negotiate American Securities in Europe. Deposits received.

Bills of Exchange on :

New York,	Hamburg,	Bern,	Fribourg,
Liverpool,	Berlin,	Neuchatel,	Lucern,
London,	Frankfort-on-the-M.	Chau-de-fonds,	Aarau,
Paris,	Geneva,	Solothurn,	Bellinzona,
Lyons,	Zurich,	Lausanne,	Locarno,
Bordeaux,	Basel,	Baden,	Lugano,
Marseilles,	St. Gall,	Chur,	Mendrisio.
Brussels,	Winterthur,	Schaffhausen,	

An ASSAY OFFICE is annexed to the Bank. Assays of Gold, Silver, Quartz, Ores and Sulphurets. Returns in coin or bars, at the option of the depositor. Advances made on Bullion and Ores. Dust and Bullion can be forwarded from any part of the country and returns made through Wells, Fargo & Co., or by checks. (March 8.

ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK (LIMITED).

Successors to J. Seligman & Co.

London Office, No. 3 Angel Court. San Francisco Office, No. 412 California street. Authorized Capital Stock, $5,000,000; Subscribed, $3,000,000; Paid in, $1,500,000, remainder subject to call. Directors in London—Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Reuben D. Sassoon, William F. Schonfeld, Isaac Seligman, Julius Lington. Managers in San Francisco—Richard G. Sneath, Ignatz Steinhart. The Bank is now prepared to open Accounts, Receive Deposits, make Collections, Buy and Sell Exchange, and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world and loan Money on proper securities. The Stock of this Bank being held by leading Bankers and Capitalists of Europe and America, the Bank will have superior facilities in the negotiation of State, Municipal and other securities abroad.

July 5. R. G. SNEATH, IGN. STEINHART, Managers.

Messrs. J. Seligman & Co., having transferred their Banking Business and good will to the Anglo-Californian Bank, limited, would request all persons indebted to them to settle their accounts with MR. IGNATZ STEINHART (412 California street), who is authorized to sign in liquidation

San Francisco, July 2, 1873. [July 5.] J. SELIGMAN & CO.

THE WESTERN SAVINGS AND TRUST CO.,

136 **Montgomery st., Occidental Hotel Building, San Francisco.** Capital, $1,000,000. H. J. Booth, President; A. G. Styles, Vice-President and Cashier; J. H. Griffiths, Secretary; H. H. Haight, Attorney; Robert Watt, P. S. Weaver, S. Schreiber, Executive Committee. Directors—L. S. Adams (of Adams, McNeill & Co.) Sacramento and San Francisco; H. H. Haight, ex-Governor, Alameda; F. L. Weaver (of Weaver, Taylor & Co.) San Francisco; S. P. Taylor, San Francisco; Simon Schreiber (of Schreiber & Howell,) Sacramento and San Francisco; Robert Watt, ex-Controler of State, San Rafael; H. J. Booth (of H. J. Booth & Co., Union Iron Works,) San Francisco; Anson G. Stiles, San Francisco; L. B. Harris, San Francisco; Isaac Lohman, Oakland; Peter Spreckles, San Francisco.

☞ All kinds of SAVINGS, Commercial and Trust Fund Deposits, will be received in sums of not less than three dollars. DIVIDENDS will be payable semi-annually, in January and July of each year. No charge will be made for opening accounts. Loans will be made on security of Real Estate, United States Stocks and other approved securities. July 12.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, $5,000,000. D. O. Mills, President; W. C. Ralston, Cashier. AGENTS—In New York, Messrs. LEES & WALLER; in Boston, TREMONT NATIONAL BANK; in London, ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION. Letters of Credit issued, available for the purchase of Merchandise throughout the United States, Europe, India, China, Japan and Australia. EXCHANGE for sale on the Atlantic Cities. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, St. Petersburgh, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Bremen, Vienna, Leipsic, Sydney, Melbourne, Yokohama, Shanghai, Hongkong, Frankfort on-the-Main. March 25.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

San Francisco Savings Union, No. 532 California street, corner of Webb.—For the half year ending with 30th June, 1873, a dividend has been declared at the rate of nine and six-tenths (9 6-10) per cent. per annum on Term deposits, and eight (8) per cent. per annum on Ordinary deposits, free of Federal Tax—payable on and after 14th July, 1873. By order, LOVELL WHITE.

July 12. Cashier.

MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK,

6 Post street, Masonic Temple, San Francisco. Guarantee capital, $150,000. Moneys received on Term and Ordinary Deposit. Dividends paid semi-annually. Loans made on approved security. LEONIDAS E. PRATT, Pres't; Wm. H. Culver, Vice-President; H. T. Graves, Secretary. May 3.

COSMOPOLITAN DIME SAVINGS AND EXCHANGE BANK,

No. 626 Montgomery street (Montgomery Block).—Guarantee Fund $100,000. Term Deposits, One per Cent. per month. Deposits Payable on Demand, Six per Cent. No entry fee or charge for bank book.
J. CROCKER, Secretary. [May 10.] W. S. THOMPSON, President.

FRENCH SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

411 Bush street, above Kearny. G. Mahe, Director. Loans made on real estate and other collateral securities at current rates of interest

THE LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK (Limited).

Sell Drafts on Yokohama, Hongkong, Shanghai and Manila, at sight or on time, in sums to suit. July 4.

THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital Stock, One Million Dollars. Levi Stevens, President; R. N. Van Brunt, Cashier. Banking House, 415 California street. July 2.

REMOVAL.

John T. Little, Discount Broker and Real Estate Agent, has Re-moved to 330 Montgomery street, opposite the Odd Fellows' Building. Always prepared to discount good Commercial Paper at the lowest rates. City and County Property bought and sold. July 12.

CHILI ALFALFA SEED OF THE NEW CROP,

Ex Steamer just arrived.—For sale in lots to suit, by
S. W. MOORE & CO., Seedsmen,
July 19. No. 420 Sansome street, San Francisco.

"FLIES ARE IN!"

But you can keep them out by having those patent Sliding Wire SCREENS fitted to your doors and windows. Leave your order at the CALIFORNIA WIRE WORKS, 412 Clay street. We take measures, and fit them up complete. [May 24.] J. M. ECKFELDT & CO.

REMOVAL.

A. S. Hallidie, Manufacturer of Wire and Wire Rope, has Removed his office and warerooms to No.'s 113 and 115 Pine street. Patentee of the Patent Endless Wire Rope Way, for transporting ores and materials over mountainous and difficult roads. June 28.

BAGS, TENTS, AND HOSE.

NEVILLE & CO.,
113 Clay and 114 Commercial streets,
SAN FRANCISCO. [May 24.

HARNESS AND SADDLERY.

Main & Winchester, 214 and 216 Battery st., San Francisco, have the finest stock of Carriage, Single and Double Buggy, and other varieties of Harness ever offered for sale in the State. A complete assortment of Horse Dresses, Blankets, Robes, etc., which we invite our friends and the public to call and examine before purchasing. April 12.

L. H. NEWTON.] **NEWTON BROTHERS & CO.,** [MORRIS NEWTON.
Importers and wholesale dealers in Teas, Foreign Goods and Groce-ries. 119 and 121 Front street, San Francisco, Cal. June 7.

SAN FRANCISCO CORDAGE CO.

Established 1856.—We have just added a large amount of new ma-chinery of the latest and most improved kind, and are again prepared to fill orders for Rope of any special lengths and sizes. Constantly on hand, a large stock of Manila Rope, all sizes; Tarred Manila Rope; Hay Rope; Whale Line, etc., etc.
April 26. TUBBS & CO., 611 and 613 Front street.

ROPE! ROPE!—PACIFIC CORDAGE CO.

This Factory, now in full operation, is prepared to fill all orders for MANILA CORDAGE AND HAY ROPE of all lengths and varieties (tarred or untarred) of SUPERIOR QUALITY to any ever offered in this market. The Works of this Company are so located that orders can be shipped Direct, by rail or water, to any part of the State, when so desired by purchasers. PACIFIC CORDAGE COMPANY. [April 26.] J. D. FARWELL, Agent, 116 Front street.

NOBLE & GALLAGHER,

Importers and Dealers in Painters' Materials, House, Sign, and FRESCO PAINTERS, Plain and Decorative PAPER-HANGERS, and GLAZIERS, No. 437 Jackson street, between Sansome and Montgomery, San Francisco.
Ceilings and Walls Kalsomined, Whitened and Colored. Jobbing promptly attended to. Jan. 25.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

No. 433 California St., Merchants Exchange Building. Fire and Marine Insurance Company. Capital, $750,000. OFFICERS:—John H. Redington President; George H. Howard, Vice-President; Charles R. Story, Secretary; N. B. Eddy, Marine Secretary. H. H. BIGELOW, General Manager. DIRECTORS.—San Francisco—Geo. H. Howard, F. D. Atherton, H. F. Teachemacher, A. B. Grogan, John H. Redington, A. W. Bowman, C. S. Hobbs, B. M. Harlshorne, D. Conrad, Wm. H. Moor, Geo. S. Johnson, H. N. Tilden, W M. Greenwood, S. L. Jones, Geo. S. Mann Cyrus Wilson, W. H. Foster, Jr., Jos. Galloway, W. T. Garratt, C. Waterhouse, A P. Hotaling. Oregon Branch—P. Wasserman, B. Goldsmith, L. F. Grover, D. Maclay, C. H. Lewis, Lloyd Brooke, J. A. Crawford, D. M. French, J. Lowenberg, Hamilton Boyd, Manager, W. L. Ladd, Treasurer. Marysville—D. E. Knight. San Diego—A. H. Wilcox. Sacramento Branch—Charles Crocker, A. Redington, Mark Hopkins, Jas. Carolan, J. F. Houghton, D. W. Earl, Isaac Lohman, Julius Wetzlar, Julius Wetzlar, Manager, I. Lonman, Secretary. Stockton Branch—H. H. Hewlett, Geo. S. Evans, J. D. Peters, N. M. Orr, W. F. McKee, A. W. Simpson, A. T. Hudson, H. M. Fanning, H. H. Hewlett, Manager, N. M. Orr, Secretary. San Jose Branch—T. Ellard Beans, Josiah Belden, A. Pfister, J. S. Carter, Jackson Lewis, N. Hayes, Noah Palmer, B. D. Murphy, J. J. Denny, Manager, A. E. Moody, Secretary. Grass Valley —William Watt, Robert Watt. Nevada—T. W. Sigourney. Feb. 17.

REMOVAL.

The Commercial Insurance Co. of California, have removed their office to No. 228 California street, in Tallant's New Bank Building, Northeast corner California and Battery streets, San Francisco. This Company transacts A GENERAL FIRE and MARINE INSURANCE business, determining rates commensurate with the hazard assumed, and independently of any combination. The attention of the insuring public is invited to this fact, and also to the following list of Directors, comprising many of our wealthiest and most responsible citizens:

DIRECTORS.—W. W. Dodge, Claus Spreckles, Selden S. Wright, W. B. Cummings, C. F. MacDermot, James M. Barney, C. W. Kellogg, A. W. Jee, Peter Dean, C. J. Deering, John H. Wise, Levi Stevens, James Gamble, E. T. Gile, W. B. Hooper, G. L. Bradley, D. H. Haskell, H. S. Crocker, F. S. Freeman, N. D. Thayer, Jas. Phelan, Charles Main.

C. W. KELLOGG, President.
H. G. HORNER, Secretary. May 3.

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF BOSTON.

Has transacted the business of Life Insurance for over a quarter of a century. Its assets amount to over NINE MILLION DOLLARS. The law of Massachusetts makes all its Policies nonforfeitable. It is a Purely Mutual Company, dividing every cent of surplus among Policy-holders. This is the ONLY Company on the Pacific Coast governed by the Massachusetts Lapse Law.

WALLACE EVERSON, General Agent,
April 23.] N. E. cor. California and Sansome sts., opposite Bank of California.

MORRIS SPEYER & CO.,

Importers and Commission Merchants, No. 13 Merch. Exchange. Hamburg-Bremen Fire Insurance Company. Office, 13 Merchants' Exchange. Policies issued against loss or damage by fire on brick and frame buildings, stores and dwellings, furniture and merchandise, warehouse and contents. Premiums as low as in any other responsible company. ☞ All losses paid in U. S. Gold Coin.
Jan 29. MORRIS SPEYER & CO., General Agents.

S. T. SUIT & CO.'S

CELEBRATED KENTUCKY WHISKIES!

Congress Bourbon,	**National Bourbon,**
Capital Bourbon,	**Breckenridge B. B. B. Rye.**

None of the above brands are UNDER THREE YEARS OLD. Quality Guaranteed.
BOOTH & CO., Sacramento, W. W. DODGE & CO., San Francisco,
Dec. 9.] Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Groceries and Provisions,
Corner Front and Clay streets, SAN FRANCISCO.

NEWTON BOOTH,	J. T. GLOVER,
C. T. WHEELER,	W. W. DODGE,
Sacramento.	San Francisco.

Dec. 9.]

NOTICE.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD LANDS.

To all whom it may Concern:—Whereas, under instructions from the Commissioner of the General Land office, dated June 6th, 1873, the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at San Francisco, California, have given official notice, by publication, that "All odd-numbered sections, now reserved for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and which were at the date of such reservation within the limits of the reservation for the Western Pacific Railroad Company, will be restored on THURSDAY, the 24th day of July, A. D. 18.3, and will, on said day, become subject to the pre-emption settlement and filing and homestead entry:"—The Southern Pacific Railroad Company hereby gives notice that said Company claims the odd-numbered sections referred to in said notice of the Register and Receiver, under the grant to the said Company by Act of Congress, approved July 27th, 1866, and the Acts amendatory and confirmatory thereof, and will take all necessary legal steps to assert its claim to said lands under its grant.

B. B. REDDING,
July 5. Land Agent Southern Pacific Railroad Company.

FOR SALE.—850,000 ACRES OF LAND IN SOUTHERN OREGON.

Title Perfect: U. S. Land Grant, fully Confirmed.

The "Pacific Land Company," incorporated with capital stock of 5,000 shares of par value of $240 each, have purchased the road and entire land grant of the OREGON CENTRAL MILITARY ROAD COMPANY, consisting of over 850,000 acres of Agricultural, Grazing and Timber Lands, passing from Eugene City (125 miles from Portland by railroad), through the splendid "Lake Country" to Silver City, near the border of Idaho.

Each share of the PACIFIC LAND COMPANY, thus representing now over 160 acres of land, and is UNASSESSABLE.

Three thousand shares belong to the Company, and will be offered for sale by us, the entire proceeds of which will go into the Treasury.

The first one thousand shares will be offered at $120 per share, United States Currency; say at the rate of 75 cents per acre. Every share will also be received at its par value of $240, in payment for land, so soon as the appraisals are made. Such shares will then be canceled, and not re-issued, and a deed given to the purchaser.

The land will be appraised, at moderate rates, in accordance with its actual value as soon as practicable, in sections of 640 acres, at from $1 50 to $4 per acre, U. S. Currency, and offered for sale. Actual settlers, however, always having the preference.

We refer, as to the character of this magnificent grant of land, to Clarence King, Esq., the United States Geologist for this coast, who is familiar with it from personal observation; also, to the elaborate report of the Hon. B. J. Pengra, late Surveyor-General of Oregon, on this road and lands, from which report we quote: "There is but very little of the entire grant but what is valuable for either farming, grazing or lumbering purposes."

As shares are canceled, the average of acres to the remaining shares will naturally increase and from cash sales dividends will be declared.

Immigrants, by buying these shares, can secure good lands with perfect title at less than Government rates.

For Custodians of Trust Funds the shares of the Pacific Land Company combine absolute security based on the lands, with promise of large returns; and no investment can be better for children, as the value of the property must increase immensely in a few years.

Remittances for shares can be sent to us by Wells, Fargo & Co., or in registered letters.

Full particulars, maps, and a descriptive pamphlet, can be obtained at our office, where the subscription book of the shares is now open.

YOUNG & PAXSON,
Agents for the Pacific Land Co., Office, No. 424 Montgomery st.

President, H. F. TESCHEMACHER. Directors—J. S. PAXSON, OLIVER ELDRIDGE, J. R. JARBOE and H. F. CUTTER, of San Francisco.

Refer to J. C. AINSWORTH, S. G. REED and W. S. LADD, of Portland, Oregon; B. J. PENGRA, Springfield, Oregon. July 19.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R. CO.

Change of Time.—On and after April 1st, 1873, the Steamers con. necting at Donahue Landing with the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad Company, for Cloverdale and all intermediate stations, will leave San Francisco daily (Sundays excepted), from Front-street Wharf, at 2:30 P. M. Returning, the Train will leave Cloverdale daily at 5:30 A. M., connecting at Donahue with steamers, and arriving in San Francisco at 10:20 A. M. The Steamers and Cars make close connections with Stages to and from all points.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.—On and after Sunday, April 13, 1873, will leave San Francisco at 8 A. M., arriving in Cloverdale at 1 P. M. Returning, will leave Cloverdale at 2 P. M., arriving in San Francisco at 7 P. M. This will allow excursionists several hours at any of the places along the line of the road. For all information apply at the Company's Office, 420 Montgomery street.

On and after June 1st the Steamer Antelope will leave San Francisco at 2:30 P. M., and the cars will leave Cloverdale at 6 A. M. daily.

May 31. PETER DONAHUE, President.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.—REDUCED RATES.

Steamer Antelope, connecting with the San Francisco and N. P. R. R. Co. at Donahue Landing, for PETALUMA, SANTA ROSA, HEALDSBURG, CLOVERDALE, and Way Stations. Steamer leaves every SUNDAY at 8 A. M., from Front-st. Wharf, arriving at Cloverdale, 1 P. M. Leaves Cloverdale, 2 P. M. Arriving in San Francisco, 7 P. M. Excursion Tickets good from Saturday till the following Monday. The trains make close connections with Stages to and from all points. This is the cheapest, quickest, shortest and most pleasant route to Skaggs' Springs and THE GEYSERS. Round trip Tickets on sale at the Office, or at the Steamer. Connections also made for Clear Lake and other places of Summer resort.

DAILY TIME TABLE.—Steamer leaves San Francisco at 2:30 P.M., from Front-street Wharf. Arrives at Cloverdale, 8:30 P. M. Leaves Cloverdale, 5:30 A. M. Arriving in San Francisco, 10:20 A. M. For all information apply at the Company's Office, 426 Montgomery street. [May 17.] PETER DONAHUE, President.

X LINE FOR LIVERPOOL, DIRECT.

The new A 1 Ship Undaunted, Dinsmore, Master, is intended to sail with dispatch.

Freight Taken in Lots to Suit Shippers.

Apply to [May 24.] E. E. MORGAN'S SONS, 320 California street.

CUNARD LINE.—BETWEEN NEW YORK, BOSTON & LIVERPOOL,

CALLING AT CORK HARBOR.

Passage Tickets sold to and from Great Britain and the Continent.

Cabin Plans can be seen and Staterooms secured at office of

May 17. E. E. MORGAN'S SONS, 320 California street.

NOTICE OF THE CALIFORNIA PLACARD EXCHANGE.

ADMISSION FREE.

The Directors of the California Placard Exchange and Bureau of Information for the Pacific Coast, hereby announce that they are now prepared to receive Placards, consisting of Chromos, Photographs, Lithographs, Diagrams, Maps, Business Cards, etc., and Public Notices of every kind relating to all Business Matters bearing upon the Interests of the Pacific Coast. These collected in one General Repository, easy of access, properly classified and made most attractive, will fill a great public want and powerfully stimulate our common interests. In a word, the Exchange will present to the eye of the visitor an Epitome of the Pacific States and San Francisco as they are, of their productions, manufactures and wealth, bringing a knowledge of the varied and vast interests of California and the adjacent Territories to a focus. Every occupier of one or more feet of Placard space will be charged at the rate of ONE DOLLAR PER SQUARE FOOT PER MONTH, and will be entitled to receive ONE HUNDRED TICKETS FOR EACH FOOT. Thus, if 10,000 feet be engaged, there will be admission tickets given to One Million of visitors. All orders for these attractive announcements will be received at the office of the Company, 607 to 615 Merchant street, San Francisco, where every information will be readily supplied. It is expected that the Exchange will be thrown open to the public about March 1st. J. MELVILLE, Secretary.

California Placard Exchange and Information Bureau for the Pacific Coast, Nos. 607 to 615 Merchant street, San Francisco. March 8.

THE CALIFORNIA CHINA MAIL AND FLYING DRAGON

金山唐山新聞紙

For Every China Steamer, will be issued on the day of sailing, containing a review of Markets and Prices Current; Grain, Shipping, Monetary and Bullion Reviews; complete summary of Telegraphic News to date; latest Eastern Market Reports, etc., etc. The most complete and valuable newspaper for transmission to China correspondents. Dec. 24.

FOR VICTORIA, DIRECT,

Carrying her Majesty's Mails, connecting with Steamers for Puget Sound. The Clyde-built Steamship PRINCE ALFRED. Leaves Folsom-street wharf on the 5th and 20th of each month at 4 P. M. For freight or passage apply at the corner of Folsom and Spear streets. [Oct. 19.] JOHN ROSENFELD, Ag't.

Business Notices.

A Washington Physician, asserted to be of large experience and close observation, has discovered and announced to the world that bald-headed men, as a rule, die young. He says that a person who retains his hair past the age of sixty-five has a good prospect of living to be over eighty. There is encouragement in this, and never did we caress our luxuriant locks with greater pleasure. Go, all ye bald heads, and get your photographs taken at Bradley & Rulofson's, ere it is too late, so that future generations may have something to admire.

O, Oyster, in thy pearly shell
Man's richest luxury doth dwell,
No fish that swims thro' the deep sea,
Compares old friend bivalve to thee,
And I have seen a rich rare stock—
I'm off now to the Saddle Rock.

D. N. & E. Walter, whose house of business is so well known, on the corner of Market and Battery streets, have a stock of European carpets, curtains, etc., such as one rarely sees. A stroll around their large warehouse is never time misspent, as they have such a variety of patterns that one might almost imagine oneself to be in a picture gallery.

The Forms of Prayer are very well
For saving souls from nether hell,
But forms reliable and sure
Are only made by Gilbert & Moore;
For all the furniture they make,
Unlike commandments, will not break.

"**Let Us,**" said a friend, "take a drive; the day is fine, and the wind does not blow as hard as usual." "Where shall we drive to?" said I. "The Cliff House Road is played out, and the Ocean Road has no charms for me, the seals no interest." "Why," said my friend, "we will drive ont to the Villa, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Mangenberg, at the Golden Gate Park." We drove there, and never did I spend a more enjoyable day.

GRAND HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JOHNSON & CO., Proprietors.

"WESTWARD
THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY"

"The New World shall redress the wrongs of the Old." Canning

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